

START

OAKLAND REPUBLICAN

JANUARY 5, 1889

TO

DECEMBER 25, 1891

**MISSING: APR. 13, MAY 4
JULY 27, SEPT. 7, OCT. 25
DEC. 7, 1889, FEB. 1, 1890**

MdBE

BESSY'S DREAM.

A BOY'S HAT.

LITTLE PRINCE ALL-RIGHT.
Why He Was Thus Called—A Very Happy, Contented Boy.
 One lovely day in fall, the nuts lay under the leaves ready to be picked, and the air was so soft and crisp that

"And don't be gone long," she called after him.

—A mountain peak in Cassia County, Idaho, has been named after General Harrison. It is ten thousand feet above the sea.

birth in the hen house is also a good thing. Some prefer the Plymouth Rocks, but I, for my part, have always had better success with Brahmas and Cochins, and have always succeeded in having a good supply of eggs during the winter.—*Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

tion, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, and also builds up and strengthens the whole body.

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Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One copy, one year, \$1.50
Six months, .75
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address, not necessarily for publication, but
as a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected
communications will not be returned.

SATURDAY, JAN. 5, 1889.

Reliable News From New York.

The Morse Building, Beekman street, where the Baltimore Sun has its New York office, is one of the handsomest buildings in that city, and is in the business centre of the metropolis. The Baltimore Sun's Wall-street letter and its crisp and compact news letters are written by experienced, intelligent and well-informed correspondents. When a busy man has read these letters, which can be done without wasting time, he will have but little use for the tedious details of the bulky New York papers.

Gen. Harrison's Warning to the Democratic Conspirators.

The desperation with which the democrats are still fighting for the control of the next House is the most important and ugliest of political facts. The contest is a hopeless one, for many reasons to which we shall allude, not the least being that in every State where certificates have been unjustly given to Democratic candidates the exposure of the frauds committed has been swift, complete and convincing, while the Republican leaders of the next House are determined that the honestly elected Republican majority shall exercise its legislative powers.

In spite of the giving of certificates of election to several Democratic candidates who were not honestly elected, 163 Republican members of the next House have received certificates and only 159 Democratic candidates have their certificates.

But the outrageous action of the Governor of West Virginia in giving certificates to the Democratic candidates in two districts, while refusing certificates to the Republican candidates in two other districts who were unquestionably elected, shows that this self-disgraced official is either displaying unusual depravity because it is "his nature to" or knows that the Democratic conspiracy to capture the next House is still hopelessly cherished and prosecuted.

This extraordinary display of Democratic desperation has called out an expression by the Indianapolis Journal that, if not official as regards the President-elect, unquestionably accords with his sentiments and shows that he is as much in earnest as the Mail and Express has been in the determination to resist and defeat any revolutionary conspiracy against the honest and rightful organization of the next House. "The plan of the Democrats," says the Journal, "is revolutionary. It is a manifest and direct attempt to overthrow the will of the people as expressed at the ballot-box. In their calculations the Democrats have forgotten one very important factor that is essential to its success. They have forgotten that a Presidential election has just been held and Benjamin Harrison was the successful candidate. The Republicans elected to the House, they being a majority of the body, will meet and organize in the next House by the election of a Speaker and other officers, and will notify the President thereof. Should the Democrats attempt an organization it will be for the President to decide which body he will recognize, and the prompt recognition of the legally elected body will cause sudden collapse to the Democratic revolution."

It is in the last degree improbable that such definite and decided expressions as these, in regard to Gen. Harrison's sentiments, would appear in the Journal that is edited by his private secretary, without previous consultation. The Democratic Governors who have been "recognizing" defeated Democratic candidates for the House seem to have forgotten that the Executive of the nation has some discretion and power in the way of "recognizing" the justly elected majority, and that Gen. Harrison is peculiarly qualified to discharge his duties in this direction, with courage, calmness and decision, in case it is manifest that a widespread conspiracy to capture the control of the House by dishonest means has been carried on to the point where the President would be compelled to recognize the honest majority, the only majority that is known to our laws or that the President should re-

spect or deal with as an official entity and power.

No political event of the past month compares in importance with these semi-official declarations of Gen. Harrison, that are so clearly, boldly and positively in accord with the whole tone and tenor of the views of the Mail and Express in regard to the now undoubted Democratic conspiracy to cheat the Republican party out of the control of the next House.

Gen. Harrison is a man not given to either promises or threats, but when he has made up his mind as to what he will do in a certain contingency he is as certain to live up to his words as Grant ever was, and nothing can prevent him from fulfilling all the expectations that his words have aroused. Gen. Harrison represents the present earnest feeling of Republicans everywhere in regard to all sorts of attempts to defeat the honest results of elections. He is just the man for the times, and he will be the leader of all that is truest and boldest and best in the Republicanism that will demand a free vote and honest count everywhere and at all times.—New York Mail and Express.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31st, 1888.—Senator Allison went over to New York one evening last week and returned the next day, but short as his visit was it was long enough to be made the basis for any number of cabinet stories all more or less affecting Messrs. Miller and Platt. When the Senator smiled in an amused way, but said nothing. One thing may be set down as certain, all the rumors of Senator Allison's entering any combination, antagonistic to Mr. Blaine are the merest nonsense. Mr. Blaine has no better friend in this country than Senator Allison, and no cabinet complications that can possibly happen are likely to estrange these two men.

Cleveland in a letter of regret sent to the Tariff Reform League of Boston, gets after the faint hearted free-traders of his party in Congress with a sharp stick. The effect of this letter is already observable among the Democratic members of the House now in this city. Just before the recess, many of them were talking seriously of passing a bill repealing the tobacco tax and the United States license for retail liquor dealers. Now these same men are saying that any reduction made in the revenue of the Government, must come from import duties, and that under no circumstances will they vote for any measure reducing the internal revenue taxes. They also say that a determined fight is to be made on the Republican tariff bill when it reaches the House. All of which shows that although Cleveland was defeated for the Presidency, he still has the power to force his views upon the members of his party against their own convictions. Well, it will be well right away. Of course nobody expected the Democratic House to pass any sensible tariff measure. It will remain for the Republican House to pass a tariff bill which will relieve the Treasury of the surplus and at the same time be just and equitable to the business interests of the country.

Senator Stanford's fancy stock raising is not altogether for amusement, as he has just sold a weanling colt by Electioneer, from the famous mare Beautiful Belle, for \$12,500. Four of this mare's colts have sold for \$92,000. Apropos of the criticism heard in some quarters about the enormous expense of the Inauguration and its attendant ceremonies, including the ball, it seems proper to say that not one cent of this money is paid by the Government. It is paid by the people that attend the ball, tickets to which cost \$5 each. In order to facilitate matters in making the arrangements it has always been customary to ask for private contributions to what is known as the guarantee fund. This time the contributions already made to this fund amount to more than \$50,000. These contributions were at the last inauguration all returned to the donors and the committee still had on hand a surplus which was donated to charity. Before criticising the expenses of the Inauguration, fault-finders should remember that in this case the old Scotch adage "he that dances must pay the piper" is strictly adhered to.

The contested election cases of Small vs. Elliott and Sullivan vs. Felton, are expected to come up in the House this week. The contestants are both Republicans, one of them a colored man, and there is no probability that either of them will be allowed to obtain the seats to which they were undoubtedly elected. The Democrats of the House are not in a humor to do the decent thing.

Senator Cullom says it is probable that some important amendments will be offered to the Inter-State

Commerce law, shortly. Mr. Cullom does not agree with those who think the law a failure, but he admits that some important changes are necessary before the law can fully accomplish the purpose for which it was framed.

The Speakership canvass has been actively going on during the holiday recess, and three new candidates—Messrs. Lodge, Bayne and Farquhar—have been entered by their friends for the race. None of the candidates are seemingly making much headway, the members don't like to commit themselves quite so early in the game, as it would effectually shut them out of some advantages which may be gained by making combinations later, and of course every member wants to gain something either in the way of patronage or a coveted place on a good committee, hence they are very wary.

Mr. Blaine and his family are expected in Washington next month. They will remain for the season.

Proceedings of Garrett County Teachers' Institute.

Pursuant to call the teacher of Garrett county, Md., met at the public school building, in Oakland, Dec. 27th, 1888, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of holding a Teachers' Institute.

The teachers were greeted by a salute from the Glee Club, consisting of Misses Eva Taker, Saddle Spedden, Grace Loar, Martha Hinebaugh, Hattie Trippett, Jennie Porter, Mr. Charles Tower, and Miss Mamie Weber as organist.

After a beautiful and appropriate selection, Examiner Wm. Hinebaugh delivered to the teachers an address of welcome. In his remarks he said that the Institute was provided for and required by law, and that he felt it his duty to call the meeting. He briefly mentioned some of the benefits to be derived from attending these Institutes and the importance of teachers attending them.

Appropriate music by Glee Club. Hon. Silas Weiner, Principal of Accident school, responded to the address of welcome in behalf of the teachers, rendering an eloquent and beautiful acknowledgment of the hearty welcome the teachers had received.

Beautiful music by the Glee Club. The subject of "Teaching Geography" was taken up and opened by Mr. E. A. Enlow, Principal of Oakland school. Prof. Enlow, from black-board illustrations, presented the "Grube method" of teaching the subject and showed himself master of the subject. He was followed by Prof. S. Weiner with questions on the problems illustrated on the black-board. Prof. Lee made practical remarks on the subject.

Solo, by Mr. Charles Tower. Prof. E. Lee opened the subject of "Teaching Grammar." Mr. Lee first spoke of the importance and necessity of teaching English Grammar, and then gave some methods of teaching it, illustrating from the black-board. Prof. S. Weiner asked Mr. Lee some questions upon the subject and after they were satisfactorily answered Prof. W. B. Hutson continued the discussion.

Music by Glee Club and adjourned to meet per program.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Institute convened per adjournment. After music the subject Arithmetic was taken up and opened by Mr. E. A. Enlow, Principal of Oakland school. Prof. Enlow, from black-board illustrations, presented the "Grube method" of teaching the subject and showed himself master of the subject. He was followed by Prof. S. Weiner with questions on the problems illustrated on the black-board. Prof. Lee made practical remarks on the subject.

Solo, by Mr. Charles Tower. Prof. E. Lee opened the subject of "School Government." Mr. Hutson, at some length, entered into his subject and in a way creditable to himself and profitable to the institute, presented several truths upon the subject. Mr. Lee was called upon and followed in the discussion. Prof. H. G. Weiner, Examiner of Allegany county, having arrived was introduced and very ably entertained the audience in a further discussion of the subject.

Mr. Hutson asked Prof. Weiner questions which were very satisfactorily answered. Chairman Hinebaugh made some announcements and adjourned the Institute to meet at Memorial church (Presbyterian) at 7 P. M.

FIFTH SESSION.

Promptly at 7 P. M. the Chairman called the Institute to order. Music by the Glee Club. Prayer by the Pastor, Rev. J. S. Foulk.

Music. Prof. J. Newman, of Massey Hall school, was introduced and favored the audience with an eloquent lecture entitled "Mental Development." The

speaker proved himself master of the subject, and completely held the undivided attention of the audience for over one hour. Then, after benediction by Rev. Foulk, the Institute stood adjourned to meet at 10 A. M., December 28th.

As the well pleased congregation left the church the Glee Club rendered a piece of music which cheered and enlivened the spirit of enthusiasm which had been awakened.

FOURTH SESSION.

Friday morning, Dec. 28th, 1888. At 10 A. M. Examiner Hinebaugh, in the chair, called the Institute to order.

Music by Glee Club. Roll called and 27 teachers answered to their names.

On motion of Prof. Lee the minutes of previous sessions were read and approved.

The subject of "Writing" was taken up and, owing to the absence of B. Lichty, to whom the subject was assigned, was opened by Mr. Nine, of Sunny-side school. Mr. Culp, of South Point school followed. E. Lee and Prof. H. G. Weiner then took up the subject and discussed it in considerable length; these gentlemen intelligently and practically answering several important questions pertaining to the subject, which were asked them by the teachers of the Institute.

Music. The subject of "Teaching Reading" was taken up, and, in the absence of Mr. G. W. Royer, was opened by Mr. H. S. Weiner. The question being opened for discussion W. B. Hutson presented some clear, good thoughts. Mr. Lee read a selection, burling some of the defects in ordinary reading.

The Chairman called Prof. H. G. Weiner, who very clearly and ably illustrated the Word Method of teaching reading. Prof. Lee took issue and said, the Word Method of teaching, when used purely, was detrimental to the teaching of spelling, and was to some extent objectionable. An interesting and spirited contest took place between the two; at the close of which Mr. Lee said it may be that I am a "little off." Prof. Weiner, of Cumberland, said: "As a rule the ladies do a great deal of reading," and moved they be heard from. The Chairman called Miss J. Wilson, Principal of Bloomington school, who responded gracefully and acquitted herself with credit. Mr. Hutson wished to know how he could cultivate the voice of pupils who did not read clear and distinctly. Prof. J. Newman answered the question and mentioned several things to practice that would improve the voice.

Music. Prof. E. Lee, per program, took up the subject, "How can we improve our Public Schools." The speaker was earnest and candid; and very fluently spoke for forty minutes, holding the undivided attention of the audience. Mr. Lee heartily endorses an increase in our public school fund, and says no matter what else is done, and how efficiently it is done, our schools will suffer more or less until the County School Commissioners are given more money for school purposes. He briefly enumerated school receipts and expenditures, and showed very clearly that the schools of Garrett county could not be kept open two terms next year without an increase to the school fund. He says that Garrett county is justly entitled to more money from the State. He says the County Commissioners should levy our schools \$20,000 instead of \$9,000. He said there should be a memorial presented to the County Commissioners next April, the time the annual levy is made, asking for at least \$12,000 for school purposes. He believes the majority of our tax-payers would be willing to pay it, and that no money would be more carefully expended, and none result in so much good to our people. Our school administration is conducted by good, honest men, who have the educational work of our children at heart, and all money given to the cause of education will be carefully expended in educating our children. He said that teachers should be required and enforced to teach the branches as prescribed in the By-laws of the State Board of Education, and that children should be made pursue all the studies prescribed by law. He spoke of other important questions, and we regret that we cannot mention them. The hour for adjournment having passed by a half hour the Institute adjourned for dinner. The Glee Club rendering sweet strains of music as we left the room.

SIXTH AND LAST SESSION.

At 7 P. M. the Institute and a large audience had assembled in Memorial church and was greeted by the Glee Club with a beautiful refrain as a prelude to the opening exercise, after which the Chairman introduced Rev. G. W. W. Amick, pastor of Evangelical Lutheran church, who led in prayer.

Solo by Miss Sadie Spedden and chorus by the Glee Club. Rev. Amick was then introduced and lectured for almost one hour on "Higher Education." The eloquence of the Rev. gentleman proved him to be master of the subject. The lecture was splendid and practical, but space does not allow comment.

Music by Glee Club. The Chairman then introduced Thomas J. Peddicord, Esq., who very ably, in his eloquent and forcible manner, addressed the people on the subject of "Moral Culture in the Public Schools." There were many pointed suggestions in this address that we would like to mention, but suffice it to say that the speaker did justice to himself and subject, and certainly convinced all that a teacher should be a man of good moral character.

Music by Glee Club, "God be with you till we meet Again." Benediction by Rev. Amick.

WILLIAM D. HOYE,
MISS LOU A. THAYER,
Secretaries.

The Year's Weather.

We are all well aware that 1888 has been one of the most remarkable years on record in regard to its weather. Until the 1st of November the temperature was decidedly below the normal in every month. Throughout the whole year, with the exception of April, June and July, the rainfall has been above the normal. The following, obtained from the official records of the Weather Bureau in this city, shows the average temperature of each month up to December 1:

1888.	1888.
January.....35.9	July.....70.4
February.....31.6	August.....62.9
March.....32.0	September.....62.9
April.....47.0	October.....62.2
May.....57.0	November.....45.2
June.....71.4	

The temperature of December has been slightly above the normal, so that the deficiency in heat is not so great as it was, but it is still very large. The deficit in heat for the year is no less than 457 degrees—about 11-3 degrees per day. This is phe-

they are to-day. He showed their worth and urged the teachers to try to make every school the best school. At the close of the lecture the speaker was heartily applauded.

On motion of Prof. Enlow, a vote of thanks was tendered Prof. Weiner for his valuable assistance.

As Prof. W. had now to leave, he was escorted to the train by Prof. Enlow and Lee. While leaving the Glee Club rendered a beautiful selection entitled "Fare ye Well."

Per program, Hon. S. Weiner opened the subject of "Teaching History." He strongly advocated the "Topic Method," and showed from black-board illustrations how to teach it. He gave useful black-board diagrams, illustrating historical events.

Prof. Lee was called, by the Chair, and criticised the method which had been presented by Mr. Weiner, and propounded some severe questions. Mr. Weiner took the floor and very ably answered the questions and defended his method. Mr. Culp propounded questions to Mr. Lee which the latter easily and clearly answered. The discussion was spirited and very entertaining, and at the close the Glee Club rendered music.

School Commissioner Merrill called on Prof. Lee for a reading entitled "Mary Had a Little Lamb," which was humorously responded to.

Music by Glee Club. The hour for adjournment being near, the subject of "Spelling" was dropped. "How can we best secure the co-operation of Parents in the Education of their Children" was called. Mr. J. Warnick to whom the subject was assigned was absent, the Chair called on Prof. J. Newman to open the subject. Prof. Newman declined to open the discussion and promised to enter the discussion.

Prof. E. Lee was called and opened the discussion. Mr. Lee was followed by Prof. Newman, who very efficiently closed the discussion, and the business part of the Institute was over at the hour of half past four. Prof. Lee, in a few neat sentences moved a vote of thanks to the organist and members of the Glee Club for their beautiful and well rendered music.

In consideration of much valuable assistance rendered by Prof. J. Newman, Prof. E. E. Enlow moved him a vote of thanks which was unanimously responded to.

In a few beautiful and flowery remarks, the Chairman closed the exercises, thanking all who had participated in the Institute, and especially Prof. Weiner, of Allegany, and Newman of Massey Hall school, and Secretaries Wm. D. Hoyer and Miss Lou A. Thayer.

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June.....71.4	

The temperature of December has been slightly above the normal, so that the deficiency in heat is not so great as it was, but it is still very large. The deficit in heat for the year is no less than 457 degrees—about 11-3 degrees per day. This is phe-

nomenal, and 1888 is likely to go down into history as the coolest year on record.

The records of precipitation are scarcely, if at all, less remarkable. Here are the official figures to December 1:

Rainfall.	Rainfall.
January.....3.12	July......27
February.....4.08	August.....6.35
March.....3.04	September.....7.49
April.....3.35	October.....4.14
May.....4.37	November.....4.31
June.....1.08	

On one single day this month we had a precipitation of 2.8 inches, so that the total rainfall for the year is about 52.1-2 inches. This is an excess over the normal precipitation of nearly 10 inches, or about 23 per cent.

These official figures show that the popular impression about the abnormal character of the year's weather is more than borne out by the facts. It has been the coolest year and the wettest year in the history of the Signal Service.

Another feature of the weather which ought not to be omitted in any summary of it is the extraordinary number of high winds that have prevailed. This present month there have been seven days on which dangerous gales have been blowing. Nobody can forget the March "sizzard," when those of us who have never been on the Western plains obtained a new conception of the force with which it is possible for the wind to blow.

Altogether it has been a year of very unusual weather. If 1889 is as wet and as cool, there may be serious reason for thinking that a permanent change has come over our climate.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROAD PETITION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at or near the Great bridge, on the Grantsville and Hutton road, running through the lands of E. Merrill, Locust Landing, Maryland, Amor Broadwater, John Broadwater, Henry Weitzel, David Merrill and A. J. Lancaster, intersecting the road leading from New Germany to Lonscanning, a distance of about 4 miles.

AMOR BROADWATER,
JOHN WILHELM,
ELIAS MCGILL.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, Md., Dec. 17th, 1888. }
The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Monday, January 7th, 1889,
at which time Road Supervisors for the ensuing year will be appointed. All Supervisors of the present year who have not filed their accounts are hereby notified to do so before the said 7th day of January next.

By order
W. H. HAGANS,
Clerk.

FARM FOR SALE.

COAL & FIRE CLAY.

I am authorized to sell a farm of 250 acres 125 acres of which are cleared, situated on Oakland and Sang Run road, six miles from Oakland, and near the Youghiogheny River. This is a very desirable farm, and is under half with three veins of Coal, one vein being 6 feet. Also an abundance of Fire Clay. The improvements consist of two dwelling houses, barns, etc. The farm is well watered, and is in every way a very desirable property. Call on or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
1539 Republican office, Oakland, Md.

Sheriff's Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE!

Under and by virtue of three writs of fieri facias, the first in favor of George W. Legge, the 2nd in favor of James R. Bishop, and the third in favor of Alfred Spates, issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and to the undersigned sheriff directed, against the goods and chattels, real and personal, and tenements of Jarvis McClure Mason, I did seize and levy upon, by an actual entry upon the premises, on the 14th day of October, 1888, all that

Lot of Ground, Near the Town of Oakland,

Garrett county, which belonged to the said Mason at the date of the above judgments, containing five acres and 38 perches of land, being a portion of Military Lot No. 301, and lying East of the County Road leading from Oakland to Aurora; and it being the same property which is more particularly described in a deed from the said J. McClure Mason and wife to Thomas Coddington, dated 27th day of September, 1888, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 7, folio 537, etc. one of the land records of Garrett county, especial reference to which deed is made for a more particular description of said lot.

Also all that other lot of ground belonging to the said Jarvis McClure Mason situated on the West side of the aforesaid County Road, containing about one and one-half acres of land, enclosed by a fence, and bounded by the aforesaid County Road on the East, by a 16-foot alley, between it and John Heib's lot on the North, by a 30-foot street on the West, leading from Totter's Addition to Oakland, and the south side lots by the Dashiield's lot; both of said lots being cleared and in good state of cultivation.

And I hereby give notice, that on

Saturday, the 5th Day of January, 1889,

In front of what is known as the Coddington Hotel, in the town of Oakland, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., of said day, I will proceed to sell the above described two lots of ground, separately, at Public Auction, to the highest bidder for cash, on the day of sale, to satisfy the aforesaid Fieri Facias and costs.

EDWARD E. SOLLARS,
12 15 4t Sheriff Garrett county.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

I have frequently warned persons from putting crosses on my land, along the railroad, and hereby notify all persons who have neglected this warning to immediately remove any crosses that may now be on my land, and in the future to respect this notice and save themselves trouble. I do not intend to be trifled with.

JOHN BRADLEY.
Cincinnati, O., Nov. 26, 1888.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgis' Hall every Tuesday night.
LOCAL BRANCH, No. 35, of the Iron Hall, meets in same hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.
ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.
SIBRAITEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Leage's Hall every Monday night.
PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 388, A. L. of H., meets in same hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.
The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week.

NOTICE:

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—Mrs. Wm. Groves, of Oakland, is quite ill from measles.
—Mr. Chas. Deffenbaugh, of Shaw, W. Va., spent Sunday at his home in Oakland.

—All persons indebted to G. A. Shiner are requested to call and settle. 10 29 3m. G. A. SHINER.

—Mrs. E. H. Sineel returned to Oakland last week, after an extended visit to her old home in Annapolis, Md.

—Before you send your money out of the county for grain, feed, &c., call at the Oakland Mill and compare prices.

—Col. E. H. Wardwell removed to Baltimore this week with his family. The Colonel has engaged in business and will make that city his permanent home.

—Married, Dec. 28th, at Summit Mills, Pa., at the bride's home, by Rev. J. M. Evans, Mr. Harvey L. Fike and Miss Grace A. Wheeling, both of Summit Mills, Pa.

—Quarterly meeting in the M. E. Church, commencing Saturday afternoon. Preaching Saturday night and Sunday morning and night by Presiding Elder W. J. Sharpe.

—Special Services were held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall Friday evening of last week. Miss Jennie Smith and State Secretary White had charge. The choir furnished most excellent music. Regular meetings in the Hall every Friday evening and Sunday afternoon. All are invited.

—The fair and festival given last week by the Oakland Independent Band, was in a measure a success. The gross receipts were \$112. One half of the receipts, after deducting the expenses, was placed in the Bank, subject to Mayor Mason's check, for the benefit of the poor of the town.

Church Services—Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M., by Rev. W. J. Sharpe.

Song service every Sunday evening at 6:30.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 7 P. M., by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Tailoring Establishment.

Do you want a nice Dress Suit or an Overcoat put up in elegant style and to fit you after Nature's own sweet model? Go to G. Feltz's New Tailoring Establishment, formerly occupied by A. Lowenstein, and you will guarantee your entire satisfaction. Call and see us and we will show you what we can do in this line.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending Jan. 5, 1889:
Biggs, William H.,
Baldwin, Oscar,
Brown, William A.,
Bright, P. R.,
Junking, Catherine, Viner, Christian.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

These letters are chargeable with one cent due on delivery.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Donation Visit.

The Presbyterian Minister and his family were very kindly remembered on New Year evening. A number of friends called and gave them a very hearty greeting. The tables were filled with bags of flour, packages of coffee, sugar, dressed turkeys, &c., thus furnishing substantial evidences that with them a "Happy New Year" was more than an empty wish. A very enjoyable evening was spent together. This was the fourth annual visit. Such kindness is certainly very grateful to the feelings of the Pastor and his family and show the friendly relations that exist between him and his people.

We Want Money!

Those indebted to us are again urged to make an effort to pay us. We are sadly in need of money to pay our debts, to carry on our business and to provide for our family. About 300 persons in this county are indebted to us in sums ranging from \$1.50 to \$18.00, and a number of them have become entirely indifferent as to our needs or their obligation. All we ask of you is to do unto us as you would have us do unto you. Attend to this matter at once. Don't put it off and say that what little you owe won't amount to much, but send what you owe, or at least a part of it. We are not making this appeal because it is customary about this time of year, but because we need what is coming to us, and there is no good reason that we should not have what is ours.

Action of Haymaker's on Colonel Wardwell's Resignation.

OAKLAND, Dec. 27, 1888.

At a meeting of the active and honorary members of the Haymaker Rifle Team called to take action on the resignation of Col. E. H. Wardwell as commander of the Second Battalion of Infantry and chief of the Haymaker Rifle Team, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:
WHEREAS, Lieutenant Colonel E. H. Wardwell, in assuming new business connection elsewhere, has deemed it necessary to resign his position as Lt. Col. of the 2nd Md. Inf., M. N. G., and his command of the Haymaker Rifle Team. Therefore be it
Resolved, That in the resignation of Col. Wardwell, which we deeply regret, the Second Battalion has lost a capable, efficient and energetic commander; the Maryland National Guard a most valuable distinguished officer, whose services the State can ill-afford to lose; and the Haymaker Rifle Team, of which he was the founder, a skillful, active and able chief, well as most genial, loyal and well-beloved comrade.

Resolved, That appreciating the fact that the distinguished success and high skill in marksmanship which this team have attained have been almost entirely due to the assiduous care and unceasing efforts of Colonel Wardwell, we have special reasons for regretting his resignation as our chief.

Resolved, That we heartily reciprocate the kind sentiments so freely expressed in his farewell address, and to assure him of our never-failing attachment and regard, and that our best and sincerest wishes shall be with him wherever he may go.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Col. Wardwell, and copies furnished to be published in the Oakland Democrat and REPUBLICAN and the Allegany county papers.

Amish Center.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—please find space in the columns of your paper for a few items from this place, which is located about one mile North of Grantsville, and is one of the best agricultural districts of Garrett county. The people are all generous, moral and law-abiding citizens. Why shouldn't they? There are four Ministers of the Gospel in this community. The settlers are nearly all Germans, and as you always find them, good farmers.

The public school started in this place last year is prospering, with G. L. Bender as teacher. He reports 35 scholars enrolled. The only trouble is that there is no school house. The patrons of this school are all good tax-payers, and perhaps, without exaggerating, pay more tax than any other school district in the county. Why shouldn't we have a school-house?

Rufus Beachy, of Elk Lick, Pa., being tired of Celibacy, came to the conclusion that he would choose his better part, and the happy scene in the Amish Memorial Church on Sunday, Dec. 23, 1888, was the wedding of Mr. Beachy to Miss Lydia Hershberger, of this place. After the matrimonial service the newly married couple and a host of friends, about one hundred in all, gathered at the home of the bride's parents where they were served to a bountiful repast, the table being so loaded with dainties, delicacies, and everything that was palatable, that it fairly groaned beneath its load. Mrs. Hershberger is a good cook and knows how to prepare a good meal. The afternoon and evening was spent in singing and social talk. After midnight the premises was enlivened again by the music of the serenading party which was liberally served to Mr. Hershberger's cider and pies. The married couple expect to spend their honeymoon in Milford county, Pa. May their wedded life be decked with the flowers of peace and prosperity.

Miss Clara Gnagay, of Accident

Md., spent Christmas with her cousin, Corn Gnagay, of this place. Misses Mary and Eliza Yoder and Eli Hochstetler, of Iowa, are visiting among their friends of this place.

Mr. E. S. Beachy is a frequent visitor at the home of Miss Katie Hershberger.

Noah Hershberger, who spent the past year in Iowa, is home again. Noah thinks the Garrett county hills are still the best.

D. H. Bender, accompanied by his brother Fred, spent Christmas in Jonestown, Pa. They expected to extend their trip to Somerset, Pa., where they will attend the County Institute.

PASSIM.

Christmas at Grantsville.

A delightful and most enjoyable occasion was the Christmas service in the Reformed church at this place. The audience room in its livery of green was a beautiful sight. On each side of the pulpit was a tree, graceful, symmetrical and as nicely and regularly proportioned as Nature could make them. The decorations were not only tasteful but of a churchly character. Among the beautiful mottoes and symbols the star, cross and crown were conspicuous. The shutters were closed and the church darkened. The room was dimly lighted, and when the service had reached that point when the promised Saviour is born, and the Son of Righteousness bursts upon a world darkened by sin, the trees were lighted. Trees, fountains, arches, all were lit up with beautiful lights. The effect was grand and most happy.

The house was filled with the best families of Grantsville and vicinity, and peace and quiet reigned supreme. An address was made by the pastor, Rev. Evans, which was attentively listened to. The music was of a high order and well rendered. The organ was presided over by Mrs. Noah Broadwater, the efficient music teacher of Grantsville, and well did she "play" her part. The organ is a beautiful Pelonbet, chapel case, just purchased by this flourishing and active little congregation. This was the first time it was used. The treat was a generous one; and, in fact, that's the only kind the able and generous superintendent, Hon. Eli Stanton, would have anything to do with. The candies were served in pretty chrome boxes, and a happy lot of boys and girls took charge of them. Those who labored so hard for the success of this service can feel that their efforts are crowned with success. After all, how much real good a little labor of that kind accomplishes, and how easy 'tis done if we have the inclination.

Accident.

Christmas festivities have passed away with Christmas. The entertainment in the English Lutheran Church at Accident on Christmas Eve was of a high order and well appreciated by all present. It consisted of songs, readings and recitations, as well as a treat to the Sunday School, and gifts to private individuals.

In the Cove Lutheran Church of the Accident charge the entertainment was held on Christmas evening, and was quite creditable for the first attempt. The treat to the Sunday School was quite liberal. At both places the house was crowded. The pastor was not forgotten. At Accident the English Lutheran Church remembered the pastor quite liberally, and he feels himself indebted to Dr. Glatfelter and Geo. Ault for the interest they took in his welfare. Since the pastor and his family have been living at Accident they have received many tokens of kindness, not only from the members of the Accident and Cove congregations, but also from the members of the Forks and Meadow Mountain congregation. We take this opportunity to thank the people who have so kindly remembered us, and wish them success and God's blessing in life.

On Dec. 20th Benjamin F. Turney and Susan M. Fox were married, and on Dec. 24th Amos Howard Recknor and Annie Margaret Ruckle were united in marriage. We wish both couples success and unbounded happiness in their new relation.

The many sudden changes in the weather have been quite productive of sickness, and the doctor has been busy in administering medicine to the sick, as well as successful in giving relief and help to the suffering.

Wishing the editor of the REPUBLICAN, as well as the people of Garrett county in general, success and prosperity during the year upon which we have now entered, I remain fraternally yours,

W. M. S.

Stop-Overs on B. & O. R. R. Tickets.

Commencing January 1st, 1889, the conductors on B. & O. R. R. will issue stop-over checks to the holders of first-class unlimited tickets who desire to stop off at stations between the starting point and destination of their tickets. Stop-over checks will be valid for 15 days from date of issue.

Notice.

The undersigned having disposed of their furniture and undertaking business to Mr. John Shartzer, hereby notify those indebted to the firm to come forward and make settlement on or before February 24, 1889.

154 D. E. BOLDEN & Co.

Week of Prayer.

The week of prayer will be observed in Oakland as a union service by the Presbyterian, Lutheran and Methodist Episcopal congregations. The first service will be held in the M. E. Church Monday night, in the Presbyterian Church Tuesday night, and in the Lutheran Church Wednesday night, and then again to the M. E. Church Thursday night, the Presbyterian Church Friday night, and closing at the Lutheran Church Saturday night.

Card of Thanks.

The citizens of Grantsville and vicinity will please accept my thanks for their valuable patronage during the holidays.

I will now give special attention to fancy groceries, druggist's sundries, confectionery, fine branch of tobacco and cigars, and such articles as are generally not kept by dealers in general merchandise. I most respectfully solicit the patronage of all when in need of anything in my line.

L. MULLERBERG.

P. S.—Don't forget if you want a lunch we have anything you desire in that line at reasonable prices.

Instructions in Music.

Those wishing instructions in Piano, Organ and Violin music will do well to secure my services, which can be had at a moderate cost. I use the celebrated Stuttgart Method in teaching the Piano, which is conceded by all to be the finest and most complete method extant. The principles of this system can be applied in teaching organ pupils as well. I have made a thorough study of this work under a competent teacher and will guarantee satisfaction. I am also prepared to give lessons in Harmony or Thorough-Bass. All who place themselves under my instruction may rest assured that they will be carefully and thoroughly taught. Terms, &c., made known on application. Respectfully,

J. M. LITZINGER.

N. B.—Organs repaired and pianos tuned. Work warranted.

Deer Park.

Christmas and New Years Day have come and gone, and the holiday season has been a particularly pleasant and happy one this year.

The M. E. Sunday School had a very pretty Christmas tree, and an interesting programme on Christmas Eve, and on Christmas night the children of the Union Sunday School were made happy by their gifts of candy and books.

On Saturday evening Miss Jennie Hoyer entertained a little company of young friends.

On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Lashorn gave their usual New Year's supper to nearly fifty of their friends, and the whole time, until the New Year was some hours old, was a scene of general pleasure and jollity—not the least of which was the enjoyment of the tempting and abundant contents of the table.

Mrs. M. H. Davis, of Piedmont, accompanied by her oldest son, Will, who is home on his vacation from Chester Military Academy, spent one day during the Christmas week at Wing and Wing.

Miss Ettie and Mr. Quilly Bartley were in Deer Park during the holidays.

Frank Schofield has just returned to Baltimore after ten days vacation at home.

Mrs. Thad Hinebaugh is in Deer Park to-day (Wednesday), visiting Mrs. E. F. Droegge.

Miss Ida Hend and Master Harvey Hend, of Davis, W. Va., are visiting their sister, Mrs. E. C. Tilson.

There are a great many cases of measles in our town, but so far none have been very serious.

Little Robbie, a five year old son of Mr. George Marville of our place, fell off a porch on last Sunday and broke his thigh bone. Dr. J. W. Laughlin attended him, and the little fellow is doing as well as could be expected.

Miss Ellen Laughlin is at home on her vacation. She returns to West minister in a few days.

The Deer Park Band of Hope hold their regular meeting on Saturday evening next.

On New Years Day all the children of Deer Park and vicinity were invited to meet at the Girls Friendly Hall at 2 o'clock where they were received by the members of the Y. G. C. F. S., and after some singing by the little girls of the Sewing School, and an address by Rev. D. Coole, every child present was given a nice toy and a bag of candy, and as

many more were sent to children who were prevented by sickness or other reasons from attending. There were over a hundred children present. The toys and candy were sent by Mrs. J. W. Williams, of Philadelphia. Of course it was a happy New Year for the little ones.

The Grape.

Grapes enjoy a dryer soil than most fruits, and the warmer the situation the better. For the colder portions of Garrett county only such grapes as ripen a week or more earlier than the Concord should be chosen. As we have now succeeded in getting a variety better than the California grape that is suited to our glades, and which will keep till May, we may enjoy this delicious fruit fresh from the bunch for eight months or more. Of a fruit so easily grown and sure to bear abundant crops all should have what they could consume from August to May.

Many are deterred from planting because they do not understand trimming the vines. I will give a few plain directions, which, although they might not insure the best results to the professional grower, are well adapted to the general farmer with all his many cares, and have the merit of being easily understood and followed: To those who have old vines unpruned for years, I would say take the first mild day for the job, and cut every branch from the main stem of your vine for at least five feet, and do not leave over one or two feet of wood beyond this, whether branches or a single stem. Tie this up to a stake and your pruning is done for a year. There are dormant buds along the vine and only those near the top should be allowed to grow next spring. Every winter cut these branches back to one bud each and you will have plenty of large fine fruit which will ripen much earlier and be sweeter than on unpruned vines. If your vine is just planted let only one branch grow and when six feet long pinch off the end and tie to a stake as before. Allow branches to grow from near the top, cutting them back to one bud after the leaves fall each year.

Stable manure is not so good for grapes as bones and ashes, but they need cultivation as much as corn or potatoes. Let us see who will present the Editor with the finest samples of grapes next season.

C. T. SWEET.

Half Fare to Washington.

For the accommodation of all who desire to witness the inauguration of President-elect Harrison, the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Washington from all points on its lines at one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold March 1st to 4th, inclusive, and will be valid for return passage until March 7th, inclusive. The B. & O. is the shortest and most direct route to Washington from all points touched by its lines. It has more track and yard room at Washington than any other road and consequently more facilities for the prompt movement of trains and the expeditions handling of a large passenger business than any other line.

The B. & O. handled an immense passenger traffic at the inauguration of Cleveland without delay and without injury to a single passenger. Its facilities have been greatly augmented since that time and it is in position to give more satisfactory service than any line touching Washington.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SECOND TERM

OF

Miss Swan's School for Young Ladies and Girls.

Will begin January 24, 1889. D. V. L. Terms, \$20.00 for day pupils; \$30.00 in advance for weekly boarders; \$20.00 per year, \$20.00 in advance for permanent boarders. No pupil entered for less than one term. Suitable arrangements for carrying pupils from Oakland.

For particulars, address

Miss E. R. SWAN,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.,
(Formerly connected with Mt. Auburn Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.)

FOR SALE,

A VALUABLE TRACT OF LAND, 102½ acres, situated 1 mile North of Oakland, near the Young River. The improvements consist of two dwelling houses, barn, stable and all other necessary outbuildings; twenty acres under cultivation. A fine young orchard is on the place.

For terms and further information, apply to

THOMAS & SINCINN,
Attorneys for Owners.

MASSEY HALL

PREPARATORY SCHOOL,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Easter Term begins

January 3rd, 1889.

Regular courses continued. Lectures on Commercial Law. Special attention to College and Business requirements. Classes in Literature and Free-hand Drawing. Number of Pupils Limited.

For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to

REV. J. NEWMAN,
Principal.

E. F. STANSBERRY.

—Manufacturer of—
Boots and Shoes,
Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,
OAKLAND, MD.

Repairing neatly and promptly done.
Nov. 21, 88.—Y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dairy Cattle

FOR SALE

The subscriber, being overstocked, offers for sale a few fresh cows, heifers, due in the spring, and heifer calves.

These Cattle are Pure Jerseys

and Grades.

The stable of eleven cows, four of them being two-year-olds, with first calves, are now averaging a pound of butter a day.

This breed makes excellent family cows, being all the year around milkers, the milk averaging one quart per cream.

Some of them, when coming in on grass, in the spring, cannot be dried.

Six of these cows, last year, made 1,528 pounds of butter.

Very Low Prices

will be named for this stock, as the subscriber must reduce his herd, and the stock is too good to butcher.

CHAS. H. GREENLEAF.

BROOKS

Preston Co

West

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 24, 1889.

The Board of School Commissioners of Garrett county, will meet in their Office on

Thursday, the 10th day of January, 1889,

for the purpose of auditing the Reports of Teachers for the Term ending January 2nd, 1889, and transacting any other business that may come before it. Teachers will see that their reports are properly made out and filed with the Secretary of the Board previous to the time of said meeting.

By order of the Board,
WM. HINEBAUGH,
Secretary.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE IN GARRETT CO.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as Court of Equity, passed in a certain cause therein, in which Annie M. Ward, by George W. Ward, her next friend, is plaintiff, and George W. Ward and others are defendants, said cause being No. 42 on the docket of said Court, the undersigned trustee will offer for sale at public auction, to the highest responsible bidder, in front of the Court House, in the town of Oakland, in said county, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M.,

On Tuesday, the 29th Day of January,

in the year 1889, all the right, title, interest and estate of the parties to said cause of, in and to that.

Large and Valuable Tract and Parcel of Land,

lying and being in said Garrett county, along and upon the North Western Turnpike, in the immediate neighborhood of the Red House, and about eight or nine miles from the said town of Oakland, known as the "Old Golf Farm," and which was conveyed to William Ward deceased, by Elizabeth Phillips, by deed dated the 30th day of September, in the year 1855, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 2, folio 104, of the land record books of Garrett county aforesaid, and containing 70 acres of land. There is a good dwelling house upon the place, together with the usual outbuildings. Most of the land is cleared and under cultivation, though there is an abundance of timber upon it. The proximity of this land to Oakland, the excellent character of the roads leading to it, and the superior grass-growing quality of much of the land render it one of the most desirable stock grazing farms in Garrett county. There has been and is also upon the place near the dwelling, a fine clay-pottery spring. Though now obstructed and covered by the waste from the hills, it might at a slight cost be renovated and the flow restored. This fact, together with its beautiful situation, and its other attractions above mentioned, would render it one of the most pleasant, delightful and healthful summer resorts amongst the Alleghenies.

The above land will be sold as an entirety, or in such parcels as may suit purchasers, in the judgment and discretion of the trustee, subject to the ratification of the Court.

TERMS OF SALE.—As provided in the decree.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in hand on the day of sale, or the ratification thereof, the residue in two equal annual installments from the day of sale, with interest thereon from the day of sale, the purchaser or purchasers to give his or their notes or bonds with a surety or sureties to be approved by said trustee for the said deferred payments, and on the ratification of the sale by the Court and the payment of the purchase money, (and not before,) the said trustee, by a good and sufficient deed to be executed and acknowledged agreeably to law, shall convey to the purchaser or purchasers of said property and to his, her or their heirs the property to him, her or them, sold free, clear and discharged of all claim of the parties to this cause, and of any persons claiming by, from or under them.

JOHN W. VEITCH,

Trustee.

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding, Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Planing, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work.

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

NOONTIDE.

At noon I stand upon the height,
Here at the parting of the ways
Down the long road I gaze
That lies between me and the night.

Then turn my longing eyes once more
To the fair land where I have been,
Where shadowy pathways lie between
The woodlands and the river's shore.

For oft I see the shining sand,
I hear the voices of the waves
Singing among the shimmering caves
The low, sweet songs of fairyland.

Ah, me! and I have come so far
Flame that aches when day is far
I watched the waking of the dawn
The fading of the morning star.

I heard Apollo's dædalous lyre,
Far by the fount of Helicon,
And all about the woodlands shone
The crocus like a sudden fire.

They say this dusty highway leads
To fame and fortune, place and power,
That time has many a golden dower
For him who follows dreams to deeds.

If I some potent spell might cast
Fulfillment of my wish to earn,
I'd pray I might return
To the dear places of the past.

Be mine the tender rose of hope
That trembles in the morning sky,
And all the sun's gold may lie
Ungathered on the western slope.

Not any power which has rung
From thousand thousand lips to greet
A hero's triumph, were so sweet
To me as that glad chorus sang.

In quiet dawns, when 'midst the birds
A soft wind rising from the sea
Watch a wild sweet melody
The ghost of long-forgotten words:

While clear above the silver mist
The happy light is mountain high,
Chanting the song of the day
To eternal and amethyst.

The thrush that sang his morning song
High on the elm tree's topmost bough,
Within his cage sings sadly now,
Nor struggles for the bars are strong.

I know my wishes are as vain
As his behind his prison bars—
The morning stole away the stars,
The night will bring them back again.

Then as I turn me from the height,
And tread the hard and dusty way,
Hope whispers even yet I may
Find my lost path beyond the night.

—D. J. Robertson, in *Longman's Magazine*.

THAT CERTIFICATE.

Farmer Lynn's Acute Attack of Doctor's Latin.

"It's dreadful, dreadful," groaned Farmer Lynn, as the doctor left on his final visit; "jes' when fall plowin' 's go to be done an' there ain't nobody to do it. I never did see anythin' so out of the way. It's bad enough to be stopped short in my career as 'twas, but to think I kin never do another stroke of work so long as I live it's 'jes' too bad!"

"Why, feyther, it ain't as bad as that," said his wife, peering at him through her spectacles. "A broken arm ain't a goin' to lay you out like that. S'posin' it had been your neck."

"Mought es well hev been," said the farmer, shortly. "It's no use talkin', mother, I've paid the doctor for his 'pinion and there 'tis on black an' white, jes' as he writ it out himself. Taint a broken arm, eyther. It's a heap worse. You kin see for yourself there's the doctor's certificate."

Mrs. Lynn took the piece of paper and studied it carefully for some time. Then she laid it down.

"I can't make head nor tail of it, Jethra, but mebbe you can," she said. "It's a tew bad that you should be so 'flicted, but you know the Lord loveth whom He chooseth, and it's only the wicked that go on and flourish like a bay rum tree."

"Lumph!" grumbled her husband, "that's all very well, but who's to do the farm work, fodder the stock, and—oh—oh—oh, it's 'jes' too bad! Me laid up like an old woman and tied into a cheer!"

"Dear, dear, it does seem unfortin'," Mrs. Lynn said, with her usual ready sympathy. "But, Jethra, you must bear it like a Christian, if it isn't a relishin' dose. It do seem queer that such a affliction should happen to a man as active as you be. I reckon it's a special Providence."

"How you writ to Rube, mother?" asked the farmer shortly, moving distastefully in his arm chair.

"No, but I shouldn't be 'sprised, feyther, if Hetty had been writin'. I'll ask her," and she stepped to the stair door, and called softly to some one above.

"Here I am, Auntie," responded a cherry voice, and the next moment light feet pattered down the stairs, and a pretty girl with cheeks as red as a June apple, and eyes like stars, stood in the kitchen.

This was niece Hetty, who was making a long visit to her father's brother, and had come from away up in Vermont.

"Did you write to Rube 'bout your uncle's affliction?" asked Mrs. Lynn.

"No, Auntie, Rube never asked me to write to him."

"You've got to write now, Hetty," said her uncle, "an' let him know he's got to come home and set to work on the farm, whether it be to his likin' or not, an' tell him he mought as well give up college learnin', for onest an' all."

"I-I-I thought he was studying to be a doctor," said Hetty, timidly.

"So he wuz, but he've got to be a helpless cripple—oh, Lord! it's hard—for the rest of my days; he's got to work the farm to keep us from starving. There ain't nobody but him, and he hates farmin' like poison. Taint to his likin', but it is to mine, but I'll never do another stroke of work. An' me not turned sixty yet!"

"Is it so bad?" asked Hetty, in a sympathetic tone, "will your arm have to be taken off, Uncle Jethra?"

"Wuss than that, child, wuss than that," sighed the farmer. "Read that there certificate and see what the doctor says, an' he knows what he's talkin' about."

Hetty took up the piece of paper and studied it attentively.

"I don't understand it," she said at last, "but it must be something dreadful. What does it mean?"

"It means that I can never do another day's work again. The doctor ain't comin' any more—he ain't time to ride out nine miles to see me often. I asked him what it was, and he told me, and I got him to write it down in black and white. I don't want folks to think it's a ordinary sprain, an' Jethra Lynn is too shifless to work in his old age."

"You'd better sit right down and write to Rube," suggested Hetty's aunt.

"It'll be hard medicine, I'm sure, for him to giv' up his learnin' an' come down from bein' a doctor, as he has allus wanted to be; but it can't be cured and must be endured, as the copy book used to say. You can write the letter and send it to-night."

So Hetty wrote a few words in a private neat hand, asking "Cousin Rube" to leave his studies and come home, for his father had fallen from the hay-mow and hurt his arm so severely that he would never be able to use it again.

The letter was a great surprise to Rube. He was both pleased and disappointed. He wanted to go home and see them all and become better acquainted with his pretty cousin, who was a new member in the household; but to go in this way and relinquish his fond hopes of becoming a graduate at the next term of the medical college, that was very hard to do! He was very sorry for his father, who had never been sick in his life; but he hoped it was not as bad as Hetty believed.

He ran out from the city on the first train, but said nothing to his mate about leaving college. When he reached the farm Hetty was at the door—accidentally, of course—and was shyly glad to see him.

"How is father?" he asked, after the first greeting.

"Dreadfully low-spirited," Hetty answered. "And oh, Rube—I mean cousin—he will never do another day's work in his life, and you know he just loves the farm."

"That's a funny thing to love," said Rube, with a saucy look, and then he went in, kissed his mother, and would have shaken hands with his father, but Jethra just shrieked aloud.

"Don't tech me! It will kill me! I'm all broken up an' crippled, an' ain't goin' ever to be any thing but a ruin. There's the doctor's certificate; read it, he knows."

"Certificate," said Rube, "what about? What did he give you a certificate for? I don't see what he meant. Are you sure you understood him?"

"Read it," commanded his father, with a woo-begone look, "bein' as your youngest a doctor yourself, you'll see it's 'c' rect."

"Yes, Rube, you'd better read it. Poor feyther, it's too bad." And Mrs. Lynn wiped away a tear.

Rube's face was also very grave. His father, bundled in shawls and comforters, did not much resemble the hearty, stalwart man he had when he went away to college. He opened the paper with a perplexed look and read it aloud. As he proceeded, his face brightened. When he had finished he broke into a merry laugh. This was what he read:

"You have suffered a compound comminuted fracture of the elbow. The extensive laceration of the muscles and the displacement of the bone is such that recovery is not attended by any prospect."

"That's nothing, father, but an attack of doctor's Latin. You have simply a fractured elbow—anchylosis means only a stiffening of the joint. Why, you could go out to the barn and fodder the cattle now, if you wanted to—it would be better than sitting around rolled up like a mummy. I'll have you all right in a week—I can say that long!"—and he glanced at Hetty, who looked at the ceiling.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed his father admiringly. "It's a fine thing to know Latin! I was that mixed up with them big words that I wuz as scared ez your mother wuz. I'm right glad I sent for you, Rube."

"So am I, father, announced Rube, like a dutiful son, and if he looked at Hetty, who can blame him? We were all young once. When Rube returned to college his father had come out of the slough of despond and was almost well again. He took back with him that remarkable pompous piece of medical literature, the "certificate," and something else—the loving heart of his Cousin Hetty. But he left his own as a pledge that he would soon return."

Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in *Detroit Free Press*.

It Seemed Very Funny.

He was talking with a Nankin farmer yesterday, and in the course of conversation asked:

"Is your wife in with you?"

"Noap," replied the farmer grinning a little.

"Didn't she want to come?"

"Noap," with a broader grin.

"When she comes in with you bring her up to dinner."

"I-I-I will!" chuckled the husband.

"Say, what alla you? You seem greatly pleased."

"It seems funny."

"What does?"

"Asking about my wife. She's bin dead seven years!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

FRESH FASHION NOTES.

What the Ladies of New York Are Wearing at the Present Time.

Combinations of furs are not uncommon and are rather effective.

Lace frills peeping just a quarter of an inch above the edge of neck and sleeves are again used.

Dainty caps are worn with matinees or tea gowns. They are fashioned from bits of lace and ribbon, and give the head a look of curious, coquettish dignity.

Intricate designs in every tone of color on the soft French flannels of which many new house dresses are made blend easily with silk or velvet used in the making.

Monkey fur grows more popular every day. New cloaks and coats are bordered with it. While the muffs and a few capes are seen, the scarcity of the fur will not permit the making of many.

Throat and wrists are well set off by broad platings of muslin the same shade as the gown or white. These are sewed on the inside edge of neck and sleeves and allowed to fall out flat.

Low heels, broad soles and fine tops of calfskin, closely buttoned, bring the walking-boot of to-day as near perfection as footgear can come. Walking becomes a delight and the ill-treated members are comfortably dressed at any event of the day.

Stockings in every shade for evening wear come with fanciful open-work designs extending the whole way up the front. Even the little silk shirts for women, so popular from their warmth and trim fit, are woven in open V's and bands down the front.

A simple but charming tea gown worn by a woman of wealth and fashion was of old-rose brocade alpaca, long and full in the back, with hanging sleeves. The front was a gathered mass of pale-green sash, caught at the waist by an inside sash of rose-colored silk, with heavily embroidered and fringed ends.

Glove-makers, at their wits' end for a novelty, have introduced funny little bits of white kid about the bottom of the distribution undressed gloves. Only the gray-green and full gray gloves are so decorated, the tan gloves still holding their long-established position of their natural adaptability to any costume, time or place.

Every shade of dress material is closely reproduced in the new kid slippers—embroidery in silk, heads gold and silver threads decorate the toe, while straps of ribbon cross the instep. Black kid slippers with high Louis Quinze heels and a buckle of brilliant on the pointed toe will transform the worst foot into a dainty, pleasing object.

The lace veil rests not from its labors after the new and peculiar. At both top and bottom a deep rill is added, while the once modest dots have sprung into sprays of flower designs or trailing garlands. The hats to which such veils find themselves best adapted have broad brims, upon which ostrich feathers, bows of ribbon, etc., are lavishly heaped.

Fancy buttons, that were steadily on the wane for the past year, have, with the Directorate coats and gowns increased rapidly. Some, concave in shape and decorated in painted scenes or flowers, might be mistaken for nice little butter-plates. These bring a high price, owing to the really charming workmanship displayed. Curiously wrought metal buttons, in steel and bronze, appear upon the severely plain short coat as its only ornamentation. These of delicately carved tortoise shell and silver, set with garnets, should be sacred to the new reception gowns, as being somewhat too fine and costly for street wear.—*N. Y. World*.

ANTIQUEITY OF SUGAR.

The Process of Making the Sweet Substance of Chinese Origin.

The Chinese, who invented almost every thing before any body else heard of it, claim to be the origin of the discovery of the process of sugar-making, and it is said that sugar was used in China as long ago as three thousand years.

This is misty, but the fact is well established that it was manufactured in China under the Tsin dynasty two hundred years at least before the Christian era began. India has put forward a claim to be the origin of the discovery, but the probability is that the Hindus learned the art of sugar-making from the Chinese, and that through them the knowledge finally spread to the Western Nations.

Nearchus, when sent by Alexander on an exploring voyage on the Indus, brought back reports of "honey" which was made by the Asiatics from cane without the help of bees. At this time neither the Greeks nor the Jews nor the Babylonians had any knowledge of sugar, but later the art of making the artificial "honey" became known and practiced, though its progress and development was exceedingly slow. It was prescribed as a medicine by Galen in A. D. 150, and up to the seventeenth century it had become nothing more than a costly luxury, to be used only on special occasions.

Even as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century the annual consumption of sugar in Great Britain had reached only 30,000,000 pounds, whereas it is now more than 2,000,000,000 pounds. Refined sugar was not made in England till 1660. The art of refining was learned by a Venetian merchant from the Saracens, who sold the secret to him for 100,000 crowns.—*Good Housekeeping*.

—According to Johanna Faber, the famous manufacturer of Nuremberg, the people of the United States use, in round numbers, 100,000,000 lead pencils every year.

EDUCATED FOOLS.

A Class Which, Unfortunately, Is Numerous and Growing.

The young lady who upon her first visit to the country asked which cow gave the butter-milk, was probably familiar with the philosophy of Kant, and could talk discursively of Browning, but to the matter-of-fact people who heard her she must have appeared silly in the extreme. The story serves as an illustration of a class that is numerous and growing.

Americans have fallen into the habit of talking of common things in a far-off transcendental manner as if they had neither lot nor part in that ordinary earth which can grow potatoes and pansies cheek by jowl.

Meanwhile the sun of the social system is a hireling, and children get their first lessons in life from a protegee of an open door society.

"If I were to make a world," said Ingersoll, "I would make good health catching." Whereupon some one asks incredulously: "Why doesn't Mr. Ingersoll make a world, ha! ha!"—a brand new world with all modern conveniences in it—when he so well knows how "There never were any miracles," cries the writer of "Robert Elmore." No miracles, when the world is full of them! The air you breathe is a miracle. Thank Heaven that it be not owned by a corporation that would shut it off ten feet above your head until you had paid your thing.

No miracles! The egg you eat is a miracle of miracles. Your own eye is a miracle. You can tell all the chemistry of its component parts, but can you put the light of life in it, dear educated fools?

When Hercules tried to kill his enemy he dashed him on the ground and gave him only these three words of instruction: "Remember your sheep." The boy was an "innocent" and could only do the one thing, and his mind only retain simple lessons. But he "remembered the sheep," and herded them so well and did his duty so faithfully, that he knew every sheep and lamb of his flock by just looking in its face. It is long since now, but "Robbie's sheep" were known for their excellence far and near.

King George III. has been much laughed at for inquiring how the apple got into the dumpling. Yet the apple dumpling is more necessary to the comfort of a household than the discovery of a new comb. Who would prats of discovered stars to a starving man? Devout, or undevout, that astronomer would be mad.

To be educated above the common things of life is not to be educated at all. Take the Latin words out of our language and we can still live, and sleep, eat and do with the rest.—*Detroit Free Press*.

HOTELS IN JAPAN.

According to "Carry," They Are the Noisiest Places Outside of Bedlam.

A Japanese hotel is one of the noisiest places outside of Bedlam. The walls are of paper, and you can hear all the talk of your next-room neighbor.

Many of these walls are pushed back at intervals, and as you pass through the corridors you see the various occupations of the guests. The sleeping, dressing and eating goes on before your eyes. The guests eat in their own rooms, and their food is served to them on little tables about a foot high. Each man has his own table, and in the cases of families each member squats on his heels or knees before one of these little tables, which are not over two feet square. New chop-sticks are furnished to every guest. They come wrapped up in paper, and with these the guest can eat every thing from rice to fish.

It is wonderful how well they separate the rice from the fish with their chopsticks, and how they are able to pick up beans and peas between two sticks and eat them. The food is brought in in little bowls, and there are no plates, knives, forks or spoons. The rice comes last, and this is brought to the room in a wooden box hooped with brass and looking very much like an American sugar box. The Japanese eat very fast, and a man is considered lazy if he eats slowly. It is rather a compliment than otherwise to make a noise in eating, and the smacking of the lips shows the host that you appreciate his food. If you grunt and regurgitate, it will not be out of the way, and when you close your dinner with rice you will do well if you will pour your rice-bowl full of tea and mix this with the rice. As you get near the bottom it will be the approved Japanese fashion to lift the rice-bowl to your lips and shovel the contents in with your chopsticks. You may eat as much rice as you please, and you will be expected at the close of the meal to carefully wrap up the dainties remaining and to drop them into the long pocket of the sleeves of your gown.

You will find no sign in these Japanese hotels indicating that "food taken from the table will be charged extra for," and if you are dining with Japanese you will probably have from two to six glasses to keep you company.—*Frank G. Carpenter, in National Tribune*.

That was a gentlemanly thief who robbed the postmaster of Lyons, France, a suburb of Newark. In consideration of rifled letters and stolen stamps, gold watch and \$100 in cash, the postmaster found the following note and a \$1 bill: Dear Sir—The fellow who robbed your house to-night is a born gentleman and no hog. I leave you this bill as capital upon which to begin life anew.

TEMPERANCE READING.

LAW-BREAKERS.

The Seller, Not the Drinker, the Responsible Party—Every Saloon a Primary School for Drunkards.

The occupation of dealing out rum by the drink to all who may desire it, irrespective of age and condition, seems to have a demoralizing effect upon all who engage in it. Their moral natures become hardened and seared, and there is soon bred a selfish indifference to the rights of others, and a contempt for all laws and ordinances which may interfere in any way with the devilish traffic they carry on. Sunday-closing laws, for instance, are openly defied unless the most strenuous efforts are put forth by the officers of the law; and then resort is had to all possible artifices by which the interdicted sale shall go on by stealth, access being given to the premises by alley-ways and rear doors.

There is no other class of men who so continually and heinously violate the law. Other men cheerfully observe the day of rest, and keep the doors of their places of business closed against customers. The keeper of the rum-hole evidently believes his greed for gain gives him the right to annul the law, and continue his occupation without let or hindrance.

The plea upon which this is done is the same as that which saloonists use to justify their violation of the Prohibition law in States where such legislation is in force—that people want rum, and that they will have it, and that "I may as well sell it to them as anybody." The argument is that the buyers tempt the saloonists to violate the law, and that the latter could not transgress its provisions without the opportunity of doing so which is provided by the demand of the drinker.

To the unthinking—and we are sometimes led to believe that, at least as far as this rum question goes, the great majority of our people are to be thus classed—such an argument carries some weight. But it is an entirely superficial one. It omits from the calculation a factor whose absence vitiates the result. It does not take into account that the man who insists upon some one else violating the law in order that he may obtain rum is the victim of the fierce and unnatural appetite for liquor—that raging, burning thirst, which makes that man the veriest slave to its accursed power. To gratify that maddening thirst, he will become a liar, a thief, a law-breaker. No law, human or divine, is regarded as binding that stands in the way of his gratification; no oath is regarded, no pledge is kept, if it prevents his obtaining rum.

But the saloonist does not limit his law-breaking to the gratification of the rum thirst in those who have become slaves to the habit. There must be fresh victims found, to be initiated into the delights of that devil's draught, rum, upon whom the accursed habit must be fixed, that they may take the places of the confirmed toppers. If only the latter were supplied, and all others denied, the reign of the rum power would end in a few years, when the present race of drunkards would be in their graves. But the rum power is aggressive. It is constantly reaching out for new victims. Every young man who enters a saloon for the first time for a drink is practically looked upon as one to educate into the drink habit—one who is to be as speedily as possible made the slave of this awful appetite, that his wages may regularly form part of the revenue of the rum power.

On every side men are tempted to drink. Upon the principal streets of our cities the brilliantly-lighted saloons open their doors in invitation to the thousands of young men beginning their career to drop in and spend their evenings. They are more attractive than the boarding-houses which are the homes of so many. They afford light and warmth and merry company. Is it any wonder that our young men visit them? But there is a puny little etiquette of the saloon, which decrees that he who is a visitor must also be a patron, or be considered a "dead beat," and perchance be ordered into the street. The young fellows drink, not because they care for rum, but because it gives them the right to spend their evenings there. The habit of drinking is begun, the fierce thirst for rum is born, and the foot of these young men are turned upon the downward path.

What is true of the fine saloons on the leading streets, with their garish ornamentation, is equally true of the smaller rum-holes on the back streets, down to the lowest dives in the worst quarter of the city. Wherever there is a saloon there is a primary school for drunkards. And the saloon is by no means confined to our cities and larger towns. All over this land, wherever a half-dozen clustered houses form the nucleus of a future town, an outpost of the rum power is to be found. In the growing West the saloon is often the first "business house" opened in the incipient village, to cater to the depraved desire of those already wedded to the habit and to draw in its quota of fresh victims to join the unnumbered army of drink-ridden men marching downward to degradation and death.

When we consider all these things, we see that the plea that if there was no one desired rum would be sold simply a cover for the perpetration of the saloon unmolested in its devilish work of ruining men. It is an excuse for continuing an occupation which, though profitable in a money sense to those who follow it, is ruinous to the people. For nearly every dollar that

passes over the counter of a saloon would, if the saloon were not there, go to purchase food and clothing and the comforts of life for its miserable victims and their innocent but suffering families.

The men in whom the alcoholic appetite has been formed are really irresponsible beings. The infernal poison has destroyed their will power and transformed them into slaves. The burden of the violation of law is not properly to be laid upon their shoulders because of this very irresponsibility which has been created by rum. They will drink so long as rum is to be obtained.

It is clear to any one who ever studied the subject that the saloon is an institution which perpetuates the traffic, because it is the chief factor in leading men to drink. Nine men out of ten will not stray into forbidden paths unless opportunity is given. So long as the saloon exists, we may be sure the evil of drunkenness will continue, and the grand army of drunkards be constantly recruited through its means.—*Toledo Blade*.

OF VERY GREAT IMPORTANCE.

Dr. Lorimer on Temperance Reform—The Hard and Awful Struggle of Men Fighting Against the Drink Habit.

The fact that many questions have become exceedingly commonplace is at least an inference if not a proof that they are matters of very considerable importance. That a subject becomes commonplace as well as commonplace should serve as a hint to wise men that while they may postpone dealings with it, it is only postponement at best; and the true wisdom would be a fair and faithful dealing with the matter without delay. If it be true that there are more than 300,000 drunkards in America, and that figure is probably largely under rather than over the awful truth—then we have a sad condition of things, that it would be as unpatriotic as it would be inhuman to ignore. With all our teeming millions we can not afford the loss of 300,000 men. Indeed the word does not begin to represent the case. If 300,000 men were left dead upon some field of honor, the Nation would bow her head and weep over their graves. They would be lost to the Nation forever more, save as a sacred memory. But of this other 300,000, who are living a death in life, whose days are misery and whose nights are despair, whose every breath is a sigh, and whose way in life is dark and desolate and sad, what of this unhappy host? Are they not worse than a loss to the Nation? Are they not a sorrow, a sadness and a shame?

America's chief wealth has always been in her man. Her mines, her cornfields and her cotton plantations have been as nothing compared with her larger and richer wealth of men. And that any plague should come to change the glory of 300,000 men to disgrace is terrible. In the presence of such facts, the worst fanaticism of the most extreme of the advocates of Temperance is not only pardonable, but positively virtuous. In the presence of real calamity we bow with more or less submission. But such a self-inflicted scourge as intemperance demands the gravest solicitude of all gentle and patriotic men.

It is perhaps very difficult to say anything new on this well-worn subject, but Dr. Lorimer on Sunday evening last spoke some weighty words on this matter that deserve much consideration. We should not judge him to be a member of the Prohibition party, and yet he thinks the Nation should be as busy making manhood as making railroads. But he has more common sense in the work of earnest men and tender, gentle women than in any other agency. He does not waste time in abuse of saloon-keepers, he goes rather to the heart of the matter and lays the whole trouble in a solemn burden on the hearts and consciences of all right-minded men and women.

One special point he made not often heard from the lips of Temperance men, and that was a most pathetic reference to the hard and awful struggle of men who were fighting against the habit of drink. He indulged in no idle sentiment, but he spoke with such earnest pity that any man listening to him who was a victim of this dreadful curse could not but take heart of grace and fight with drunkard hope and courage. Heroism in drunkards struggling to free themselves from drink is a new kind of argument on the temperance platform. Dr. Lorimer has struck a vein that needs well working. If people knew the terrible character of the conflict they would speak more gently of the erring, and the conflict would often end in victory.—*Chicago Saturday Evening Herald*.

THERE are many temperance societies in Japan, and all are working for the principle of total abstinence. The National Temperance Society contains men of higher position than any other, and publishes a magazine at the capital. North Shore Temperance Society is the largest organization, and is carried on in connection with a Christian mission. The Temperance Association organized in 1886 with eighty-nine members, now has a membership of eight hundred and publishes a magazine, *The Temperance*, which has attained a large circulation.

A DELICATE and sacred taste is of inestimable value to its possessor. A man with his mouth saturated with tobacco juice, or throat parched with spirituous liquors, does not know any thing of the delicacies of taste. He loses very much of the enjoyment of eating and drinking.—*Kochanga*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

All scientists still assert that it would take a cannon ball eight days to reach the moon.

The currying comb is a source of pleasure to the horse, or an instrument of torture, according to the way it is handled.

A man was fined one dollar in a New York court for calling a lawyer a liar, and yet the offender had sworn to tell the truth.—*Texas Siftings.*

The largest crater in the world has been on exhibition at the Cincinnati Exposition. It contains 2,700 square yards.

Fully 8,000 miles of railroad will have been constructed this year in the United States, and the prospects are that next year will witness a large increase in these operations.

It has been found that a goose can stand the weather until the thermometer goes to sixty-four degrees below zero. Then her feathers won't save her. Wild ducks can go twelve degrees lower and come out on top.

The Marquis de Turgot, former minister to London and Paris, lately celebrated the wedding of his daughter, Lady Blossom, when, for the first time in Chinese annals, the bride's consent to the choice of a husband was equally asked.

We frequently read of some person whose hair has turned white in a single night through grief or fear, but the white-haired old sinner who goes into a barber-shop and comes out in half an hour with hair and whiskers black as the raven's wing never gets a line in the papers.

A Pittsburgh physician wrote aqua fortis (spring water) in a prescription in place of the more ordinary expression, aqua pura. The druggist sent back the prescription saying: "You take that prescription back to Dr. — and tell him that he's put enough aqua fortis into that prescription to kill ten men."

There are only two carpenters in New Boston, Neb., a town which is small, but growing rapidly. One of them was taken sick a few days ago, when the other man promptly gave it out that he would lend his services to the highest bidder. Something like an auction was held and the lucky carpenter dropped the hammer at \$5.50 a day for a job of three weeks.

Western man—"Yes, I'd like to buy a nice house in New York, but I have no ready cash. Will you exchange for Western land?" Real Estate Agent—"Yes." "Glad to hear that. How much would you want for say an eight or nine-room house on Fifth Avenue?" Real Estate Agent—"Well, if it is good land three or four counties will be enough."

Miller stands near the wheel looking disconsolately at the dry channel, with a beautiful dam extending from bank to bank. Sportsman—"Pears to be a big drought in this section?" (Silence.) All you need is a little rain! (Silence.) You've got a good site here, and you've dammed the stream well." Miller (feelingly)—"Stranger, I ain't done nothing else."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Young lady (in dry goods store)—"These goods will wash, of course, Mr. Spindle?" Mr. Spindle (who is devotedly fond of young lady, while at the same time in easy hearing distance of his employer)—"O, yes, indeed—that is, I think they will—er of course you know they ought to wash. They're high enough—I wouldn't like to say though they would wash if they won't wash but—er—ah." Employer (emphatically)—"You may say to the young lady, Mr. Spindle, that the goods will wash." Mr. Spindle (relieved)—"Yes, Miss Withers, the goods will wash."—*Epoch.*

A negro of Washington, Ga., was driving a bull in harness through the streets. A dog attacked the bull, and the latter immediately looked after the dog. The bull was attached to a bale of cotton on which the negro was seated. The bale flew into the air, and the negro fell with his head on the ground, filling the whole village with his cries. Nothing, however, retarded the animal's pursuit of the dog. He collared with a load of cane. After the collision the street was strewn for rods around with negro, cane, cotton, bull, broken harness, etc. Nobody was hurt.

PLAYED 'POSSUM.

Another illustration of the Credulity of Young Married Women.

A young married man was invited out one evening lately to a restaurant supper where the presiding dish was baked 'possum. He ate heartily in compliment to the friends who invited him, and mentioned the 'possum with so many and frequent libations that he reached home in a state of somnolence. When he awakened the next day it was noon, and his anxious young wife sat beside him in an indescribable state of mind. She expected penitence and tears, and was prepared to be very firm with her erring lord. But what was her astonishment when he greeted her with a peal of laughter.

"John Henry," she said with dignity, "I am ashamed of you. What was your lovey dovey done?"

"What for, my d-d-aring? What was your lovey dovey done?"

"Don't lovey dovey me, sir! Where were you last night?"

"Why, I told you, my d-dear, I went to a p-possum party with the other b-boys."

"Yes, and came home here actually snoring, and couldn't walk straight—oh—oh—oh!"

"Why, my sweetest, that was part of the amusement. I was just pretending, don't you see—playing 'possum, love; of course you've heard of playing 'possum. The others all played 'possum, too—ha! ha! Didn't I carry it out well?"

She believed him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

POSTAL FACILITIES.

The Almost Marvelous Progress Made During the Past Fifty Years.

There is no department of the Government with which so large a part of the people has to do, and none with which the people has to deal so often as the post-office. On an average, every man, woman and child in the United States both sends and receives something by mail—a letter, a newspaper, a package, once a week throughout the year. Indeed, hardly any feature of the modern civilization is more striking to one who can divest himself of the feeling that the post-office is a matter of course, than the development and present extent of communication by means of the mail.

When we remember that fifty years ago it cost twenty-five cents to send a single piece of paper, written or printed, from Washington to Boston, that the railroad system was in its infancy, and that letter-sending was a luxury not to be indulged in without consideration, we may see what a vast change half a century has wrought. At present every one who can write at all sends letters. Children are encouraged to begin correspondence with relatives and friends as soon as they can "print" words. Business men are hardly more sparing of postage stamps than their wives are of pins. And this modern idea of the constant use of the post-office is wholly the growth of fifty years.

Let us compare 1838 and 1888. Fifty years ago the mails were carried on only nineteen hundred miles of railroad in the United States—four hundred miles less than are now operated in the territorially small State of Massachusetts. Now the mails are carried on one hundred and forty thousand miles of railroad. There are, in 1888, fifty-seven thousand post-offices, against twelve thousand in 1838. The revenue of the department was four and a quarter million dollars in 1838, and more than fifty-two and a half millions in the year ended last June.

Statistics were not kept of the number of letters and other parcels mailed fifty years ago, but in 1887-88 the letters transmitted numbered almost seven hundred and twenty millions; the postal cards three hundred and seventy-two millions; the newspapers and periodicals one thousand and sixty-three millions, and the packages three hundred and seventy-three millions—a total of three thousand five hundred and seventy-eight million pieces, and an average of almost sixty to each person of the sixty million inhabitants of the United States.

American postage rates are by far the cheapest in the world. The English penny rate on letters is the same as the two-cent rate, but the distance traversed by letters here is greatly in excess of that in the United Kingdom. Moreover, Great Britain has nothing to compare with the American system of sending newspapers to subscribers at a rate of one cent a pound. It costs a half-penny—one cent—to send each paper in England—at least six times as high a rate as in the United States, even if no newspapers are taken of the greater distances here.

The English "parcel post" is, however, cheaper than the American. Packages of merchandise can be sent at the rate of three pence—six cents—for a single pound, and at a rate growing smaller as the weight increases, until at eleven pounds the charge is only eighteen pence—or about three and a third cents a pound. The United States rate is uniform at one cent an ounce. A four-pound package (the limit of weight—would cost sixty-four cents; in England it would cost fifteen cents.

No doubt this country will in time overtake and surpass its greatest rival in this department of the postal service, as it has already done in other departments. There is no conceivable limit to the expansion of this service, and as the service grows in amount, it may grow cheaper. It is probably too soon to think of a one-cent rate for letters, but in a very few years, at present rates, the department will overcome the deficiency between receipts and expenditures—it was nearly five and a half millions during the past year—and then the one-cent rate will come, as surely as the three-cent rate superseded the five, and the two the three-cent rate. Whether or not any of the other dreams of those who favor extending the postal service—postal telegraphs, savings banks and the like—are to come true, is a question for the future to answer.—*Yonk's Companion.*

A Bell With a History.

At Lumpkin, Ga., is a church bell with a history. This old bell has done much service for many different people. It has engraved upon it the year 1660, the year in which it was made. For a number of years it tolled the hour for congregations in a convent in the Netherlands. It was afterward carried to Lisbon, and from there to Madrid, and was in the monastery at that place when the great Napoleon invaded that territory, taking everything that he pushed his forces over plains and up mountain sides, and all bells were being taken and recast into cannon for the furtherance of his warlike ambition. The owners of this bell, seeing his intentions, and loving their sacred property that had so long served them, secretly took it down from its lonely tower, and placing it on board a large vessel about to sail for this country, shipped it to New York, where it remained for many years, until it was purchased by a Lumpkin man for his church. It has been used so much it has lost its tone, and will have to be laid aside.—*Washington Post.*

BOLD ROBIN HOOD.

A Merry English Outlaw Who Robbed the Rich and Fed the Poor.

To the reign of Henry II. belongs the life of our popular English ballad hero, Robin Hood, who was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, about the year 1160. He was of noble birth, and his true name was Robert Fitzooth, and he had been corrupted into Robin Hood. Some German critics treat him as a nature myth, and find in the same Robin a form of Woden. For us let him be Robert. He may have had in the latter part of his life at least, some right to his reputed dignity of Earl of Huntingdon. Fortitude of his inheritance, either by reason of the wildness of his youth or of injustice done, sent him to the old refuge of patriotic outlaws in the years following the conquest—to the woods, where in days of cruel and oppressive forest law men ate the king's game for their daily meat. His chief companions were Little John, whose surname is said to have been Jallor; William Scadlock, Scathlock or Scarlock; George a Green, the pinder (or pound keeper); Much, a miller's son; Friar Tuck, and Robin's sweetheart, the maid, Marian. He gathered a company of one hundred stout archers and bailed tradition always hold that if he saw any stout fellow whom he desired for a comrade he fought him, took a cudgeling from him, and enlisted him after he had thus made proof of his strength. His forest domain was usually at Barnsdale, in Yorkshire, or in Sherwood forest; some say also at Polesden park, in Cumberland. He stole only from the rich, and fed the poor with the plunder of the abbots, thus taking his own way of expressing popular resentment against the rapine of the flying calves and eagles figured in Walter Map's "Apocalypse of Gollas." Said Robin Hood, according to the ballads of the people:—

"These byshops and these archbishops
Ye shall them bete and brinde."

He loathed especially the abbot of St. Mary's, York. English tradition has also painted Robert Hood as in the rough way of a rough time religious outlaw. Friar Tuck was added to his company that he might not neglect the duties of religion, and there is a story told by Scottish Fordun in the fourteenth century—current, therefore, not long after Robin Hood's death, if not in his lifetime, and a part of the very first Robin Hood literature—that being surprised by the sheriff and his company in the thicket where he and his men were at mass, the greater number of Robin's men immediately fled, but he himself, with a very few, devotedly awaited the completion of the service, after which, by divine aid, they thrashed and spoiled the whole troop of king's officers. Again, the oldest of the Robin Hood ballads marks strongly the religious elements in the character of the English popular outlaw:

"A good manner that had Robyn
Every day he would dya
Three masses would he here,
Robyn loved our Lord
For devout of dely synne;
While he never doo company harme
That wold woman was yene."

The knights themselves had not a better spirit of chivalry than this, through which the poetry of the people expressed what their priests had been so active in teaching them, of homage to the virgin, their especial saint, type of God's love which medieval dogmas turned so much to watch that they required a separate embodiment.—*Treasure Trove.*

SMUGGLERS' DOGS.

How They Are Trained by the Excise-Law Breakers of France.

The smuggler trains his dogs one by one, and always at night. In the day time he walks across the frontier, accompanied by one of his pupils, and goes to visit his accomplice, in whose house he leaves the dog. It is detained till after dark, when it receives a sufficient smart beating to make it glad to scamper home to its master, who welcomes it to an excellent supper. This routine is repeated several times, the dog goes, finds its way home, and the darkest night without hesitation. It is then promoted to carrying a small light pack containing articles of trifling value, but by degrees the weight is increased till the dog is accustomed to carry many pounds. When each dog knows its duties thoroughly it is taught to work in company with others, the intelligent in each pack being exempt from carrier service, and taught to act as scouts to ascertain the whereabouts of possible foes, and so enable the main body to avoid the danger of falling into ambush. The method of training the customs dogs is, of course, quite different. From their earliest puppyhood they are taught to play hide-and-seek with pieces of tobacco and small bags of coffee or rolls of lace. When six or eight months old, their education in these matters is taken seriously in hand, and they are taught to sit quietly in ambush, never barking, but merely giving a very low growl, or cocking their ears to attract the attention of their master whenever they detect any unusual sound. Should they be guilty of barking, they are, of course, punished, but a wise dog is rewarded with lumps of sugar. After some practice a well-trained excise dog will scent out even one solitary smuggler dog at a distance of two thousand yards, and he soon becomes wonderfully expert in tracking the law breakers, human or canine, and in giving notice of their approach.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

An electric current observed on a telephone line running from Bridge-water, Nova Scotia, to the mines thirty miles away, is supposed to be produced by a "natural battery," formed by deposits of copper, silver, lead and iron ore in the vicinity of the gold mine.

GAUDY COATS-OF-ARMS.

Bob Burdette Discusses One of the Dear Old Rights of Citizenship.

"Inquirer," of Fort Hamilton, writes: "I sent this inquiry to the leading journal of New York, 'Is it proper to make use of a coat-of-arms derived from a female ancestor, there being none in the direct line?' and received from the editor the reply: 'No, you can not use a coat-of-arms of a family whose name you do not bear.' Is this correct?" We are surprised that "Inquirer" should write to a New York paper for information upon any subject except its circulation. No, the answer is not correct. You can use any coat-of-arms that your royal star-spangled American pride has set its Fourth of July heart upon. If you fancy the Queen's, you can and may use that, just as freely and independently as though you sold soap for a living. If you prefer that of the Imperial family of Germany, have it engraved on your stationery, painted on your panels and embroidered on your horse blankets, and if any editor in New York tells you that you can't do it, pin his scalp to the seam of your leggings. If you can find no ready-made coat-of-arms to suit your fancy, any good stationer will have one designed for you. Can't wear any coat-of-arms you want to, indeed! That's a sweet idea to introduce in this free land! Why, lots of our society people wear clothes that belong to other people, eat food they haven't paid for, live in good three-story coat-of-arms. It costs nothing, and is within the legitimate reach of the humblest. In a democratic nation it is a choice boon. It will keep a man warm, when his other coat is *ho ho signo tralala*. It will lend him dignity when his trousers are fringed at the hem. It will keep last year's collar from chafing his neck. To the man who wants a coat-of-arms it will be sweet to the soul and health to the bones, and would be great medicine to his brains, if he had any. Any man in this country who can afford to borrow a Sunday paper and study the illustrated patent medicine advertisements, and then go hungry for a coat-of-arms, wishing one, would perish of thirst if he fell into Lake Michigan. Still, that's the kind of a man, usually, who pines for a coat-of-arms and hasn't the originality or courage to invent or steal one. Bless you, simple ones, there's no soap on a coat-of-arms, unless it's a soap trade mark, or some thing of that sort. In that case, hands off. But if it only belongs to some Queen or Emperor, or that sort of person, way take it and use it; it's yours.

"Who steals my coat-of-arms, steals trash," is some fine nothing, but it's his. "Was mine as much as it is his." But he who lays his thievish claws upon the sacred mark of my "Princely" Lord, which cost me twenty dollars to design, and two to copyright, will mark for it if there be any law in all this land!"

INSECT-EATING BIRDS.

How They Have Been Swept Away by Fifty years ago every farm in the Eastern, Middle and Southern States had from five to twenty acres of woodland. These lands not only served many other good purposes, but were natural resting places for birds, and served them as safe shelter during the irremediable days of the winter when the birds were the home of many species of birds. The writer well remembers the delight experienced in going to the woods in the spring of the year and listening to the songs of the native warblers as they returned from their winter quarters at the South. The shrill whistle of the chickadee was as familiar to the ears of the farmer as household words. The scream of the blue jay rang through the forest clear and loud.

The many species of woodpecker were watched with intense interest as they glided up and down the trunks of the trees, every now and then stopping to peck at the bark with their powerful beaks, and frequently drawing forth some huge grub that had been sapping the life of some monarch of the forest. While watching these ever industrious and useful birds, a scarlet tanager, like a flash of fire, or some other bright bird, would flit, happy and beautiful. How is it now? The woodman's axe and the pot-hunter's gun can tell the sad story. The birds have gone—no home, no resting place, no safety anywhere. Looking at this sad picture, one feels ready to exclaim with the poet Burns:

"Curse on thy barbarous art,
And blase thy bird-murdering eye;
May never fly sooting thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart."

The birds that were so common fifty years ago were mostly insect-eating birds, and destroyed millions of noxious insects, and were of inestimable value to the farmer and the lover of the soil. Even the great-eating birds consumed a large number of larvae. The humming birds, supposed by many to subsist wholly upon honey, consume many small beetles and thrips, and thereby confer a benefit to the florist.—*Vick's Magazine.*

A lawsuit in New York has developed the fact that "after the owner of a lot in Cypress Hills cemetery has buried a deceased member of his own family in it he is absolutely forbidden, by a law under which the cemetery is incorporated, to ever transfer or sell the lot outside of his family."

INCREASE OF INSANITY.

A Noted Specialist Discusses the Subject in an Instructive Way.

A very interesting inquiry is that regarding the occupation of those who become insane. Taking, for example, the 450 cases admitted to the State asylum during one year, this table is obtained:

Housekeepers.....	140	Cooks.....	2
Houseworkers.....	13	Physicians.....	1
Farmers and farm.....	12	Night watchmen.....	1
Labourers.....	23	Brakemen.....	1
Workers in wood.....	10	Painters.....	1
Clerks and salesmen.....	7	Trunk makers.....	1
Merchants.....	7	Agents and commis.....	1
Workers in iron.....	9	Travelers.....	1
Teachers and govern.....	1	Patent agents.....	1
Factory operatives.....	1	Gardeners.....	1
Workers in leather.....	1	Inventors.....	1
Seamstresses and.....	1	Liverymen.....	1
Hotel and saloon.....	1	Stenographers.....	1
Keeners.....	1	Undressers and.....	1
Printers.....	1	Laundries.....	1
Students and school.....	1	Civil engineers.....	1
Hostlers and coach.....	1	Prostitute.....	1
Men.....	1	Night watchman.....	1
Bookkeepers.....	1	Miner.....	1
Merchants.....	1	Class-maker.....	1
Peddlers.....	1	No occupation.....	1
Harbers and hair.....	1		
Trimmers.....	1		
Workers in stone.....	1		
Total.....	430		

At the Hudson river asylum out of 2,973 cases admitted, there were 14 bar-keepers, 13 book-keepers, 16 blacksmiths, 14 butchers, 56 carpenters, 10 cigar-makers, 89 clerks, 9 clergymen, 19 dressmakers, 10 engineers, 29 factory operatives, 27 farmers and farm laborers, 12 gardeners, 10 grocers, 791 housekeepers, 330 who did housework, 356 laborers, 13 lawyers, 27 sailors, 18 maids, 50 merchants, 25 painters, 15 physicians, 21 seamstresses, 21 shoemakers, 21 tailors, 38 teachers, 3 editors. Of this number the cause of insanity of 1,515 was not ascertained, but of the remainder 23 were made insane by business troubles, 174 by epilepsy, 200 by ill-health, 82 by intemperance, 96 by loss of sleep, 85 by anxiety and grief, 64 by old age, 37 by overwork, 52 by sunstroke, 11 by the opium habit, 9 by religious excitement, 15 by apoplexy, 84 by injury to the head, and 7 by poverty and privation.

Dr. Smith made the statement—somewhat surprising in view of the frequent outcry on the subject—that he had not found any one wrongfully detained in the asylums of the State on a careful examination of all the facts in each alleged case. He added:

"Nothing is more surprising, on first entering the wards of an asylum, than the universal claim and often vehement assertion of patients that they were never insane, that they were committed through frauds and conspiracies, and hence are wrongfully detained in the asylum. The stories of wrong and abuse which they relate vary but little in their general character. The object sought by their enemies has uniformly been, as they allege, to incarcerate them in order to consummate some villainous purpose which their presence would prevent. One is thus committed that others may secure his property; another alleges that he alone knew of the frauds of officers of corporations, banks or other institutions. Whatever form it may take, all the facts are narrated with great minuteness, and with an apparent candor, which often leads the inquirer to doubt and hesitate whether, after all, the patient had been the victim of a gross conspiracy. Careful and patient inquiry into all the facts of hundreds of cases has failed to prove that, in a single instance, the conduct of the friends of patients has been governed by improper intentions and motives. That conspiracies may form for the purpose of securing the commitment of sane persons to insane asylums is undoubtedly true, and is never lost sight of in these official examinations. Every effort is made necessary to discover facts in the antecedent case, and to arrive at a just conclusion as to the mental condition of the complainants. In the vast majority of instances the evidences of insanity are apparent on entering the ward. In a large number of cases a moment's conversation determines the mental condition of the patient. In few cases a longer and more varied conversation is necessary to discover the more obscure evidences of mental alienation. 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The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

NOON TIDE.

At noon I stand upon the beach,
Here at the parting of the ways
Adown the long road I gaze
That lies between me and the night.

Then turn my longing eyes once more
To the fair land where I have been,
Where shady pathways lie between
The woodlands and the river's shore.

Far off I see the shining sand,
I hear the voices of the waves
Singing among the shimmering caves
The low, sweet songs of fairyland.

Ah, me! and I have come so far
Since that sweet hour when I was away
I watched the water of the day,
The fading of the morning star.

I heard Apollo's deathless lyre,
Far by the fount of Helicon,
And all about the woodlands shone
The crocus like a sudden fire.

They say this dusty highway leads
To fame and fortune, place and power,
That time has many a golden dew
For him who follows dreams to dew.

If some potent spell might cast
Fulfillment of my wish to earth,
I'd only pray I might return
To the dear places of the past.

Be mine the tender rose of hope
That trembles in the morning sky,
And all the sun's gold may lie
Ungathered on the western slope.

Not any mean which has rung
From thousand thousand lips to greet
A hero's triumph were so sweet
To me as that glad chorus sang.

In quiet dawn, when 'midst the birds
A soft wind rising from the sea
Wafted a low sweet melody,
The choirs of long forgotten notes.

White gleams above the silver mist
The happy light is mounting high,
Changing the opal of the sky
To emerald and amethyst.

The thrush that sang his morning song
High on the elm tree's tumbled bough,
Within his cage sings sadly now,
Nor slugs for the bars are strong.

I know my wishes are as vain
As his behind his prison bars—
The morning stole away the stars,
The night will bring them back again.

Then as I turn me from the height,
And tread the hard and dusty way,
Hope whispers even yet I may
Find my lost path in the night.

—B. J. Robertson, in *Lynn's Magazine*.

THAT CERTIFICATE.

Farmer Lynn's Acute Attack of
Doctor's Latin.

"It's dreadful, dreadful," groaned Farmer Lynn, as the doctor left on his final visit; "jes' when fall plowin' 's got to be done an' there ain't nobody to do it. I never did see anythin' so onerous. It's bad enuff to be stopped short in my career as 'twas, but to think I kin never do another stroke of work so long as I live 's jes' too bad!"

"Why, feyther, it ain't as bad as that," said his wife, peering at him through her spectacles. "A broken arm ain't a goin' to invalidate you like that. 'Sposin' it 'd been your neck."

"Mought be well he've been," said the farmer, shortly. "It's no use talkin', mother, I've paid the doctor for his 'pinion and there 'tis on black an' white, jes' as he writ it out himself. 'Taint a broken arm, eyther. It's a heap wuss. You kin see for yourself There's the doctor's certificate."

Mrs. Lynn took the piece of paper and studied it carefully for some time. Then she laid it down.

"I can't make head nor tail of it, Jephtha, but mebbe you can," she said.

"It's tew bad that that should be so 'dicted, but you know the Lord loveth whom He chasceth, and it's awful the wicked that go on and flourish like a bay rum tree."

"Humph!" grumbled her husband, "that's all very well, but who's to do the farm work, foddin' the stock, and—oh—oh—oh, it's jes' too bad! Me laid up like an old woman and tied into a cheer!"

"Dear, dear, it does seem unfortnit," Mrs. Lynn said, with her usual ready sympathy. "but, Jephtha, you must hear it like a Christian, if it isn't a relishin' dose. It do seem queer that such a affliction should happen to a man as active as you be. I reckon it's a special Providence."

"Hev you writ to Rube, mother?" asked the farmer shortly, moving distressfully in his arm chair.

"No, but I shouldn't be 'sprised, feyther, if Hotty had been writin'. I'll ask her, and she stepped the stair down, and called softly to some one above.

"Here I am, Auntie," responded a cherry voice, and the next moment light feet pattered down the stairs, and a pretty girl with cheeks as red as a June apple, and eyes like stars, stood in the kitchen.

This was niece Hotty, who was making a long visit to her father's brother, and had come from away up in Vermont.

"Did you write to Rube 'bout your uncle's affliction?" asked Mrs. Lynn.

"No, Auntie, Rube never asked me to write to him."

"You've got to write now, Hotty," said her uncle, "and tell him of my misfortnit, an' let him know he's got to come home and set to work on the farm, whether it be to his likin' or not, an' tell him he mought as well give up college learnin', for once an' all."

"I-I thought he was studying to be a doctor," said Hotty, timidly.

"So he wuz, but I've got to be a helpless cripple—oh, Lord it's hard—for the rest of my days; he's got to work the farm to keep us from starving. There ain't nobody but him, and he hates farmin' like pizen. 'Taint to his likin', but it's to mine, but I'll never do another stroke of work. An' me not turned sixty yet."

"Is it so bad?" asked Hotty, in a sympathetic tone, "will your arm have to be taken off, Uncle Jephtha?"

"Wuss than that, child, wuss than that," sighed the farmer. "Read that there certificant and see what the doctor says, an' he knows what he's talkin' about."

Hotty took up the piece of paper and studied it attentively.

"I don't understand it," she said at last, "but it must be something dreadful. What does it mean?"

"It means that I can never do another day's work again. The doctor ain't comin' any more—he ain't time to ride out nine miles to see me often. I asked him what it was, and he told me, and I got him to write it down in black and white. I don't want folks to think it's a ordinary sprain, an' Jephtha Lynn is too shifless to work in his old age."

"You'd better sit right down and write to Rube," suggested Hotty's aunt.

"It'll be hard medicine, I'm sure, for him to giv' up his learnin' an' come down from bein' a doctor, as he has allus wanted to be; but it can't be cured and must be endured, as the copy book used to say. You can write the letter and send it to-night."

So Hotty wrote a few words in a prim, neat hand, asking "Cousin Rube" to leave his studies and come home, for his father had fallen from the hay-mow and hurt his arm so severely that he would never be able to use it again.

The letter was a great surprise to Rube. He was both pleased and disappointed. He wanted to go home and see them all and become better acquainted with his pretty cousin, who was a new member in the household; but to go in this way and relinquish his fond hopes of becoming a graduate at the next term of the medical college, that was very hard to do. He was very sorry for his father, who had never been sick in his life; but he hoped it was not as bad as Hotty believed.

He ran out from the city on the first train, but said nothing to his mate about leaving college. When he reached the farm Hotty was at the door—accidentally, of course—and was shyly glad to see him.

"How is father?" he asked, after the first greeting.

"Dreadfully low-spirited," Hotty answered. "An' oh, Rube—I'm sure you'll never do another day's work in his life, and you know he just loves the farm."

"That's a funny thing to love," said Rube, with a saucy look, and then he went in, kissed his mother, and would have shaken hands with his father, but Jephtha just shrieked aloud.

"Don't touch me! It will kill me! I'm all broken up an' crippled, an' ain't goin' ever to be any thing but a ruin. There's the doctor's certificant; read it—he knows."

"Certificant," said Rube, "what about? What did he give you a certificant for? I don't see what he means. Are you sure you understood him?"

"Read it," commanded his father, with a woe-begone look, "bein' as your most a doctor yourself, you'll see it's correct."

"Yes, Rube, you'd better read it. Poor feyther, it's too bad," said Mrs. Lynn, wiped away a tear.

Rube's face was also very grave. His father, bundled in shawls and comforters, did not much resemble the hearty, stalwart man he had left when he went away to college. He opened the paper with a perplexed look and read it aloud. As he proceeded, his face brightened, and he had finished he broke into a merry laugh. This was what he read:

"You have suffered a compound comminuted fracture of the elbow. The operation process having been separated from the ulna is displaced by the contraction of the triceps, and it is doubtful if recovery is not attended by ankylosis."

When Rube could speak without laughing, he said:

"That's nothing, father, but an attack of doctor's Latin. You have simply a fractured elbow—ankylosis means only a stiffening of the joint. Why, you could go out to the barn and fodder the cattle now, if you wanted to—it would be better than sitting around rolled up like a mummy. I'll have you all right in a week—I can stay that long"—and he glanced at Hotty, who looked at the ceiling.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed his father admiringly. "It's a fine thing to know Latin! I was that mixed up with them big words that I wuz as scared as your mother wuz. I'm right glad I sent for you, Rube."

"So am I, father, announced Rube, a dutiful son, and if he looked at Hotty, who can blame him? We were all young once. When Rube returned to college his father had come out of the slough of despond and was almost well again. He took back with him that remarkable pompous piece of medical literature, the "certificant," and something else—the loving heart of his Cousin Hotty. But he left his own as a pledge that he would soon return.

—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in *Detroit Free Press*.

It Seemed Very Funny.

He was talking with a Nankin farmer yesterday, and in the course of conversation asked:

"Is your wife in with you?"

"Noap," replied the farmer grinning a little.

"Didn't she want to come?"

"Noap," with a broader grin.

"When she comes in with you bring her up to dinner."

"I-I will!" chuckled the husband.

"Say, what alls you? You seem greatly pleased."

"It seems funny."

"What does?"

"Asking about my wife. She's bin dead seven years!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

FRESH FASHION NOTES.

What the Ladies of New York Are Wearing at the Present Time.

Combinations of furs are not uncommon and are rather effective.

Lace frills peeping just a quarter of an inch above the edge of neck and sleeves are again used.

Dainty caps are worn with matinees or tea gowns. They are fashioned from bits of lace and ribbon, and give the head a look of curious, coquettish dignity.

Intricate designs in every tone of color on the soft French flannels of which many new house dresses are made blend easily with silk or velvet used in the making.

Monkey fur grows more popular every day. New cloaks and coats are bordered with it. While the muffs and a few capes are seen, the scarcity of the fur will not permit the making of many.

Throat and wrists are well set off by broad plaitings of muslin the same shade as the gown or white. These are sewed on the inside edge of neck and sleeves and allowed to fall out flat.

Low heels, broad soles and fine tops of calfskin, closely buttoned, bring the walking-boot of to-day as near perfection as footgear can come. Walking becomes a delight and the ill-treated members are comfortably dressed for any event of the day.

Stockings in every shade for evening wear come with fanciful open-work designs extending the whole way up the front. Even the little silk slippers for women, so popular from their warmth and trim, are woven in open V's and hands down the front.

A simple but charming tea gown worn by a woman of wealth and fashion was of old-rose broadcloth alpacas, long and full in the back, with hanging sleeves. The front was a gathered mass of pale-green sash, caught at the waist by an inside sash of rose-colored silk, with heavily embroidered and fringed ends.

Glove-makers, at their wits' end for a novelty, have introduced funny little bits of white kid about the bottom of the six-button undressed gloves. Only the gray-green and full gray gloves are so decorated, the tan gloves still holding their long-established position of universal popularity on the strength of their natural adaptability to any costume, time or place.

Every shade of dress material is closely reproduced in the suede kid slippers—embroidery in silk, beads gold and silver threads decorate the toe, while straps of ribbon cross the instep. Black kid slippers with high Louis Quinze heels and a buckle of brilliants on the pointed toe will transform the worst foot into a dainty, pleasing object.

The lace veil rests not from its labors after the new and peculiar. At both top and bottom a deep frill is added, while the once modest dais have sprung into sprays of flower designs or trailing garlands. The hats to which such veils find themselves best adapted have broad brims, upon which ostrich feathers, bows of ribbon, etc., are lavishly heaped.

Fancy buttons, that were steadily on the wane for the past year, have, with the Directorate coats and gowns in shape and decorated in painted scenes or flowers, might be mistaken for nice little butter-plaques. These bring a high price, owing to the really charming workmanship displayed. Curiously wrought metal buttons, in steel and bronze, appear upon the severely plain short coat as its only ornamentation. The guests at in their own rooms, and their food is served to them on little tables about a foot high. Each man has his own table, and in the cases of families each member sits at his heels or knees before one of these little tables, which is not over two feet square. Now chopsticks are furnished to every guest. They come wrapped up in paper, and with these the guest can eat every thing from rice to fish. It is wonderful how well they separate the bones from the fish with them, and how they are able to pick up beans and peas between two sticks and eat them. The food is brought in in little bowls, and there are no plates, knives, forks or spoons. The rice comes last, and this is brought to the room in a wooden box hooped with brass and looking very much like an American sugar box. The Japanese eat very fast, and a man is considered lazy if he eats slowly. It is rather a compliment than otherwise to make a noise in eating, and the smacking of the lips shows the host that you appreciate his food. If you grunt and regurgitate, it will not be out of the way, and when you close your dinner with rice you will pour your rice-bowl full half of tea and mix this with the rice. As you get near the bottom it will be the approved Japanese fashion to lift the rice bowl to your lips and shovel the contents in with your chopsticks. You may say to yourself, "This is a queer way to be expected at the close of the meal," and carefully wrap up the dainties remaining and to drop them into the long pocket of the sleeves of your gown. You will find no sign in these Japanese hotels indicating that "food taken from the table will be charged extra for," and if you are dining with Japanese you will probably have from two to six waiters to keep you company.—*Frank G. Carpenter, in National Tribune*.

—That was a gentlemanly thief who robbed the postmaster of Lyons Farm, a suburb of Newark. In consideration of riddled letters and stolen stamps, gold watch and \$100 in cash, the postmaster found the following note and a \$1 bill: Dear Sir—The fellow who robbed your house to-night is a born gentleman and no hog. I leave you this bill as capital upon which to begin life anew.

—According to Johanna Faber, the famous manufacturer of Nuremberg, the people of the United States use, in round numbers, 100,000,000 lead pencils every year.

EDUCATED FOOLS.

A Class Which, Unfortunately, Is Numerous and Growing.

The young lady who upon her first visit to the country asked which cow gave the buttermilk, was probably familiar with the philosophy of Kant, and could talk discursively of Brown, but to the master-of-fact people who heard her she must have appeared silly in the extreme. The story serves as an illustration of a class that is numerous and growing.

Americans have fallen into the habit of talking of common things in a far-off transcendental manner as if they had neither lot nor part in that ordinary earth which can grow potatoes and pumpkins cheek by jowl.

Meanwhile the sun of the social system is a hireling, and children get their first lessons in life from a protégé of an open door society.

"If I were to make a world," said Ingersoll, "I would make good health catching." Whereupon some one asked incredulously: "Why doesn't Mr. Ingersoll make a world, ha! ha!"—a brand new world with all modern conveniences in it—when he so well knows how. "There never were any miracles," cries the writer of "Robert Elsmere." No miracles, when the world is full of them! The air you breathe is a miracle. Thank Heaven that it be not owned by a corporation that would shut it off ten feet above your head unless you had paid your titling. No miracles! The egg you eat is a miracle. You can tell all the chemistry of its component parts, but can you put the light of life in it, dear educated fools?

When Hercules tried to kill his enemy he dashed him on the ground and saw him instantly revive, for the common earth he touched gave him renewed strength.

It has been said that the man who can make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is a benefactor of his kind.

A pretty pastoral story is told of a father who sent out his son as a herder and gave him only these three words of instruction—"Remember your sheep." The boy was an "innocent" and could only do the one thing, and his mind only retained simple lessons. But he "remembered the sheep," and herded them so well and did his duty so faithfully, that he knew every sheep and lamb of his flock by just looking in its face. It is long since now, but "Robbie's sheep" were known for their excellent herding.

King George III. has been much laughed at for inquiring how the apple got into the dumpling. Yet the apple dumpling is more necessary to the comfort of a household than the discovery of a new comet. Who would prate of discovered stars to a starving man? Devout, or undevout, that astronomer would be no benefactor.

To be educated above the common things of life is not to be educated at all. Take the Latin words out of our language and we can still live, love, sleep, eat and do with the rest.—*Detroit Free Press*.

HOTELS IN JAPAN.

According to "Carp," They Are the Noddest Places Outside of Bedlam.

A Japanese hotel is one of the noddest places outside of Bedlam. The walls are of paper, and you can hear all the talk of your next-door neighbor. Many of these walls are pushed back at times, and as you pass through the corridors you see the various occupations of the guests. The sleeping, dressing and eating goes on before your eyes. The guests eat in their own rooms, and their food is served to them on little tables about a foot high. Each man has his own table, and in the cases of families each member sits at his heels or knees before one of these little tables, which is not over two feet square. Now chopsticks are furnished to every guest. They come wrapped up in paper, and with these the guest can eat every thing from rice to fish. It is wonderful how well they separate the bones from the fish with them, and how they are able to pick up beans and peas between two sticks and eat them. The food is brought in in little bowls, and there are no plates, knives, forks or spoons. The rice comes last, and this is brought to the room in a wooden box hooped with brass and looking very much like an American sugar box. The Japanese eat very fast, and a man is considered lazy if he eats slowly. It is rather a compliment than otherwise to make a noise in eating, and the smacking of the lips shows the host that you appreciate his food. If you grunt and regurgitate, it will not be out of the way, and when you close your dinner with rice you will pour your rice-bowl full half of tea and mix this with the rice. As you get near the bottom it will be the approved Japanese fashion to lift the rice bowl to your lips and shovel the contents in with your chopsticks. You may say to yourself, "This is a queer way to be expected at the close of the meal," and carefully wrap up the dainties remaining and to drop them into the long pocket of the sleeves of your gown. You will find no sign in these Japanese hotels indicating that "food taken from the table will be charged extra for," and if you are dining with Japanese you will probably have from two to six waiters to keep you company.—*Frank G. Carpenter, in National Tribune*.

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TEMPERANCE READING.

LAW-BREAKERS.

The Seller, Not the Drinker, the Responsible Party—Every Saloon a Primary School for Drunkards.

The occupation of dealing out rum by the drink to all who may desire it, irrespective of age and condition, seems to have a demoralizing effect upon all who engage in it. Their moral natures become hardened and seared, and there is soon bred a selfish indifference to the rights of others, and a contempt for all laws and ordinances which may interfere in any way with the devilish traffic they carry on. Sunday-closing laws, for instance, are openly defied unless the most strenuous efforts are put forth by the officers of the law; and then resort is had to all possible artifices by which the interdiction shall go on by stealth, access being given to the premises by alley-ways and rear doors. There is no other class of men who so continually and brazenly violate the law. Other men cheerfully observe the day of rest, and keep the doors of their places of business closed against customers. The keeper of the rum-hole evidently believes his greed for gain gives him the right to annul the law, and continue his occupation without let or hindrance.

The plea upon which this is done is the same as that which saloonists use to justify their violation of the Prohibition law in States where such legislation is in force—that people want rum, and that they will have it, and that "I may as well sell it to them as anybody." The argument is that the buyers tempt the saloonists to violate the law, and that the latter could not transgress its provisions without the opportunity of doing so which is provided by the demand of the drinker.

To the unthinking—and we are sometimes led to believe that, at least as far as this rum question goes, the great majority of our people are to thus be classed—such an argument carries some weight. But it is an entirely superficial one. It omits from the calculation a factor whose absence vitiates the result. It does not take into account that the man who insists upon some one else violating the law in order that he may obtain rum is the victim of the fierce and unnatural appetite for liquor—that raging, burning thirst, which makes that man the veriest slave to its accursed power. To gratify that maddening thirst, he will become a liar, a thief, a law-breaker. No law, human or divine, is regarded as binding that stands in the way of his gratification; no oath is regarded, no pledge is kept, if it prevents his obtaining rum.

But the saloonist does not limit his law-breaking to the gratification of the rum thirst in those who have become slaves to the habit. There must be fresh victims found, to be initiated into the delights of that devil's draught, rum, upon whom the accursed habit must be fixed, that they may take the places of the confirmed drunkards. If only the latter were supplied, and all others denied, the reign of the rum power would end in a few years, when the present race of drunkards would be in their graves. But the rum power is aggressive. It is constantly reaching out for new victims. Every young man who enters a saloon for the first time to drink is practically looked upon as one to educate into the drink habit—one who is to be as speedily as possible made the slave of this awful appetite, that his wages may regularly form part of the revenue of the rum power.

On every side men are tempted to drink. Upon the principal streets of our cities the brilliantly-lighted saloons open their doors in invitation to the thousands of young men beginning their career to drop in and spend their evenings. They are more attractive than the boarding-houses which are the homes of so many. They afford light and warmth and merry company. Is it any wonder that our young men visit them? But there is a punctilious etiquette of the saloon, which decrees that he who is a visitor must also be a patron, or be considered a "dead beat," and perchance be ordered into the street. The young fellows drink, not because they care for rum, but because it gives them the right to spend their evenings in the saloon. The habit of drinking is begun, the fierce thirst for rum is born, and the feet of these young men are turned upon the downward path.

What is true of the fine saloons on the leading streets, with their garish ornamentation, is equally true of the smaller rum-holes on the back streets, down to the lowest dives in the worst quarter of the city. Wherever there is a saloon there is a primary school for drunkards. And the saloon is by no means confined to our cities and larger towns. All over this land, wherever a half-dozen clustered houses form the nucleus of a future town, an outpost of the rum power is to be found. In the growing West the saloon is often the first "business house" opened in the incipient village, to cater to the depraved desire of those already wedded to the habit and to draw in its quota of fresh victims to join the unnumbered army of drink-ridden men marching downward to degradation and death.

When we consider all these things, we see that the plea that if there was no one desired rum none would be sold is simply a cover for the perpetuation of the saloon unmolested in its devilish work of ruining men. It is an excuse for continuing an occupation which, though profitable in a money sense to those who follow it, is ruinous to the people. For nearly every dollar that

passes over the counter of a saloon would, if the saloon were not there, be used to purchase food and clothing and the comforts of life for its miserable victims and their innocent but suffering families.

The men in whom the alcoholic appetite has been formed are ready irresponsible beings. This infernal poison has destroyed their will power and transformed them into slaves. The burden of the violation of law is not properly to be laid upon their shoulders because of this very irresponsibility which has been created by rum. They will drink so long as rum is to be obtained.

It is clear to any one who ever studied the subject that the saloon is an institution which perpetuates the traffic, because it is the chief factor in leading men to drink. Nine men out of ten will not stray into forbidden paths unless opportunity is given. So long as the saloon exists, we may be sure the evil of drunkenness will continue, and the grand army of drunkards be constantly recruited through its means.—*Volvo P'ndie*.

OF VERY GREAT IMPORTANCE.

Dr. Lorimer on Temperance Reform—The Hard and Awful Struggle of Men Fighting Against the Drink Habit.

The fact that many questions have become exceedingly commonplace is at least an inference if not a proof that they are matters of very considerable importance. That a subject becomes commonplace as well as commonplace should serve as a hint to wise men that while they may postpone dealing with it, it is only postponement at best, and the true wisdom would be a fair and faithful dealing with the matter without delay. If it be true that there are more than 300,000 drunkards in America, and that figure is probably larger under rather than over the awful truth—then we have a sad condition of things, that it would be as unpatriotic as it would be inhuman to ignore. With all our teeming millions we can not afford the loss of 300,000 men. Indeed the word less does not begin to represent the case. If 300,000 men were left dead upon some field of honor, the Nation would bow her head and weep over their graves. They would be lost to the Nation forever more, as a sacred memory. But of this other 300,000, who are living a death in life, whose days are misery and whose nights are despair, whose every breath is a sigh, and whose way in life is dark and desolate and sad, what of this unhappy host? Are they not worse than a loss to the Nation? Are they not a sorrow, a sadness and a shame?

America's chief wealth has always been in her men. Her mines, her cornfields and her cotton plantations, have been as nothing compared with her larger and richer wealth of men. And that any plague should come to change the glory of 300,000 men to disgrace is terrible. In the presence of such facts, the worst fanaticism of the most extreme of the advocates of Temperance is not only pardonable, but positively virtuous. In the presence of real calamity we bow with more or less submission. But such a self-inflicted scourge as intemperance demands the gravest solicitude of all gentle and patriotic men.

It is perhaps very difficult to say any thing new on this well-worn subject, but Dr. Lorimer on Sunday evening last spoke some weighty words on this matter that deserve much consideration. We should not judge him to be a member of the Prohibition party, and yet he thinks the Nation should be as busy making manhood as making railroads. But he has more confidence in the work of earnest men and tender, gentle women than in any other agency. He does not waste time in abuse of saloon-keepers, he goes rather to the heart of the matter and lays the whole trouble in a solemn burden on the hearts and consciences of all right-minded men and women.

One special point he made not often heard from the lips of Temperance men, and that was a most pathetic reference to the hard and awful struggle of men who were fighting against the habit of drink. He indulged in no idle sentiment, but he spoke with such earnest pity that any man listening to him who was a victim of this dreadful curse could not but take heart of grace and fight with greater hope and courage. Heroism in drunkards struggling to free themselves from drink is a new kind of argument on the temperance platform. Dr. Lorimer has struck a vein that needs well working. If people knew the terrible character of the conflict they would speak more gently of the erring, and the conflict would often end in victory.—*Chicago Saturday Evening Herald*.

THERE are many temperance societies in Japan, and all are working for the principle of total abstinence. The National Temperance Society contains men of higher position than any other, and publishes a magazine at the capital. North Shore Temperance Society is the largest organization, and is carried on in connection with a Christian mission. The Temperance Association organized in 1886 with eighty-nine members, now has a membership of eight hundred and publishes a magazine, *The Temperance*, which has attained a large circulation.

A DELICATE and refined taste is of inestimable value to its possessor. A man with his mouth saturated with tobacco juice, or throat parched with spirituous liquors, does not know any thing of the delicacies of taste. He loses very much of the enjoyment of eating and drinking.—*Exchange*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

All scientists still assert that it would take a cannon ball eight days to reach the moon.

The cury-comb is a source of pleasure to the horse, or an instrument of torture, accordingly as it is handled.

A man was fined one dollar in a New York court for calling a lawyer a liar, and yet the offender had sworn to tell the truth.—*Texas Si/fings.*

The largest carpet in the world has been on exhibition at the Cincinnati Exposition. It contains 2,700 square yards.

Only 8,000 miles of railroad will have been constructed this year in the United States, and the prospects are that next year will witness a large increase in these operations.

It has been found that a goose can stand the weather until the thermometer goes to sixty-four degrees below zero. Then her feathers won't save her. Wild ducks can go twelve degrees lower and come out on top.

The Marquis Tseng, former minister to London and Paris, lately celebrated the wedding of his daughter, Lady Blossom, when, for the first time in Chinese annals, the bride's consent to the choice of a husband was actually asked.

We frequently read of some person whose hair has turned white in a single night through grief or fear, but the white-haired old sinner who goes into a barber-shop and comes out in half an hour with hair and whiskers black as the raven's wing never gets a line in the papers.

A Pittsburgh physician wrote aqua fortis (spring water) in a prescription in place of the more ordinary expression, aqua pura. The druggist sent back the prescription saying: "You take that prescription back to Dr. — and tell him that he's put enough aqua fortis into that prescription to kill ten men."

There are only two carpenters in New Boston, Neb., a town which is small, but growing rapidly. One of them was taken sick a few days ago, when the other man promptly gave it out that he would lend his services to the highest bidder. Something like an auction was held and the lucky carpenter dropped the hammer at \$5.50 a day for a job of three weeks.

Western man—"Yes, I'd like to buy a nice house in New York, but I have no ready cash. Will you exchange for Western land?" Real Estate Agent—"Yes." "Glad to hear that. How would you want for an eight or nine-room house on Fifth Avenue?" Real Estate Agent—"Well, if it is good land three or four counties will be enough."

Miller stands near the wheel looking disconsolately at the dry channel, with a beautiful dam extending from bank to bank. Sportsman—"Pears to be a big drought in this section." (Silence.) All you need is a little rain! (Silence.) You're got a good site here, and you've dammed the stream well." Miller (frowning)—"Stranger, I hadn't done nothing!" —*Detroit Free Press.*

Young lady (in dry goods store)—"These goods will wash, of course, Mr. Spindle?" Mr. Spindle (who is decidedly fond of young lady, while at the same time in easy hearing distance of his employer)—"O, yes, indeed—that is, I think they will—er, of course you know they ought to wash, they're high enough—I wouldn't like to say though they would wash if they won't wash but—er—ah—Employer (emphatically)—"You may say to the young lady, Mr. Spindle, that the goods will wash." Mr. Spindle (relieved)—"Yes, Miss Withers, the goods will wash." —*Epoch.*

A negro of Washington, Ga., was driving a bull in harness through the streets. A dog attacked the bovine, and the latter immediately took after the dog. The bull was attached to a bale of cotton on which the negro was seated. The bale flew onto the bull's neck, and the negro still retained his seat, filling the whole village with his cries. Nothing, however, retarded the animal's pursuit of the dog, until he collided with the street was strewn for rods around with negro, cane, cotton, bull, broken harness, etc. Nobly was hurt.

PLAYED 'POSSUM.

Another illustration of the Credulity of Young Married Women.

A young married man was invited out one evening lately to a restaurant supper where the presiding dish was baked 'possum. He ate heartily in compliment to the friends who invited him, and maintained the 'possum with so many and frequent libations that he reached home in a state of somnolence. When he awakened the next day he was none, and his anxious young wife sat beside him in an indescribable state of mind. She expected penitence and tears, and was prepared to be very firm with her erring lord. But what was her astonishment when he greeted her with a peal of laughter.

"John Henry," she said with dignity, "I am ashamed of you."

"What for, my d-d-erling? What has your lovely dovey done?"

"Don't lovey dovey me, sir! Where were you last night?"

"Why, I told you, I was d-dear, I went to a 'possum party with the other b-boys."

"Yes, and came home here actually snoring, and couldn't walk straight—oh—oh—oh!"

"Why, my sweetest, that was p-part of the talent, I—was just pretending, don't you see—playing 'possum, love, of course you've heard of playing 'possum. The others all played 'possum, too—ha! ha! Didn't I carry it out well?"

She believed him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

POSTAL FACILITIES.

The Almost Marvellous Progress Made During the Past Fifty Years.

There is no department of the Government with which so large a part of the people has to do, and none with which the people has to deal so often, as the post-office. On an average, every man, woman and child in the United States both sends and receives something by mail—a letter, a newspaper, a package, once a week throughout the year. Indeed, hardly any feature of the modern civilization is more striking to one who can divest himself of the feeling that the post-office is a matter of course, than the development and present extent of communication by means of the mail.

When we remember that fifty years ago it cost twenty-five cents to send a single piece of paper, written or printed, from Washington to Boston; that the railroad system was in its infancy, and that letter-sending was a luxury not to be indulged in without consideration, we may see what a vast change half a century has wrought. At present every one who can write at all sends letters. Children are encouraged to begin correspondence with relatives and friends as soon as they can "print" words. Business men are hardly more sparing of postage stamps than their wives are of pins. And this modern idea of the constant use of the post-office is wholly the growth of fifty years.

Let us compare 1838 and 1888. Fifty years ago the mails were carried on only nineteen hundred miles of railroad in the United States—four hundred miles less than are now operated in the territorially small State of Massachusetts. Now the mails are carried on one hundred and forty thousand miles of railroad. There are, in 1888, fifty-seven thousand post-offices, against twelve thousand in 1838. The revenue of the department was \$1,000,000 in 1838, and more than fifty-two and a half millions in the year ended last June.

Statistics were not kept of the number of letters and other parcels mailed fifty years ago, but in 1837-38 the letters transmitted numbered almost seven hundred million, and twenty million of the postal cards three hundred and seventy-two millions; the newspapers and periodicals one thousand and sixty-three millions, and the packages three hundred and seventy-three millions—a total of three thousand five hundred and seventy-eight million pieces, and an average of almost sixty to each person of the sixty million inhabitants of the United States.

American postage rates are by far the cheapest in the world. The English penny rate on letters is the same as the two-cent rate, but the distance traversed by letters here is greatly in excess of that in the United Kingdom. Moreover, Great Britain has nothing to compare with the American system of sending newspapers to subscribers at a rate of one cent a pound. It costs a half-penny—one cent—to send each paper in England—at least six times as high a rate as that in the United States, even if no account be taken of the greater distances here.

The English "parcel post" is, however, cheaper than the American. Packages of merchandise can be sent at the rate of three pence—six cents—for a single pound, and at a rate growing smaller as the weight increases, until at eleven pounds the charge is only eighteen pence—or about three and a third cents a pound. The United States rate is uniform at one cent an ounce. A four-pound package—the limit of weight—would cost sixty-four cents; in England it would cost fifteen cents.

No doubt this country will in time overtake and surpass its greatest rival in this department of the postal service, as it has already done in other departments. There is no conceivable limit to the expansion of this service, and as the service grows in amount, it may grow cheaper. It is probably too soon to think of a one-cent rate for letters, but in a very few years, at present rates, the department will overcome the deficiency between costs and expenditures—it was nearly five and a half millions during the past year—and then the one-cent rate will come, as surely as the three-cent rate superseded the five, and the two the three-cent rate. Whether or not any of the other dreams of those who favor extending the postal service—postal telegraphs, savings banks and the like—are to come true, is a question for the future to answer.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Bell With a History.

At Lumpkin, Ga., is a church bell with a history. This old bell has done much service for many different people. It has engraved upon it the year 1600, the year in which it was made. For a number of years it tolled the hours for congregations in a convent in the Netherlands. It was afterward carried to Lisbon, and from there to Madrid, and was in the monastery at that place when the great Napoleon invaded that territory, taking every thing as he pushed his forces over plains and up mountain sides, and all bells were being taken and re-cast into cannon for the furtherance of his war-like ambition. The owners of this bell, seeing his intentions, and loving their sacred property that had so long served them, secretly took it down from its lonely tower, and placing it on board a large vessel about to sail for this country, shipped it to New York, where it remained for many years, until it was purchased by a Lumpkin man for his church. It has been used so much it has lost its tone, and will have to be laid aside.—*Washington Post.*

BOLD ROBIN HOOD.

A Merry English Outlaw Who Robbed the Rich and Fed the Poor.

To the reign of Henry II. belongs the life of our popular English ballad hero, Robin Hood, who was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, about the year 1160. He was of noble birth, and his true name was Robert Fitzooth, said to have been corrupted into Robin Hood. Some German critics treat him as a nature myth, and find in the name Robin a form of Woden. For us let him be Robert. He may have had in the latter part of his life at least, some right to his reputed dignity of Earl of Huntingford. Forfeiture of his inheritance, either by reason of the wildness of his youth or of injustice done, sent him to the old refuge of patriotic outlaws in the years following the conquest—to the woods, where in days of cruel and oppressive forest law men ate the king's game for their daily meat. His chief companions were Little John, whose surname is said to have been Naylor; William Scadlock, Scotchlock or Scarlock; George a Green, the pinder (or pound keeper); Much, a miller's son; Friar Tuck, and Robin's sweetheart, the maid, Marian. He gathered a company of one hundred stout archers and ballad tradition always held that if he saw any stout fellow whom he desired for a comrade he fought him, took a cudgeling from him, and enlisted him after he had thus made proof of his strength. His forest domain was usually at Barnsdale, in Yorkshire, or in Sherwood forest; some say also at Plumpton park, in Cumberland. He stole only from the rich, and fed the poor with the plunder of the abbots, thus taking his own way of expressing popular resentment against the rapine of the flying calves and eagles figured in Walter Map's "Apocalypse of Gollas." Said Robin Hood, according to the ballads of the people: "These misdeeds and their archbishops' Ye shall them mete and brynde."

He loathed especially the abbot of St. Mary's, York. English tradition has also painted Robert Hood as in the rough way of a rough time a religious outlaw. Friar Tuck was added to his company that he might not neglect the duties of religion, and there is a story told by Scottish Fordun in the fourteenth century—current, therefore, not long after Robin Hood's death, if not in his lifetime, and a part of the very life of Robin Hood himself—that being surprised by the sheriff and his company in the thicket where he and his men were at mass, the greater number of Robin's men immediately fled, but he himself, with a very few, devotedly awaited the completion of the service, after which, by divine aid, they thrashed and spoiled the whole crop of king's officers. Again, the oldest of the Robin Hood ballads marks strongly the religious elements in the character of the English popular outlaw:

"A good manner had he Robyn
In lands where he was born,
Every day or he would drive
Three masses would he here."

Robyn loved our dere lady
For dote of dorey lady;
"Twas mine as in which it is his'n,
But he who lays his thievish claws upon
The cradle mark of my dear Lady's
Which cost me two dry dollars to design,
Will smart for it if there be any law in this
land."

The knights themselves had not a better spirit of chivalry than this, through which the poetry of the people expressed what their priests had become negative in teaching them, in homage to the virgin, their special saint, type of God's love which medieval dogmas turned so much to watch that love required a separate embodiment.—*Treasure Trove.*

SMUGGLERS' DOGS.

How They Are Trained by the Excise-Law Breakers of France.

The smuggler trains his dogs by one, and always at night. In the day time he walks across the frontier, accompanied by one of his pupils, and goes to visit his accomplice, in whose house he leaves the dog. It is detained till after dark, when it receives a sufficient smart beating to make it dog to scamper home to its master, who welcomes it to an excellent supper. This routine is repeated several times, till the dog can find his way home on the darkest night without hesitation. It is then promoted to carrying a small light pack containing articles of trifling value, but by degrees the weight is increased till the dog is accustomed to carry many pounds. When each dog knows its duties thoroughly it is taught to work in company with others, the most intelligent in each pack being exempt from carrier service, and taught to act as scouts to ascertain the whereabouts of possible foes, and so enable the main body to avoid the danger of falling into ambush. The method of training the customs dogs is, of course, quite different. From their earliest puppyhood they are taught to play hide-and-seek with pieces of tobacco and small bags of coffee or rolls of lace. When six or eight months old, their education in these matters is taken seriously in hand, and they are taught to sit quietly in ambush, never barking, but merely giving a very low growl, or seeking their prey to attract the attention of their master whenever they detect any unusual sound. Should they be guilty of barking, they are, of course, punished, but a wise dog is rewarded with lumps of sugar. After some practice a well-trained excise dog will scent out even one solitary smuggler dog at a distance of two or three yards, and he soon becomes wonderfully expert in tracking the law breaker, human or canine, and in giving notice of their approach.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

An electric current observed on a telephone line running from Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, to the mines thirty miles away, is supposed to be produced by a "natural battery," formed by deposits of copper, silver, lead and iron ore in the vicinity of the gold mine.

GAUDY COATS-OF-ARMS.

Bob Burdette Discusses One of the Dearest Rights of Citizenship.

"Inquirer," of Fort Hamilton, writes: "I sent this inquiry to the leading journal of New York, 'Is it proper to make use of a coat-of-arms derived from a female ancestor, there being none in the direct line?' and received from the editor the reply: 'No, you can not use a coat-of-arms of a family whose name you do not bear.' Is this correct?" We are surprised that "Inquirer" should write to a New York paper for information upon any subject except its circulation. No, the answer is not correct. You can use any coat-of-arms that your royal star-spangled American pride has set its Fourth of July heart upon. If you fancy the Queen's, you can and may use that, just as freely and independently as though you sold soap for a living. If you prefer that of the Imperial family of Germany, have it engraved on your stationery, painted on your panels and embroidered on your horse blankets, and if any editor in New York tells you that you can't do it, pin his scalp to the seam of your leggings. If you can find no ready-made coat-of-arms to suit your fancy, any good stationer will have one designed for you. Can't wear any coat-of-arms you want to, indeed! That's a sweet idea to introduce in this free land! Why, lots of our society people wear clothes that belong to other people, eat food they haven't paid for, live in houses belonging to other men, and in some instances subsist entirely on a "female ancestor whose name they do not bear," and yet we are told that we can not wear her coat-of-arms? Come off. We can (and will) wear any thing we can get on. And, indeed, every American citizen should maintain a good three-ply coat-of-arms. It costs nothing, and is within the legitimate reach of the humblest. In a democratic nation it is a choice boon. It will keep a man warm, when his other coat is *hoo signo tribalis*. It will lend him dignity when his trousers are fringed at the hem. It will keep last year's collar from chafing his neck, and in the man who wears a coat-of-arms it will be to the soul and health to the bones, and would be great medicine to his brains, if he had any. Any man in this country who can afford to borrow a Sunday paper and study the illustrated patent medicine advertisements, and then goes hungry for a coat-of-arms, wishing one, would perish of thirst if he fell into Lake Michigan. Still, that's the kind of a man, usually, who pines for a coat-of-arms and hasn't the originality or courage to invent or steal one. Bless you, simple ones, there's no copyright on a coat-of-arms, unless it's a soap trade mark or something of that sort. In that case, hands off. But if it is only belongs to some Queen or Emperor, or that sort of person, why take it and use it; it's yours.

"Who steals my coat-of-arms, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing."

"Twas mine as in which it is his'n,
But he who lays his thievish claws upon
The cradle mark of my dear Lady's
Which cost me two dry dollars to design,
Will smart for it if there be any law in this
land."

INSECT-EATING BIRDS.

How They Have Been Swept Away by the Destroying Hand of Man.

Fifty years ago every farm in the Eastern, Middle and Southern States had from five to twenty acres of woodland. These lands not only served many other good purposes, but were natural resting places for birds, and served them as safe shelter during the heat of the day. These primeval forests were the home of many species of birds. The writer well remembers the delight experienced in going to the woods in the spring of the year and listening to the songs of the native warblers as they returned from their winter quarters at the South. The shrill whistle of the cedar waxwing, and the notes of the farmer as household words. The scream of the blue jay rang through the forest clear and loud. The many species of woodpecker were watched with intense interest as they glided up and down the trunks of the trees, ever and anon rapping with their beaks, and frequently drawing forth some huge grub that had been sapping the life of some monarch of the forest. While watching these ever industrious and useful birds, a scarlet tanager, like a flash of fire, or some other bright bird, would flit by, happy and beautiful. How is it now? The woodman's axe and the pot-hunter's gun can tell the sad story. The birds have gone—no home, no resting place, no safety anywhere. Looking at this sad picture, one feels ready to exclaim with the poet Burns:

Inhuman man! Curse on thy barbarous art,
That blights the thy murder-sim'g eye,
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart."

The birds that were so common fifty years ago were mostly insect-eating birds, and destroyed millions of noxious insects, and were of inestimable value to the farmer and tiller of the soil.

Even the grain-eating birds consumed a large number of larvae. The humming birds, supposed by many to subsist wholly upon honey, consume many small beetles and thrips, and thereby confer a benefit to the florist.—*Vick's Magazine.*

A lawsuit in New York has developed the fact that "after the owner of a lot in Cypress Hills cemetery has buried a deceased member of his own family in it he is absolutely forbidden, by a law under which the cemetery is incorporated, to ever transfer or sell the lot outside of his family."

INCREASE OF INSANITY.

A Noted Specialist Discusses the Subject in an Instructive Way.

A very interesting inquiry is that regarding the occupation of those who become insane. Taking, for example, the 450 cases admitted to the State asylum during one year, this table is obtained:

Housekeepers.....	130	Cooks.....	2
Farmers and farm laborers.....	13	Physicians.....	2
Workers in wood.....	13	Brakemen.....	2
Laborers.....	36	Painters.....	2
Clerks and salesmen.....	15	Brick-makers.....	2
Merchants.....	38	Barber-makers.....	2
Workers in iron.....	9	Coal-travelers.....	2
Teachers and govern-ment cases.....	9	Agents and com-missioners.....	2
Factory operatives.....	8	Millers.....	2
Workers in leather.....	8	Lawyers.....	2
Seamstresses and dress-makers.....	6	Landowners and estate agents.....	2
Doctors and saloon-keepers.....	6	Cigar-makers.....	2
Printers.....	2	Masons.....	2
Students and school boys.....	2	Contractors.....	2
Boilers and coach-makers.....	2	Prostitute.....	2
Butchers.....	2	Night watchmen.....	2
Bookkeepers.....	2	Miners.....	2
Butchers.....	2	Firemen.....	2
Peddlers.....	2	Glass-makers.....	2
Flourishers.....	2	Cheese-makers.....	2
Barbers.....	2	No occupation.....	15
Dressers.....	2	Total.....	450
Workers in stone.....	2		

At the Hudson river asylum out of 2,973 cases admitted, there were 14 bar-keepers, 13 book-keepers, 16 blacksmiths, 14 butchers, 56 carpenters, 10 cigar-makers, 49 clerks, 9 dergymen, 19 dress-makers, 10 engineers, 29 factory operatives, 277 farmers and farm laborers, 12 gardeners, 10 grocers, 791 housekeepers, 330 who did housework, 356 laborers, 13 lawyers, 27 sailors, 12 masons, 50 merchants, 25 painters, 15 physicians, 21 seamstresses, 21 shoemakers, 21 tailors, 38 teachers, 3 others. Of this number the cause of insanity of 1,515 was not ascertained, but of the remainder 23 were made insane by business troubles, 174 by epilepsy, 200 by ill-health, 202 by intemperance, 96 by loss of sleep, 85 by anxiety and grief, 64 by old age, 37 by overwork, 22 by sunstroke, 15 by the opium habit, 9 by religious excitement, 15 by apoplexy, 84 by injury to the head, and 7 by poverty and privation.

Dr. Smith made the statement—somewhat surprising in view of the frequent outcry on the subject—that he had not found any one wrongfully detained in the asylums of the State on a careful examination of all the facts in each alleged case. He added:

"Nothing is more surprising, on first entering the wards of an asylum, than the universal claim and often vehement assertion of patients that they were never insane, that they were committed through frauds and conspiracies, and hence are wrongfully detained in the asylum. The stories of wrong and abuse which they relate vary but little in their general character. The object sought by their enemies has uniformly been, as they allege, to incarcerate them in order to consummate some villainous purpose which their presence would prevent. One is thus committed that others may secure his property; another alleges that he alone knew of the frauds of officers of corporations, banks or other institutions. Whatever form it may take, all the facts are narrated with great minuteness, and with an apparent candor, which often leads the inquirer to doubt and hesitate whether, after all, the patient had been the victim of a gross conspiracy. Careful and patient inquiry into all the facts of hundreds of cases has failed to prove that, in a single instance, the conduct of the friends of patients has been governed by improper intentions and motives. That conspiracies may form for the purpose of securing the commitment of sane persons to insane asylums is undoubtedly true, and is never lost sight of in these official examinations. Every effort is made necessary to discover the real facts in each case, and to arrive at a just conclusion as to the mental condition of the complainants. In the vast majority of instances the evidences of insanity are apparent on entering the ward. In a large number of cases a moment's conversation determines the mental condition of the patient. In a few cases a longer and more elaborate examination is necessary to discover the more obscure evidences of mental alienation. Where there is any doubt as to the insanity of an individual further inquiries are made by examining the attendants and the physicians, and by examining the copied history of the case, and the statements of the physicians who made out the commitment papers. In some instances I have not formed my opinion altogether upon this evidence, but have corresponded with persons familiar with all the facts in the antecedent history of the patient, and have even personally visited the locality of his former residence in search of more exact information. In some instances it has been found that patients have so far recovered that they were capable of complete care of themselves, and could do much useful work. But it was found on inquiry that they were not yet so firmly established in health as to make it proper to allow them to return to their homes. Such persons were rarely impatient, and were quite willing to remain under treatment until they were pronounced recovered by the superintendent." —*Cleveland Leader.*

An Ignominious Failure.

Sharper—How did that soap-sample dodge work?

Agent—Didn't work at all.

"Eh? Did you do as I said—leave a cake for examination at every house, then go around in a week and demand payment for every cake which had been used?"

"Yes. Every cake was handed back to me as fresh as new."

"Strange! What street did you select for the game?"

"Blank street."

"Humph! No wonder it failed. That street is checkfull of anarchists." —*N. Y. Weekly.*

OPENING A MINE.

An Operation Which Demands Many Thousands of Dollars.

Working a gold mine sounds very nice, but very few people are aware of the difficulties and expense attending this operation.

There are plenty of men in this city who have been "biten" in small mining schemes, and who do not now understand why they were failures. It is a very common thing for some hopeful prospector to stumble across "croppings" that show free gold, and that, from all appearances, could be worked to advantage with the expenditure of a little money.

The first thing the prospector does is to "think up" some capitalist friend whom he thinks would be willing to invest in the enterprise. He then writes a letter something after this fashion:

"I have one of the finest propositions you ever heard of. I have discovered croppings that indicate the presence of a ledge 8 feet wide, and which is certain will be found permanent."

"The croppings show that the ore will mill at least \$3 per ton. Let us say then that the ore will only yield half this amount."

"This mine can be worked—hat is the ore can be mined and milled—at a minimum cost of \$ per ton. This will leave a net profit of \$ per ton. Now the croppings show along the surface for 200 feet, and are so situated that a tunnel could be run 200 feet below. There is no doubt that the ore will hold out, and after the tunnel is run there will be 'in sight' practically 25,000 tons of ore, which at \$3 a ton, will, as you will readily see, yield a profit of \$200,000."

"All need is enough money to run this tunnel. I can then haul the ore to a custom mill (there is one about a mile distant), and after that the mine will pay for itself. Truly need \$100 at the outside, and if you will put up this amount you may have a half interest in the property."

On paper this is a fine proposition. A sure fortune for \$3,000. The capitalist is caught and up goes his \$3,000.

The first thing to be done is to drive a tunnel into the solid rock some 800 feet square and a distance of 200 feet. A double shift of men, say eight, are hired, and a blacksmith to sharpen the tools, men to clear away the ground, etc. This can easily be accomplished for \$50 a day. A house or cabin has to be built, but this will only cost some \$300. Powder, tools, timbers, lumber and provisions will make the first \$1,000, to use a popular expression, "look awful sick."

For the first few days the work progresses favorably, and the capitalist receives the most encouraging letters from his mining friend. After that the letters are less frequent and not near so encouraging.

The miners have "struck a horse." This is generally some "ruck about as easy to drill through as so much cast steel. A hole six inches deep may be drilled into the rock in about ten hours, and when the giant powder cartridges are put into this hole they shoot out as if from a cannon."

There may be 10 feet of this sort of work, there may be 50; at any rate, before the difficulty has been overcome, some \$2,000 or more will have been sunk in the enterprise, and the ground scarcely scratched.

Of course more money will be demanded, and then still more until the capitalist becomes disgusted and quits the thing all together. This is the way it generally works.

Difficulties are not only encountered in running a tunnel or sinking a shaft, such as the caving in of the work, rebellious rock and others too numerous to mention; but it is often discovered after the tunnel has been run the desired length that it should have been run in some other place.

To estimate the actual cost of the opening up of a mine from the "grass roots" would be a very difficult matter. Under the most favorable circumstances, however, unless a portion or bunch of very rich ore is encountered, from \$60,000 to \$75,000 may be set down as a very close figure to put a mere "prospect" in paying condition.

As much sometimes as \$200,000 are spent in opening up a mine before any "money" is taken out. All this refers merely to those "little" mining propositions or "flops," as they are called, in which the uninitiated, in the hope of becoming millionaires on a "dollar" investment, come out in almost every instance at the small end of the horn.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Safe Burial of Eowlders.

Having buried many large stones, I affirm that the dangers incurred is very slight if the work is attempted in the right manner. Do not dig under it at all. Keep the excavation about six feet from the nearest side of the stone. Make it long enough, wide enough and deep enough to contain the stone with room to spare. When the hole is dug, then with long-handled tools carefully remove the six-inch shell of earth as low as you can reach easily without taking any risk of being crushed. A plank laid along the further edge of the hole may give you some advantage in digging. Next dig a narrow trench along the opposite side of the stone from the excavation. Make this trench close to the stone and partly under it. Now pour water into the trench, and keep on pouring until the earth underneath is softened into mud, when the stone can usually be slid without much trouble into the hole. A lever can be used to give it a start.—*Farm Life.*

—According to Engineering, some experiments conducted at the Portsmouth (Eng.) dockyard, with a view to determining the resistance of metals at different temperatures, indicate that the strength of iron increases uniformly up to 500 degrees F., while the ductility diminishes up to about 300 degrees; it then increases until a somewhat higher temperature is reached, and then remains nearly constant up to a temperature of nearly 500 degrees. Steel, similarly tested, showed no diminution of strength up to 500 degrees, but at this point its ductility was reduced one-half.

Quotations from Henry Ward Beecher.

Men are like trees; each one must put forth the leaf that is created in him. Education is only like good culture—it changes the size, but not the sort.

Better suffer in bone and muscle than in imagination.

Well married, a man is winged—ill married, he is shackled.

In what other painful event of life has a good man so little sympathy as when overcome with sleep in meeting time?

In his lawful bed a man cannot sleep and in his pew he cannot keep awake.

Oh, that one could carry his pew to bed with him!

Man's infirmities are the strongest bonds of sympathy.

Imagination is the very marrow of faith.

The first step toward knowing is to be conscious of not knowing.

Poetry is the robe, the royal apparel, in which truth asserts its divine origin.

Prose is truth looking on the ground; eloquence is truth looking up to heaven.

Truth should be as a drawn sword. Every house has an expression. Every room has a disposition.

The Sabbath inserts a seventh golden link in the iron chain of toil.

No one but he who has tried it knows what power of learning there is in a mind every faculty of which is tensely strained with desire and necessity.

Every artist dips his brush in his own soul, and paints his own nature into his pictures.

Paints do man as his mother's thoughts do; then paint him as he really lived; hang the two portraits side by side, and write: *What he was to be? and then, What he was!* Life has no sadder contrast.

Many would shrink to have their looking-glasses reveal their secrets.

There are more dangerous idols than those made of wood and stone. What if there should be a resurrection of that which has been buried in looking-glasses? Little children's faces, anxious mothers, budding girls beginning to suspect their own beauty, vain and giggling looks, grave and sad looks of those who hate to grow old, vexed looks of those who have cut themselves in shaving, timid and anxious looks of those who have been sick, double images of lovers glancing upon the sweet picture of their embrace, prim and priggish looks touching up their gray whiskers and covering their baldness with the few stray locks yet left, simple and wondering looks of curly and wooly Phillis, whose honest, homely face is just as dear to her as if it were Cleopatra's.

The only city of a child's desire—a huge, old-fashioned barn!

Mysterious world of sleep! Strange world, in which we dwell in unconsciousness a quarter part of all our lives! Is four-score years then so long that from it must be subtracted a full fourth part.

Story-hunger in children is even more urgent than bread-hunger.

There are many people who seem to regard anxiety as a religious duty.

If we follow duty willingly, we are treated kindly; but if we resist duty hunts us down and drags us to answer to our conscience.

The Flying Machine Problem.

The reason of this wonderful effectiveness of the animal machine is obvious. See how this machine has been gradually perfected throughout infinite ages, especially in birds. During the whole geological history of the earth this machine has been steadily improving in structure of skeleton, energy of muscles and rapidity of combustion of fuel, by struggle for life and survival of only the swiftest, the most energetic and the hottest blooded, until an almost incredible intensity is reached in birds. Moreover, in them everything is sacrificed to the supreme necessity of flight. Viscera, skeleton, legs, head, all are made as small and light as possible to make room for the great pectoral muscles working the wings. Add to this the exquisite structure of the wings and feathers, adapting them for the greatest effectiveness, and we must admit that a bird is an incomparable model of a flying machine.

No machine that we may hope to devise, for the same weight of machine, fuel and directing brain, is half so effective. And yet this machine thus perfected through infinite ages by a ruthless process of natural selection, reaches its limit of weight at about fifty pounds! I said "weight of machine, fuel and directing brain." Here is another prodigious advantage of the natural over the artificial machine. The flying machine must carry its engineer. The directing engineer in the former (the brain) is perhaps an ounce, in the latter it is 150 pounds. The limit of the flying animal is fifty pounds. The smallest possible weight of a flying machine, with its necessary

fuel and engineer, even without fuel and engineer, even without freight or passengers, could not be less than 300 or 400 pounds.

Now, to complete the argument, put these three indisputable facts together: 1. There is a low limit of weight, certainly not much beyond fifty pounds, beyond which it is impossible for an animal to fly. Nature has reached this limit, and with her utmost effort has failed to pass it. 2. The animal machine is far more effective than any we may hope to make; therefore the limit of the weight of a successful flying machine cannot be more than fifty pounds. 3. The weight of any machine constructed for flying, including fuel and engineer, can not be less than three or four hundred pounds. Is it not demonstrated that a true flying machine, self-raising, self-sustaining, self-propelling, is physically impossible?—*Professor Joseph Le Conte in Popular Science Monthly.*

Superstitious Arabs of Algiers.

Next to a commercial grandee you will find a patriarch versed in the Koran, and possessing the power of writing extracts from the Book of the Prophet, and through them and his own venerated meditation of insuring the individual—made happy possessor of the valuable document by paying a few sous—against disease, bad luck, the evil eye and innumerable misfortunes. A charming old acquaintance of mine, near whose sanctified abode I made several studies, and took refuge when it rained, seemed to have an extensive practice in writing these charms on eggs, perhaps three times a week, at one sou each.

These charms are more frequently written on paper, to be folded and inclosed in amulets, which are generally square or triangular in shape, and made of silk, leather and tin. As they believe in the efficiency of these scraps of paper, so are they superstitious about paper generally; they object, for instance, to going before French authorities to settle their grievances against each other, preferring verbal discussions of their case in presence of their cadi, for they fear that all sorts of harmful words may be written besides the name of God—and subsequently used to their condemnation. Children wear them around their neck or tied to their cap; men and women wear them on their person, sometimes above the elbow and in their garments; horses have them attached to the band passing across their chest to protect them from the evil eye.

Those worn by the women of the higher and wealthier classes are inclosed in richly engraved cases of gold and silver, and suspended to chains slung over the shoulder and passing around the waist. They add greatly to the richness of their costume, and form part of their wealth. "Tell me Baia, what do you do when you fall ill? I suppose you call in a doctor?" "Oh, no; the men may do so when they are sick, for our Arab doctors are far superior to the French; but we women go to the marabout; he writes a few words from certain chapters in the Koran, such as these, 'God is the best protector,' 'He is the most merciful of those who show mercy,' or, 'A guard against every rebellious devil,' etc. This paper we chew and swallow, and with a little water which he gives us from the sacred well, in a few days we recover."—*Harper's Monthly.*

Select Siftings.

At a country exhibition a small house made entirely of boxes of honey has the appropriate inscription of "Home, sweet home."

A general inundation of the failure of the dikes in Holland occasioned a loss of life, it is said, amounting to 400,000 persons in 1830.

A hawk carried off a bundle containing thirty-two pounds of feathers from the yard of a person at Catersville, Ga., the other day.

The nobility of England date their creation from 1066, then William Fitz-Osborne is said to have been made Earl of Hereford by William I.

It has been discovered and authoritatively announced that the first man to turn the handle of an organ was a native of the province of Tende.

The water that goes to the ocean will float back in clouds and fall in drops, but the substance carried from the manure heap by the water will not come back.

A curiosity of patchwork recently received in Richmond, Va., from Norfolk, is a mantle lambrequin made of sixty-six badges collected at the Gettysburg reunion last July.

The Rev. John Carroll, of St. Mary's Church, Chicago, is ninety years old, and he is believed to be the oldest priest in the country. He is of Irish parentage and was ordained in 1820.

The quickest passage ever made from land to land across the Atlantic was made by the Allan steamer Par-

isian, from Tory Island, off Naville, to Bell Isle took four days, seventeen hours and ten minutes.

A Texas man was fired at and the bullet was turned aside by a pack of cards in his breast pocket. As it was a new pack, with the ace outward, it can be said that the ball came within an ace of killing him.

In digging a well near Cherokee, Ga., the digger dropped on something about thirty feet below the surface that is white as chalk, free from grit and about the consistency of dough. It is thought to be a crawling gum vein.

Sundflowers are used in Wyoming Territory for fuel. The stalks when dry are hard and make a hot fire, and seed heads with the seed in are said to burn better than coal. An acre of sundflowers is said to furnish fuel for one stove for a winter.

A curious bird that looks like an owl, but has the face of a monkey, was caught near Richmond, Va., a few days ago. Scientists have examined it, but no one appears to know to what species it belongs. It will probably be sent to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

Prairie chicken, like other natives of the wilds, are opposed to civilization, and are being pushed back to the frontier with the advance of the immigrant. During the last ten years they have been moving west so that they are no longer seen in Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota, and now flock in Western Nebraska or Dakota.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Gems for Thought.

One may live a conqueror, a king, a magistrate; but he must die as a man.

Better is little, provided it is your own, than an abundance of borrowed capital.

Truth should be the first lesson of the child and the last aspiration to manhood.

Revenge, that thirsty dropsy of the soul, makes us covet that which hurts us most.

Talking much is a sign of vanity; for he that is lavish in words is niggard in deed.

Many a man who prides himself on being self-made is simply a product of his good wife.

Receive the gifts of fortune without pride, and part with them without reluctance.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

If You Have a Trifling Cough
Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. Price 25 cts.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.
Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns, Bruises, Rheumatism, &c. Price 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation
Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Pile!
Roger's Specific Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of itching, protruding, bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Specific Worm Syrup
Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.
Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Blisters and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at
G. H. Wright Drug Store, Oakland, and by
druggists and country merchants in all parts
of Garrett and adjoining counties.

THE SECOND TERM

Miss Swan's School for Young Ladies and Girls.

Will begin January 2d, 1881. (D. V.) Terms, \$20.00 for day pupils; \$25.00 in advance for weekly boarders; \$200 per year, \$50 in advance for permanent boarders. No pupil entered for less than one term. Suitable arrangements for carrying pupils from Oakland.

For particulars, address
Miss E. B. SWAN,
1215 4th St.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.
(Formerly connected with Mt. Auburn Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.)

FOR SALE,

A VALUABLE TRACT OF LAND,
Of 133½ acres, situated 7 miles North of Oakland, near the Young River. The improvements consist of two dwelling houses, barn, stable and all other necessary outbuildings; twenty acres under cultivation. A fine young orchard is on the place.

For terms and further information, apply to
THOMAS & SINCINNATI,
Attorneys for Owners.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hoopville Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, as for feloniously stealing goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

THE ONLY Brilliant Dyes Economical

Are Diamond Dyes. They excel all others in Strength, Purity and Fastness. None others are just as good. Beware of imitations—they are made of cheap and inferior materials and give poor, weak, rocky colors.

36 colors; 10 cents each.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos, making the finest Ink or staining (no cts. a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists or by

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE

DIAMOND PAINTS.

Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents.

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Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrup. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARMSTRONG, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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They are Growing More Popular Every Day.

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FOR CHURCH OR PARLOR USE. UNAPPROACHABLE. BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

The Acknowledged Largest Dealers in Western Maryland,

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ESTEY AND CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN

In the leading ranks of all other Organs manufactured. The Estey Organ is well enough known to be appreciated when seen. The Chicago Cottage Organ is gaining a reputation that ere long will place it at the head of the list. It is elegant in finish, exquisite in design. In tone superlatively fine. Standard in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It is an Organ whose action speaks louder than words, and after one sees and tries this lovely instrument, it always pleases and gives entire satisfaction to the purchaser. We also sell the celebrated

DECKER BROS., WEBER, FISHER BROS., AND ESTEY PIANOS,

—AND THE—

New Home Sewing Machine.

This machine has no superior. The cabinet work is of the finest and most artistic made. Its construction is of the most perfect made, and a child can operate it with ease. The attachments are self-setting, requiring no screw driver, and most perfect machine made.

Our terms are made in every instance to suit purchaser, and prices the lowest ever offered for first-class goods in this section. We buy for cash in large quantities from the factories direct, thus enabling us to save the purchaser the ordinary agents' commission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

For purchasing write or send for illustrated catalogues, prices, terms, &c., to

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—MANUFACTURER OF—

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SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLER, SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,

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FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 36 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables

and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 200 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms, apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER,

Swanton, Md.

Paine's CELERY COMPOUND

CURES PROOFS

Neuralgia "Paine's Celery Compound cured my nervous sick headaches," Mrs. L. A. BARNES, San Jacinto, Cal.

Nervous Prostration "After using six bottles of Paine's Celery Compound, I am cured of rheumatism." SAMUEL HUTCHESSON, South Cornish, N. H.

Rheumatism "It has done me more good for kidney disease than any other medicine." GEN. ASHOTT, Mount City, Iowa.

Kidney Diseases "Paine's Celery Compound has been of great benefit for torpid liver, indigestion, and biliousness." ELIZABETH C. DODGE, Quebec, Vt.

AND All Liver Disorders

1852. --\$1.00-- 1889.

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THE WEST VIRGINIA HOME.

It appeals particularly to West Virginians because it tells what is going on at home; discusses State matters; is the leader of the State Development movement; advocates the policy of Protection, which means new mines, new saw mills, new railroads, new towns, more population, more money; gives the best agricultural matter and the most reliable market reports; prints the best stories; in every respect leads the procession.

The year 1889 marks a decided change in the National policy. In the State a new administration takes hold. A United States Senator is to be elected.

The year will be one of unusual importance. The INTELLIGENCER will record every event with entire fairness.

Send your names at once and get up clubs.

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The premium copies will be sent to any address desired.

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COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

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FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 28, '88.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 2d, 1888.

All persons are hereby warned not to remove any stone from the National Road in Garrett county, or from the Bridges thereon. By Order County Commissioners.

W. H. HAGANS, Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 18th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 1—Accommodation.....7:41 A. M.
No. 28—Accommodation.....10:24 A. M.
No. 4—.....11:24 P. M.
No. 82—Accommodation.....11:43 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3—.....5:54 A. M.
No. 31—Accommodation.....9:40 A. M.
No. 5—.....11:21 P. M.
No. 8—Accommodation.....11:43 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS, Manager.

C. K. LORD, General Passenger Agent.

JOHN A. WOLF, CARPENTER AND BUILDER, 88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

NUMBER 46

run with patience the race set before

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

LOVE AFTER DEATH.

They say if our beloved dead should see the old familiar place, some stranger would be there instead, and they would find no welcome face.

I can not tell how that may be in other homes, but this I know: Could my last darling come to me, this she would never find it so.

Oh, times the flowers have come and gone, and the white seraphic rest went on, and I have learned to live alone.

Have slowly learned from day to day, to all life's task to bear my part, but, when her grave or whether say, I hide her memory in my heart.

Dead, faithful love has blessed my way, and friends are round me, true and tried: They have their place, but hers to die, to empty as the day she died.

How would I spring with bated breath, and joy too deep for word or sign, to take me during hours from death, and once again to call her mine.

I dare not dream the blissful dream, it fills my heart with wild unrest, when yonder cold white marble gleams, she still must slumber. God knows best.

But this I know, that those who say, our best beloved would find no place, have never hungered every day, through years and years for one sweet face.—*Blue Water, in Baltimore American.*

THE CAPTAIN.

The Part an Old Sea Dog Played in a Romance.

(Written for this paper.)
"YOUNG lady, with a tissue over her hat and about her neck, looked far over the rail at the bow of the propeller."

Her figure was plump and she looked scarcely more than a poultice of blue flannel flung across the guard, so slim and flexible was her shape and so adaptable to whatever whim it might be that caused her to leave there so long.

He made the Captain uneasy. He was a steady seaman with weather-wise wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, and was out there for his morning's parade. It was his custom to pace back and forth across this narrow platform of ship's deck, and across the deck of a hyena in a cage.

And the histories he gathered there, the romances he was third party to, the varied human characters he studied, lent a spark of idealism to his practical brain. Little scraps of dialogue were keys that opened many doors to him—the blue-haired clerk, the maiden's boudoir, the slattern's kitchen, the counting room, the hospital, the legislative hall.

He could do all his duty and hear besides. He pushed him to know what this young lady had discovered that kept her so long in one position.

He relaxed when a stalwart, white flannel suited young man hove in sight, evidently in search of her.

"Ah, good morning, Miss Clarice," she sprang into an erect attitude like the bell of a bent whalebone.

"Good morning," she replied, blushing. "You are an early riser. What are you doing?"

She laughed. Her face was a fine mahogany brown from the red of the young blood and an all-sunburned glow. "I'm looking to see how much water she draws."

"Then pray to look as a Christian should and not hang over the water like a sea and in a distasteful fashion."

"But I'm short-sighted, you know, and she's a fine looking young lady. I can't see her face without a glass."

"Suppose we have the Captain lower you to the water, where you won't have to peer so distressingly. Eh, Captain?"

The Captain paid no attention. She smiled good naturedly.

"He's as dignified as an iron lion. I've kept a swarm of words about his ears ever since we started, but he never seems to hear. I think he's deaf."

"Almost any man would be glad to be that deaf so many women asking him questions."

She again leaned over the rail. The water flashed softly against the bow, as the propeller was urged on by her industrious engine.

"See, she has a bone in her teeth," said Clarice, then abruptly changing the subject, "How blue is this lake to you?"

"How blue? Well, as—your dress. Now give me a color."

"As indigo."

"That is a washerwoman's simile."

"Look at the paths on the water. As far as you can see into the silver roads crossing and re-crossing. What makes them?"

"We'll ask the Captain, Captain," as that officer, carried by on his starboard tack, "I suppose it is the variable wind that stripes the water with those broad bands, isn't it?"

A crusty guttural emerged from behind the Captain's cigar.

"I don't know," he said, looking at the young lady. "I can play any kind of a cunning trick."

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"But why should he want such a flimsy bit for a wife? I could never understand how Clarice manages to so bewitch the man. Such a simpleton, with no style, and certainly no dignity, nor much brains, either, for that matter, if she is any cousin."

"But she is young, my dear, and youth is for a woman what money is for a man—she is all in all."

Rosamond bridled coldly.

"It would have been far more fitting, her mother resumed, 'if Mr. Cumberland had chosen you, Rosamond. But he is dazzled with Clarice he is blind to fitness and prudence.'"

"You know very well I would not like him."

A halting and faded pink crept up Rosamond's face as she said this. It was as the heat of anger as could be expected in her autumnal blood.

The mother and daughter might have quarreled, had not Clarice just then, steadfast to her fickleness, appeared above the deck to descend. Mr. Cumberland was meekly waiting to follow, and Clarice was red as rose.

The secret of her color was an impassioned sentence her heart had betrayed her in whispering to Drexel as she had passed closely to him, sitting moodily alone upon the roof, that her garments brushed against him.

His look had been so dark and threatening that she had dashed upon his arms words so supreme that her cheeks burned in memory of them all the day thereafter.

Her elderly lover with the cold orb supposed Drexel to be a lounging deck hand. After those words no espionage could have pried their evening tryst.

The Fates were propitious, too, for Mrs. Rosamond had a nervous headache and went early to bed. Mrs. Winterfield's sensibilities were so harried by the confusion blowing of the fog-signal—why music had been going on since three in the afternoon—that she too was forced to seek her room.

She ordered Clarice not to set foot on deck that evening. "Stay in the cabin and entertain Mr. Cumberland," she said.

"Very well," demurely, she knew Mr. Cumberland's neuralgia had driven him into retirement long ago.

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The Fates were propitious, too, for Mrs. Rosamond had a nervous headache and went early to bed. Mrs. Winterfield's sensibilities were so harried by the confusion blowing of the fog-signal—why music had been going on since three in the afternoon—that she too was forced to seek her room.

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"break my heart by refusing? You won't be foolish—afraid?"

"Go in now and sleep some. I will tap at your door in time. Good night. Be steadfast."

The deck was lonely after she went in.

According to schedule the boat was tied up a little after four o'clock. They began unloading freight. The passengers straggled off, secured their baggage and disappeared.

"It was a very hot morning ashore, but the Captain saw a stalwart gentleman, buttoned to the throat in an ulster, lead a slim, tall, night-stepping lady in a rain-coat and gray veil, down the gang-plank."

"Good Lord! I didn't mean to see them. I can't give any information," muttered the old salt to himself.

And he bent behind a pile of boxes and waited, with a broad smile on his face, for a full minute.

It seemed all settled, but it was not. Somebody had heard besides the Captain.

As the futilities halted a moment in supposed safety, Mr. Cumberland gallantly handed Mrs. Winterfield down the plank, and then her daughter.

"Clarice!" called the elderly lady. "Come and identify your trunk and then we will all go up to the carriage together."

If Paul Drexel was startled by this sudden contretemps he did not betray it. He had been in too many emergencies to be at all abashed by one defense.

He lifted his hat in polite good morning, gave his services in getting their luggage separated from that of other passengers, and then the ladies into the carriage and he was very handsome head as they drove away.

Clarice looked a sob or two under her veil, but at length, remembering how magnificently Paul had behaved, disarming by his manner she felt sure, any suspicion that either of them had had any lack of misbehaving, she abandoned her tears for a quiet smile. She was certain in her heart that a cool man Paul would find some other way out of this difficulty.

Mrs. Winterfield was in a profound study for the entire hour it took them to reach their own door. She was shocked at the extreme measure Clarice had taken; she was perplexed, dumbfounded. Nothing quite so unconventional had ever before been attempted by one so young and so demure.

She contemplated the rather dejected figure opposite her, deaf or indifferent to Mr. Cumberland's efforts at conversation, and her heart was softened.

"Every white like poor sister Constance," she sighed, "just as impetuous, just so regardless of consequences."

As a taxidermist, Clarice grew more and more puzzled a her own mind as to whether her attempted flight had been purposely intercepted, or whether it was mere chance that her aunt and train had appeared at the critical moment.

Her doubts were set aside in mid-afternoon, when Mrs. Winterfield, coming had sent her, sent for Clarice to come to her room.

"My child, sit down," was her rather agitated salutation.

"Clarice obeyed."

"Is it true, Clarice, is it true that you were eloping with that young man this morning?"

"The old adage catches me," she said, "just as impetuous, just so regardless of consequences."

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feel himself welcome to visit Clarice until a better acquaintance was established, but meanwhile the question of an engagement must lie in abeyance.

Clarice was radiant. No one who knew him could resist Paul.

Mr. Cumberland was made acquainted with the arrangement. He blushed a wintry red and trembled a little but acquiesced.

Rosamond tried to make amends by growing languishing and tender. She was glad to chaperone Clarice and her lover when her mother was unable to go, provided Mr. Cumberland made one of the party, which he usually did. They were all upon the most amiable terms now.

An engagement was finally sanctioned and then Paul began urging a speedy marriage.

His persuasions were successful on a day soon after Easter was fixed upon. Mr. Cumberland was active in every thing pertaining to the wedding, and playfully excused his officiousness by calling Clarice his "ward."

The day before the wedding he asked her to drive with him. During the drive they stopped at a pretty house and suggested that they enter it. Clarice hesitated, but he assured her it was his particular wish. They found it complete in all its appointments, faultless in taste, and Clarice admired it generously.

She saw through the ruse and felt emboldened to say since he had taken her into his confidence, "I am sure fastidious as Rosamond is, she will be delighted with every thing."

A grim quiver disturbed the smile on his face but he did not say so. When they went out, he locking the door behind them, they halted a moment on the steps. Suddenly he took her hands in his, laid the key in it and closed the fingers over it with a fervent pressure.

It was her house. It was a wedding present.

After the ceremony Mr. Cumberland told the bride as he quietly bade her farewell, that he felt the security of the Chicago winter had taxed his strength considerably, and he should go abroad for a year. Rosamond was waiting now for his return.

C. D. CARDINAL.

REPORTING FOR PAPERS.

Advice to a Young Man Trusting for Literary Glory.

One of the greatest essentials of success for a reporter on a city paper is a thorough knowledge of the city and a general acquaintance with the citizens.

Men of ordinary ability who possess extended knowledge of points for gathering news and a familiarity with noted local characters, are often of more value to a newspaper than men capable of writing brilliant and highly polished articles, who are comparative strangers in the locality. A reporter must get all the news. If acquainted with every thing and every body in town, he gathers his items and writes them up in a crude manner, perhaps, but they contain the one point of news wanted and the city editor revises the item to suit his fancy. Under these circumstances a young man from the country, unused to the atmosphere and surroundings of a city life, has very small chances of becoming a reporter on a city newspaper, and if he should, his limited acquaintances would prove a drawback which it would take years to overcome. The only exceptions to this are the large metropolitan daily newspapers, where the work is assigned. There, each day, the city editor makes out an assignment book, containing a memorandum of all the principal events of that particular day. Opposite the various notes of events are placed the names of reporters de-tailed to look after them. Each reporter signs his name opposite the detail to denote that he has gone in search of the news. It is assigned to him, and he returns to the office and writes it up, after which it is handed to the city editor, who generally culls all superfluous words and attempts at "padding," leaving only the bare skeleton of the article, so condensed that it tells in a terse form the exact points of the news. The reporter is paid by "space work"—that is, so much a column—hence the cutting down of his article. There have been instances where young men from the country, possessing talent and newspaper ability, have been very successful on metropolitan papers, without an extended knowledge of the city, but they are rare and of the thousands of young reporters writing against space on the New York dailies, only a favored few make more than a miserable existence, earning scarcely enough to keep them alive. At best, a reporter's billet is an unenviable one; and if you have a talent for any other calling, it would be well to cultivate it, as the chances of success in the literary field are all against you, and even after you have gained the top round of the ladder, you will find that you have struggled in vain and are bound for life to a calling which requires harder work, longer hours, more anxiety and uncertainty, for less remuneration financially and less satisfaction over personal efforts, than any other profession you could follow. If you are determined to leave the country and become identified with life in the city, turn your attention to commercial pursuits and let newspapers alone.—*Chicago Blade.*

It is annoying to a farmer who keeps his farm free of weeds to have his neighbors' fields covered with the weeds. The seeds of many weeds are carried quite a distance by the winds, and any negligence on the part of one farmer in a community may cause much unnecessary labor to all of the others. Farmers can co-operate to no better advantage than in keeping down weeds, and it will even pay them to employ some one to remove the weeds from the field of one who will not do such for himself.

Placing sod or soil on a stump, and waiting it once a week, will cause a gradual rotting. It is said that boring a large hole in the stump and filling it with sulphuric acid cuts the fiber and causes decay.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—You can always get a woman to keep a secret if you give her chloroform enough.—*Louisville Journal.*

—Poor Simpson! A year ago he was one of thirteen who sat down at a dinner. "What is he dead?" "No; married last night."—*Denver Republican.*

—Ethel!—"O, papa, did you see the new parlor lamp Aunt Julia sent me? It's the latest thing out." Papa—"It will be Sunday nights, anyway."—*Terre Haute Express.*

—The occult is very popular in fiction just now—as it always has been with husbands when they were trying to explain to their wives just how it happened that they were so late in coming home.—*Journal of Education.*

The New York Sun says: "The favorite wickedness at present is safe breaking." This reality is performed by those who have no particular business, but are best known as a Jack of vault raids.

—New York City is said to support about six thousand lawyers, and it is claimed that the immense amount of litigation done here through the courts or private offices of counsel attracts and keeps here the highest legal talent of the State, if not of the country.

—"Alas!" said a moralizing bachelor, within earshot of a witty young lady of the company, "this world is at best but a gloomy prison." "Yes," sighed the mercurial mix, "especially to the poor creature doomed to solitary confinement."

—Bolinda—"No, father, I am resolved not to give up Alonzo. You may threaten and cajole as you will, but rather than be parted, we will die together. Stern parent (gruffly)—"You'll be lucky if you live to, then."

—America.

—"If you really want to know which of you is the better man why don't you meet in some room in the presence of a few friends and settle the matter? Why not quit blowing and go to fighting?" "Sir," replied the great man with lofty room, "I am a professional prize-fighter."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"Are you a guest of this house?" asked the clerk at the cigar stand of a traveling man. "A what?" "A guest." "O—no—p—not at all. I am simply permitted to live here—tolerated at the rate of four dollars per day."—*Marchand Traveler.*

The report of Warden McComb, of the San Quentin, Cal., prison, shows that opium smoking plays an important part in California crime. Of 1,377 prisoners now in that prison, 690 were brought there through opium and its associations. Nearly all the thieves, he says are opium smokers.

—Friend—"I always read your jokes twice, Fred." Author—"Ah! you find them interesting, then? An author whose writings are reread can not be said to have written in vain." Friend—"Um—yes—ahem; you see I have to read your jokes twice because I never see the point at first."—*Yankee Blade.*

—"Say that you will be mine, dearest Angelina." "I will, upon one condition." "Name it, my adored, and if it were to get you to the moon—"

"It is easier than that; in brief, simply this: you must invite me to spend a month in your father's house previous to our marriage." "Of course, certainly; but why do you make such a strange request?" "Well, I wish to learn to cook like your mother!"—*N. Y. Ledger.*

RINGS OF CONCEIT.

Talisman That Are Supposed to Hold Off Misfortune and "Ickiness."

Is Madame trouble troubled because the opal is restored by fashion to high favor? Surely not; for she must now discredit all the ill that she has ever heard of this wonderful gem with its heart of fire. The true legend of the opal is not that it brings misfortune, but that the possessor of it is beloved alike of God and man. So you may wear your opal in content, and enjoy its soft beauty with all your heart, sure that it will bring you nothing but happiness. An opal that is rarer than the rare and of the thousands of weary red fire opals is the blue opal. This is a silvery, blue charm in its marvelous depths, which shades to gleaming gold and the soft opacity of the pearl. Heat and cold seems to effect this gem, the blue will be most intense in a warm atmosphere, while in a colder temperature it will be as softly silvery almost as the moonstone.

But with all the brilliant gems she must not overlook the moonstone, the magic stone that brings good luck to its possessor, the talisman that holds off misfortune. It may not represent so much in value as the other rings, but it is one of the most important of all, or, at least, she must imagine so, or she will not be quite in the fashion. And, beside the moonstone she must have one other stone "for luck," set in a ring that should never leave her finger. This ring should hold the gem that rules or represents the month of her birth.

This, like the moonstone, is talismanic. If she is born in January, she must wear garnet; if in February, amethyst; if in March bloodstone; if she is an April child, the sapphire is hers; that she opened her eyes in smiling May, she may claim the diamond; for leafy June the emerald is the type; July is controlled by the sardonyx, August by the carnelian, September by the chrysalite, October by the beryl, November by the topaz, while December's child may wear the ruby. As for the setting, that may fall on the whim of the wearer. It is not how she has it, but what she has, when she tries to propitiate fate with her talisman. Let us hope that she may be successful, and that with the moonstone may come good fortune, with the opal happiness, with the birthday stone content, and with them all a happy life, sweet sequel to her bright girlhood.—*Western Herald.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JAN. 12, 1889.

Mr. D. Sherman Guthrie has purchased an interest in the Kingwood News Era, and hereafter the News Era and West Virginia Farmer will be published by Messrs. White & Guthrie.

The Republican House majority stands at five, without taking into the count the two delayed West Virginia districts. If the Democrats get both of these the majority will be three, and it cannot go below that.

The first act to be taken by the Electors in completing the election of President and Vice-President, according to the Constitution and the laws, will be on Monday, the 14th inst. On that day the Electors are to meet in their respective States and cast their ballots. Under the old law this took place on the first Wednesday in December.

The House committee on invalid pensions has decided to report a bill making an increase in the amount of the pensions allowed for amputated limbs. The bill will also contain a provision allowing an additional pension to persons who now receive a pension for amputated limbs, but who are also suffering from gunshot wounds, for which no pension is now allowed. The amount of increase, however, has not yet been determined upon. The committee has also agreed to report favorably a bill proposing to increase the rate of pension for total inability to perform manual labor from \$30 (the present rate) to \$60 per month; for loss of an arm below the elbow, from \$30 to \$36; for loss of an arm above the elbow, from \$36 to \$42, and for loss of an arm at the shoulder, from \$45 to \$50.

Industrial Development.

Among the many flourishing industries of Baltimore city are its cotton mills grouped mainly in the suburb of Woodberry, which has a large industrial population. In recent years Baltimore capital has largely turned in the direction of building up local manufactures. The "small industries" have multiplied very greatly, and in a few years they will be of the first importance. In this line of productive enterprise the Baltimore Sun has been long a recognized leader, and the stimulation it has given to industrial progress is one of the best things in its useful and honorable record.

Facts About the Presidency.

St. Louis Globe Democrat.

A good many men have been chosen to the presidency who failed to secure a majority of the votes of the people. These men were John Quincy Adams, James K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln (1860), Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, Grover Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison. Of these, Adams, Hayes and Harrison were beaten at the ballot-box by their principal opponents. Adams was made president by the House of Representatives; and Hayes had, and Harrison will have, a majority in the Electoral College. Polk, Taylor, Buchanan, Lincoln, Garfield and Cleveland, who had majorities in the Electoral College, led their leading antagonists at the polls, but did not obtain half of the popular vote. Fourteen presidents have been elected since 1824, including the one chosen in that year, in the seventeen elections held between that time and this. Only five of them, however, received a majority of the vote of the people. All of the fourteen, except Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, Franklin Pierce and Ulysses S. Grant, have been minority presidents. The individuals who suppose that Benjamin Harrison is the only president whose vote at the polls was exceeded either by that of his opponents in the aggregate or by that of anyone of them are ignorant of American political history.

The power of words is immense. A well-chosen word has often sufficed to stop a flying army, to change defeat into victory, and to save an empire.

How Un-American Democratic Senators May Invite a War.

The Senate debate on the Edmunds Joint Resolution reiterating the Monroe Doctrine in its application to the Panama Canal revealed the extent of the decline of the Southern Democracy of to-day from the Democracy that was represented by Mr. Polk's great Secretary of State, William L. Marcy, and Buchanan's at least equally great Secretary of State, Judge Jeremiah S. Black.

Had either of those staunch defenders been present in the Senate Chamber on Saturday he would have been shocked by the attitude assumed by Southern Democratic Senators toward a joint resolution which in the most temperate manner asserts the doctrine that has been maintained for nearly seventy years by the best American statesmen of both parties. Mr. Vest, of Missouri, had the audacity to insinuate that the Edmunds resolution was in the interest of a Nicaragua Canal route, and was instantly rebuked by Mr. Edmunds, who denied the imputation and made the strongest of arguments for the need and urgency of the resolution when he said that "the honor and candor of the United States required a formal and friendly reaffirmation of the American doctrine on the subject before the friendly Republic of France had been drawn into an official support of the De Lesseps scheme at Panama, so that the French Government could not afterward say to the Government of the United States, 'You sat silent and acquiesced in our engaging in this enterprise, and you ought not now to complain.'"

This statement covered the whole ground, and should have prevented a factious and unpatriotic opposition, but it did not prevent another Democratic Senator, Mr. Regan, of Texas, from putting irrelevant and absurd questions, intended to throw doubt on the sincerity of Mr. Edmunds and of his resolution; and another Democratic Senator, Mr. Gray, of Delaware, furnished material for French remonstrance against the carrying out of our traditional and settled policy. Another Democratic Senator, Mr. Call, of Florida, was base enough to suggest that the Edmunds resolution meant war if it meant anything, and asked the absurd question— "What right had the Congress of the United States to say that the people of Columbia should not accept the aid of a foreign government for the construction of the Panama Canal? Such an assumption would be in the face of the Declaration of Independence, which asserted the right of every people to establish its own government and to manage its own affairs."

By such an opposition did the Democratic side of the Senate reveal its un-Americanism and its departure from the most patriotic traditions of the Democratic administration. Not a single Democratic Senator took part in the patriotic and stood up for the assertion of the doctrine for whose maintenance even President Polk would have risked a war.

This is the most striking disclosure that has been made since the Democratic demoralization that naturally followed the election of a man so deficient in patriotic instincts as Cleveland began to be felt in National affairs. During the whole of an earnest Senatorial debate not one Democratic Senator to the level of an occasion that should have appealed to the patriotism of every Senator. John Sherman, in the most delicate but effective way, presented the nature of the emergency, and condemned a partisanship so destitute of honorable lineage, when he said that "if the American Congress was to allow the old Democratic idea to be departed from (that no foreign government should exercise domination or power on this continent) it would abandon all the safeguards of the future. What the Committee on Foreign Relations objected to was that any European government (whether republican or Monarchical) should step in and have control and power over the canal. That was all that there was in the resolution; and he did not think that its passage would have a friendly influence; for the French Government was evidently hesitating about the matter."

Yet even the terrible arraignment of the Democratic opposition that is implied in this passionate, but earnest, statement of American doctrine did not provoke a single Democratic Senator to save his side of the Senate from the disgrace of its silence, or worse, on a question which intelligent American patriotism would regard as not admitting debate.

Do the Democratic Senators want to encourage a French government, backed by Boulangerism and a possible uprising of deluded and swindled purchasers of the Panama Canal securities, to risk a difficulty with the United States? Whatever the policy of the disgraceful tactics on the Dem-

ocratic side of the Senate the news from Paris shows that these tactics are as full of peril as they are of honor. We learn that "the debate in the American Senate on the Panama Canal excites ill will here," and "that a friend of De Lesseps asserts that in 1877 the latter could not get from our Minister any statement as to the attitude of our government." And Boulanger, always ready to seize on any occasion to embarrass the government, yesterday stirred up the owners of the Panama stock by such language as this: "You may not be assured of my support. I do not desire to enter on the discussion of Bourse questions, but I know that regard to the Panama enterprise the Government and Chambers mostly entered into engagements which they have not fulfilled." Thereupon the General subscribed for twenty-five additional shares of the canal stock.

These are the instant results of decision and factious opposition to the Democratic side of the Senate. Considering that there is material enough for a French revolution inevitable bursting of the De Lesseps bubble and that Boulanger is ready for any desperate expedient, little more fooling by the Democratic Senators will involve the gravest danger of a series of French demonstrations that will almost compel a war, a war blundered into and precipitated by a failure of patriotic steadiness and of adherence to the best American traditions.

"Peace with honor" is the ultimatum proposed by the Edmunds resolution. If the French people are to the exact truth as to American sentiment and policy, they will heed our protest and we shall have peace. But if the French demagogues and the desperate holders of Panama Canal stock and bonds are led to believe that Southern Democratic statesmanship has sunk below the level of the Monroe doctrine, they will take fearful chances and the American people will be forced to show that they have not forgotten and forsaken the doctrine and policy that bear the name of one of the most pacific and sagacious of their Presidents.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

The Publishing and Patent Office of the Scientific American.

Perhaps some of our readers have visited the extensive offices of the Scientific American, at 365 Broadway, New York, but many have not, and to such the following accounts may be of interest. A correspondent who recently had this pleasure informs us that he was greatly surprised at the magnitude of the establishment. It suggested to his mind an enormous insurance company or banking house. At the main office, which is principally devoted to the patent business—forming as it does so important a part of the establishment—may be seen the members of the firm and their able corps of examiners. Ready access to the principals is afforded to every one; and here may be seen inventors from all parts of the country showing their models and drawings, and explaining their inventions. The models left by inventors form a large and interesting collection, and are kept in a room by themselves. The large corps of draughtsmen who prepare the patent drawings are for the most part experienced mechanics, electricians, or engineers, some of them having been connected with the U. S. Patent Office. Most of the correspondence is carried on by type writers, and this necessitates a separate department, where a number of experienced female type writers and stenographers are constantly employed. The dark room, where the photographs of the patent drawings are copied, and where the photographs for the architectural department are developed, is also on the floor. On the floor above may be found the editorial rooms, compositors and subscription room, and the engravers' department.

The Architectural Department occupies the top floor, and here may be seen the manager of this department, and also a number of draughtsmen at work preparing the plans and general designs of the Architect and Builder edition of the Scientific American, which is published monthly, and has attained a widespread circulation. The printing of the papers is carried on in a separate building. At the entrance of the main office, which alone occupies a floor space of 60x165 feet, may be seen one of Prof. Draper's remarkable recording barometers, with which instrument a complete record is kept of the atmospheric changes. This barometer was built especially for the Scientific American and it is a remarkably fine and sensitive as well as a very expensive instrument.

Sometimes it may be had of the extent of the business done at the office of the Scientific American when we state that over one hundred persons are employed by Munn & Co. on their several publications and in their extensive patent departments.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8th, 1889.—Mr. Blaine, after having been several times reported on his way to Washington, arrived here last week and is now the guest of Representative William Walter Phelps. His visit here at this time is said to be without any political motive, and only the carrying out of arrangements made long before the election to spend the winter in this city. As usual, Mr. Blaine's quarters are overrun with callers. There are few prominent Republicans now in Washington who have not called to see him since his arrival. Senators Hise and Plumb who are fresh from a visit to General Harrison, have had several conferences with Mr. Blaine, and there are any number of rumors in regard to Mr. Blaine's making a visit to the President-elect. One thing is very noticeable of late, and particularly so since Mr. Blaine came here. That is the very decided change of opinion on the part of the Republicans who are opposed to Mr. Blaine's entering the Cabinet. They all believe now that he will be asked to take the portfolio of the Secretary of State, and that Gen. Harrison could not do otherwise without putting an unmistakable slight upon seventeenth of the Republican party. You ask what has brought about this great change. Several things, but first and foremost is the fact that Senator Sherman, who is perfectly satisfied with his present position, refused to join in making a light against Mr. Blaine and the small number of anti-Blaine Republicans are therefore losing no time in joining the big procession. Still all this does not prove that Mr. Blaine will be the next Secretary of State. It may decline the place if it be offered him. Many think he would not accept it.

The Senate bill incorporating the Nicaragua Canal company has been passed by the House incorporating a private company for the construction and operation of a ship canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, through Nicaragua or Costa Rica. The company is authorized to issue bonds secured by mortgage on its property and rights; must have its principal office in New York city, and a majority of its directors, 15 in number, must reside in the United States, and its resident must be a citizen and resident of the United States. Its capital stock is to be 1,000,000 shares of \$10 each with a right to increase it to 2,000,000.

The House has practically been in a deadlock since last Thursday, a fact which speaks volumes for the absurdity of the rules which at present govern that body. Representative Reed, from the House Committee on Rules offered a resolution on Thursday, providing that during the remainder of the session it shall not be in order to introduce bills on the first and third Mondays of the month. These days are known as suspension days, that is, under the rules, with the consent of the Speaker and a two-thirds vote of the number present, the rules may be suspended and a vote taken on any bill on the calendar. According to these same rules all Mondays are assigned as the proper days to introduce bills for reference, and here is where the trouble comes in. One or two members opposed to any bill that should be called up on suspension day have only to introduce bills long enough for the reading thereof to take up the entire day, in order to defeat the will of all the rest. It was to prevent this abuse of power by members disposed from any cause to be obstructionists that Mr. Reed's resolution was offered. But it has not yet been adopted, as the members opposing it have been numerous enough, owing to the abstaining from voting, for three successive days. The friends of the resolution expect members enough to-day or to-morrow to pass it without the votes of the filibusters.

The sugar interests of Louisiana, California and Kansas have representatives here endeavoring to get the Senate finance committee to do something for them. They claim that the 50 per cent reduction in the duty on imported sugar made by the Senate tariff bill, will, if carried into effect ruin them. They have many and strong friends, and it has been decided by the committee to report an amendment to the Senate bill giving a bounty for every pound of sugar produced in this country. It is not yet definitely settled how much that bounty will be, but it will be decided this week.

Senator Manderson is very proud of the letter which he has received signed by 101 out of 103 Republican members of the Nebraska legislature. It assures him that "while you are thus detained at your post of duty we will also be at ours, and will see to it that you are triumphantly elected by the Nebraska legislature as your own successor."

Senator Edmund's resolutions reaffirming the Monroe Doctrine were to-day adopted by the Senate.

The Curse of the Age.

This is an age of speculation. Thousands crowd around the stock ticker every day; thousands more watch the grain gambling; all the pool rooms are filled with men and youths whose faces show how often the right horses do not win. All the lotteries, all the policy shops, all the gambling dens have their victims, and the supply is undiminishedly large. The poor sheep are sheared and are sent poverty-stricken to do the best they can in the cold, cold world; but other sheep come tumbling into the pitfalls, and the gamblers roll up their bank accounts and drive their fast horses and wonder why anybody complains of hard times.

There is an element of speculation in all departments of business, but in its normal condition it is one element of the many. It is a bit of alcoholic sauce in the food of trade, and it acts as a tonic for business and business men.

But the trouble with too many people is that they want to throw away the food and get drunk on the sauce. Right there is where the mischief comes in. When once they begin, inebriation results, and reform is a very difficult matter—so difficult that few ever accomplish it. About the only thing that can make the professional speculator repent is bankruptcy. It is bad medicine, but nine speculators out of ten have to take it without swearing by all the strength of their moral natures that they will never get ill that way again. But it is the same old story of the devil who was sick.

Some make fortunes by speculation. "Old Hunch," the prize robber of the Chicago board, has made over four million dollars in less than that many weeks; but while thinking of this, remember the hundreds of men his scheme of robbery has impoverished! In fact, speculation is a grim architect. He builds princely fortunes on the bones of those he ruins. He drives his favorites in a juggernaut over the forms of his wretched devotees.

The mania of speculation is ruinous to correct business methods. It unsettles a man, makes him inconstant and vacillating, injures his usefulness as a straightforward worker and destroys his steady principles and honest purposes. Young men starting out in life should avoid it as they would a curse.

Midwinter Excursion to Washington City.

The Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company announces a Popular Excursion to Washington, D. C., for Thursday, January 17th. We give below a list of stations showing time of trains and round trip rates:

A. M. P. M. P. M. RATE.	
Grafton	6.00 1.08 9.45 \$7.60
Newburg	5.23 1.31 10.10 7.25
Tunnelton	10.28 7.05
Terra Alta	7.25 2.40 11.22 6.50
Oakland	7.41 3.04 11.43 6.20
Piedmont	8.39 4.03 12.43 5.40
Keyser	8.50 4.20 1.00 5.25

Correspondingly low rates are made from other stations on the line.

The tickets will be good for return trip on all regular trains until January 26th, inclusive.

Through Parlor Cars will be placed on day train and Sleeping Cars on night train. The tickets will be available to and from Baltimore but must be used for continuous passage in both directions. No better time could be chosen for a visit to the National Capital, Congress will be in session and the Galleries of both Houses, as well as all other public buildings, will be open to visitors.

The long limit on the excursion tickets allows ample time for visiting Alexandria, Mt. Vernon, Richmond, Old Point Comfort and other points of interest within easy reach of Washington.

For Tickets and Parlor or Sleeping Car accommodations and illustrated guide to points of interest in and around Washington, call upon or address, Agents B. O. O. R. R.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARM FOR SALE.

COAL & FIRE CLAY.

I am authorized to sell a farm of 250 acres, 125 of which are cleared, situated on the Oakland and Bang Run road, six miles from Oakland, and near the Youghiogheny river. This is a very desirable farm, and is underlaid with three veins of coal, one vein being 6 feet. Also an abundance of Fire Clay. The improvements consist of two dwelling houses, a barn and other outbuildings. The farm is well watered, and is in every way a very desirable property. Call on or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
1539
Republican office, Oakland, Md.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

I have frequently warned persons from putting crosses on my land, along the railroad, and hereby notify all persons who have neglected this warning to immediately remove any crosses that may now be on my land, and in the future to respect this notice and save themselves trouble. I do not intend to be trifled with.

JOHN BRADLEY.
Cincinnati, O., Nov. 26, 1888.

STATEMENT OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK, OF OAKLAND, MARYLAND, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, DECEMBER 31st, 1888.

ASSETS.	
Cash on hand.....	\$73,174 45
Undivided profits.....	666 00
Individual deposits, subject to check, 59,029 82	
Due from other banks.....	22,682 80
Banking house.....	2,048 90
Furniture and fixtures.....	2,048 90
Total.....	\$60,460 64
LIABILITIES.	
Capital paid in.....	\$25,000 00
Undivided profits.....	666 00
Individual deposits, subject to check, 59,029 82	
Due from other banks.....	2,048 90
Total.....	\$60,460 64

I, S. T. Jones, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed,) S. T. JONES, Cashier.
State of Maryland, Garrett county.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of January, eighteen hundred and eighty-nine.

(SEALED)
J. M. LITZINGER,
Notary Public.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, Md., Jan. 9th, 1889.
The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, Md., on

Tuesday, February 5th, 1889, for the purpose of hearing appeals on assessments and making transfers. Appeals will be heard by Districts in the following order, viz:

Tuesday, February 5th, District Nos. 1, 10 and 9.
Wednesday, Feb. 6th, District Nos. 4 and 11.
Thursday, Feb. 7th, District Nos. 2 and 8.
Friday, Feb. 8th, District Nos. 5 and 6.
Saturday, Feb. 9th, District Nos. 7 and 3.

Persons having business to transact with the board will please observe the foregoing, and appear on the day set down for their District.

By order
W. H. HAGANS,
Clerk.

Estate of William Davis, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

WILLIAM DAVIS,
late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor, legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 12th day of July next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 8th day of January 1889.

PHILIP DAVIS,
Oakland, Md.

ROAD NOTICE.

This is to give notice that the undersigned will, upon the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, petition the County Commissioners for Garrett county to appoint examiners to locate a public highway road as follows: To begin about 2 1/2 miles South of Oakland, on the Oakland and West Union road, and running thence through the lands of Jonas Yutzey and William Moon, to the line between the late deceased Charles Stahl and Jonas Yutzey, then running north, and along the line between the lands of C. G. Stahl and Jonas Yutzey, and between the lands of Wm. Beckman, late deceased, and Lewis Switters, thence through the lands of Peter F. Nine to the West Virginia line, to intersect the county road near Joshua Bowman's saw mill.

Proposed by J. NIXE,
HERMAN H. NEWMAN,
LEWIS SOELTJE,
FRED. G. STAHL.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE IN GARRETT CO.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in a certain cause therein, in which Annie M. Ward, by George W. Ward, her next friend, is plaintiff, and George W. Ward and others are defendants, said cause being No. 40 on the docket of said Court, the undersigned trustee will offer for sale at public auction, to the highest responsible bidder, in front of the Court House, in the town of Oakland, in said county, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M.,

On Tuesday, the 29th Day of January.

In the year 1889, all the right, title, interest and estate of the parties to said cause of, in and to all that

Large and Valuable Tract and Parcel of Land,

lying and being in said Garrett county, along and upon the North Western Turnpike, in the immediate neighborhood of the Red House, and about eight or nine miles from the said town of Oakland, known as the "Old Wolf Farm," and which was conveyed to William Ward deceased, by Elizabeth Phillips, by deed dated the 30th day of September, in the year 1853, and recorded in Liber W. H. V. No. 2, folio 164, of the land record books of Garrett county aforesaid, and containing 750 acres of land. There is a good dwelling house upon the place, together with the usual buildings. Most of the land is cleared and under cultivation, though there is an abundance of timber upon it. The growing crops of the roads leading to it, and the superior grass-growing quality of much of the land render it one of the most desirable and profitable grazing farms in Garrett county. There has been and is also upon the place near the dwelling, a fine chalybeate spring, though now obstructed and covered by the wash from the hills, it might at a slight cost be percolated and the flow restored. This fact, together with its beautiful situation, with its other attractions above mentioned, would render it one of the most pleasant, delightful and healthful summer resorts amongst the Alleghenies.

The above land will be sold as an entirety, or in such parcels as may suit purchasers, in the judgment and discretion of the trustee, subject to the ratification of the Court.

TERMS OF SALE—As prescribed in the decree—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in hand on the day of sale, or the ratification thereof, the residue in two equal annual installments from the day of sale, with interest thereon from the day of sale, the purchaser or purchasers to give his or their notes or bonds with a trusty or sureties to be approved by said trustee for the said deferred payments, and on the ratification of the sale by the Court and the payment of the purchase money, (and not before,) the said trustee, by a good and sufficient deed to be executed and acknowledged agreeably to law, shall convey to the purchaser or purchasers, said property and to his, her or their heirs the property to him, her, or them, sold free, clear and discharged of all claims of the parties to this cause, and of any persons claiming by, from or under them.

JOHN W. VEITCH,
Trustee.

ROAD PETITION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at or near the Gregg bridge, on the Grantsville and Barton road, running through the lands of E. Merrill, Lochiel Lumber Company, Amos Broadwater, John Broadwater, Henry Wetzel, David Merrill and A. J. Lancaster, intersecting the road leading from New Germany to Lonsconing, a distance of about 4 miles.

AMOS BROADWATER,
JOHN WILHELM,
ELIAS MERRILL.

The Republican.

JAR A. HAYDEN, Publisher.
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

DEMENTIA AMORIS.

Love, all men are just the same.
Both prodigal and abstemious;
Let Beauty her desire but name,
And common sense at once is blundered.
There is no difference in taste,
No may possess a pipe or penny;
Love is a thing that can't be classed—
It travels cabin style or storage.
A mild insanity it seems—
A temporary aberration;
The stricken man, as one who dreams,
Is rambling in his conversation.
No heed takes he how near his purse,
To count expenses favors reason;
He buys enough of silly verse
To make young poets lose their reason.
Oh, you who never have felt
The symptoms of a happy lover,
Ner to a blushing girl have knelt,
Nor timidly have leaped above her,
A word with you: When you have found
That only one for whom you tarried,
Don't be enraged a twelvemonth round,
And make yourself a dunc.

FALCON-FLYING.

Interesting Description of This
Persian Sport.

An Exciting and Novel Way of Bagging
Game—Pursuing the Antelope—How
the Birds Are Blinded—A Suc-
cessful Flight Rewarded.

In the olden times, when the star of
Persian Empire was at its brightest,
and the land of the Lion and Sun was
one of the foremost countries of the
world, the Persians used to be great
sportsmen. Old paintings made by
Persian artists centuries ago depict
spirited scenes of the chase, and, among
other things, prove that the game of
polo was played on horseback by the
young nobles of Persia long before any
thing of the kind was known to Eu-
ropeans. This was at a time when the
Persians were a civilized and cultivated
people, and Europeans were neither
cultivated nor civilized. As for Ameri-
cans, they were not yet in existence,
except the Aztecs and the aboriginal
savages we now call Indians.

All this has now changed. To-day
it is the Europeans and Americans
who are civilized, and the Persians but
partially so. With this great change
in the life of the Eastern and Western
nations, the rise and fall of sports and
pastimes has kept even pace.
The Persians no longer play polo,
either on horseback or afoot, but the
English and American sportsmen play
it both ways. On the other hand, fol-
lowing, which was one of the chief
sports of European princes and nobles
in the old semi-civilized days, but
which has now gone out of fashion in
civilized countries, is one of the very
few sports in which the Persians now-
adays indulge.

On my bicycle ride through the
shah's dominions, I saw more of falcons
and falconing than of all other sports
combined. Almost all the Persians
nobles and Koordish chiefs keep falcons,
and among their retainers may always
be seen the falconer looting about, with
one of these birds resting on a little
portable perch, to which he is attached
by means of a tiny brass or silver chain.
Beside their use in their legitimate
field of sport, the keeping of falcons
is considered a sign of nobility, and so
many well-to-do Persian gentlemen,
who, in these degenerate days of their
country, are altogether too indolent to
care about sport, still keep the falcons
for the sake of the prestige it gives them.

One day, on the Tabreez Plain in
Western Persia, I fell in with a party
of young Koordish nobles engaged in
flying their falcons after wild pigeons.
They were, of course, greatly im-
pressed with my novel mode of convey-
ance, such a thing as a bicycle never
having been seen in their country before.
They invited me to accompany them as
long as I cared to do so and promised
me runs of sport in return for riding back
and forth over a smooth stretch of
gravel several times on my wheel for
their amusement.

Their falcons, I observed, instead of
being hooded in the way practised by Eu-
ropean falconers, had their eyes blinded
in a manner that impressed me as be-
ing cruel. Small holes had been bored
in the eyelids and threads of silk fast-
ened therein. The threads were passed
over the top of the falcon's head and
tied so that he could not open his eyes.
When the European falconer desired to
make a flight he used to remove the
hood; the Koordish or Persian sports-
man simply loosened the silk threads.
Thus the bird is permitted to open his
eyes, and he flies after the game with
the little silk threads streaming from
his pierced eyelids.

On all the plains of Persia are miles
and miles of ancient, underground
water-ditches called *Kanals*. The
water is conducted along these sub-
terranean passages—ways from far-
off mountain streams and springs
to the cities on the plains, chiefly to
avoid the waste by evapora-
tion and absorption that would occur
in surface ditches in a hot desert coun-
try. The course of such water-ways
can always be traced by mounds of
earth above the surface, which repre-
sent the excavations from perpendicu-
lar shafts, at the bottom of which the
crystal water can be seen coursing
along toward its destination. The
shafts are man-holes for the purpose of
readily clearing out the channel of the
Kanals.

The *Kanals* are the resort of flocks
of wild pigeons, that descend the shafts
in search of water, and will as find a
cool retreat from the heat of the Per-

sian sun. It was in quest of pigeons
that invading the *Kanals* that the
Koordish falconers were turning their
horses' heads toward a long line of
mounds when I joined their company.
Excitement ran high as we ap-
proached the *Kanals*, for we had al-
ready seen pigeons ascending and de-
scending the shafts in the distance.
When we arrived near enough, two re-
tainers were sent on in advance to
scare the pigeons out of their hiding-
places. This they would do by throw-
ing stones down the shafts. The shafts
were but one hundred yards apart, and
when the *farrashes* throw stones and
shouted down the shaft, if there were
any pigeons there they would flutter
along the water-tunnel and fly up the
next one.

We had not been at the *Kanals* above
five minutes when up flew a brace of
pigeons from a shaft about a hundred
and fifty yards away. As the pigeons
rose in the air, a pair of falcons, whose
eyes had already been blinded, were
turned loose after them. With swift,
eager flight they gave chase and in a
short time were winging their way in
close, hot pursuit. The pigeons ap-
peared to become bewildered with ter-
ror, and instead of hastening away in
straight, rapid flight, circled around
and mounted in short, eccentric curves.
Now mounting higher, now diving
swiftly downward, flitting hither and
thither, as though in their terror they
fancied themselves surrounded on all
sides with hawks in vengeful pursuit,
the pigeons tried to elude their falcon
foes. Like evil spirits dodging their
every movement, however, the eager
birds of prey pursued their game.
Sometimes a falcon would seem to us
to have secured his victim, but the
next moment would find the pigeon
again with many a yard of blue sky
between him and his enemy, and the
falcon still in hot chase after him.
Once or twice we saw feathers fly and
then we knew the end was not far off.
Presently we saw one of the falcons
make a short, hurried swoop, and the
next minute he was winging his labored
flight toward our party, bearing in his
talons one of the pigeons. The pigeon
was barely dead when he reached us;
but one of the Koords at once ripped
him open and fed his quivering liver to
the victorious falcon.

The other falcon still doggedly pur-
sued his prey, but he never brought it
home. We saw the pigeon descend
with the rapidity of a falling rocket
toward earth, and we saw the falcon
swoop after it with that rapid eye-
curve peculiar to birds of prey; but he
turned to us without the pigeon.
Some of the party even of the opinion
that the pigeon, in sheer desperation,
had flung himself recklessly headlong
from a height of several hundred feet
into one of the *Kanals* shafts, and so
escaped. Others thought that he had
fallen dead, and, failing to overtake
the body in its fall through mid-air,
the falcon has disdained to pick the
carcass up from the ground.

I remained with the party for an
hour or two, and witnessed several
pretty flights, in which the pigeons
were captured. The Koordish sports-
man, hospitable to the last degree,
urged me to take half the catch, as I
had then farthest to continue my
journey. Unwilling to take so large a
share, and, moreover, not wishing to
carry so many on my bicycle, I selected
a pair of nice, plump young pigeons,
which I had cooked for my supper at
the caravansara, where I remained
over that night.

Abbas Khan, the British political
agent at Meshed, is very fond of hawk-
ing. When I was in Meshed, he told
me of a hawk expedition he had
recently taken with Mardan Khan,
Chief of the Timoures, and a few other
Khorassani noblemen. Meshed is a
very holy city, owing to the gold-
dome sanctuary of Imam Riza being
there. The pigeons and birds about
Meshed have acquired the odor of
sanctity, from the probability of their
having sometime perched upon the
golden dome of the Imam's masjid.
And so no falconing is allowed in the
vicinity, for fear of doing violence to
the memory of the Mohammedan saint
by the destruction of pigeons that
themselves become sacred from settling
on his sanctuary.

Antelope were among the game pur-
sued by Abbas Khan and his friends,
and in the pursuit they used Persian
grayhounds and falcons. The Persian
grayhound is a link but extremely
graceful animal, with "feathered" ears
and feet. He is quite as swift and per-
haps swifter than those of our own
country, but then so is the Persian
antelope. The falcons, however, are
swift enough to overtake either with
the greatest of ease.

The falcons are trained to pursue the
fleeing antelope, and retard their
flight by attacking them savagely in
the face. Bewildered by the falcons,
the antelope loses ground rapidly by
false movements, and finds himself
struggling for life with the grayhounds
much sooner than would have been his
fate but for the aid rendered by the
falcons.—Thomas Stevens, in *Youth's
Companion*.

A Terrible Disappointment.
Mother—Why, my dear, what's the
matter? Something has happened at
Mrs. De Music's party, I know. Tell
me all about it, my child.
Daughter—Boo-hoo! Mrs. De Music
asked me to play, and—and when I
told her I was out of practice, she said
she was so sorry, and didn't ask me
again, boo-hoo-hoo!—N. Y. Weekly.

—Edison claims that gasoline is an
absolutely sure preservative of yellow
fever. He has experimented with it,
and says that organic germs can not
withstand it.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The quality of dust that some folks
are made of, wouldn't sell anywhere
for \$35.00 an acre.—Time.

—A German patent has been issued
for the preparation of wood pulp for
spinning. The fiber is separated in the
first place by boiling in a sulphuric
acid or bisulphite solution, and the
fibers are dried and softened in water
and subjected to sundry mechanical
operations. Strong fabrics are made
from the product.

—Quill tooth-picks come largely
from France, which possesses the
largest factory in the world. This
factory, which is located near Paris,
was originally started to make quill
pens; but when these went out of use,
the proprietor turned it into a tooth-
pick mill, the present annual output of
which is 20,000,000 quills.

—A new glass recently invented in
Sweden is said to be capable, when
made into lens for a microscope, of
"enabling us to distinguish the 204-
700,000th part of an inch." It is also
said that there is a great promise of
the glass producing wonderfully power-
ful telescope lenses, and a new depar-
ture in astronomy.

—Further investigation into the
solar spectrum are thought to prove
the presence of the metal *pyran* in the
sun's atmosphere, though no lines
corresponding to that element have
hitherto been observed. Additional
evidence has also been found of the
presence of cadmium, bismuth, and
silver, which have always been con-
sidered doubtful; while the presence of
lead, tin, potassium, lithium, and the
cerium group, is not confirmed.

—Firing is only done properly when
the fuel is consumed in the best pos-
sible way—that is, when no more is
burned than is necessary to produce
the amount of steam required, and to
keep the pressure uniform. To obtain
this end, complete combustion must be
obtained in the furnace, and this is go-
ing on when the fuel is burning with a
bright flame evenly all over the grate.
Blue flames, dark spots and smoke are
evidences of incomplete combustion,
due to lack of air.

—An interesting development in pho-
tography is the use of clockwork in
printing from negatives. By this
means, a continuous web of sensitized
paper is drawn at suitable intervals
under a negative exposed to a source
of light. After printing, the paper is
drawn, still by the mechanism, through
"washer," "toner" and "fixer" suc-
cessively, and appears finally as a
series of finished pictures, ready for
mounting, and all alike in exposure,
color and tone.

—Rapidity of execution, not fine
work, is the distinguishing feature of
all American handicraft. American
carpenters and wood-workers do more
good work in a given time than any
of their brothers of other lands, but it
does not have the faultlessness of the
product of Chinese and French
artisans. The Chinese, for instance,
make chairs, cabinets and other house-
hold furniture, without the use of a single
piece of wood is fitted to its place
with hair-line exactness. It is not
considered extraordinary in China to
spend three years in the construction
of a single bedstead.

EXPLOSIVE DUST.

The Scientific Aspect of the Case Pro-
ducing Its Combustion.

Combustion is the chemical union of
oxygen with a combustible, and all sub-
stances are combustible which unite
with oxygen, whether by rapid burn-
ing or by slow oxidation, both modes
of union being forms of combustion.
Ordinarily the oxygen for combustion
is obtained from the air, but whenever
found free it will unite, under favor-
able conditions, with a combustible.
Combustibles include not only sub-
stances containing carbon, or hydrogen,
or both (as wood, grain, oils, etc.), but
also several of the metals. The most
favorable condition for combustion is
that which gives the freest access to
air or pure oxygen sufficiently heated
to start the action, and hence in the
condition of diffused dust. In this state
even iron will not only burn in the air,
but will explode to explode.

Explosion is the sudden expansion
of a burning body and of the heated air
about it, by which the whole momen-
tarily demands more room. These are
the chemical laws which relate to ex-
plosives.
The facts are: All combustibles ex-
plode if in sufficiently fine powder they
are suddenly fired while diffused in air.
This includes many bodies, not only
such explosives as resin, wood, coal,
the grains, and even iron and some
other metals. Demonstration: Close
an ordinary tin cup with a perforated
cover filled with small holes; fix a
lighted candle in the center of the top;
have a small tube, one-fourth of an inch
in diameter, pass through the side of
the cup near the top and leading down-
ward within to near the bottom.
On the bottom of the cup tava a
layer of powdered resin. Then blow a
sudden puff of air from the mouth
through the tube, and so drive a small
cloud of the powder through the per-
forations into the air around the burn-
ing candle. A harmless explosion in the
air will instantly follow, producing a
flash of blinding lightning.

Finely powdered wood (impalpable)
grain and similar bodies may be ex-
ploded in the same way. And by
proper modifications of the apparatus
finely powdered iron or other combusti-
ble metals may be made to ex-
plode.

There is no "explosive gas" about
it; it may be bodies entirely developed
by combustion; and none of these combus-
tibles will explode when not diffused in
the air. They will simply burn with-
out explosion. But all combustible
bodies floating as a fine powder in the
air are liable to explode.—*Chicago
Tribune*.

A TWICE-TOLD TALE.

How Young Wesley Gratified His Aunt
and Earned a Dime.

The maiden aunt of Wesley Hooker
is kept indoors by a sprained ankle,
which is a great affliction in this busy
world, where people are marrying and
dying, and now and then getting into
scandalous trouble.

The maiden aunt is ever eager for
news, and since her accident Wesley
has been catechized until he was some-
times weary; yet, finding that any ex-
traordinary piece of information was
liable to get him a reward of merit of
not less than a penny, he persevered
as a reporter.

Not long ago he came rushing into
the house like a young cyclone, rather
breathless and with excited eyes.

"There has been sumptin' awful
happened now, Aunt Sarah, and no
mistake!" cried he. "Mersey" ex-
claimed Aunt Sarah; "what is it this
time?"

"Why, and Wesley, speaking very
fast, 'down back of Lawyer Kaynipp's
office they were digging for a well, and
they dug and they dug, and they came
to a box, and it wasn't very big, but it
looked seven men to lift it, and was all
rotted to pieces, and they knocked off
the lid and guess what was in it!"

"Gracious!" said Aunt Sarah. "How
should I know? What was it?"

"Why, 'twas a woman, and she was
all bones, and nothin' on her only
clothes and bones, and her hair was
long, and she was all cut up as if
she was murdered."

"For goodness sake!" said Aunt Sarah;
"did you see it?"

"Yes, and they are going to arrest
some one, and I run all the way here
to tell you, and I wish I had two
glasses of soda water, for I'm most
tired to death."

"You're a good boy, Wesley, to think
about your sick auntie, and you may
have that ten cents on the bureau."

Wesley immediately possessed him-
self of the ten cents.

"I guess I'll go back and see what
they're doing about it," he said, and
he departed as suddenly as he had
come.

When Wesley came in to supper the
family received him coldly.

Wesley Hooker, said his father,
"did it take seven men to lift that box
in Lawyer Kaynipp's office yard?"

"Well, mebbe it didn't take seven,
but there was seven there."

"Did they dig, and dig, and find a
box all rotted to pieces?"

"Well, mebbe they didn't find a box,
but they dug."

"Was there a skeleton of a woman
in that box?"

"Well, mebbe it wasn't a woman,
but there was bones in Lawyer Kaynipp's
yard, for I saw 'em."

"Are there any bones?"

"Well, mebbe they ain't human."

"You're a wicked boy," said Aunt
Sarah. "Did you get soda-water with
that ten cents?"

No reply.

"You'll never get another ten cents."

No reply.

"Hooker," said Wesley
Hooker's father, "you may go to bed
without your supper."

And Wesley went to his room, ate a
poor little of cookies and cheese late
supper from the pantry, read a new,
highly sensational ten-cent novel till
dark and then slept the sleep of the
just.—*Mrs. George Archibald, in
Judge*.

FLOWERS AND INSECTS.

How Busy Moths Carry Precious Tokens
From Blossom to Blossom.

The slender stem of a flower explores the
gloom and hangs their festoons of white
blossoms across their tips. None too
soon, for even now a silvery moth circles
among the outstretched filaments, sip-
ping the nectar in tremulous content.

But he carries a precious portion as he
flies away, a golden necklace, perhaps,
or a jeweled chain, or a string of pearls,
among the alders, and thus until the
dawn, his rounds directed with a
deep design of which he is an innocent
instrument, but which insures a per-
petual paradise of primroses for future
slippers like himself. Nor is it neces-
sary to visit the haunt of the evening
primrose to observe this beautiful
episode. The same may be witnessed
almost any summer evening much
nearer home, even about your porch,
and among city walls, heralded by
those fresh, dewy whiffs from the night-
blooming honeysuckle, where the
bright berries of blushing buds are
bursting in anticipation of that "kiss
which harms not," as the welcome
sphinx-moth, piloted by the two great
glowing lanterns of its eyes, hovers in
the murmurous cloud of its humming
phantom-wings. How often have I
watched these mimic humming-birds
in the gathering dusk, whirling about
the flowers, following the circuit of
each fresh-blown cluster, tilting and
tossing in their buoyant poise above
the blossoms' throat, only their long
bodies visible in the fuzzy, buzzy
haze of wings, the slender capillary
tongues uncoiled, nearly six inches in
length, and thrust in turn deep into the
honeyed tubes.—*W. Hamilton G.D., in
Harper's Magazine*.

One More Unfortunate.

"Yes, you bet marriage is a failure!"
he exclaimed as he came out of a saloon
wiping his chin. "Here's my own case
to prove it."

"Don't you live happily?" asked one
of the crowd.

"No!"

"Why! Because I have only three
dollars a week to run on. My wife
earns five, but she won't give up but
three, and I've got to squeeze along on
that while some other husband is hav-
ing a good time. Yes, marriage is a dead flat failure.
None of us husbands are loved and
supported as we ought to be!"—*Detroit
Free Press*.

TEMPERANCE READING.

LIQUOR FLAVORINGS.

What Came from Having a "Reformer"
in the Family.

"Why, Lu, I'm really concerned;
what ails you, dear? You scarcely
eat any thing. If you keep on as
you've begun you'll be worn to a
shadow by the time your visit ends,
and I may as well prepare for anni-
hilation, for nothing short of it will
appease Ralph's wrath when he sees
your pale, wan ghost," and Mrs.
Wallace assumed a tragic air, as if al-
ready confronted by the shadowy out-
lines of her friend.

"I look as if I were likely to
dwindle to ghostly proportions," said
her friend, with a little laugh. "You
are quite unchanged, Bell, from the
extravagant girl who used to agonize
over every trifle when we were at
school in Harwood."

"And you are the same dear girl
who knew so well how to slide grace-
fully and courtously out of a subject,
instead of giving a simple answer to a
direct question," retorted Mrs. Wal-
lace. "You see, reminiscences are in
order, and I know you well, young
woman. There's no use evading the
question. What ails you? Are you
pinning for Ralph, or don't you like
our food?"

"How can you place a guest in such
a position, Bell Wallace? Truly, love,
I fare sumptuously every day. The
substantial articles quite satisfy my
appetite."

"But that explanation doesn't sat-
isfy me. I remember our old weak-
ness for desserts, and you barely taste
mine, or leave them quite untasted.
Explain, please."

"Pardon me, then, if I remind you
that I am an active member of the W.
C. T. U."

"Why, yes, dear heart, I knew you
had joined that craze. It's in your
make-up. You are by nature a re-
former, and I, who have none of that
element, reverence it in you. But
I don't quite see how your statement
beats upon the subject of desserts."

"Then I must be more explicit," re-
plied Miss Hampton. "Your desserts
have nearly all of them a strong
flavor of wine or brandy?"

"Mersey! Be you. Temperance
women carry your opposition to this
absurd length? It's all a notion, dear;
I don't always use liquor, and when I
do, I don't use enough for you to de-
tect it."

"Let me prove my powers of detec-
tion. You always make wine sauces
for your puddings; your mince pies
are strong of brandy and wine; your
velvet and Bavarian creams have a
flavor of wine, the charlotte-russe to-
night had a liberal supply of the
same fluid, and I have once or twice
detected wine or brandy in your cake.
Confess, now, Bell, am I not correct?"

"Why, yes, Lu; but I didn't sup-
pose it was perceptible, and, provid-
ing it is, I can't quite see the harm.
Such small quantities couldn't hurt
any one."

"You can't be sure of this, Bell, and
we who are fighting the demon of
drink are not in the mood for com-
promises with the gigantic evil. I
think it is a mistake to use liquors in
food; indeed, I think it is more than
a mistake. I think it is a great wrong.
I've longed to speak to you on the
subject, but a feeling of courtesy has
deterred me."

"I am always called myself an
advocate of Temperance," said Mrs.
Wallace, "but I'm not prepared to go
so far as to condemn the use of
liquors in food. However, I'll gladly
abstain from flavoring with liquors
while you are with us. I am glad I
have discovered the secret of your loss
of appetite."

"I am sorry to have you abstain
simply out of deference to my feelings.
I wish you might do so from prin-
ciple," Miss Hampton replied.

"Somehow, you are not cooking
quite as well as usual, Bell," said Mr.
Wallace, a few days later. "I believe
you are responsible for the desserts. I
miss a nameless something, they taste
insipid."

The two friends exchanged glances.
"Lu, I didn't tell Ben; he doesn't
know about my new departure," said
Miss Wallace, when alone with her
friend.

"Isn't this a proof, then, of the in-
fluence of your liquor flavorings? And
if their absence is thus missed, is it
not possible that their presence might
result in great harm to a person of
diseased tastes?"

"Oh, dear, I suppose so; but it
seems a shame that a thing should be
so good and yet so bad."

"This is one of the riddles of the
moral and physical world. Strong
drink is a good creature rightly used,
but there is such terrible danger at-
tending its misuse that an earnest soul
may well hesitate and shrink from
placing the smallest temptation in the
pathway of another."

"How dead in earnest you are, Lu!
Let me tell you for your comfort that
you have accomplished this much. I
never again shall be able, with a peace-
ful conscience, to use liquors in flavor-
ing. Ben will have to put up with in-
sipid desserts in future."

"I felt sure that your action was
more 'from want of thought' than
'from want of heart,' and this proves
it. I shall really enjoy your exquisite
little dishes now, and I wish for
Ralph's sake I had your happy
knack."

"Cultivate it, my dear; cultivate it!
I'll give you lessons in cooking in return
for ideas on Temperance. This comes
of having a reformer in one's family!"

—*Miss E. E. Backus, in National Tem-
perance Advocate*.

THE RUM TAX.

It Increases the Burden of Government
Taxation, and Decreases the Amount
of Value of Taxable Property.—The Evil
from a Business Point of View.

Aside from the loss of money, of
time, of health, of reputation, of all
that makes life worth living, on the
part of those who pay their money for
rum, the traffic itself increases the
burden of Government taxation, and
makes those who have property, even
though they do not ever purchase a
drop of rum, pay more taxes than
they would were the rum curse lifted
from the Nation. The influence of the
rum traffic on municipal, county and
State taxation is easily seen, though it
is extremely difficult to make an esti-
mate of the actual amount which it
adds to the tax-payers' burdens.

Taxes are laid at a certain per-
cent on the assessed valuation of
all taxable property, or a certain
number of mills on every dollar
of that valuation. Supposing the
total amount needed for public pur-
poses to remain the same, the rate de-
creases with the increase of the
amount of taxable property; and the
rate increases with the decrease of the
amount of taxable property. Hence,
whatever tends to increase the amount
or the value of taxable property, de-
creases the tax; and, conversely, what-
ever tends to lessen the value or
amount of taxable property increases
the tax on each tax-payer. Hence it
is plain that whatever tends to develop
the resources of a State or locality,
and favors the rapid accumulation of
property, increases the valuation and
lessens the tax; and whatever hinders
or retards such development or accu-
mulation, tends to increase the tax.
Now, does the rum traffic increase the
amount or value of taxable property,
and favor development and accumula-
tion, or does it not? And, therefore,
does it tend to make taxes lighter or
heavier?

Industry is a potent factor in the
creation of wealth. Given the same
conditions and the industrious man
will accumulate property, while the
idle one will not. Hence a thing
which produces idleness hinders ac-
cumulation; and there is no one can
deny but that drunkenness destroys
the industry of its victims. An
authority estimates that we have in
the United States one million habitual
drunkards, and four times that num-
ber of drinking men not yet advanced
to the drunkard stage. The same au-
thority estimates that one-half the
productive power of each drunkard is
destroyed by his vice, and that an
average of one-fourth the productive
power of each drinking man is thus
lost. That would equal the entire in-
dustrial force of 1,500,000 men. As-
suming that each man's earning
power, if steadily at work, is \$400 per
year, the annual loss to the United
States is \$600,000,000 a year. This is
a serious drawback to the increase of
wealth, which would reduce taxation;
hence here is a clear case in which
the rum habit involves unnecessary
taxation.

A large share of the sums raised by
taxation is paid out for the support
of penitentiaries, jails, work-houses,
poor-houses and asylums for the in-
sane and imbecile, for the payment of
police and other officers of the law;
and for the maintenance of criminal
and police courts, with their numer-
ous officials. A large proportion of
all this expense is simply because of
rum. The inevitable tendency of the
use of rum is to excite the baser
passions. All that is savage, and
wild, and vicious, and lawless is
human nature comes to the surface
under its infernal stimulus. It is esti-
mated that at least three-fourths of
all those who are inmates of poor-
houses and insane asylums are either
brought there directly or remotely
through the use of rum. That it is
directly promotive of crime is ap-
parent to every one. Street brawls,
quarrels and murders result from it,
and a whole brood of vice is born of
the use of rum.

It is estimated by criminal statis-
ticians that nearly ninety per cent. of
all crimes may be traced to the in-
fluence of rum, from murder, outrage
and other crimes of violence down
to every one. Street brawls,
quarrels and murders result from it,
and a whole brood of vice is born of
the use of rum.

The vast machinery of our criminal
courts and our police systems is
enormously expensive, and ninety per
cent of that expense is to be

MISCELLANEOUS.

The electric light in Willows, Cal., can be seen by the naked eye from the town of Orland eighteen miles distant.

—First dame—"I had four teeth extracted yesterday." Second dame—"Indeed, I did not know you had so many left."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Gum chewers should take warning from the fate of a Newton, Conn., girl, aged sixteen. A piece of gum slipped down her throat, and, lodging at the entrance to the stomach, caused a fatal ulceration.

—Two citizens of Washington, Ga., started out in the early morn toward the outskirts of the town, where they were to fight a bloody duel. The way was long, and when they arrived at their destination one proposed a rest before they commenced hostilities. While they rested their rage cooled off, and at last accounts they were still resting.

—The Uncertainties of Life.—Patient (to young physician)—"You say, doctor, that I am well now, and that no further danger is to be expected?" Physician—"I apprehend none, sir; but life is uncertain." Patient—"Perhaps I had better pay your bill now." Physician—"Well, yes, sir, it might be as well; as I have said, life is very uncertain."—*Epoch.*

—"Samatha," said Mr. Chugwater, as he entered the family room, "I have brought Mr. Yellick, the author of the famous new book, 'Random Reflections,' with me to tea. He is in the parlor. I have been telling him how much we admire the work, and he seems greatly pleased." "For goodness sake, Mr. Chugwater," exclaimed the wife, "take him into some other room while I cut the leaves of that copy of 'Random Reflections,' that's on the parlor table!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

—There are forty-eight national societies of women in this country, with a direct membership of 500,000 members. The largest is the Women's Christian Temperance Union, with a membership of 210,000. Then follow the Missionary, the Peace, the Suffrage organizations, and philanthropic and educational societies. Twelve of these national organizations have joined with the National Council, which was formed to unite all the women societies of the nation into one great and powerful league.

—A party of prospectors headed by McDonald, the half-breed, who induced the Flathead Indians to divulge a long kept secret as to the location of some remarkably rich mines in the Blackfoot country, while clambering over the steep mountain sides were horrified to find the skeletons of two white men. One had a bullet hole through his forehead, and both had evidently been killed by hostile Indians. Beside the skeletons lay a small pile of quartz. It is supposed they were the first. One day exercises at Bowdoin are held each year under an oak planted by a member of the first class of the college seventy years ago. One of the best cared for trees in an elm in the yard of Charles Parsons, of Kennelburg. It stood near his stable, and when it became necessary to enlarge the building the addition was built around the tree, and now two large branches project through the roof, and the top spreads above the stable like a gigantic plant growing in a gigantic pot.

—Maine has some notable trees, and the *Journal*, of Lewiston, has been writing them up. It tells of an apple tree at Boothbay which is still in active service and 112 years old. One day exercises at Bowdoin are held each year under an oak planted by a member of the first class of the college seventy years ago. One of the best cared for trees in an elm in the yard of Charles Parsons, of Kennelburg. It stood near his stable, and when it became necessary to enlarge the building the addition was built around the tree, and now two large branches project through the roof, and the top spreads above the stable like a gigantic plant growing in a gigantic pot.

IMPORTED CLOCKS.

They are more gaudy, but not as good as American Time-Pieces.

There are a good many imported clocks in this country. Those imported in late years are here for no other reason in the world than because it is the fashion to buy them made abroad. The imported clock is not as good a time-keeper as the American clock. On the contrary, it is well known that the foreign-made clock will not compare with the American clock so far as telling the hour of the day is concerned. But there are good many people in this world who do not buy clocks to keep time. It is, in a very cheap way, fashionable to possess a French or a German clock, and that is all there is to it. Fashion covers a multitude of deficiencies. These imported clocks are mounted in fancy cases, and there is quite a large class of Americans to whom the name of Paris or Berlin has a sort of undefined fascination.

It is safe to say that the American who buys an imported clock does it from some other motive than a utilitarian one.

The fancy cases in which French and German clocks have been enveloped has undoubtedly had something to do, in the past, with their importation. But to-day American clocks, put up in cases bizarre enough to suit the taste of the most fastidious, can be found. The style of the case or the quality of the work done does not cover the reason why foreign-made clocks are bought in this country. And as to cost, the American clock is much the cheaper. The simple reason, to-day, why the French clocks are popular is because they are French.

American clocks are exported in large quantities, and sold just where French and German clocks are made. The exported clocks are sold because they keep time, and are cheap as to cost.

A great many things of foreign make are used in this country for the same reason that French and German clocks or "It is French, or German, don't you see?" has a good deal to do with it.—*American Machinist.*

LUCK IN BIG NOSES.

Famous Persons Who Have Prominent Nasal Protuberances.

"Doctor, my nose is too big and too flat. It spoils my entire face. I'll pay you any sum if you will tell me how to reduce its size and change its shape!"

And a young heiress of gilded Murray Hill sank into an easy chair in the office of the old family physician and began to pout.

"Bless me, what a notion! My dear child, are you crazy? Do you think that we doctors go around with our saws in our hands, ready to shave people down to just the proportions they may choose for the moment?"

"But, doctor," petulantly resumed the pampered pet of an old millionaire, "I've read in some newspapers that doctors now cut out the cartilage, or whatever you may call it, of the nose and then by putting on a plaster cast it can be made to grow into any shape desired."

"Physicians do a great many things when necessary compel them, and noses have been cut out when disease made it compulsory, and, as you say, plaster casts have been used, but no sane person except yourself ever came to a physician on such an errand. It's preposterous, little one, really preposterous. Run off for a walk and don't bother your pretty head about such trifles."

And as Miss Murray Hill frowned out of the office the long-headed old doctor took out his memorandum-book. "For professional advice about nose to Miss Murray Hill, \$25," and in due time it will be added to papa's bill.

The gummy nose who wanted her nose made over again probably didn't know that a big nasal appendage is one of the sure indications of mental shrewdness.

"I've never known of a man with a big nose who wasn't smart," said a professor in Bellevue hospital college when spoken to on the subject.

The great Napoleon's nose was big. Gladstone's nose is big, but it ends in a sharp point. Bismarck has a big nose, that is, however, almost on the end. General Grant's nose was not too large, but it was large enough to be prominent. Blaine's nose is very prominent, and all his children, including his daughters, are easily distinguishable by the same large protuberance. Jay Gould is possessed of a large nose. So are Russell Sage and Cyrus W. Field. President Cleveland's nose is a trifle above the ordinary size. Dan Lamont's nose is very prominent. The late John Kelly had a flat pug nose. General Harrison's nasal organ is quite large, but not so prominent as that of Levi P. Morton or the Old Roman. Joseph Pulitzer and Charles A. Dana both have large noses. So have Secretaries Bayard and Whitney. Ben Butler's nose is quite small; so is Henry Waterson's; but George W. Childs, Austin Corbin, Chauncey M. Depew, Lawrence Barrett, and scores of others who are prominent before the public have their full share of nasal organ.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

POLITE CONDUCTORS.

Official Picture of Street Car Management in Germany.

Official horse-car etiquette in Germany is quite different from official horse-car etiquette in America. The German horse-car conductor is polite. When a passenger boards or leaves the car the conductor touches his hat and says "Good day." When he collects a fare he attracts the passenger's attention by saying "Please." If on a rainy day or late at night the passenger gives a tip of one cent the conductor smiles broadly, touches his hat and bows.

The German horse-car conductor does not over-crowd his car. Printed notices in the car tell him how many persons are to be admitted. On each platform four passengers are allowed to stand, and no more. After this prescribed standing-room has been occupied the conductor allows no more persons to board the car.

The conductor is phenomenally patient with foreigners who do not understand the system of graded fares which prevails in Germany. If an American buys a two-cent ticket for a five-cent ride he invariably refuses to buy a five-cent ticket when the conductor explains the mistake to him. The American always says he will buy a three-cent ticket in addition to his two-cent ticket, but will never buy a new five-cent ticket, by which he would lose two cents' worth of ride. The American explains his position in bad German, and the conductor replies in good German. Consequently neither one understands the other, and all sorts of complications arise. But the conductor rarely loses his temper. He quietly pleads, points to the rules, and appeals to the other passengers for the corroboration of his statements, until the American gets tired and pays. Nearly every American tourist in Germany has had this experience on horse-cars.

How have seen the conductors at all ruffled in temper during the long incidental explanations and arguments. A German horse-car conductor smiles good-naturedly at all the babies in the car, checks each one under the chin when he collects the mother's fare, and holds a guarding hand close to each little back when the mother alights. His collars and cuffs are clean. His uniform is never ragged or grubby, nor are his boots unblackened. In fact, a German horse-car conductor is generally so mannerly, clean and well-dressed that he is a bit of a prince among the women of his class in society.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Of the 200 goldbeaters of New York not one is a woman, while of the 900 goldcutters not one is a man.

A TAME BUTTERFLY.

How Its Life Was Prolonged Through a Whole Winter.

One cold, bleak December morning when the sky and all nature wore the sullen, desponding look so peculiar to our climate at this season, a lady, who for the first time had risen from a bed of sickness, went into an adjoining apartment, where she perceived a gay and beautiful butterfly in the window. Astonished at finding this creature of flowers and sunshine in so uncongenial a situation, she watched its movements and operations.

As the sun came out for a bright, brief space, the butterfly fluttered joyously about the window, and imparted to the sick room an air of cheerfulness and hope. Towards evening, however, the tiny creature drooped its wings. The lady then placed it in a glass tumbler on the mantle-piece. During the night a hard frost came on, and the room was in consequence very cold. In the morning the butterfly lay in the bottom of the tumbler, apparently dead.

The invalid, grieved that her gentle companion of the previous day should so soon perish, made some effort to restore its fragile existence. She put it on her own warm hand, and, breathing upon it, perceived it gave signs of returning animation. She then once more placed it in the glass, however, on the rug before the fire. Soon the elegant little insect spread out its many-colored wings, and flew to the window, where the sun was shining brightly. By and by the sun retired, and the window-panes getting cold, the creature sank down on the carpet again, apparently dead. The same means were used to restore animation, and with the same success.

This alternation of life and death went on for many days till at last the grateful little thing became quite tame, and seemed to be acquainted with its benefactress. When she went to the window, and held out her finger, it would rest quietly in its "crystal palace," even when the sun was wooing it to come out, and, at last, one morning in April, it was found dead—quite dead.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

CAUSES OF CONSUMPTION.

Improper Drainage of the Soil Largely Responsible for It.

Some interesting statistics have been gathered by Dr. Simon upon the subject of consumption. In fifteen English towns recently recorded by Dr. Simon the death rate from consumption fell immediately when the subsoil was dried from a system of drainage. In Salisbury the deaths from consumption fell 40 per cent; in Ely 47 per cent, and Merthyr Tydfil, which gained least, had its death rate from consumption lowered 11 per cent. From statistics we learn that the death rate from consumption in the British army, and especially in the Guards, is due to confined air—a mortality which has been so affected by better ventilation of barracks that the consumptive death rate fell in the Guards from 125 in 10,000 in the year 1858 to 16.9 in the year 1875; that is to say, the deaths from consumption alone in the Guards in 1875 were less than a seventh of the number of 1858.

The researches of Dr. Bowditch, of Massachusetts, and Dr. Buchanan, of England, also strongly confirm the comparative degree of wetness in the soil is a fair measure of the proportion of consumption among the residents thereof. Dr. Pepper, of Philadelphia, attempted an investigation of the distribution of the same disease for the State of Pennsylvania and presented his data and certain conclusions to the Climatological Association as a contribution to the climatological study of the disease. His inquiries were sent to 5,000 physicians distributed through sixty-seven counties, and replies were received from 120 correspondents in forty-seven counties. The general deductions from the answers are that the localities having high mortality from consumption are those of little elevation and large annual rainfall, and that the hemlock regions, which correspond quite closely with the favorable climatic regions, have the greatest immunity. A very small proportion of the respondents recognize the influence of special local causes for this disease, such as the greater dampness of one house than another. The hereditary nature of the disease is almost unanimously admitted, while its infectious quality is receiving more general recognition. In race the negroes seem the most liable and the Jews the least exempt, but there are many other factors which those of nationality to be taken into account. Dr. Pepper regards his paper "as the first crude and imperfect result of an investigation which he hopes will be able to continue to a much greater degree of completeness." The address (for which the author deserves the highest commendation) is accompanied with elaborate maps, forest and tables.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—Foot ball games in England never end in a fight," says an Angloman. Well, they don't in this country. They are just a fight all through.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

KING OKO JUMBO.

David Ker Tells How an African Potentate Destroyed Himself.

King Oko Jumbo of Bonny—in whose august company Mrs. Ker and myself had the honor of being shipwrecked upon the west coast of Africa in the summer of 1885—was said to be a bit of a humorist in his way, but we saw very little trace of humor about him in the course of that disastrous voyage, during the whole of which he was probably the most wretched man on board. Indeed, what with his chronic internal malady, the ceaseless rain that prevented him from coming on deck, and the prolonged sea-sickness which, like death in Shirley's famous poem, "lays its icy hand on kings," the poor King might well be weary of life at sea.

Nor were these his only troubles. Having never been out of his own country till the trip to England, from which he was returning, he had naturally very vague ideas of geography, and doubtless imagined his little kingdom on the Bonny river (which he was pining to be some where at the other end of the world, many long months away from him).

But on night (the very night before the shipwreck, by an ominous coincidence) the length got him out onto the main deck, and it was a fine sight to see a stout captain supporting the old man tottering steps, and helping him onto the cabin lounge set for him upon an after-batch. The sick man brightened up wonderfully before the influence of good Captain Porter's cheery talk about old times in West Africa, and did his best to eat the food that we brought him; but no persuasion could induce him either to take medicine or to see the ship's doctor, who unfortunately happened to be a very young man.

"Medicine no good," said the old warrior, disdainfully; "doctor no good—no sabbee nothing. One time I sick at home; no can sleep two night. I make send for white man's doctor from English factory. White doctor come—young boy, smooth face, no sabbee nothing. I say: 'No can sleep now—no make me sleep.' Doctor say: 'Spose you take this bottle of sleep-stuff; you drink ten-twelve drop one time, ten-twelve drop other time, you sleep good.' I take sleep-stuff; I drink him up all one time, I sleep five whole day, five whole night. Eh, Captain? no sabbee better than doctor that time! Ha, ha, ha!"

And the King exploded into such boisterous laughter that all the features of his queer old face seemed to change places, and to dance a kind of insane quadrille in and out of each other, as if a hair's breadth escape from death by an overdose of opium had been the finest joke in the world. But I could not help thinking that there are not a few Kings, in far more civilized regions than Bonny, who are just as useful and intelligent when broad-awake as poor Oko Jumbo was during his five days' sleep.—*David Ker, in Harper's Weekly.*

LOST A CUSTOMER.

How an Aesthetic Barber Frightened One of His Best Clients.

"Let me have a close shave," said a new customer, as he settled back in his chair and looked dreamily at the ceiling of a down-town barber shop.

"I'd rather not," said the aesthetic barber, throwing the hair back from his full, expansive brow and looking sadly at the man in the chair.

"What's that you say? What's the matter? Come, come, hurry up!"

"No, no, my good man, you do not know what you are asking for. Do you know what a close shave means?"

I never did until I looked at a face the other day through the microscope which had been treated to this luxurious process. Why, the entire skin resembled a piece of raw beef. To make the face perfectly smooth requires not only the removal of the hair, but also a portion of the cuticle, and a close shave means the removal of a layer of skin all around. The blood vessels thus exposed are not visible to the eye, but under the microscope each little quivering motion holding a minute drop protests against such cruel treatment. The nerve tips are also uncovered, and the pores are left unprotected, which makes the skin tender and unhealthy. This sudden exposure of the inner layer of the skin renders a person liable to have colds, hoarseness and sore throat, and it is only the face and neck are pached.—*Epoch.*

"Did on, barber! Not another word!" exclaimed the customer. A look of sadness came over his face and he seemed to be mentally calculating the amount of epidermis that had been sacrificed in many years of close shaves. Suddenly jumping from his chair he said with deep feeling:

"In a moment more he was gone. The aesthetic barber was astonished at the result of his effort to rid a fellow being of a foolish notion, and he chided himself for the base barber told him that the loss of dress had been deducted from his salary.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Brown vs. Jones.

"Mr. Brief, I want to sue Miss Jones for breach of promise."

"All right, but what was the promise?"

"Well, you see, we were off at a picnic in August, and Emmeline was mad because her sister had had more proposals than she, and she asked me if I wouldn't help her out. I said I would if she would reject me, but, hang it, sir, though she promised not to, she accepted me the first chance she got!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE FIRST ROTHSCHILDS.

Unfavorable Circumstances Under Which He Started in Life.

Few boys ever started in life under more unfavorable circumstances, and with less prospect of fame and fortune, than Meyer Anselm, the founder of the great banking-house of Rothschild, and the man of whom Wilhelm, Landgrave of Hesse, exclaimed in his enthusiasm, "Such honesty never has been known in this world!" Not only was Meyer Anselm poor, but he belonged to the then despised and persecuted race, the Jews. Living in this later day, when much of the hatred and prejudice felt against the Jews has given way to more just and liberal sentiments, we can hardly understand with what extreme contempt and loathing they were treated in young Anselm's day. As a specimen of it, however, we read that in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, the city where he was born, the Jews were so detested by the other inhabitants that they were compelled to live in a certain quarter which was shut in by gates. During the day they might go about, but at night they must all retire to their own quarter, and there the gates were locked, so that they should not venture out again until morning.

If by any chance a Jew was found outside the "Judenquartier" after a certain hour he was put to death. Think what chance a poor little lad like this had of becoming one of the wealthiest and most distinguished personages of his age! Yet he did it, and that too by no means than behaving with the utmost uprightness and honesty.

To add to his other misfortunes, young Anselm found himself at the age of eleven an orphan. Now his prospect was darker than ever, for the Jews are nearly always kind to their children, and do all that they can to give them a start in the world. In some way or other, however, he secured some little education, and as a young man we find him employed in a banking-house in the town of Hanover. He was in no hurry to go into business for himself, as so many young men are, as it is not until he is in his thirtieth year that we find him back in Hanover, established as a broker and a money-lender, with a red shield (Rothschild) as a sign hung over his shop. Here he did an excellent business, establishing the reputation for honesty that led to his good fortune.

So enormous is the amount of business done and the influence exerted by the Rothschilds that it is currently said of them that on two or three occasions they have successfully exerted themselves to preserve the peace of Europe. Their house now has its establishments in London, Paris, Vienna and Frankfurt, and its agencies in New York and other great cities in both hemispheres. Their name is a synonym for wealth as in earlier days it stood and still stands for fair dealing.—*Harper's Young People.*

UNNECESSARY WORK.

It Can Be Avoided by Systematizing Her House-keeping Duties.

The amount of unnecessary exertion given in this country to the accomplishment of any task has long been a subject of comment among wise men. Individuals so seldom choose the quiet, systematic way, allowing each detail of their tasks to follow the other in regular order till every thing is done. In no place is want of system so sorely felt as in the household. The errand housekeeper is responsible for more than half the ills usually attributed to untrained servants. The fact that servants in this country are sadly untrained is a reflection against their mistresses. It requires a large amount of patience to take a green girl and train her to the work of a refined household. The reason so many girls give up their work in anger as a hopeless task is that they are taught without system to go from one thing to another, and can never feel that the tasks of the day have been rounded each to completeness. The worker who does not feel some pleasure in a successful accomplishment of well-done work must have a low, brutish nature. It is the unnecessary steps the girl takes usually that weary her, and these the careful housekeeper always seeks to save her from. Uneducated people are often very obstinate, but if they are once shown or made to comprehend a system by which all their work can be done in order and time saved for themselves, they will usually prefer it. It is certain that in methodical households the servants usually remain longer and there is less complaint than in easy-going homes where rules and hours are scorned. In one house the servant knows every hour of the day what is expected of her. There is but slight variation in the work from week to week. The servant's time to herself may be limited, but she is always sure of that time. It is not taken from her on trivial pretenses, while she is her turn knows too well that any appeal to set aside the allotted tasks will be of no avail. There are few housekeepers who can not remember the time when they were new and ber-kitchens where no large amount of work was done, yet every one was forever in a hurry, rushing "hither and yon," and the tasks of the day seemed to be forever undone; and others where an immense amount of work was accomplished by the same number of hands, yet the kitchen was cleanly, and the quiet manners of the workers hardly gave sign of what was being done. If there was extra work, it was carefully planned out and ordered by the kitchen clock. Is there any reason that a girl trained to the easy way of a systematic household should not prefer it to the disorder and drudgery of "go-easy" homes.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—When the horse shies at some object or stumbles, do not whip him. Help him to stand, and show him the folly of his fear.

ROYAL FAMILIES.

Glimpses of the Vicious Interior Life of Despotism.

It is fortunate for "Royal Houses," and especially for those of the despotic type, that their private sayings and doings are seldom reported; for whenever we obtain a glimpse of the interior life of despotism it sickens us. Truly has it been said by a distinguished essayist that "the masters of mankind, when stripped of the artificial pomp which invests them in public, resemble nothing so nearly as the meanest of the multitude."

There are sound philosophical grounds for this opinion. The very highest and the very lowest of the human race are equally beyond the influence of that wholesome control which the intermediate classes are subjected, by their mutual dependence, and the need they have of the good will and esteem of their fellows. Those who are at the very bottom of the social ladder are beyond the sphere of this influence; those who stand on the top-most round are above it. Persons who have nothing to gain are pretty much in the same position, relatively, to the rest of the world as wretches who have nothing to lose; and both are equally liable to disregard the maxim of reckoning one's self last, which is the basis of all politeness, as well as of all benevolence. We find, accordingly, that absolute monarchs, however respectable some of them may have been as monarchs, have generally been positive brutes in their families.

Frederick William of Prussia, the father of Frederick the Great, starved and beat his wife and children, and was accustomed, after having eaten his dinner, to spit into each dish, lest they should partake of the remnants of the meal. Peter the Great, compelled the Czarina, Catherine, to associate with vile creatures, most of them scullions and washerwomen, whom he had ennobled and raised to the dignity of ladies-in-waiting; and he also frequently amused himself with eating his entire household, from the Empress down. In fact, whenever a Prince or Princess tells tales out of school, as a sister of Frederick the Great—the Margravine of Baireuth—did, or we got by any means a peep behind the veil judiciously interposed between the public eye and the private history of absolute sovereigns, we invariably find that the objects of vulgar worship are as brutal, as violent, as neglectful of all the usages and proprieties of decent society in their palaces, as the most debased of their subjects in the wretched hovels to which misery had consigned them. Thus do the extremes of vicious power and vicious poverty meet on common level of abasement. Let us be thankful that our system of government exempts us from the curse of rulers to whom vice is privileged, and that our social system is but little infested with those degens of humanity that seem inseparable from despotism, and, in fact, its complement.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Two Men Who Look Alike.

The likeness between Chauncey M. Depew and Adam Forepaugh, the great showman, is daily becoming more striking and has now reached the ludicrous. On a recent occasion Mr. Forepaugh went to see Mr. Depew in regard to transportation for his show, some distant line. Every door in the Grand Central building opened before Mr. Forepaugh, who was mistaken for President Depew. Mr. Forepaugh penetrated the sanctum sanctorum, where a near-sighted clerk received him with the most unctuous politeness. "Can I see Mr. Depew?" asked the arch showman. The near-sighted clerk thought this a great joke on the part of the jaunty Chauncey and grinned from ear to ear. "Is Mr. Depew here?" queried the showman. The near-sighted clerk grinned again. Mr. Forepaugh began to perceive that there was a mistake somewhere, and said, "Adam Forepaugh." The near-sighted clerk waxed indignant and was for turning the showman out. A few minutes after Mr. Forepaugh departed the genuine Simon Pure entered the office. "Has Mr. Forepaugh been here?" inquired Chauncey M. The near-sighted clerk was now irritated, and still imagining it was the showman, exclaimed: "Get out of here; I have no time for your adaline jokes; keep them for your show."—*Epoch.*

Effect of Word-Painting.

A wealthy man who owns a country residence recently became dissatisfied with it and determined to have another. So he instructed a real estate agent famous for his descriptive powers to advertise it for private sale, but to conceal the location, telling purchasers to apply at his office. In a few days the gentleman happened to see the advertisement, was pleased with the account of the place, showed it to his wife and the two concluded it was just what they wanted and they would secure it at once. So he went to the office of the agent and told him that the place he had advertised was such a one as he desired, and he would purchase it. The agent burst into a laugh and told him that it was a description of his own house that he was living. He read the advertisement again, cogitated over the "grassy slopes," "beautiful vistas," "smooth lawns," etc., and broke out: "Is it possible? Well, make out my bill for advertising and expenses, for, by George! I wouldn't sell the place now for three times what it cost me."—*Mechanical News.*

—Nobody has been able to convince the coal dealer of the error of his weights.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A Prairie Storm.

There is one thing beyond man's control, and the grandeur of a prairie storm can only be imagined by those who have seen it or witnessed a storm at sea. Such a storm swept over the prairie in August last. The morning was warm and bright, but shortly after noon there came an undefined change. The sun still shone, but its rays threw an altered light and brought the prairie flowers into brighter relief, while it cast a darker shadow where shadows fell. Away toward the horizon the wavering glimmer that outlined the meeting place of sky and plain became more tangible and a thin black line framed the landscape. Gradually it grew broader and higher, and as it over-lapped the bright, blue sky the birds flew hurriedly before it and such cattle as were in sight drew closer together for protection. Gusts of wind that shook the train followed each other at intervals that grew shorter and shorter, and the frame of black was once in awhile illuminated with flashes of summer lightning which, as they came nearer, threw heavy banks of sulphurous-looking clouds into bold relief. Still there was no rain, and the thunder of the train was all that broke the stillness.

For nearly two hours the clouds maintained the same slow approach and left the spectator to run fancy free and imagine the outstretched fingers of some great ghoul to be slowly closing in to crush him. So strong did the feeling become that the more nervous passengers drew back and shuddered at each succeeding gust, while others clustered around windows and gazed, fastened at the coming storm. At last it came. One huge cloud shot out from the approaching bank and for a moment poised in mid-air. Fleecy clouds that looked ghostly by contrast hung round it like fringes on a funeral pall till with a crash that outweighed the roar of the train, it seemed to be rent in two with one streak of fire that turned the entire cloud into gold. From that on and for nearly an hour it was one continuous rumble, broken occasionally with a sharper crash, and accompanied by the patter of the rain that fell in torrents. Both sheet and forked lightning played continuously, and while the former turned the clouds from blackness into light, the latter seemed to rend them in fragments and stand out in lines of fire for seconds at a time. At last it passed away, and the flickering flames that illuminated the southern horizon seemed like the volley-firing of a retreating army; but so great was the expanse of prairie that they were never entirely lost sight of, but again grew more and more vivid until eight miles further west the storm again crossed the track, moving northward with diminished force. Slowly as it appeared to move, it had in five short hours traversed the half of a circle not less than one hundred miles in diameter, which would give it a rate of upwards of thirty miles an hour.—*Omaha Bee.*

The Earth Slowly Changing.

In the universe everything is changing and everything is in motion, for motion itself is the first condition of vitality. The firm ground, long thought to be immovable, is subject to incessant motion; the very mountains rise or sink. Not only do the winds and ocean current circulate round the planet, but the continents themselves are changing their places and slowly traveling round the circle of the globe. In order to explain all these geological phenomena it is no longer necessary to imagine alterations in the earth's axis, ruptures of the solid crust or gigantic subterranean downfalls. This is not the mode in which nature generally proceeds; she is more calm and more regular in her operations, and, chary of her might; brings about changes of the grandest character without even the knowledge of the beings she nourishes. She upheaves mountains and dries up seas without disturbing the flight of the gnat. Some revolution which appears to us to have been produced by a mighty cataclysm has, perhaps, taken thousands of years to accomplish.—*Science.*

Go where he will, the Christian is never without his influence. He cannot do an indifferent action. There are eyes upon him. He is being scanned and read often when he is not thinking about it—one noting his weakness of temper, another his tenderness of conscience, a third his large hearted charity, a fourth the marks of a spiritual mind. Therefore the Christian should exhibit much of the mind of Christ, and be a remembrance to many of his blessed example.—*Rev. Daniel Moore.*

The more of a man you become, and the more of manliness you are capable of exhibiting in your associations with women, the better wife you will be able to obtain.

It is daily more and more evident that the duty of public worship is falling out of view. People have come to think that unless they "enjoy" the service of the sanctuary, it is useless to go there; and instead of seeking the cause of their lack of "enjoyment" in their own plentiful lack of spirit of worship; they are prone to assume that the service or the sermon is at fault. Hence it is that sums of money out of all proportion to the means of the congregation are lavishly spent for music and other ornament, not to please God, but to minister enjoyment to undevout and undutiful people. For a like cause the sermon, whatever else it is, must be "entertaining," because, unless it is so, nobody can be expected to listen to it. It must be confessed that preacher-submits to this demand with altogether too much facility, and the consequence is that too many sermons, if they are entertaining, are, at least, not edifying.—*The Churchman.*

It is not always because the editor rejects poetry that he incurs the ill-will of people. The rejection of poor prose will have the same effect upon certain minds, male as well as female. We feel to sympathize with the editor of the *Religious Herald*, supposing himself to be the scribe whom he mentions in the following: "Why should she be so embittered against you?" asked a solemn brother-editor within the last ten days. The editor replied as solemnly: "Simply because I declined to print the original poetry that she brings me—never an unkind word with her on any other subject. She is as you say 'ripe for heaven,' but one may be ripe for heaven and not ripe for writing poetry for a first class paper. Yes, she is ripe for heaven, and I wish she were there—it would be better for her, and for me, too."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Wise Words.

Envy is blind.
Least said, soonest mended.
Those who excel will succeed.
Upright walking is sure walking.
Method will teach you to win time.
Imagination never disturbs existing facts.
There is no virtue in a promise until it is redeemed.
Many weaknesses of human nature are distorted virtues.
The wisest fellows we think are those who agree with us.
Contentment does not demand conditions, it makes them.
Now is always the very best time if we only make it so.
As you learn, teach; as you get, give; as you receive, distribute.
Whistling doesn't make the locomotive go, it is the silent steam.
The ups and downs of life are better than being down all the time.
A little knowledge wisely used is better than all knowledge misused.
To be really yourself you must be different from those around you.
Excessive labor is wrong, but judicious labor is the safety valve of life.
Man may growl, grumble and fight, but it has no effect upon natural right.
Falsehood can make the best sport, but truth can do the steadiest trotting.
Fashion is only gold front jewelry, it may appear well, but the value is not there.
Slander is a slime which envious people throw on others better than themselves.
It is good to put a bother away over night. It all straightens out in the morning.
Knowledge, like money, increases responsibility in proportion to the amount obtained.
Help somebody worse off than yourself, and you will find you are better off than you fancied.
Every attempt to make others happy, every sin left behind, every temptation trampled under foot, every step forward in the cause of what is good, is a step nearer to heaven.

One lukewarm Christian may do untold harm to a whole church. Pour a quantity of tepid water into a vessel that contains boiling water, and immediately the temperature of the whole will sink. Just so the contact of men who are indifferent with those who are fervid deadens their fervor, and tends to reduce them to the same lukewarmness.

A young man who with any degree of earnestness declares that he never intends to marry confesses to a brutal nature or perverted morals.

Some one has well said that a Christian is like a velocipede—he must either go on or fall over.—*Glad Tidings, (Australia).*

Originality is the faculty of adapting an old idea to a new occasion.

How He Came to Marry.

By reason of his skillful maneuvering and great adroitness Mr. Billings had lived to the age of 49 without becoming a benedict, but in an unguarded moment the disciple of a lifetime availed him nothing. It was on a May morning that he strolled into a garden with Miss McGinnis, a spinster of 48. They sat down on a garden bench, and Mr. Billings unwittingly said: "See those robins building their nest in that old apple tree." "Oh, Mr. Billings!" "But Billings, seeming to have lapsed into idiosyncrasy, rambled out: "Don't you like to see the little birds mate?" "Oh, Mr. Billings, how you do talk." "Really, Miss McGinnis, I—" "Oh, Mr. Billings!" "Why, Miss—" "Oh, Mr. Billings!" "No, but really, Miss McGinnis, I'm in earnest; I love to—" "Oh, you naughty man! And did you bring me out here to say this to me? Oh, Mr. Billings!" "Why, I only said that I loved—" "Oh—oh, it is all so sudden. What shall I say? I—I suppose—George!" "Why, I—I—" "My George!" "Why, woman, I—" "I suppose I could be ready in a month if you really insist on it, dear George." "See here, Miss—" "Hush, darling, some one is coming." And when their host and hostess appeared Miss McGinnis blushed and said, with downcast eyes: "We're engaged!" And Billings hadn't the nerve to deny it—so they were married.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Maxims Worth Remembering.

Despair is the gateway to insanity.
True and uniform politeness is the glory of any young man.
We never thoroughly know a man until we hear him laugh.
Fame, like lightning, generally strikes the man who is not expecting it.
If a man stands before a woman with respect for himself and for the respect of her, his suit is half won.
Argument will pull a man down to the level of a fool, but it never raises a fool up to the plain of a wise man.
Thorough appreciation of a good woman on the part of a young man is one of the strongest recommendations to her favor.
When a man ventures an opinion he will find some one who opposes it. Hence a man without opposition is a man without opinions.

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The year 1887 marks a decided change in the National policy. In the State a new administration takes hold. A United States Senator is to be elected.
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AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,
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SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

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Feb. 25, '88.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 3d, 1888.

All persons are hereby warned not to remove any stone from the National Road in Garrett county, or from the Bridges thereon. By order County Commissioners.

W. H. HAGANS,

Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 18th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 1 Accommodation..... 7:41 A. M.
No. 2 Accommodation..... 9:31 A. M.
No. 3 Accommodation..... 11:41 A. M.
No. 4 Accommodation..... 1:31 P. M.
No. 5 Accommodation..... 3:41 P. M.
No. 6 Accommodation..... 5:41 P. M.

GOING WEST.

No. 7 Accommodation..... 5:41 A. M.
No. 8 Accommodation..... 7:31 A. M.
No. 9 Accommodation..... 9:41 A. M.
No. 10 Accommodation..... 11:31 A. M.
No. 11 Accommodation..... 1:41 P. M.
No. 12 Accommodation..... 3:41 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,

Manager.

C. K. LORD,

General Passenger Agent.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

REGULATOR
FAULTLESS FAMILY MEDICINE
"I have used Simmons Liver

Regulator for many years, making made it my only Family Medicine. My mother before me was very partial to it. It is a safe, good and reliable medicine for any disorder of the system, and if used in time is *a great preventive of sickness.* I often recommend it to my friends, and shall continue to do so.

"Rev. James M. Rollins,
Pastor M. E. Church, So. Fairfield, Va.

"I have found Simmons Liver Regulator the best family medicine I ever used for anything that may happen, have used it in Indigestion, Colic, Diarrhoea, Biliouness, and found it to relieve immediately. After each

ing a hearty supper, if, on going to bed, I take about a teaspoonful, I never feel the effects of the supper eaten.

"OVID G. SPARKS,
"Ex-Mayor Macon, Ga."

AND ONLY GENUINE

Has our Z Stamp on front of Wrapper.

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Sole Proprietors,

Best of All

Cough medicines, Ayer's Cherry Peppermint Cure is in greater demand than ever. No preparation for Throat and Lung Troubles is so prompt in its effects, so agreeable to the taste, and so widely known as this. It is the family medicine in thousands of households.

bronchial trouble that, whenever I take cold or am exposed to inclement weather, shows itself by a very annoying tickling sensation in the throat and by difficulty in breathing. I have tried a great many remedies, but none does so well as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which

For Home Use.

I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, whether in children or adults."—Mrs. E. G. Edgerly, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

"Twenty years ago I was troubled with a disease of the lungs. Doctors afforded me no relief and considered my case hopeless. I then began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, before I


"Six years ago I contracted a severe cold which settled on my lungs and

soon developed all the alarming symptoms of Consumption. I had a cough, night sweats, bleeding of the lungs, pains in chest and sides, and was so prostrated as to be confined to my bed most of the time. After trying various prescriptions, without benefit,

My physician finally determined to give me Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took it, and the effect was magical. I seemed to rally from the first dose of this medicine, and, after using only three bottles, am as well and sound as ever."
—Rodney Johnson, Springfield, Ill. *

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER

A detailed illustration of a hand holding a small, dark bottle of Carter's Little Liver Pills. The hand is shown from the side, with the thumb and index finger gripping the bottle. The bottle has a label with the word 'CARTER'S' visible at the top. The background is plain white.

PILLS.

CURE

Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Distress, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing all its distressing complaints, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulating and regulate the bowels. Even if they only

HEAD

ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint. But for

that they're good does not offend here, and those who sneer try to wind up the pills with the valuable in so many that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all such heeds

ACHE

Is the base of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do little.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In *residuals* 26 cents; 5 for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

How Not to Help the Minister

1. Stay away from church if you are cold or hot, or rainy or dark, or you are not very well, or have any business you can look after, or any friends to entertain.

2. Don't tell to the rear, and, if convenient, behind a post or some fast object will keep you well hidden, and
 3. Don't sing or bother your neighbor about the singing at all.
 4. Don't pray, or kneel or stand when others pray, but sit still and look about with your eyes wide open and your soul shut.
 5. But when the preacher begins *shut* your eyes, and attend yourself in a meditative attitude—such as *hearing*—"If he does say anything worth *hearing*," or
 6. If your breeding is too high—that look about with the indifference that is a happy combination of ignorance and ignorance, or
 7. Go to sleep and lean your head in the pew rail in front, and make him welcome to all of the inspiration he can get from the top of your head.
 8. If you *should* hear anything,

10. Don't ever invite anybody
to come and hear him, or seek or
ask if you esteemed him worthy
of notice, lest he might become
proud.

These rules faithfully ob-
served will dishearten any man not faith-
ful to the Holy Ghost, and even if he
is not so, he is liable to serious disci-
pline, if he does not heroically per-
sist forward in his work regardless
of stumbling blocks. *You will ne-*
ver be responsible for any good that
may do.

Why They Don't Work.

1. Because they can't have to own way in everything.
2. Because they don't receive the plain applause of man for each step they put forth.
3. Because some one has misjudged them, or perhaps unintentionally slighted them.
4. Because they have not been open to the good they might have tried.
5. Because they are chronic invaders and live in doubting castles, and their time is occupied complaining about themselves and fighting doubts.
6. Because they are not set on by the elements of the divine life God intended, and are in some degree in a cold and blacklead state.

The reason you are not saved
that you do not accept Jesus

right now. If you will not be saved, you are not yet anxious to be saved at all. If you delay, then you are content to be longer under the bondage of unbelief, sin and Satan. If this moment, on God's terms, you receive His saving grace—content to be what He would have you to be while you are reading and waiting, you are, this instant, the day of your cometh.

The champion buckwheat-eater, H. H. Bissell, an employe of the New York, Pennsylvania & Atlantic Railroad, resides in Youngstown, Ohio. Last week, on a bet of \$20 with two cronies, a miller, he ate sixty-two cakes, none being less than five inches in diameter. Near three up on the contest after eating fifty-eight,

When President Harrison died in 1841 a casket was interred in honor in the burying grounds near Dublin, Ga., and the ladies of the place continued to place flowers on the spot for many years. The man has been neglected since the war and is again receiving attention since the selection of the grandson of the man for whom Georgia voted in 1840.

A steam engine, just completed after two years of labor, for the exhibition, is under three feet high, and an inch in height, and weighs less than one-ninth of an ounce. It is composed of 180 pieces and is the smallest steam engine ever made.

A steam engine, just completed after two years of labor, for the 1883 Exhibition, is under three-fifths of an inch in height, and weighs less than one-ninth of an ounce. It is composed of 180 pieces and is the smallest steam engine ever made.

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

HOW SEEDS CAN TALK.

"Twice April, balmy, bright,
And now, from early dawn
To night, had worked to turn the furrows
Ready for the corn.
And now 'twas planting time,
And this I knew well, indeed,
It was part of my duty to
Drop a pumpkin-seed.
Ah! how the seeds did caw
That bright half-holiday:
So free to fly the whole land over,
Near or far away:
While he must plod and stoop
Over this weary round,
Pushing the seeds, hill-top by hill-top,
Safely in the ground.
He sighed: 'Who'd ever tell
Of who would ever know
Planted in each row?'
No one! And so he dug
Out a great hollow space,
And heaped the whole field's future pump-
kins
Together in one place.
Who'd tell? No one, but
When sun and sweet warm rain
Had made the corn-field's long brown fur-
rows
Green with growing grain,
Is not far corner
Of most amazing mass
Of stems and leaves, that told the story
Only too well, alas!
Rank, twisted stems, and broad,
Crisp leaves in tangled rows,
And how they came there, who had done it,
All the people knew.
They knew and laughed. To him
It was a dreadful spot,
And how even seeds can talk, he never
In all his life forgot.
—Mrs. Clara Kelly, *Life in Our Little One.*

A FRIENDLY LETTER.

How Ceelle Showed Her Love and Did
Something to Comfort Her Afflicted
Friend.

Lucey had been in bed six weeks with
a sprained ankle. The trouble came
just as the summer holidays began.
"Oh!" she cried, "it took only a
moment to sprain my ankle, but yet I
must lie here ever so long before it can
be strong again."
Still Lucey tried to be patient. She
knew that her illness gave her mother
much extra care. When she wanted to
cry, she would hide her face in the
pillow till the tears were all wiped
away, and a smile had come instead.
Lucey's illness gave her friends an op-
portunity to show her how dearly they
loved her. The school girls were very
kind. They were sure to come in,
some two or three, at least, every day.
They would bring flowers or fruit, or a
new story book to cheer Lucey through
the long summer days.

But Lucy missed her cousin Ceelle,
who was far away on the other side of
the ocean. One day she was thinking
a great deal about Ceelle, wondering
what she was doing, and trying to
count with her fingers how many weeks
and months must pass before she would
be at home again.

Now, it so happened that just then
Ceelle was thinking about Lucey. Let-
ters had brought the news of her
sprained ankle, and of the doctor's
orders that she must keep very quiet
for several weeks.

"Poor Lucey!" cried Ceelle. "Just
think, mamma, how can she keep still
for so long? I wish that I could do
something for her. But, of course, I
can't do anything for her in Switzerland."
"I know a very nice thing that you
might do for her," said Ceelle's mother.
"And you might do it to-day—the
sooner the better."

"But, mamma, I am thousands of
miles away from Lucey," cried Ceelle,
gloomily surprised.

"You might open your little note-
book, now, and write her a letter."

"Oh, mamma!" Ceelle did not like to
write letters.

"I know, dear, that it will be a hard
thing for you. But when we love others,
we are willing to do hard things for
their pleasure." That was a new
idea to Ceelle.

"I am sure that I love Lucey," she
said.

"Then I am sure that you will write
her a letter. Think how delighted she
will be to get it, all in your own writ-
ing, and with the foreign post-mark."
That was how Ceelle came to write
this letter to Lucey. She was not used
to letter-writing, and she did not know
just how to begin. But her mother said:

"If Lucey were here, you would have
a great many things to tell her. Now
try to write just as though you were
talking to her."
"Shall I say anything about the
sprained ankle, mamma? You know
this letter is meant to turn her
thoughts away from it a little while."
"And yet you want her to know that
you have heard about it, and that you
feel sorry for her."

"Oh, yes, mamma; I'll say that
much, at least."

Ceelle was busy with her letter all
the morning. Once she felt like lay-
ing it aside till another day. But she
had been taught that a kind act loses
much of its value if it does not at the
right time. She told Lucy about the
beautiful Swiss mountains, and val-
leys and lakes; and also about the
quaint little towns. She promised to
tell her many little stories about the
little peasant girls, who live on the
mountains through the long summer
days to watch the cows, and to help
make the butter and cheese.

"We are in the town of Basle now,"
she wrote, "where they manufacture
so much silk, besides leather and
paper. Years ago, an army was out-
side trying to get into this city, but a
thunder-storm came just in time to
save it from the shells of the army. The
people were so thankful to God for
sending this storm that they gave
money to establish a school to teach

those who wanted to be missionaries.
Some one says that five hundred men
have gone from that school to teach in
heathen lands."

When Ceelle had finished the letter
she gave a long sigh and said: "There,
mamma, I have done it, and I feel very
happy. Do you suppose that God al-
lows persons to be ill so that others
may do something loving for them?"

"We ought not to wait till others are
ill to show love, and yet, perhaps, if
there were no sick ones to care for, we
might grow to be very selfish. Now
put your letter into an envelope, dear,
and direct it yourself. Lucey will value
it much more if it is your own work."
—N. Y. Observer.

FLORA'S DOG.

His Obedience, Mischievousness, Pen-
itence and Final Obedience—The Nitty
Kitten.

Flora has a dog named Mac, who,
though he is not beautiful in very
bright, and does some funny things.
He knows a number of tricks, and will
sneez when Flora tells him to.

One day Flora tried to teach him to
stand upon his hind legs in a corner of
the room. But Mac is a dog of decided
opinion, and she soon saw that he
had made up his mind that such a
thing was not to be thought of. When
she would set him up he would make
himself perfectly limp, and would
tumble over on to the floor. Flora
scolded, coaxed and commanded, but
Mac would not sit up, and at last it
had to be given up.

About a year after that, Flora came
into the room one day, and found her
best bonnet, which always hung in the
hall closet, dragged to the floor and
chewed to rags. Looking around she
saw Mac lying under the sofa, pre-
tending to be asleep. She knew at
once that he was the culprit, and
called him to her; but his tail
dropped, and he slunk to the other
end of the room.

"Mac, did you do that?"
Mac closed his eyes, and feebly
wagged his tail.

"Come here, you bad dog!"
Mac knew he was about to be pun-
ished. He glanced wildly from the
torn bonnet to Flora's face. Then, as
the summons was repeated, he rushed
to the corner where she had tried to
teach him to sit, and stood straight up
behind his paws, as if he were a
tombstone.

"Well, you're sorry, aren't you, Mac?"
Mac was all that said.

Mac was very fond of his kittens.
There was one that was his favorite,
a little little thing that often came to
grief by following people down the
street, and then losing it. One
day Mac and this kitten were run-
ning on the front porch, when the kit-
ten started off after some ladies that
passed the house. Mac watched her
until she came to the crossing. Then
she stopped and began to cry. After
watching her a minute, Mac got up
and started towards her. When he
reached her the kitten was running
around not knowing which way to go.
When she saw Mac she trotted towards
him, and he took her in his mouth
and trotted home with her, carrying
her up the steps to the porch, where
he put her down. —Our Little Men and
Women.

How the Ants Found the Honey.

There were a great many ants in the
house where Charley Vail lived, and
his mother had tried in every way to
get rid of them. They are very little
creatures, you know, but one day she
thought of a plan she was sure would
succeed. And she bought a large pot
of honey, and ants love honey just as
well as any girl or boy you ever saw.

From a beam in the cellar she hung it
by two strong cords so that nothing
should touch it—and now she was
sure that they could not even know
where it was.

But an old ant who had been travel-
ing that way walked down one of the
cords and found out what a prize
was there, and before he touched it
he himself off he went to tell his
friends and relations. On reaching
the spot with his company he ant led
them down to the sweets below. How
quickly they attacked the honey I need
not tell you; and after eating all they
wanted each took a load as large as he
could carry and started for home.

Pretty soon there were two rows of
ants along the cord, some going up
full and others coming down empty,
and they never stopped until they had
cleared the pot.

"To-night," says Mrs. Vail, a day
or two after, "you shall have some
honey for your supper, Charley!" but
just when she went for it, there was
not a speck there. Every thing was
as clean as a whistle. —Mrs. G. Hall, in
Christian at Work.

"Mary Jane," said the wholehearted
fruit dealer, with feeble voice and
pallid lips, "tell me the truth. I can
bear it. What does the doctor say?"
"He says," responded the wife, her
face radiant with joy, "that the crisis
is past and you will recover, William."

"Mary Jane!" he exclaimed, in fine,
ringing tones, "you may countermand
the order I sent to the warehouse yes-
terday about rebarreling that carload
of apples. Tell the men to ship them
as they are." —Chicago Tribune.

Nothing remains of the famous Eng-
lish settlement of Jamestown, Va.,
begun in 1607, save the ruins of a
church tower, and this is crumbling
year by year. Tree roots have craved
the monumental slabs in the church-
yard, and thus one of the few localities
recording the first years of American
history is slowly losing its distinct
features.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—It is the exception rather than the
rule that specialities in farming pays.
Under average conditions mixed farm-
ing is the most profitable.

—Cork Cakes: One and one-half cups
sugar, one cup of warm water, three
eggs, two cups of flour, and two tea-
spoonfuls of baking powder.

—A healthful and appetizing salad
is made by chopping fine one pint
onions and tomatoes, salt and pepper,
and mix in two hard-boiled eggs shred
fine, then pour over it all three table-
spoonfuls good vinegar and four of
salad oil well mixed.

—A swamp that contains much can be
profitably cleaned, plowed and
used for a celery bed. It may require
two or three years to get it in proper
condition for the purpose, but once it
has been cultivated it will be one of
the best locations for celery that can
be had.

—When the rosewood tree is first
cut, the fresh wood exhales a very
strong, rose-like fragrance, which soon
passes away, leaving no trace of the
peculiar odor. There are several vari-
eties of rosewood trees. The best, how-
ever, are those found in South America
and the East Indies and neighboring
islands.

—Escalloped Eggs: Take pieces that
are left of ham, chop very fine. Add
about the same quantity of bread
crumbs, some pepper, salt and a little
butter. Moisten with milk to a soft
paste and half fill small patty pans
with the mixture. Break an egg on
top of each. Pepper, salt and butter,
and sprinkle with finely powdered
cracker crumbs. Bake ten minutes.

To be eaten hot. —*Albany Journal.*
To roast ducks: Clean and wash
them nicely; prepare a stuffing of bread-
crumbs and butter, seasoned highly
with onions and sage, pepper and salt.
In a range or stove one hour should
suffice to roast a duck. A duck is
spiced by too much cooking sooner
than any other meat. Bread crumbs
created over the ducks, while the
basting with butter is well attended to,
give a delicious crispness to the outer
skin, which ought to be browned to a turn.
Serve with rice, and current or apple
jelly. —*Virginia Cookery Book.*

JUDGING HORSES.

Points by Which a Good Animal may be
Determined.

The first consideration is posture. A
horse standing should come well on
his legs. That is, his fore legs should
be placed well in front his hind legs
under the incident of weight or the
point of the quarter. Horses of value
cover their ground long, low, natu-
rally and wide. The happy hit of
strength and refinement. Marketable
anywhere and any day. The limbs
should be placed so that the outside
body—i. e., long and prominent el-
bows, bold, well-placed stifles, on a
line with the elbows.

Feet should not turn in or out, but
point forwards. Odd feet are the sign
of disease past or present in a chronic
form. Harmony of proportion is a
sine qua non here. Length under a
horse must be gained by a deep well-
springing shoulder. His height, through
the floor of his chest up to his withers,
and not by his legs. Width at the
shoulder points, and by a deep, wide
and capacious middle, width at his
hips. The position of the fore feet
are regulated by the shoulder; in the
hind legs, by the width of the pelvis
or hips. A horse may be taught to
stand, but the judge demands a natu-
ral rather than an artificial or educated
pose.

Legs should be short, stout with
muscle, and clean along the tendons.
Knees well to the ground, i. e., short
cannon, likewise the necks, well
down. In examining a horse don't ap-
proach too closely at first; let him
form the base and you the apex of a
triangle, you then can catch his ends.
It is early enough to go up to him
when you desire to manipulate him
for extortions, etc., e. g., splints, etc.,
spraying.

So much for the profile. A horse is
said to have a riding angle, the acme
of perfection for all work, where a line
let fall from his pole just grazes his
nose. Manners minketh both man
and horse, and without this angle we can
have no true manners in either harness
or under the pigskin. A long rein or
upline to the neck, and a clean ar-
rangement or junction at the head and
throat are essential as contributions to
perfection. A full throat is an index
of full wind. The head should be bold
like, and convex for courage at the
use of the ears and across the eye.

The head should be full, yet neat, in
contour at the "rags" just above the
nostrils. A moderately long neck
for comfort. This with a moderately
fine wither gives you a light forehead
—"a horse before you." Necks should
always be muscular, of moderate length.
The breadth of chest depends on the
breed and trade.

We will now only deal generally in
points and make, but for galloping a
deep thorax rather than a round one
admits of greater expansion under ef-
forts of endurance and extreme ager-
tion. Stand well in front of a horse to
see this. Then pass to his rear, and
judge the quality and muscularity of
the hind quarters. Stand well back here,
and step two paces to the side gives
you "form at a glance," or the concert
of points from his head to his middle
and quarter. You must go round a
horse on a system to save time and
gain an accurate judgment. The
quarter should be wide haunched well
let down, and always neatly closed in
horses worth the name. Light ends to
the fore hand, volume and area super-
ficially in the middle, massive hind
quarters, and four good feet well
placed, legs like bars of steel. —*London
Agricultural Gazette.*

To-night and To-morrow Night,
and each day and night during this
week you can get all drugs! Kemp's
main for the Throat and Lungs, ac-
cording to be the most successful remedy
ever sold for the cure of Cough,
Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough,
Asthma and Consumption. Get a bottle
and keep it always in the house so
you can check your cold at once. Price
50c. and \$1.00. Sample bottles free.

"This really efficient laborer," says
Therapeut, "will be found not to unduly
load his day with work, but will saunter
to his task surrounded by a wide halo of
ease and leisure." That is the way the
effie boy usually does. —*Somerville Jour-
nal.*

A Valuable Franchise Secured.
The franchise of easy digestion—one of the
most valuable in the gift of medical science
—can be secured by any person wise enough
to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, either
to suppress growing dyspepsia, or to protect
it at maturity. Bilious, rheumatic and fever
prone sufferers, persons troubled with
flatulencies and the constipated, should
also secure this health franchise by the
same means.

There is one of the queer things about
the more they practice a song
the worse they sing it. —*Dallas News.*
"One one bottle of 'Mother's Friend' be-
fore my first confinement." It is a wonderful
remedy. Looked and felt so well afterwards
friends remarked it. Would not be without
'Mother's Friend' for any consideration.
Jas. B. Anderson, Chesapeake, Va.
Write Bradford, Pa. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for
further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

An undoubted vocation—equivoquant.
—*Drake's Magazine.*
Tired, languid feeling and dull head-
ache is very disagreeable. Take two of Car-
ter's Little Liver Pills before retiring, and
be relieved. They never fail to do good.
—*Dr. Carter's Little Liver Pills.*

For English the average Russian word is
a pronounced failure. —*Puck.*
Folk Cough or Sore Throat the best medi-
cine for Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough,
Asthma and Consumption. Get a bottle
and keep it always in the house so
you can check your cold at once. Price
50c. and \$1.00. Sample bottles free.

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ST. JACOBS OIL

For Lumbago.

Cured Permanently. Original Statement,
1884. Received, Jan. 10, 1887. Three years ago
I had rheumatism in my back, and was
unable to do any work. I tried many
remedies, but none did me any good.
I then tried St. Jacobs Oil, and after
using it a few days I was cured. I
now feel as well as ever. —*Wm. H. Allen,
St. Louis, Mo.*

Cured Permanently. Original Statement,
1885. Received, Jan. 10, 1887. Three years ago
I had rheumatism in my back, and was
unable to do any work. I tried many
remedies, but none did me any good.
I then tried St. Jacobs Oil, and after
using it a few days I was cured. I
now feel as well as ever. —*Wm. H. Allen,
St. Louis, Mo.*

Cured Permanently. Original Statement,
1886. Received, Jan. 10, 1887. Three years ago
I had rheumatism in my back, and was
unable to do any work. I tried many
remedies, but none did me any good.
I then tried St. Jacobs Oil, and after
using it a few days I was cured. I
now feel as well as ever. —*Wm. H. Allen,
St. Louis, Mo.*

Cured Permanently. Original Statement,
1887. Received, Jan. 10, 1887. Three years ago
I had rheumatism in my back, and was
unable to do any work. I tried many
remedies, but none did me any good.
I then tried St. Jacobs Oil, and after
using it a few days I was cured. I
now feel as well as ever. —*Wm. H. Allen,
St. Louis, Mo.*

Cured Permanently. Original Statement,
1888. Received, Jan. 10, 1887. Three years ago
I had rheumatism in my back, and was
unable to do any work. I tried many
remedies, but none did me any good.
I then tried St. Jacobs Oil, and after
using it a few days I was cured. I
now feel as well as ever. —*Wm. H. Allen,
St. Louis, Mo.*

Cured Permanently. Original Statement,
1889. Received, Jan. 10, 1887. Three years ago
I had rheumatism in my back, and was
unable to do any work. I tried many
remedies, but none did me any good.
I then tried St. Jacobs Oil, and after
using it a few days I was cured. I
now feel as well as ever. —*Wm. H. Allen,
St. Louis, Mo.*

Cured Permanently. Original Statement,
1890. Received, Jan. 10, 1887. Three years ago
I had rheumatism in my back, and was
unable to do any work. I tried many
remedies, but none did me any good.
I then tried St. Jacobs Oil, and after
using it a few days I was cured. I
now feel as well as ever. —*Wm. H. Allen,
St. Louis, Mo.*

Cured Permanently. Original Statement,
1891. Received, Jan. 10, 1887. Three years ago
I had rheumatism in my back, and was
unable to do any work. I tried many
remedies, but none did me any good.
I then tried St. Jacobs Oil, and after
using it a few days I was cured. I
now feel as well as ever. —*Wm. H. Allen,
St. Louis, Mo.*

Cured Permanently. Original Statement,
1892. Received, Jan. 10, 1887. Three years ago
I had rheumatism in my back, and was
unable to do any work. I tried many
remedies, but none did me any good.
I then tried St. Jacobs Oil, and after
using it a few days I was cured. I
now feel as well as ever. —*Wm. H. Allen,
St. Louis, Mo.*

Cured Permanently. Original Statement,
1893. Received, Jan. 10, 1887. Three years ago
I had rheumatism in my back, and was
unable to do any work. I tried many
remedies, but none did me any good.
I then tried St. Jacobs Oil, and after
using it a few days I was cured. I
now feel as well as ever. —*Wm. H. Allen,
St. Louis, Mo.*

Cured Permanently. Original Statement,
1894. Received, Jan. 10, 1887. Three years ago
I had rheumatism in my back, and was
unable to do any work. I tried many
remedies, but none did me any good.
I then tried St. Jacobs Oil, and after
using it a few days I was cured. I
now feel as well as ever. —*Wm. H. Allen,
St. Louis, Mo.*

Cured Permanently. Original Statement,
1895. Received, Jan. 10, 1887. Three years ago
I had rheumatism in my back, and was
unable to do any work. I tried many
remedies, but none did me any good.<

THE REPUBLICAN.
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Six months, .75
Invariably in advance.

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SATURDAY, JAN. 19, 1889.

The last hearing before the Senate finance committee in charge of the tariff bill was upon general produce, the orator being J. Eugene Parker, of Shelter Island, Suffolk county, N. Y., who said: "We farmers demand a duty of 25 cents a bushel on potatoes, 15 cents a bushel on turnips, 2 cents a head or 2 cents a pound on cabbage, and sauerkraut, which is a form of cabbage, taken off the free list; \$4 a barrel or 1 cent a pound on cauliflower in salt or brine, 5 cents a dozen on eggs, or 3 cents a dozen on egg yolks or eggs preserved in any form."

West Virginia Doctors.

An opinion was rendered in the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Frank M. Dent, plaintiff in error, versus the State of West Virginia, in error, in the Supreme Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia. Dent was convicted of unlawfully engaging in the practice of medicine without a diploma, in violation of a statute of the State which requires every practitioner of medicine to obtain a certificate from the State board of health that he is a graduate of a reputable medical college, or that he has practiced medicine in the State continuously for ten years, or that he has been found, upon examination by the board, to be qualified to practice medicine. Dent appealed the case to the State Court of Appeals, inasmuch as it deprived him of liberty and property without due process of law, contrary to the fourteenth amendment to the constitution. The Court of Appeals gave judgment against Dent, and this court affirms that decision.

The court, in an opinion by Justice Field, says: "It is undoubtedly the right of every citizen of the United States to follow any lawful calling he may choose, subject only to such restrictions as are imposed upon all persons of like age, sex and condition. This right may in many respects be considered as a distinguishing feature of our republican institutions. Here all vocations are open to every one on like conditions. The right to continue the practice of a profession is often of great value, and cannot be arbitrarily taken away any more than real or personal property can. But there is no arbitrary deprivation of such rights where its exercise is not permitted because of a failure to comply with conditions imposed by the State for the protection of society. The power of the State to provide for the general welfare of its people authorizes it to prescribe all such regulation as may be necessary to secure the people against the consequences of ignorance and incapacity as well as of deception and fraud."

Continuing, the court says: "One means to secure this end is the method adopted by West Virginia. If the means adopted are appropriate to the calling or profession, and attainable by reasonable study or application, no objection to their validity can be raised. The court sees nothing in the statute which indicates an intention of the Legislature to deprive one of any of his rights. "No one has a right to practice medicine without having the necessary qualifications, and the statute only requires that whoever offers his services as a physician shall present evidence of his fitness therefor. Legislation is not open to the charge of depriving one of his rights without due process of law, if it be general in its operation upon the subjects to which it relates and is enforceable in the usual modes. The great purpose of the requirement is to prevent arbitrary and capricious legislation affecting the rights of the citizen. There is nothing of an arbitrary character in the provisions of the statute in question, and the judgment of the lower court is therefore affirmed."

Everybody But the Printer.

The following taken from an exchange is the experience of every owner of a newspaper in the country: "Last week a man stepped up to us and said he would pay us every cent he owed us if he lived until Saturday night. We haven't seen him since, and presume he died on Friday. Another said he would pay in a day or two as sure as we were born."

Query: Did the man lie or were we never born? Another said he would settle as sure as shooting. We are led to the conclusion that shooting is very uncertain. Another said he hoped to go to the devil if he did not pay us in three days. Have not seen him since, but suppose he has gone. Quite a number said they would see us tomorrow. These men have been stricken blind or to-morrow has not come. One told us six months ago that he would pay us as soon as he got the money. The man wouldn't lie, and of course, hasn't had a cent since."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, January 14, 1889.—The statement said to have come direct from General Harrison, to the effect that the members of his Cabinet would not be announced before the 4th of March, has stopped, to a great extent here, speculation on that very interesting subject.

A delegation of thirty Virginians passed through here last week en route to Indianapolis to urge the claims of General Mahone for a Cabinet position. There was a report but it lacked verification, that the delegation carried a letter from Senator Sherman, endorsing Mahone. Gen. Mahone is a very shrewd political manipulator, and he is certainly working things just now for all they are worth towards booming himself for the Cabinet, but I do not think there is the slightest probability of his going into Gen. Harrison's Cabinet. In fact, I have it direct from a man who is as near to Gen. Harrison as any man in the country, that under no conceivable circumstances would Gen. Harrison appoint Mahone to a Cabinet position.

The Senate investigation into the workings of the office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury has already brought to light a rather queer state of affairs. The law has been boldly violated in a number of instances, and if rumors are to be trusted the half has not yet been told.

Governor-elect Hovey left last week for his home in Indiana. His absence is deeply regretted here by many friends. If he makes as good a governor as he has a Representative, Indiana will have nothing to complain of.

Those ridiculous old rules by which the House of Representatives is governed are charitable with another exhibition of tomfoolery which exceeds everything that has preceded it. The deadlock which existed a week ago as the result of an attempt to change one of the rules, was broken early last week by a vote of the House to recommit rules. As soon as this result was announced Representative Weaver, of Iowa, took the floor and stated that he would not allow anything else to be done until the House had disposed of the Oklahoma bill. Many members smiled at the dictatorial manner of the gentleman from Iowa in making this announcement, but the smiles all disappeared as day after day Mr. Weaver proved his ability, thanks to the rules, to stop all legislation. This went on for four days, and would probably have gone on until the fourth of March, had not Speaker Carlisle made a bargain with Mr. Weaver which brought the farce to an end. The Speaker, in consideration of Weaver's allowing the House to proceed to the transaction of the business for which its members are elected, agreed to recognize Mr. Weaver on the next suspension day and take a vote on the Oklahoma bill. To give him an opportunity of forcing things when he once gets them started, the Speaker promised further that the rule making clock the hour for the adjournment of the House should be abolished.

This will enable Mr. Weaver, when he gets the floor to-day and makes his motion, to meet any filibustering that may arise—and there is certain to be lots of it—by prolonging the legislation day of Monday indefinitely. What a spectacle for the contemplation of American citizens. The only man who could have squeaked Mr. Weaver deliberately making a bargain with him. Why did Speaker Carlisle do this? Was it because he did not see fit to set a precedent for the Republican Speaker of the next House to use against his party when it shall be disposed to filibuster? The complicated rules of the House are alleged to be for the protection of the rights of the minority. Perhaps they are, but it seems to me the majority are badly in need of some protection of their rights. The absurd rules should go, for if they are right our system of Government is wrong.

The National Wool Growers association were in session here last week. They sent a strong delegation before the Senate committee on finance, to argue in favor of the incorporation into the tariff bill of the wool schedule proposed by the association. Arguments were made by every member of the delegation.

Claus Spreckles, the California

sugar king, has been giving the Senate finance committee the result of his experiments in the manufacture of beet sugar. He thinks that a bounty of one cent per pound is given for sugar made in this country that the industry will grow to large proportions, giving employment to farmers and many classes of mechanics.

It has been suggested that a carriage which was presented to Ham, Clay, who is known as the father of protection, by his admirers in 1883, and which is still in existence and in good condition, be used by Gen. Harrison in the inaugural parade.

List of Road Supervisors.

Following is the list of Road Supervisors appointed by the County Commissioners at their regular session last week:

DISTRICT NO. 1.

ELIJAH HOWELL—Road from Franklinville to corner; \$40.
BUCKNER MASON—Road from Beckman's farm road gate to Meadow Mountain road; \$37.
SILAS WALTERS—Road from Narrows of Deep Creek to line of Grantsville District; \$28.
THEO. BECKMAN—Road from Swanton to Beckman's farm road gate; \$38.
HENRY SHANK—Road from Grantsville church to railroad; \$30.
SWANSON—Road from near Bank place to Jno. Edmund's; \$7.
BERNHART STEIDING—Old State road; road from Kitzmiller road to Bloomington and Altamont road; \$39.
W. H. PAUGH—Old State road from near John Paugh's; \$30.
JAMES W. WILSON—Kitzmiller road to Sowers'; \$24.
WM. M. JUNKINS—Road from top of backbone mountain to bridge at Kitzmiller's; \$7.
DANIEL B. ALMAYEY—Road from Kitzmiller's to line District No. 10; road from Busk farm to Ryans Glade road near Henry Paugh's; \$16.
JEHLE PAUGH—Road from J. Paugh's school house to Eagle rock; \$16.

DISTRICT NO. 2.

OTHO SPEELMAN—Road from Penna. line via Speelman's mill to line District No. 5 and all other roads north of above road to Pennsylvania line; \$75.
JOHN RILEY (of Geo.)—Morgantown road from Selbysport bridge to line District No. 5; \$60.
WASH GROVE—All roads between Morgantown and Mill run road except road from M. E. church via James Guard's to Mill run; \$40.
JONAS FRAZEE—Road from M. E. Church via James Guard's to Mill run; \$20.
E. M. LISTON—Road from Selbysport to Bear Creek bridge at W. Va. line; road from Kingswood road to Morgantown road; \$40.
L. H. JOHNSON—Road from White rock to Ira E. Friend's; \$20.
DAVID FRIEND—Road from Ira E. Friend's to Sand Spring road; road from Bloomington Rose to Sand Spring road; \$25.
J. H. FRIEND—Road from Ira E. Friend's to W. Va. line; road from White rock to Ira E. Friend's; road from John Friend's saw mill to W. Va. line; \$30.
THOMAS FRAZEE—Road from Bear Creek bridge to line District No. 5; \$70.
GEORGE D. FRANTZ—Road from Rusk's water trough to Morgantown road; road from Morgantown road to W. Va. line; \$40.
JUDSON FRAZER—River road from Selbyport to Guard's bridge West of river; road from Buffalo road to K. Frey's; \$45.
J. F. MYERS—Road from Rocker pier to Sand Spring road; \$15.
JACKSON FRAZEE—Road from Kim Frazee's via J. F. Frazee's to Glade road; road from Frazier Ridge school house to Penna. line; road from Frazier Ridge to intersection of river road near Guard's bridge; \$55.
JOHN W. FRANTZ—Road from Sand Spring to Asher's glade road; \$20.
F. T. FIKE—Road from J. Frazee's to H. Humberson's; road from Cross Road to W. Va. line; \$20.
ELIJAH THOMAS—Road from S. H. Frey's farm to Pennsylvania line; \$25.
HARRY RUMBAUGH—Road from Selbysport bridge to Lloyd Lowdermilk's; \$35.
LLOYD LOWDERMILK—Road from Friersville bridge to Buffalo run via Rusk's water trough; \$30.
LUCIAN DUNHAM—Road from Selbysport to Speelman's mill; \$20.
JACOB STUCK—Road from Morgantown road to Buffalo run; \$10.

DISTRICT NO. 3.

PETER STARK—Road from Ridgeley's school house to Lutheran church, via D. Brennenman's; road from Benedict Beachy's to Hanover bridge; road from Ridgeley road to Meadow mountain road; road from J. Bender's to Meadow mountain road; road from Custer farm to tar kiln; \$65.
HENRY S. WAGNER—Road from Grantsville to iron bridge; road from National road to Widow Miller's; \$50.
JOEL J. BRENNEMAN—Grantsville road from iron bridge to Shook shop; \$25.
CHRIST. ORENDORF—Road from Shook shop to district line near Hetrick's; \$25.
THOMAS B. WILEY—Grantsville road from Shook shop to line Dist. No. 5; road from Lutheran church via J. Brennenman's to road from Grantsville to Meadow mountain road; Meadow Mountain road; \$50.

JACOB GNAGEY—Road from Blocher school house to forks at Garlitz farm; road from D. Livingood's via J. Gnagey's to Stanton's; road from Stanton's Barn to Pennsylvania line \$30 special; road from D. Livingood's to Little Glade; \$35.
F. H. CUSTER—Road from Engle's school house to covered bridge; road from D. Livingood's to Hoover road at Jos. Wiley's; \$30.
ANTHONY LAYMAN—Road from National road via Phillip Popp's to Miller road at end of J. Garlitz lane; \$25.
THOMAS CHANEY—Road from Piney Grove to line District No. 1; \$25.
SOLOMON YODER—Road from Swan's shook shop to Pennsylvania line; road from S. J. Beachy's to Penna. line; road from A. Deche's to Penna. line; \$15.
EDWARD HARSHBERGER—Road from Compton's school house via Little Glade to Pennsylvania line at Brown farm; \$30.
CHARLES GURST—Road from Cross roads at D. Livingood's to Swanger's Mill; road from Swanger's mill to P. Dorsey's via Bancord's; road from Swanger's mill to LANCASTER. Road from C. J. Otto's to New Germany church; road from C. J. Otto's to New Germany church; Backwoods road to district line; \$95.
SOLOMON BEACHY—McAndrew's road; road from Swanger's to McAndrew's \$10 special; \$30.
JACOB FRESH—Road from P. Dorsey's farm to National road; road from German settlement to Dist. line No. 11; \$55.
WESLEY DURST—Road from McKenzie's saw mill to G. Hetz's; \$15.
LANCASTER—Road from Savage bridge to New Germany road and thence to Brown farm; \$20.
SOLOMON BEACHY—Negro National road; road from National road to line Dist. No. 5 near Zanner's; \$25.
CHRISTIAN GINGERICH—Gingerick road; \$15.

DAVID ENLOW—Meadow mountain road from Mary Otto's to Dist. line No. 1; road from John Warnick's to D. Engle's farm; \$30.
DISTRICT NO. 4.
SAMUEL HARSHBERGER—Road from Bloomington to Folly run; \$37.
HENRY WARNICK—Bloomington road from Allegany county line to Folly run, over mountain; \$73.
A. C. DUCKWORTH—Road from Garrett county line to Phillip Michael's; Bloomington road to Geo. T. Michael's; road from Race bridge to Allegany county line; \$66.
CHARLES BARNARD—Road from Grantsville to Folly run; \$30.
JOHN A. WILT—Vesternport road via Firm Rock church to District No. 11; Mill run road to Firm Rock church; road from Phillip Michael's to Firm Rock church; road from Phillip Michael's to John A. Wilt's; \$81.
JEFFERSON GREEN—Road from Frankville to mouth of Crab tree; road from mouth of Crab tree to District No. 9; \$97.
JOHN W. WILT—Road from mouth of Crab tree to District No. 11; road from mouth of Crab tree to ford of Savage; \$26.

DISTRICT NO. 5.

HENRY KOLB—Road from Accident to North Bear creek to Engle's Mill; road from Boyer's to George's; road from Accident via George's to Bear creek; \$70.
JOHN BRENNEMAN—Grantsville road from Castleman's to District line; road from Grantsville road to Amish church; road from Grantsville road to Bear creek; \$32.
JOSEPH HOCHSTEDLER—Road from Grantsville road at Sand-hole to Bear creek bridge; \$15.50.
THOMAS TURNERY—Road from Zenger's gate to Morgantown road; \$15.
SILAS TEATS—Road from Accident to line District No. 2; \$35.
JAMES SKILES—Road from Accident to District line at Boyer's; road from J. Shartzler's to Wm. Hartman's; road from M. J. Miller's to Cross roads at Pysell's; road from near M. J. Miller's to county line; road from Grantsville to Geo. W. Griffith's; road from Yoder's to District line; \$40.
WM. ENLOW—Legislative road to Bishop's school house (special); \$25.
JACOB BECKY—Road from South side of Bear creek bridge to Cove church; road from Brethren church to District line; \$55.
ELI BROWN—Road from Cove church to Amish church; road from Wm. Fisher's to Wesley Hileman's; \$47.50.
EMORY FISHER—Road from Cove church via A. Fisher's to Morgantown road; road from Lohr's to Morgantown road; \$30.
JOSEPH BOWMAN—Road from Engle's mill to Hetrick's lane; \$20.
GIDEON PEBGUSON—Road from Mathias Frazee's via Solomon Boyer's to Accident road at Rock Lick; road from Mrs. Yoder's to near John Durst's; \$40.
JOHN WEAVER—Road from Aug. George's road via Samuel Hileman's to Morgantown road; road from Addison Frazee's to Pike road; road from Boyer's to Cross roads to National road via Jerry Strong's; Spruce Hollow road to District line No. 2; Mill road to District No. 2; \$30.
SAMUEL MILLER—Road from near Engle's mill via Wm. Miller's to Pike; \$20.
JOHN GLASS—Road from near widow Hetrick's to mill road; road from Widow Hetrick's; road from bridge via Solomon Sebert's to Grantsville road; \$35.
HENRY PLATTER—Road from Widow Hetrick's to Lutheran church; \$35.
DANIEL BEEHLEY—Norgantown road to where Cove road intersects it to line District No. 2; National road to Platter's; Morgantown road to National road; Hanft road to District line; \$40.
JACOB MOSSEER—New road down

Bear creek from Henry Casey's mill; \$20.

DISTRICT NO. 6.

ANDREW S. TEATS—Road from Crane's lane to Hinebaugh's mill road; road from near Teats' to W. Va. line; \$49.
D. F. FRIEND—Road from W. Va. line to White Rock road; road from Cranesville road to White Rock road; \$40.
SAMUEL SPEICHT—Road from Deen creek to McHenry; \$35.
JONAS GLOTFELTY—Road from Finger-boat to Glen Dale church; \$25.
MESTAC MATTINGLY—Road from McHenry to Johnstown; \$53.
NOAH PYSELL—Road from Henry to West farm; \$46.
FRANK SUPER—Road from Yoder's via Fraker's to District line; road from Fraker's to McHenry; \$38.
JESSE GLOTFELTY—Road from near McHenry to line Dist. No. 5; \$25.
FRANK CASTEEL—Road from Legislative road to intersection of Johnstown road near Joseph Frantz's; \$25.
B. F. FRIEND—Road from Sebold's via Bishop's to District line; road from School-house to Flat rock; \$25.
WESLEY SAVAGE—Road from Erich Frider's to Loye's; \$35.
JOHN SINES—Hoye's run to Deep creek; \$35.
NIMROD GLOTFELTY—Bender road; \$49.
THOMAS LOWDERMILK—Road from West side of River bridge to White rock; \$25.
JEREMIAH ENLOW—Road from River bridge to Johnstown; \$30.

DISTRICT NO. 7.

PETER KEEFER—Road from North side of Deep creek to Altamont road; road from Oakland road to Deep creek; \$25.
JOS. SPIKER—Road from Altamont road to King's run; \$60.
CHAUNCEY GLASS—Road from Narrows of Deep creek to Oakland road; Altamont road to J. Sell's; \$35.
DAVID ENLOW—Legislative road from Oakland to King's run; \$30.
E. KELSO—Ryan's Glade road from Oakland via Jos. King's to District line No. 8; \$60.
JOS. SHAFER—Road from Oakland to Shaffer's to Mt. Lake Park; \$25.
CHAS. SHAFER—Road from Oakland to Red bridge; \$25.
ISAAC KING—Sang run road from Garrett county line to Little glade run at Isaac Mate's; \$40.
W. M. CODDINGTON—Sang run road from Oakland to Isaac Mate's; \$40.
CEPHAS A. DODGE—Road from Sang run road via Foster's to Oakland road; \$15.
GEO. T. PORTER—West Union road from Oakland to south of Jenkins'; \$50.
DAVIDSLABAUGH—West Union road from south side of Jenkins' farm to line District No. 8; road from West Union road to line District No. 8, via McHenry's; \$50.
JOHNSON KING—Wonderly road; road from Lewis Thompson's to Lower's; Henry Beckman road; \$25.
J. T. BOWERS—Road from Totten farm via White's to Yough bridge at end of Glatfelly's lane; \$25.
PARKER ASHBY—New road from Yough bridge to Glatfelly's lane to W. Va. line; \$15.

HENRY MYERS—Browning road from Oakland via Stephen Browning's to intersection of White's road near Cherry creek bridge; \$35.
JOSHIAH MOON—Lorau road; \$25.
JOHN CONNELL, Sr.—Road from Red bridge to W. Va. line; \$35.
ISAAC LARSEN—Road from Cranberry road to Cranesville road; \$25.
RALPH ASHBY—Ashby road and Hutton's Switch road; \$30.
THOMAS CODDINGTON—Road from Yough bridge to Hinebaugh's mill road; \$60.
J. M. DAVIS—Road from Oakland to Mt. Lake Park at James Enlow's; \$20.

DISTRICT NO. 8.

HENRY G. SANDERS—Road from Gortner's mill to Hauser's; road from Mason's school house to Pike; Pike from Grimes' to W. Va. line at Chisholm's mill; \$92.50.
HENRY KILLIUS—Road from Gortner's mill to Chisholm's mill; W. Va. line; road from Marlon Hauser's to W. Va. line via Red House; \$92.50.
THOMAS MORELAND—Northwestern Pike from Grimes' to Elk; \$50.
JOHN W. HARVEY—Wilson road; \$50.
ISAAC W. ABERNATHY—Wood road to Shaffer road; road from top of mountain at Pike to Sand run; \$75.
H. C. FOWLER—Shaffer road; \$55.
JEREMIAH HARVEY—Mason road from Shaffer road; \$50.
WILLIAM E. HARVEY—All roads in District east of Backbone mountain north of Pike; \$125.

DISTRICT NO. 9.

LEVI CATON—Road from Johnstown to Penna. line; \$50.
AARON WILHELM—Road from Johnstown's via Wilhelm's to Penna. line; \$30.
JACOB WILSON—Road from top of Savage to line Dist. No. 11; \$43.
JACOB STEINLEY—Road from top of Little Savage to Pennsylvania line; \$32.

DISTRICT NO. 10.

FRANCIS NETHKIN—Road from Sand flat to Riley farm; Luke Male road; \$20.
CALVIN SAVAGE—Road from Riley farm to Broad ford; road from Broad ford to Deer Park; road from Deer Park to Riley farm; \$30.
JOHN FRIEND, of N.—Road from Wilson's field to Riley farm; Kimmel road; road from Delawler school house to Deer Park; \$50.
FRANCIS MCBROE—Road from Wilson's field to top of mountain via Wilson's store; road from Wilson's store to Deer Park road on

top of mountain; Post office road; \$51.
J. Z. BROWNING—Road from J. Sell's to Wilson's store; \$67.
J. L. HARVEY—Road from Deer Park to line Dist. No. 8; road from Laurel run to Lost Land run; road from North Branch river to Jerry Tasker's; \$118.

DISTRICT NO. 11.

JOHN WILHELM—Road from Brown farm to Allegany county line; \$70.
NORMAN JACOBS—Laurel run road; New road from P. Layton's to Lonaconing road at Spiker's; \$60.
HENRY M. BROADWATER—Road from Garrett county line to top of Savage mountain; road from top of Savage mountain to Henry M. Broadwater's; \$85.
J. H. GREGG—Bear pen road; Mountain ridge road; Huckleberry road; New road from Wesley Broadwater's to Grege's mill; \$55.
HIRAM S. COLEMAN—Frogburg road to line Dist. No. 9; \$30.
ISAAC H. Kooker—Reads Hill road; \$20.

NATIONAL ROAD.

ANDREW BLOCHER—National road from Allegany line to Johnstown; 23 miles; \$75.
THOMAS H. LAYMAN—National road from Johnson's to Zion church; 3 miles; \$70.
DAVID POPPE—National road from Zion church to 8 mile post, 3 miles; \$60.
SAMUEL J. BEACHY—National road from top of Meadow mountain to schramm's; \$37.
JAMES H. BEVANS—National road from Schramm's to Grantsville; \$38.
SAMUEL J. BEACHY—National road from Grantsville to 16 mile post on Negro mountain, 4 miles; \$60.
JACOB PLATTER—National road from 16 mile post to State line, 44 miles; road from near Ryland's to Penna. line; \$65.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. N. HAMILL, V. President.
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 11279

Estate of William Davis, Deceased.
THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE: That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

WILLIAM DAVIS, late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 12th day of July next, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of said estate, given under my hand this 30th day of January 1889.
PHILIP DAVIS, Oakland, Md.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE IN GARRETT CO.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as Court of Equity, passed in a certain cause therein, in which Annie M. Ward, by George W. Ward, her next friend, is plaintiff, and George W. Ward and others are defendants, said cause being No. 2, dole 1st, of the last record books of Garrett county aforesaid, and containing 700 acres of land, there is a good dwelling house upon the place, together with the usual outbuildings. Most of the land is cleared and under cultivation, though there is an abundance of timber upon it. The proximity of this land to Oakland, the excellent character of the roads leading to it, and the superior grass-growth make it much of the land render it one of the most desirable stock raising farms in Garrett county. There has been and is also upon the place near the dwelling, a fine clear spring. Though now obstructed and covered by the wash from the hills, it might at a slight cost be renovated and the flow restored. This fact, together with its beautiful situation, with its other attractions above mentioned, would render it one of the most pleasant, delightful and healthful summer resorts amongst the Alleghanies.

The above land will be sold as an entirety, in such parcels as may suit purchasers, in subject to the ratification of the Court.

TERMS OF SALE—As prescribed in the decree—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in hand on the day of sale, or the ratification thereof, the residue in two equal annual installments from the day of sale, with interest thereon from the day of sale, the purchaser or purchasers to give his or their notes or bonds, with a surety or sureties to be approved by said trustee for the said deferred payments, and on the ratification of the sale by the Court and the payment of the purchase money, (and not before), the said trustee, by a good and sufficient deed to be executed and acknowledged agreeably to law, shall convey to the purchaser or purchasers, with the property to him, her or them, sold free, clear and discharged of all claim of the parties to this cause, and of any persons claiming by, from or under them.

JOHN W. VEITCH, Trustee.

ROAD PETITION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at or near the Gregg bridge, on the Grantsville and Barton road, running through the lands of E. Mervin, Leoline Lumber Company, Amos Broadwater, John Broadwater, Henry Wetzel, David Merrill and A. J. Lancaster, intersecting the road leading from New Germany to Lonaconing, a distance of about 4 miles.

AMOS BROADWATER, JOHN WILHELM, ELLIAS MERRILL.

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LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgis' Hall every Tuesday night.
LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.
ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.
SHEALTEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Leage's Hall every Monday night.
PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.
The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Fitchard Building Friday night of each week.

NOTICE:

W. H. HAGANS, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—All persons indebted to G. A. Shirer are requested to call and settle, 10 29 3m. G. A. SHIRER.

—Before you send your money out of the county for grain, feed, &c., call at the Oakland Mill and compare prices.

—Revival services are in progress in the Oakland M. E. Church. Miss Jennie Smith will probably assist next week.

—Treasurer Hinebaugh has issued checks for the payment of school teachers for the first term, which closed Jan. 2d, 1889.

—FOR RENT—Virginia Cottage, corner Third and Alder streets, Oakland. Best hotel stand in the town. Fourteen rooms. Apply at this office. 119 tf

—A silk and satin "cray quilt" was raffled off at the residence of Mrs. Totten, Tuesday evening last, for the benefit of the Presbyterian church. Mrs. Helen S. Hensen secured the prize, which is certainly a beauty.

—Messrs. Poddior and Hamill, attorneys for the New School Board, and Col. Veitch, attorney for the old Board, are attending the Court of Appeals in our celebrated School Board Case which was set for a hearing Wednesday.

—Frank Thomas Post No. 30, G. A. R., will meet in Deer Park on the third Saturday evening of January, at which time the General Muster Officer will be present. All members and old soldiers are cordially invited to attend.

J. L. WHEELER, Adjutant.

—Died, in Oakland, Md., Sunday last, after a brief illness of measles, Carrie, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stevens, aged about 10 years. Funeral services at the house Tuesday afternoon, Rev. C. J. Trippe, of the M. E. Church officiating. Interment in the Odd Fellows Cemetery.

—The Rev. David Tasker, who came to Florida from the Central Illinois conference, is holding a very successful revival service at the Methodist church. From 50 to 60 have made a profession of faith and have started out to live a Christian life. The converts include all classes—heads of families, most of the young men and ladies of the place, and a large number of Sunday School children. Mr. Tasker is a member of the Alumni society of Drew theological seminary. He is specially fitted for revival work in churches, both as a talented speaker and a leader of song service. He carries his own organ with him. Forty-one have handed in their names to become members of such churches as they desire. The revival work is now in its second week.—Orange City (Fla.) Times.

—Died, Sunday, Jan. 13th, 1889, at the residence of Geyer Jenkins, John W. Smith, in the 65th year of his age. Deceased was for a number of years a resident of Oakland, but since the death of his wife a few years ago had made his home principally with his brother-in-law, Mr. Wm. White. He was a member of Oakland Lodge I. O. O. F., and of the American Legion of Honor, which societies took charge of the funeral and attended in regalia. Funeral services were held at Mr. Jenkins' residence, Rev. John M. Davis officiating, and the interment was in the Odd-Fellows cemetery Tuesday. The Odd-Fellows' funeral service was read at the grave by Noble Grand G. W. Merrill and Chaplain Rev. G. W. Amick. Deceased leaves two children, a boy and girl, aged respectively about 15 and 13 years. Deceased was very highly respected in this community, where he had lived most of his life.

—Church Services—Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M. by Rev. C. J. Trippe.

Songs service every Sunday evening at 6:30.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M. by Rev. G. W. Amick.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

We Want Money!

Those indebted to us are again urged to make an effort to pay us. We are sadly in need of money to pay our debts, to carry on our business and to provide for our family. About 300 persons in this county are indebted to us in sums ranging from \$1.50 to \$18.00, and a number of them have become entirely indifferent as to our needs or their obligation. All we ask of you is to do unto us as you would have us do unto you. Attend to this matter at once. Don't put it off and say that what little you owe won't amount to much, but send what you owe, or at least a part of it. We are not making this appeal because it is customary about this time of year, but because we need what is coming to us, and there is no good reason that we should not have what is ours.

Tailoring Establishment.

Do you want a nice Dress Suit or an Overcoat put up in elegant style and to fit you after Nature's own sweet model? Go to G. Felty's New Tailoring Establishment, formerly occupied by A. Lowenstein, and we will guarantee you entire satisfaction. Call and see us and we will show you what we can do in this line.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending Jan. 19, 1889:

Arnold, Albert S.	Henderson & Son,
Bennett, J. C.	Kesner, Henry,
Bennett, J. J.	Ruffe, Henry,
Cobb, C. T.	Race, Edmund,
Dent, J. H.	Swann, J. W. (2)
Gibson, John,	
Hunter, A.	

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

These letters are chargeable with one cent due on delivery.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Obituary.

Miss Asenath M. Gregg was born December 24th, 1817.

In 1838, in her 21st year, she was married to Johnson White. They began keeping house soon after on a farm owned by Mr. White about two miles east of Oakland, now directly opposite Mountain Lake Park. During the next year they were both converted and joined the M. E. Church at what was then known as the McCarty school house. They both continued in the church of their choice until they joined the church triumphant.

There was given them eight sons and two daughters. Five of these, one daughter and four sons, preceded their parents to the spirit land. Much honor is bestowed upon the parents by the lives of their children.

Many and well deserved eulogies might be placed upon the faithful and devoted lives of these two, at their home, in society, and in their church relations.

They were permitted to live happily together until the 20th of June, 1886, when Mr. White died of cancer of the stomach.

Mrs. White continued to make her home with her son Geo. P. White, who had taken charge of the home farm several years before. Her children had now all grown up, and her husband taken from her, she said she always felt lonely; yet she seemed to bear up under it all, and her health continued pretty good. But she contracted a violent cold, which brought on bronchial pneumonia. All was done that could be, both by the physician and her family, but she sank rapidly from the first, and in one week after she took her bed, death came to her release, about eleven P. M., Jan. 6th, 1889.

Her funeral was preached in the Hall, at Mountain Lake Park, by Rev. W. J. Sharps.

She was carefully borne to the family burying ground at the White farm, (the early home of her husband) and laid by the side of her companion and children to await with them God's call to the first and glorious resurrection.

Half Fare to Washington.

For the accommodation of all who desire to witness the inauguration of President-elect Harrison, the B. & O. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Washington from all points on its lines at one fare for the round trip. Tickets are sold from March 1st to 4th, inclusive, and will be valid for return passage until March 7th, inclusive. The B. & O. is the shortest and most direct route to Washington from all points touched by its line. It has more track and yard room at Washington than any other road and consequently more facilities for the prompt movement of trains and the expeditions handling off large passenger business than any other line.

The B. & O. handled an immense passenger traffic at the inauguration of Cleveland without delay and without injury to a single passenger.

Its facilities have been greatly augmented since that time and it is in position to give more satisfactory service than any line touching Washington.

Deer Park Institute Programme.

Following is the programme for Teachers' Institute to be held at Deer Park, Saturday, January 26, 1889:

Morning Session—Address of Welcome by W. D. Hoyer, of Deer Park. Response by G. W. Merrill, of Oakland.

Topic 1—Grammar—E. Lee—Discussion.

Topic 2—Reading—Miss Maggie Hughes, Miss Nellie Stanton, Ira Culp—Discussion.

Topic 3—How to Control Refractory Pupils—Misses S. R. Palmer, Rosalie McGraw, and W. B. Hutson. Discussion.

Evening Session—Topic 4—How to teach fractions—Mrs. S. J. Laughlin, Miss Ella Dewitt and H. E. Felty. Discussion.

Topic 5—Miss Mattie Porter, Miss Lou A. Thayer and L. W. Nine. Discussion.

Topic 6—How much Home Study should be required of Pupils—Messrs. Stencer, Whitehair and E. E. Enlow.

Subjects not limited to any grade. Let all who can be present and take part in the exercises.

All teachers of this district falling to be present are required to send a lawful excuse, in writing, to the committee, stating the cause of their absence.

By order Committee,

E. E. ENLOW, Chairman

E. LEE, Committee

H. E. FELTY, Committee

MAMIE WEBER, Committee

Accident.

The District Institute held here on Saturday afternoon and evening was well attended.

Milton Rush has removed from here to Blooming Rose again.

Frederick Fox has taken the old place during the absence of his brother in Oregon.

Albert Mosser is busy preparing to build a new barn on a new plan altogether.

Geo. Fahlgren has taken the contract to build Mr. Mosser's barn.

Leslie Friend has completed his new store building at Friendsville and filled the shelves with handsome goods of all descriptions.

Peter P. Lohr's family is down with the measles.

Joseph Bowman's only son met with a serious accident on Saturday, 14th inst., having been thrown from a horse going to the water-trough.

The excitement over the new railroad ebbs and flows. Some days favorable and the next unfavorable news.

George Wagden is ill with ulcer of stomach.

James Harden has had several palsy strokes, and is not expected to live.

A good sledding snow would be highly appreciated.

The outcome of the meeting of the School Board is awaited with much interest.

Amish Center.

We are having very mild weather. There has been but very little snow this winter so far. The boys are getting out of patience, especially those who have sleighs.

Leap year has passed and gone and so have the leap year parties, but greatly to the regret of the old maids.

On account of the very changeable weather there has been a considerable amount of sickness in this community, especially among the children.

Mr. Enoch Bender, who has been laid up with the inflammatory rheumatism for several months, we are glad to say, is convalescing. Mr. Bender has been plagued with this dread disease for several years.

Weddings are plenty this winter. There will be another one in our church Sunday, Jan. 20.

Rev. Joel J. Miller went to the Forks last Sunday to unite D. Beitzel and Elizabeth Orendorf in holy matrimony.

Miss Annie Miller, who spent the past summer in Illinois, is home again.

Miss Katie Otto, of Illinois, is visiting her relatives in Garrett county.

Misses Polly and Mary Hersberger, of Johnstown, Pa., are visiting friends here.

Mr. Jonas Brennenman is making preparations to build a large barn next summer.

Report of the Bray School.

Whole number enrolled, 35. Average attendance, per cent., 75. Average absence, per cent., 25. Those whose deportment exceed 95 per cent. are: Paul Johnson, Marshal Skipper, Joseph Johnson, Charles Skipper, Francis Johnson, Carroll Skipper, Henry Skipper, Bashor Cross, Samuel Sines, Marcellus Sines, Tella Kimmell, Mary Skipper, Carrie Sell, Eva Johnson, Martha and Anna Cross.

Numerous others averaged about 90. D. W. FRAZEE, Teacher.

Mountain Lake Park.

Miss Jennie and Miss Addie have just left us again for an extended trip West.

I am glad to say that the W. C. T. U. formed here last fall by Miss Jennie is in a prosperous condition. Each Wednesday afternoon they hold a cottage prayer meeting, and occasionally Sunday afternoon. They have formed a Loyal Temperance Legion among the children and young people who meet every Saturday afternoon. A very interesting programme is being prepared for a Temperance Mass-Meeting to be held in the Hall on the evening of the 23d inst., beginning at 7 P. M. A general invitation is extended to all who are interested in the work of temperance. Crane & White have released the ice privilege at the Lake, and are now filling the large ice house. Our clear and pure ice is still being hauled to Oakland in a larger quantity than ever before.

J. A. E.

California Excursions.

Excursions to Colorado and Pacific Coast Points will be run January 12th and 29th, and February 12th and 26th, via B. & O. R. R. Passengers purchasing second-class tickets will be furnished free accommodations in Reclining Chair Sleeping Car to Kansas City, and in Sleeping Car from thence to destination.

As the number of passengers for each excursion is limited, those who contemplate going should communicate at once with any of the following Agents, viz:

D. BRIDE, Passenger Agent, B. & O. Central Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

H. A. MILLER, Passenger Agent, B. & O. Depot, Wilmington, Del.

LYMAN MCCARTHY, Ticket Agent, 833 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

P. G. SMITH, Passenger Agent, 1331 Penna. Ave., Washington, D. C.

Instructions in Music.

Those wishing instructions in Piano, Organ and Violin music will do well to secure my services, which can be had at a moderate cost. I use the celebrated Stuttgart Method in teaching the Piano, which is conceded by all to be the finest and most complete method extant. The principles of this system can be applied in teaching organ pupils as well. I have made a thorough study of this work under a competent teacher and will guarantee satisfaction. I am also prepared to give lessons in Harmony or Thorough-Bass. All who place themselves under my instruction may rest assured that they will be carefully and thoroughly taught. Terms, &c., made known on application.

Respectfully,
J. M. LITZINGER.

N. B.—Organs repaired and pianos tuned. Work warranted.

Notice.

The undersigned having disposed of their furniture and undertaking business to Mr. John Shartzler, hereby notify those indebted to the firm to come forward and make settlement on or before February 2d, 1889.

D. E. BOLDEN & Co.

The West Virginia Deadlock.

CHARLESTON, W. VA., Jan. 15.—There is nothing new in the situation here, and all interests are absorbed in the Senate deadlock. The two houses met to-day, but as the House of Delegates is unable to do any business it adjourned until tomorrow. There were two sessions of the Senate and that body is likely to continue in session all night. There was one ineffectual attempt to elect a President, after which Mr. Vanpelt offered a resolution to the effect that the Democratic Senators meet the House in joint session to canvass the vote for Governor. This opened up a furious debate, started on the Republican side, and much time was taken up in discussing the political situation. During the debate the Democrats charged the Republicans with opening the door to fraud, and the Republicans retaliated by alleging that the Democrats were pursuing the shotgun policy and obstructing legislation. There were many very severe charges made on both sides, and at times it looked as if the Senators would fight it out with their fists. There is no show for an organization soon, and it is strongly hinted that the session will be allowed to expire by constitutional limitation. The matter is growing serious.

Mr. Swank, in the last issue of the Bulletin of the Iron and Steel Association, has the following to say about the outlook for the new year:

"The Presidential succession and the tariff question have both been settled favorably to American industries, the crops of the year have been good, money is abundant, and the people are generally employed and enjoying in peace and plenty the holiday season. The fly in the ointment, the cloud upon the horizon, is

the unsettled railroad problem, which involves the demand for steel rails, pig iron and other iron and steel products. Will the building of new railroads be more active in 1889 than in 1888? Will the old roads be able to restore former rates? If these questions can be answered in the affirmative, the new year will be one of general prosperity for our iron and steel manufacturers and for the country at large. The railroad problem is the key to the situation."

Two Old Irishmen—Democrats, of course—had been commiserating together over the result of the national election. Finally, one, with a burst of optimism, exclaimed—"Sure, and it wasn't so much of a victory, after all." "No," said the other, still mournful, "but what a terrible defeat."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Model Newspaper

THE NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS

The Advocate of the Best Interests of the Home—The Enemy of the Saloon. The Friend of American Labor. The Favorite Newspaper of People of Refined Tastes Everywhere.

The New York MAIL AND EXPRESS, the favorite American newspaper of many people of intelligent and cultivated tastes, has recently made some noteworthy improvements, materially increasing its general excellence. It is in the broadest sense

A National Newspaper,

most carefully edited, and adapted to the wants and tastes of intelligent readers throughout the entire country—North, South, East and West. It is a thoroughly clean paper, free from the corrupting, sensational and demoralizing trash, miscolored news, which defiles the pages of too many city papers.

OUR POLITICS.

We believe the Republican party to be the true instrument of the POLITICAL PROGRESS of the American people; and holding that the honest enforcement of its principles is the best guarantee of the national welfare, we shall support them with all our might; but we shall always treat opposing parties with consideration and fair play.

AGAINST THE SALOON.

The MAIL AND EXPRESS is the recognized National organ of the great Anti-Saloon Republican movement. It believes that the liquor traffic as it exists to-day in the United States is the enemy of society, a fruitful source of corruption in politics, the ally of anarchy, a school of crime, and, with its avowed purpose of seeking to corruptly control elections and legislation, is a menace to the public welfare and deserves the condemnation of all good men.

Send for Sample Copy

They are sent free to all who apply. SUBSCRIPTION RATES—WEEKLY, per year, \$1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. DAILY, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.00; three months, \$1.50; one month, 50 cents.

VALUABLE PREMIUMS are given to all subscribers and agents. We want a good agent in every town and village where we have not one now at work. Send for our Special Circular to Agents and see our full offer.

You Can Make Money

by accepting our Cash Commission offers or working for our valuable and popular premium. Address the MAIL AND EXPRESS, New York City.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS. The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on Tuesday, February 5th, 1889.

For the purpose of hearing appeals on assessments and making transfers, Applicants will be heard by Districts in the following order, viz:

Tuesday, February 5th, Districts Nos. 1, 10 and 9. Wednesday, Feb. 6th, Districts Nos. 1 and 11. Thursday, Feb. 7th, Districts Nos. 2 and 3. Friday, Feb. 8th, Districts Nos. 5 and 6. Saturday, Feb. 9th, Districts Nos. 7 and 8.

Persons having business to transact with the Board will please observe the foregoing, and appear on the day set down for their District.

By order
W. H. HAGANS, Clerk.

FARM FOR SALE.

COAL & FIRE CLAY.

I am authorized to sell a farm of 250 acres, 125 acres of which are cleared, situated on the Oakland and Sang Run road, six miles from Oakland, and near the Youghiogheny river. This is a very desirable farm, and is underlaid with three veins of coal, one vein being 6 feet. Also an abundance of Fire Clay. The improvements consist of two dwelling houses, a barn and other outbuildings. The farm is well watered, and is in every way a very desirable property. Call on or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN, 1589 Republican office, Oakland, Md.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

Have frequently warned persons from putting crosses on my land, along the railroad, and hereby notify all persons who have neglected this warning to immediately remove any crosses that may now be on my land, and in the future to respect this notice and save themselves trouble. I do not intend to be trifled with.

JOHN BRADLEY, Cincinnati, O. Nov. 26, 1888.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property. Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dairy Cattle FOR SALE

The subscriber, being overstocked, offers for sale a few fresh cows, heifers, due in the spring, and heifer calves.

These Cattle are Pure Jerseys and Grades.

The stable of eleven cows, four of them being two-year-olds, with first calves, are now averaging a pound of butter a day. This breed makes excellent family cows, being all the year around milkers, the milk average one-quarter cream. Some of them, when coming in on grass, in the spring, cannot be dried.

Six of these cows, last year, made 1,500 pounds of butter.

Very Low Prices

will be named for the this stock, as the subscriber must reduce his herd, and the stock is too good to butcher.

CHAS. H. GREENLEAF, BROOKSIDE, Preston county, West Va.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hoopoe Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 29, as for feloniously stealing goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

PATENTS!

Patents and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agents, all business direct, hence no transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address

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PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD., ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding, Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work.

THE SECOND TERM

Miss Swan's School for Young Ladies and Girls.

Will begin January 3d, 1889. (D. V.) Terms, \$10 for day pupils; \$20 in advance for boarders; \$250 per year, \$50 in advance for permanent boarders. No pupil entered for less than one term. Suitable arrangements for carrying pupils from Oakland.

For particulars, address Miss E. B. SWAN, Mt. Lake Park, Md. (Formerly connected with Mt. Auburn Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.)

MASSEY H

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A SONG OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

She is sitting by the parlor grate;
The year is nineteen eighty-eight.
And by the clock his shadow late—
Say half-past twenty-two.

She's in the fashion's latest freak;
A flowing robe made in a Greek.
And on her hair, so smooth and sleek,
Is bound a fillet blue.

A youth sits by, of modest mien,
Whose blouse is of a brilliant green.
And on his face is plainly seen
Hope intermixed with fear.

They're chatting on the current news,
On politics have aired their views.
Discussed the new post-office,
Invited by the Vice.

At length there comes a little pause,
When near her own chair he draws,
And softly clears his throat, because
A question he would ask.

He turns the parlor sunshine higher,
And pokes again the patent fire.
Then boldly makes known his desire—
A most delightful task.

"Sweet Virginia," he softly sighs,
"Pray do not turn away your eyes,
But grant me what I much will prize,
And be to me—a sister."

"No, Reginald, it can not be,
Another has the place you see,
But I will be a wife to thee,
As easily he kissed her."

—Minneapolis Tribune.

BURIED ALIVE.

Strange Story Related by a Mariner to a Reporter.

In a Comatose Condition—Recovering Lost Powers by the Shock of the Cold Water—About Three Days and Washed Aboard Again.

"If you want a story," said a friend to a San Francisco Alta reporter, "come with me and I will introduce you to a man who will relate to you a very strange one."

The reporter accompanied his friend to the latter's office, on California street, where he met the person alluded to. In appearance this man, the hero of one of the most incredible adventures ever heard of, was a corpse. He was of medium height, slightly built, features of remarkable strength, but with hollow cheeks, sunken eyes and with not the slightest color in his face to let one know that the warm lifeblood was coursing in his veins. What added yet more to his cadaverous appearance was hair and mustache as white as the driven snow; altogether an extraordinary man, who would be looked at and pointed at wherever he went. But this peculiar appearance was not natural to this man, else could he never have lived to a age of probably forty-five. It was a premature aging, caused by intensity of agony, of suffering of the most infernal torture.

The reporter was introduced and the man shook hands warmly—yet hardly that either, for his hands were cold and clammy. After a little preliminary talk, he said: "You are anxious to hear my story. I was about to tell my friend here the narrative of these sufferings which made me what you perceive I am. He asked my permission to bring you here, and as you are a lover of strange things I will gladly include you in my little audience. I have not always been such a wretched person as you see me now. This age which weighs me down almost to the grave was the result of a concentration of infinite suffering into the short period of a week. If I shudder when I tell you of my sufferings, bear with me. It is not often that men are snatched from the jaws of death to tell how near they have been to it.

"I am an Englishman and come of an old and wealthy family of Essex. I had a liberal education in youth, but never could see why I should lead my years and brains to teaching a congregation of country idiots the truths of the Gospel; and so, turning my back on the pulpit, I insisted on going to sea. I went. What with my influence and my skill as a navigator and seaman—for which, indeed, I had a natural aptitude—I soon rose to a position of trust. I became second mate of a fine ship. From that to mate was a short step, and a few years saw me chief officer of one of the finest vessels sailing out of London. It was in my twenty-sixth year that my ship, the Osprey, owned by Fowler Bros., was chartered to come to this port for wheat. We arrived here safely, loaded wheat, and soon were outside the Golden Gate heading for home. Every thing went smoothly and nothing occurred to forewarn me of the terrible adventure the future had in store for me.

"We were to the southward of Valparaiso when I fell ill. It was a kind of faintness that would suddenly and without warning come upon me so that I often fell on the deck and lay there until some one could come to my assistance. This continued without my getting very much worse until we got down off the Magellan Straits, in the latitude of Cape Horn, or thereabouts. One day, a gloomy, forbidding day, such as the mariners often meet with down there, I had two afternoon watches and was superintending one of my men who was fixing a raft in the weather-slozen topside rigging. The fellow was very clumsy, to say the least of it. I got very annoyed watching his awkwardness, more annoyed in fact, than was warranted, I think, now I look back. But I was growing more and more irritable every day, which was probably owing to my fatiguing spells. Suddenly I became excited that I jumped into the minnow

rigging, and was into the top in a trice. I was about to pull the fellow away from his job when a fit came on. A sudden mist clouded my eyes. My senses left me; I reeled and fell from the top to the deck. In my descent I struck once or twice, which caused me to turn over, with the result that I fell on my head. When I recovered consciousness I was lying in a bunk in the hospital. Still there was a thick mist before my eyes. I could, indeed, see every thing so as to recognize where I was, but somehow my eyes refused to move about, and I could only stare straight up at the deck. I tried to turn in my bunk, but I could not; to raise my arms, but I could not; to sit up, but my muscles failed me. At last the truth struggled into my darkened mind. I perceived at last that I was in a perfectly catatonic trance. The strange part of it was that my mind was almost as active as ever. I knew all that was going on about me, and I felt an overwhelming terror at my possible fate.

"It was soon made known to me. The captain entered my room. I could hear indistinctly, as it were afar off, his footstep on the deck. Then the steward came in, and I heard them consulting together, and both came to the conclusion that I was dead; that my neck was broken by the fall.

"Tell Sails to come in and take his measure. We must bury him to-morrow while the fine weather lasts." I heard the captain say; and presently the sailmaker came in and measured me for the last hammock I should ever sleep in. I could not feel him, but I knew by his motions what he was doing. I will not describe how they laid me out on the cabin table and left me there, while Sails, close by, made my shroud. Still, stiff went his needle, seeming to enter into my brain every time instead of the thick canvas. I can distinctly remember that while I lay there the steward tried to close my eyelids, but, thank God, they flew up every time and left me the poor consolation of seeing the preparations for my doom.

"At last all was finished. The canvas was spread on the deck, and I was laid in it. Then the sailmaker began to stitch me up. He had stitched up all but my face, when I heard him say he had lost his knife. A rigid search was made everywhere, but it could not be found, so Sails returned to work, and all that time I was thinking in my dull way what fools they were for not looking into my shroud for the lost knife. As I afterward learned, it was next day at noon that I was carried on deck and laid on a plank, preparatory to being shot overboard. The men one by one took a look at my face, and then it was covered up forever. The burial service was read by the captain, there was a little delay, and then the plank was tilted and I shot into the bitter cold water off the Diego Ramirez. It must have been the shock that brought me to my senses, for, as I sank down, dragged lower by the shot at my feet, I felt my feeling and action return, and the same moment my right hand, released from its dread inertia, grasped what I instantly knew to be a knife. Mechanically I forced the blade and ripped my canvas shroud so that the shot fell and I began to rise to the surface. In a few seconds, I suppose, although it seemed years, I opened my eyes—for it is a curious fact that while I lay in a state of coma they remained open, yet when my feelings returned with the shock I closed them at once—and saw once more the light of day, which I had never expected to see again. I was an excellent swimmer, and had soon regained my breath and cast from me the canvas which impeded my movements. Then I looked around over the waters, and saw that my miraculous escape had been all for nothing. The ship, looking like a great swan, was several miles away, getting smaller and smaller even as I looked. There arose from my lips a frenzied curse against the God that had abandoned me thus, but almost immediately afterward, as if to rebuke me for my wickedness, I noticed a huge piece of wreckage floating toward me. Hope once more filled my breast and I went swimming and clinging to it, as it proved to be, and clambering on top threw myself on my face and wept for my wretchedness. Alone on the wide ocean, a piece of wood the only thing between me and death, dazed and weak from my last terrible experience, what else could I do but weep? Soon I began to feel an intense hunger. By the lowest calculation I must have been comatose for three days, so for that time I had had no nourishment. The thick mist that suddenly came down satisfied my thirst, but there was nothing to eat, nothing to eat. I began to feel an intense hunger. At last night fell, and added the terror of the blackness of darkness to the pangs of hunger. I could never tell the horrors of that first night. It was a wonder I was not stark, staring mad when day broke. The second day passed like the first. Nothing to eat. Something to mention my lips, but no sail in sight. The third day broke with an angry sky and an angrier sea, and I saw that before the day closed a Cape Horn gale would be raging with all its attendant sleet and cold. I trembled then, for, even though I was almost dead and faint without hope, I wanted to live. By noon the sea had risen tremendously, and it was with great difficulty that I managed to keep on my raft. By nightfall the gale was raging fiercely, and I was expecting every moment to be engulfed in one of the terrible abysses into which my raft slipped constantly. This was the most awful night I ever spent—worse even, than when I lay, so all appearance dead, on the cabin table of the Osprey.

The flying sponddrift cut me to the bone, the great waves rolled their crested phosphorescent heads high above me, who, sunk in a black abyss, heard the gale shrieking overhead. I felt soon that it could not last much longer. Numb and weak as I was, I clung to my raft with the energy of desperation, and waited bitterly for death.

"Finally an immense wave, higher than all that had gone before, raised its wild head to the skies and rolled down on me. My time had come. I was swept like a child from my raft, and carried on the crest of the monster, as I supposed, to death. But once again the hand of the Almighty was stretched out to save me. I was dashed with inconceivable violence against something solid as a rock. Ropes were floating all around me. I grabbed several, and then sagged.

"I awoke and recognized the hospital of the Osprey. Then I thought my burial and subsequent adventures were all a wandering fancy, and that I had never left the hospital. But I was soon undeceived. A kind face bent over me and saw I once more the features of my good captain. He would not permit me to speak all the day, but on the next I was allowed to relate my story, which I did in a weak and quivering voice. I can assure you. Then the captain told me that after burying me, as they thought, he had kept on their course for thirty days, when they encountered a heavy fog, which drove them back on their course again. They shipped a terrible sea which carried away boats and houses forward, but it was the last exertion of the gale, for after that it died away. When the waist was sufficiently clear of water to enable the men to walk there they had discovered my body entangled in ropes lying in the lee scupper. At first they thought that my corpse had been washed aboard again, so has been several times done, but on lifting me up they saw unmistakable signs of life, and with great care and tender care I was taken into the cabin. As to my comatose sleep, the captain said he had never seen anything more like death. He has doubted if the most skillful doctor could have discovered any life in me. He was confident my neck had been broken.

"In a week or so I could get around, and one day, biding in a glass, discovered to my astonishment that my hair was quite white. It was two years before I got over my terrible experience off Cape Horn sufficiently to go to sea again, but it has left me what you see—a man of sixty back to his credit he it said, steadily resists all such temptations, and when he does not understand a thing valiantly says so. But he does not hold himself under any obligation to restrain the exercise of the scientific imagination, and the drift of experiment is toward the suggestions of several surprising possibilities. It is well, I think, to strengthen the surmise that there are more senses in nature than man possesses. Thus he says: 'We find in animals complex organs of sense, richly supplied with nerves, but the functions of which we are as yet powerless to explain. There may be fifty other senses as different from ours as sound is from sight, and even within the boundaries of our own senses there may be endless sounds which we can not hear, and colors as different as red from green of which we have no conception. These and a thousand other questions remain for solution. The familiar world which surrounds us may be a totally different place to other animals. To them it may be full of music which we can not hear, of color which we can not see, of sensations which we can not conceive.'"

NATURAL GAS SUPPLY.

The Transfer of the Industry from Pennsylvania to Ohio.

The supply of gas seems to be abundant although rumors to the contrary are being circulated. The supply well in the world was recently bored near Findlay, Ohio, producing 32,000,000 cubic feet of gas per diem, the largest one in that vicinity heretofore producing 15,000,000 cubic feet. Astonishing and valuable discoveries have been made recently in the line of making gas from crude petroleum that bids fair to become a rival of natural gas as regards expense and utility. It is claimed by several parties that they can produce it at a cost of from one to three cents per 1,000 cubic feet and to prove their good faith one of these companies has recently purchased a gas plant in one of the Ohio cities and has contracted to furnish the city with gas for five cents per 1,000 and this plant is to be running within the next 30 days. Chicago capitalists are connected with this enterprise. The successful manufacture of fuel gas from crude petroleum would become immensely valuable to custom manufacturers and those of points remote from large fuel supplies.

There appears to be a difference in the quality of natural gas as there is in one petroleum, the sulphurous element varying in quality with the different localities and the extent of its igneous oxidizing effect on the confining valves is yet to be ascertained. There are millions of gallons of Ohio oil stored in tanks which as yet are not available for illuminating purposes on account of the excessive quantity of sulphur it contains. The Pennsylvania oil containing a smaller quantity of sulphur is readily and easily separated into several valuable articles of use but the great affinity of sulphur for illuminating oil in the Ohio crude oil creates an obstacle which is as yet insurmountable. At one refinery several hundred thousand dollars have been expended in experiments with a view to purifying the Ohio oil, but as yet they have been unsuccessful. This oil is at present used chiefly for fuel purposes.

There is no great reason to doubt the decline of the oil wells of Pennsylvania, and the general transfer of the industry to Ohio. The daily production of the Pennsylvania and New York fields has fallen from 100,000 barrels, to 45,000 barrels, and the rich fields along the Ohio coast in the vicinity of Brownsville are nearly dry, and the land is being reclaimed for farming purposes. The Ohio fields must become the center of the petroleum industry. Many practical men assert that the State can give a daily yield of 100,000 barrels. Men are at work every day removing the tanks that hold oil. —Cor. Albany (N. Y.) Journal.

The warmer and the more comfortable the bed of pigs the more rapidly will they grow and fatten, while less food will be consumed.

FISH AND INSECTS.

Do They Possess Sense Which Human Beings Have Not.

With regard to the hearing and the sight of insects and the crustacea nothing is settled, writes Sir John Lubbock. These creatures possess in many cases curious contrivances which, while obviously sense organs of some kind, can not be assigned their functions with any certainty. Thus some naturalists regard as auditory apparatus that which others believe to be organs of touch or taste, or even sight. The ways of nature in these obscure corners of creation, moreover, are so fantastic that it is difficult to know which to expect, or by what standard to form judgments. There are some queer crustacea, for instance, which improve their hearing by putting grains of sand in their ears. Is that more instinct? Then there are other creatures which possess two kinds of eyes, the compound eye and the ocellus, which is supposed of being a sort of unfinished or aborted organ by some naturalists, while others think the compound eye is for the day and the ocellus for the night. Experiment, by producing spurious and contradictory results, has only confused the question still more. There are the strange insects which carry their ears in their tails, of all places in the world, though these are really not so marvelous as the bombardier beetle, who mounts two apparent guns at his stern, and, when attacked, fires them, producing a loud report, a little cloud of white vapor, and an emission of some acrid secretion that smells and burns like nitric acid.

If we descend into the depths of the ocean we find other wonders, fishes which are equipped with electric lamps in their heads, and can thus see their way and their prey in the abysmal darkness of the great depths; other fishes which angle with tentacles tipped with miniature lights; yet other creatures which carry lamps behind instead of in front; fishes that bear through holes in their sides; creatures which see with the ends of their antennae; marvels of many kinds, in short such as the cunning story tellers of the Orient never could have imagined. To get at the actual truth about all these weird, uncanny things is well-nigh impossible because of the difficulty of ascertaining how much or how little they can see and hear, and what use they make of all their complicated apparatus, the several parts of which are the despair of the naturalist everywhere, and tempt him to audacious and ill-founded guesses. Sir John Lubbock, to his credit be it said, steadily resists all such temptations, and when he does not understand a thing valiantly says so. But he does not hold himself under any obligation to restrain the exercise of the scientific imagination, and the drift of experiment is toward the suggestions of several surprising possibilities. It is well, I think, to strengthen the surmise that there are more senses in nature than man possesses. Thus he says: 'We find in animals complex organs of sense, richly supplied with nerves, but the functions of which we are as yet powerless to explain. There may be fifty other senses as different from ours as sound is from sight, and even within the boundaries of our own senses there may be endless sounds which we can not hear, and colors as different as red from green of which we have no conception. These and a thousand other questions remain for solution. The familiar world which surrounds us may be a totally different place to other animals. To them it may be full of music which we can not hear, of color which we can not see, of sensations which we can not conceive.'"

Chicago Tribune.

A POINT BROKEN.

How a Witticism Confounded a Lawyer's Clever Argument.

A witticism based on truth—and "truth, when witty, is the witliest of all things"—confounds an argument or breaks the force of a cross-examination. Robert Morris, the colored lawyer of the Boston bar, while defending a colored dressmaker charged with stealing silk from her customers, and substituting for it a poorer material, cross-examined the principal witness, a lady who declared emphatically that she could tell the value of silk within twenty-five cents a yard. Knowing that it is difficult for white people to distinguish one colored person from another, Mr. Morris asked the lady if she could recognize the colored man who had brought a bundle to her.

"No," she answered. "I think that all colored persons look alike to me."

"Oh, they do, do they?" rejoined Morris. "We'll see," and he asked several colored men to rise. "Now, madam," he continued, "look at me and those three gentlemen, and tell the court whether you can tell us apart."

"I don't see much difference," replied the lady. "Perhaps by studying you all I might, but your heads are all shaped alike, and except those two are darker than others, I find it hard to distinguish one from another."

"Now, madam," said Morris with a triumphant air, "do you mean to swear, after telling the jury that you can judge of the value of silk within twenty-five cents a yard, that you can't tell the difference between Mr. Johnson here and me?"

"She regards herself as a judge of silk; not a judge of wool," interrupted the prosecuting attorney.

The court laughed, as did the spectators. Morris smiled, for he saw that the witticism had broken off the point of his question. —Youth's Companion.

TEMPERANCE READING.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

What is Needed for the Successful Prosecution of Temperance Work Throughout the Country.

There are many abstainers from alcoholic beverages, but many more are wanted. The figures of the Internal Revenue Department of the United States for the last fiscal year ending June 30, 1888, show that the total National receipts from distilled spirits for the year were \$69,306,166.41, an increase over 1887 of \$3,476,844.70; that the total receipts from fermented liquors for the same period were \$23,324,218.48, an increase over 1887 of \$1,402,030.99. These ominous figures also indicate that there is still an enormous large alcoholic consumption continually going on in this country, and that there was a noticeable increase in 1888, as compared with 1887. The imported foreign liquors, which paid several millions in revenue duties, and the native wines of the Pacific Coast, increasing from year to year, must still be added to the general aggregate. As women and children consume relatively but a small proportion of these liquors, there must be everywhere many men who are either immoderate or moderate drinkers, and who, in the pending drink conflict, are yet to be won over to the side of abstinence.

That was a somewhat startling statement, after a half century and more of Temperance efforts, made a few months ago by a distinguished United States Senator, Mr. Platt, of Connecticut, to the effect that not more than one-fourth of the men of Connecticut are total abstainers. What was thus affirmed of Connecticut would doubtless be quite as true of men generally throughout the country. Said a Baltimore lady, accustomed to what is called good society in that city, commenting on her husband and two of their gentlemen friends, who did not know a single abstainer among their gentleman acquaintances. And their circle is large and socially influential.

Another striking illustration of the fact that more abstainers are wanted, especially among men, was a reception recently given to the new rectory of St. Bartholomew's Church of this city, Rev. Dr. David W. Greer, formerly of Providence, R. I., who recently distinguished himself in St. John's Hall by making an address bitterly opposing prohibition, and misrepresenting in a very marked manner the actual workings of prohibition. The figures of the legislation in Rhode Island. At this reception, given by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, in his elegant Fifth Avenue mansion, men only were invited, and among those mentioned as in attendance were bishops, doctors of divinity, clergymen, college professors, judges, eminent lawyers, and physicians, financiers, politicians and other representative citizens. The N. Y. Sun, in its detailed account of the occasion says: "At the left of the main entrance was a little room with a table on which was a mammoth punch-bowl full of claret punch. The art gallery at the eastern end of the house was transformed for the evening into a dining-room for a collation. On a large table Mr. Vanderbilt's chef had placed little pyramids of delicacies to be eaten *a la fourchette*, and in the middle, as a show-piece, a nougat church. It had the effect of a yellowish brown stone church with white trimmings. Around it stretched on every side a lawn of big Jacqueminet roses. The guests ate up the church and consumed the claret punch." Among the well-known clergymen and others of this city who were publicly mentioned as well-known abstainers, but who there appear to have been enough others not abstainers to empty the "mammoth punch-bowl!"

In the light of the Internal Revenue figures concerning the enormous and increasing manufacture of intoxicants of the saloon traffic and of the society illustrations which abound of the still prevalent injurious social drinking usages, an obvious and urgent need of the present era is a renewed and more general study of the alcohol question as such. So distinguished and eminent a physician as Sir Henry Thompson declares: "I have long had the conviction that there is no greater cause of evil, moral and physical, than the use of alcoholic beverages." And he goes on to say that he does not mean only "that excessive indulgence which produces drunkenness," but sounds an impressive warning against the alcoholic indulgence, "which is conventionally deemed moderate." In this timely warning he is supported by Dr. Richardson and many eminent scientists in Europe, and by Dr. Davis, the founder of the American Medical Association, and other distinguished physicians of our own country. This lesson of enlightened science concerning alcohol, impressively taught by experts, and fundamentally important, many of the gentlemen at Mr. Vanderbilt's reception, as also the habits of the hundreds of thousands of saloons, and many others, have yet to learn.

Later this year much of the attention and energy of many earnest friends of Temperance has been given to the legislative aspect of the question, to methods and means of legal restraint and control of the drink traffic. The importance of the phase of the question is also fully appreciated. We

recognize, however, and would emphasize the fact that effective restrictive and prohibitory legislation can be obtained and enforced only to the extent that the people, especially the men and voters, of the State and the Nation are persuaded that, on account of the nature and effects of alcohol and the alcoholic traffic, such legislation, State and National, is desirable and necessary. Partisanship and party-building alone or chiefly, will not suffice for the anti-alcoholic education of the three-fourths of the men, and minority of women, who must needs yet be won over to the ranks of abstainers. There must be definite teaching, line upon line, by example and precept, from platform and pulpit, and through the printed page, enforcing the wisdom and duty of abstinence. Above all must there be faithful religious appeal, in the name of the Divine, and in remembrance of the Master and of the great Exemplar, exhorting all even to "Look not upon the wine," and with the admonition: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink." —National Temperance Advocate.

ITS COST.

What the Total Abstinence Idea May Accomplish for a Laborer and His Family.

The laborer who pays the saloonist twenty cents per day, for four glasses of beer, or two glasses of whiskey, spends seventy-three dollars annually for the beverage. With this money, as prices now are, he could purchase six barrels of flour, 300 pounds of sugar, twenty-five bushels of potatoes, ten pounds of tea, and twenty-five pounds of coffee. So far as these several articles are concerned, the above amount would be an ample annual supply for a family of six persons, perhaps a family of eight, parents and six children. Now, which had he better use, the beer and whiskey, or the groceries? Which would be economical and proof of real paternal affection? Suppose he belongs to the Knights of Labor, can he plead for a strike consistently so long as he wastes seventy-three dollars? Must he not strike against the saloon before he can strike for higher wages, if he would challenge the sympathies of thoughtful men? It was this thought that completely changed the life and purpose of a bootmaker in Norfolk County, Mass., a few years ago. He was a very moderate drinker—stepped from his shop into a saloon near by only twice a day, and paid five cents each for two glasses of beer. "Over thirty dollars a year!" he said within himself. "I could buy three barrels of flour, five pounds of tea, ten pounds of coffee, and fifteen bushels of potatoes with that money." He took his pencil and cast the figures on a piece of leather. "My family need it, too," he thought; and the outcome of his thinking was: "I will never spend another cent for beer as long as I live!" and he never has.

Was he not wise? Is there any discount to be made on his judgment? None at all, especially when the reader learns that his decision became an era to his family. From that day a laudable ambition, desire for better education, love of books and journals, and aspiration for higher social life, grew in that family; and at the end of ten years the members of it moved in the most intelligent and influential circles. There is nothing like a good, commanding idea to lift a father and his family into a nobler life. And this is what is needed, and all that is needed, in thousands of families in our land to-day. The total-abstinence idea is but one idea, and it may seem a small one to many men; but it is big enough and strong enough to save a multitude of laborers whom nothing else can save. —William M. Thayer.

A Saloon for Students.

Madison, Wis., has, according to the Wisconsin Prohibitionist, a saloon, elegantly fitted up, which makes a specialty of catering for the patronage of the students of the State University. It says:

"This saloon is now making a specialty of Saturday night free oyster suppers. They are a decided success. Saturday night, the last supper lasted until three o'clock on Sunday morning, and the carousing kept the neighbor hood awake. Last Saturday night it was as usual as it would be, both the pool-room and the bar-room. Within ten minutes—near eleven o'clock—we saw in room near leave the saloon and nearly as many enter. These were nearly all students. One was a Boy Scout's mascot. This same saloon is so open Sundays as is any other saloon in the city. It is boldly breaking the law and shamelessly seducing young men of the University."

The saloon is dangerous everywhere, but a saloon which deliberately seeks to decoy and debauch young men ought in some way to be closed by the officials of Madison, reinforced by a wholesome, vigilant Temperance public opinion.

SPEAKING OF THE SALOON AS A BANK.

The Voice says:
You deposit your money—and lose it!
Your time—and lose it!
Your character—and lose it!
Your strength—and lose it!
Your manly independence—and lose it!
Your self-control—and lose it!
Your home comfort—and lose it!
Your wife's happiness—and lose it!
Your children's happiness—and lose it!
Your own soul—and lose it!

It may not be in your way, it may not be in our way; but in some way or other every one ought to be doing his utmost to help on the cause of Temperance. And it is well to bear this in mind, that there is no other reform which is more advantaged in its great contest by having on the part of its leaders and advocates just the right tone and temper than this Temperance reform. —Advocate.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Lawyer. "I have my opinion of you." Citizen. "Well, you can keep it. The last opinion I got from you cost me \$150." —*Yonkers Statesman.*

—"That boy of ours is getting to be a terrible story-teller," said Mr. Cherry. "Yes," said his wife, "he tells me on the slightest provocation."

—A sewing-machine agent who was very ill, being told that he must pay the debt of nature, wanted to know if he couldn't do it on the installment plan.

—Some of the most expert poultrymen occasionally feed their fowls turnips in winter. They are not pecked, but cut into quarters and thrown into the yard.

—At Owenton, Ky., when a verdict of not guilty was declared in a homicide trial the audience applauded. The judge ordered the doors closed, and imposed a fine of \$2.50 on each person who applauded.

—Special Agent Tingle, of San Francisco, discovered two Chinese women on board train going from Victoria to Tacoma. They were dressed in American fashion, and were heavily veiled. They were arrested, as was also an accompanying Chinaman. It was evidently a shrewd case of smuggling.

—Telegraph operators, it seems, are developing a disease of their own. One or two cases recently occurred abroad, in which the finger nails dropped off, one after another. The affection is supposed to be due to the constant hammering and pushing with the finger ends required by the working of the telegraph instrument.

—An eastern mechanic attributes some of the mysterious fires which are of frequent occurrence to "oil-balls" in the window panes. If these blisters are convex enough to form a lens and combustibles are stored within its focal distance a fire would be very likely to result.

—The Cincinnati Enquirer is responsible for the following: Pink nails, indolence, bad nails, a weak nature. Narrow nails indicate mischief. Filbert nails are associated with doctored. Small, round nails denote obstinacy. Crooked nails indicate a fierce nature. Nails abnormally pale, or with black spots on them, denote sickness. Broad nails are considered to be indicative of hushful gentleness. Long nails appertain to those of a tempering disposition. These are the nails of persons who hate women.

—The wonderful manner in which nature, in the long sweep of years, evolves her products and adapts them to their environments, is manifested in the camel. "A horse can not lie down on the scorching surface of Sahara, in the eye of the sun, without scalding or scorching his tender skin. But all the parts of a camel's body which touch the scorching sand in his attitude of repose are provided with callouses of thickened hide, which enable him to rest on the burning surface without danger or discomfort.

—The Raleigh (N. C.) News-Observer states the leap year situation thus: Twelve years must elapse before the interesting event takes place again, but it was just the same in 1800 and 1700, not in 1600, for that was a leap year and the year 2000 will be a leap year also. Why this should be a problem. To explain in detail would be a tiresome task, but it rests on the principle that the difference of eleven minutes per year exists between actual time and calendar time. Thus a year is computed at 365 1/4 days, three years being 365 3/4 days and the fourth year 366 days. In fact the year is 365 days five hours and forty-five minutes long, or eleven minutes short of 365 1/4 days.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

An Established Power in All American Educational Institutions.

I am often asked by anxious parents, "What good is a secret society for a boy in college?" The form of the question suggests the idea that the papa is not likely to have had any personal experience either of the one or the other; but the answer is plain. The secret college fraternity organizations of the better class have come to be an established power in American colleges, and in proportion to their merits they exercise an influence for good or evil upon the career of every student that is, in the average, not much less important than that exerted by Alma Mater herself. As an influence it is stronger while it lasts, and, as a rule, lasts much longer. It is no more a question, "Shall I permit my son to join a fraternity?" The question is, "Can I hope that my son will be accepted by one of the best?" A curious instance of their practical workings has been recently told me on good authority. A Southern gentleman more than twenty years ago joined one of these institutions. Soon after this his chapter became extinct. He himself became a teacher, married and reared a family of children. He was industrious and worthy in every way, but the yellow fever panic in the South deprived him of his only means of support. The wolf was at the door. The last resources of economy had been exhausted. In his despair he addressed a letter, detailing his circumstances, to the fraternity at large, asking aid. A telegram to the president of a Southern college was answered with a satisfactory endorsement, and within a few hours a sum of money was on its way to the unfortunate one which was quite adequate to his immediate needs, and for which he had the satisfaction of knowing he was not indebted to organized charity, but to organized love.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE BOWSER FAMILY.

How Mr. B. Cleared His Home of Bacteria and Other Poisonous Things.

Mr. Bowser doesn't intend to let sickness or death get ahead of us as a family if any effort of his can prevent, and he is always doing the right thing in the nick of time. One day he came home an hour ahead of time, his countenance wearing a very important look, and the first thing he did was to bolt upstairs to our bedroom and lower the window, although I had just closed it after airing the room for two hours. He then came clattering down to ask me for a pan.

"What on earth do you want of a pan?" I asked.

"To save all our lives!" he answered.

"How?"

"Your bedroom is full of poisonous gases, which must be absorbed by an open vessel of water."

"Nonsense!"

"I expected it. That's the weapon of the ignorant! Mrs. Bowser, if you want to die by poisonous gases poisoning the blood, I have nothing to say, but I shall save the life of our child if possible. I have felt a strange lassitude for several days, and a sanitary plumber tells me that we have poisoned air in the room."

"Your lassitude couldn't have come from being out to club and lodge four successive nights until twelve o'clock, could it?"

He seized the pan and hurried upstairs, and when he had filled it to the brim he set it in the middle of the floor and came down with a relieved look on his face, to say:

"See if you don't feel better to-morrow than you have for a month. It's a wonder we are not all dead."

"Did the ancient know about these poisonous gases?" I asked.

"Not a thing. They never gave them a thought."

"And yet the average of health was seventeen per cent above that of today, and the average of mortality that much lower! How do you account for it?"

"O, well, if you want to die go ahead. I'll even buy a rope and help you to hang yourself. I expected this, of course, but I didn't expect you to move me, Mrs. Bowser."

Two hours later he went up-stairs in his slippers to look for a paper in an other coat, and of course he sat his foot plump down in that pan of water. There was a yell and a jump, and over went the pan, and when I got up there he stood holding up one leg, as you have seen a hen do on a wet day. What I said on that occasion kept Mr. Bowser quiet for a whole week. Then he began to grow restless again, and one night he brought home a suspicious-looking package and sneaked it up-stairs. After supper he suddenly disappeared, and when I looked for him up-stairs he had something in a basin and was about to hold it over a gas-burner.

"Mr. Bowser, have you got a new theory?" I asked.

"Look here, Mrs. Bowser," he replied, as he put down the basin, "you have heard of bacteria, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"There are germs of disease floating about. They are alive. If inhaled cholera, yellow fever and other dread diseases are the result. Fumigation kills them."

"And you are going to fumigate this room?"

"I am. I am going to kill off the dreaded bacteria."

"Well, you'll drive us out of the house or kill us."

I went down-stairs and he burned a compound of tar and sulphur. In ten minutes we had to open doors and windows, and the cook came running in to ask:

"Is it cremation Mr. Bowser is trying on us?"

"I am simply driving out the bacteria," he replied, coming down stairs at that moment.

"And there's bacteria in the house?"

"I'm afraid so."

"And I've worked here four weeks under the noses of the dreadful creatures?" Mr. Bowser, I quit! I quit now!"

And quit she did. We had to sleep on the sitting-room floor last night, and three weeks later every caller could still detect that odor. It was hardly gone, however, when Mr. Bowser began to sniff around again.

"Any more bacteria?" I asked.

"Mrs. Bowser, if you want to sit here and die I have no objections, but I don't propose to neglect common sense precautions to preserve my own health."

"Is anything wrong now?"

"I think so. I think I can detect an odor of sewer gas in the house."

"Impossible! I shan't have no more stuff burned until I know it is necessary."

"Won't you? If there is sewer gas here it must be eradicated at once."

For the next week the entire house smelled of chloride of lime until one could hardly draw a long breath, but Mr. Bowser was not satisfied.

"I have been thinking," he said to me one evening, "that I may bring the germs of some terrible disease home in my clothes. I ride on the car, you know, and I ought to take precautions."

"How?"

"Carry a disinfectant about me to repel the germs."

"It might be a good idea."

"Now you are talking sense. Now you seem to understand the peril which has menaced us."

He got something down town the next day. I think some of his friends put up a job on him, knowing his craze. It was a compound which left him alone on the street car before he

had hidden three blocks, and he had no sooner got into the house than he had to retire to the back doors. The cook got a sniff of it, and down went the dinner and up went her hands, and she shouted at Mr. Bowser:

"A man as will keep a skunk under his house would beat me out of my wits, and I'll be going this minute!"

It took soap and water and perfume and half a day's time to remove the odor, and when I declared that it was the last straw Mr. Bowser crossed his hands under his coat-tails and replied:

"Mrs. Bowser, I believe this house to be clear of bacteria, owing to my prudence and self-sacrifice, and I want it kept so."

"I suppose I got on here?"

"Without a doubt, madam!"

"And all this rumput has been on my account?"

"Exactly. But don't go too far with me. Enough is enough. You must stop right where you are! I have humored you all I propose to!" —*Detroit Free Press.*

HUNTING THE BIG HORN.

Its Skill and Speed in Traversing Places Inaccessible to Other Animals.

I started down the mountain the next morning, and suppose I had reached about a mile from the level country when I started a big bowlder that went rushing down the slope, and looking over the edge I saw a big animal I thought was a deer spring up from a rock. It stood a second and looked at me, then dashed away and was out of sight before I could unsling my rifle, which in climbing I had put on my back, little thinking I should find any game among the rocks of the upper range. In that second I recognized the big horns and massive head of the mountain sheep, and right then and there I got the fever. I would have those horns or I would never go home, and to make a long story short, there they are. I followed the animal certainly a week before I got a shot, and then he was so far away across a big canyon that it was the merest chance that I hit him.

What do you think of crawling on your stomach for five hours, not daring to breathe or look cross-eyed, worming your way over rocks and around corners trying to keep down the wind? But that old buck had my measure; he knew I was after him and always kept just so far away. I finally saw him with several others on a spur of the range, and by three hours' climbing I got so that I could see him fairly, and when I had the chance I shook so that it was a miracle that I hit him.

The mountain sheep is a thoroughly game animal, and the sportsman who brings down a buck may be said to have earned his spurs and be rated as a true hunter. The animal is instinctively suspicious, cautious to a remarkable degree and endowed with remarkable powers of speed and skill in making its way over places inaccessible to other animals.

The horns are enormous, resembling those of the European ibex, though more graceful in their shape. The size of the horns have given rise to many remarkable stories regarding their use. One old hunter, who undoubtedly believed what he said, informed me that he had seen a sheep descend a mountain by leaping thirty or forty feet at a time, striking upon the horns at every landing, and that this he had done many times. That the capra does land upon its horns at times in its terrific leaps or falls there can be no doubt, and it is equally certain that it is an accident. The horns are, as in all animals of the kind, merely weapons of defense, and are chipped and worn by the males in their furious battles with each other.

On the plains below—the rocky fastnesses of the mountain sheep—bands of antelope are still found, and a party from Pasadena recently enjoyed this most exciting sport. While the mountain sheep requires great strategy on the part of the hunter, the antelope draws upon other resources. The animal keeps to the open country—the great level tracts and rich valleys near the borders of the Mojave and Arizona deserts. It is there difficult to approach them unseen, and a cool hand at the rifle and a good rest in the saddle are the requisites. In a recent hunt the antelope were chased at least twenty miles before they were run down, and afforded magnificent sport. Navajo Indians in the rutting season, and then exceedingly large herds are seen; but in the warm season they separate to a greater or less extent, when the bucks afford fine sport. Some readily outrun the swiftest horse and bounds, though it is possible to wear them out by continuous running.—*Pasadena (Cal.) Cor. N. Y. Times.*

What All Mexican Drinks.

The region we passed through is the center of the pulque region of Mexico. This road runs a train called the "pulque train" into the City of Mexico every day loaded with barrels and bottles of pulque. These bottles remind one of the bottles known in Scripture time. They are made of hogskins. The skin is stripped from the hog almost intact, turned inside out, and then with the legs, tail and throat tied up it is filled with pulque. The baggage car of our train is filled with these uncoiled objects, and as we know what they were we supposed it was a load of hogs. As the train stops at the small stations on the way to Vera Cruz boys and men rush up to the baggage car with bottles, pails and demijohns, which are filled from these hogskins. In the cities the pulque shops are frequent, and you can always see a crowd of Mexicans standing about the bar absorbing the pulque. They drink it from large glasses which hold about a quart. I am told that when it is fresh pulque is as sweet as honey, but it ferments rapidly and is sour in a day or two.—*Prairie City Letter.*

FACTS ABOUT PAPER.

Some Interesting Historical Notes Concerning Its Origin.

We have raked up the following facts from a few musty tomes, which we trust, will please numerous correspondents, and prove as interesting to them as it has been laborious for us to unearth them. It is not known when paper was first made from linen rags, nor to whom we owe the invention. Dr. Prédoux is of the opinion that linen paper was brought from the East, because many of the Oriental manuscripts are written upon it. Mabilon is of the opinion that the invention belongs to the twelfth century. One of the earliest specimens of paper from the East is a document in Arabic, bearing date A. D. 1239, signed by Adolphus, Count of Schaumburg. Casiri, however, asserts that there are in the Escurial a number of manuscripts, both upon cotton and linen paper, which were written prior to the thirteenth century. The invention was early introduced into England, for some cells in existence of John Cranden, Prior of Ely, made on linen paper, bear date in the fourteenth year of the reign of King Edward II., A. D. 1329; and in the Cottonian Library are said to be several specimens of this kind of paper as early as the year 1335. Some twenty years ago Mr. Thomas Wright, in a note to the *London Athenaeum*, wrote: "I have made a little discovery, which, I think, will be considered curious in the history of paper. I believe that the first traces of the use of paper in Western Europe are found toward the end of the twelfth century and we have no reason to suppose that it was in use in England until the thirteenth or the beginning of the fourteenth. It is understood to have been brought westward from Italy, where it was in use earlier; and I believe that our word paper—a corruption, of course, of papyrus—is considered to have been borrowed, with the article itself, from the French. I saw, years ago in Paris (I believe they belonged to the royal collection (it was in the time of Louis Philippe))—a few of the earliest documents on paper known, belonging to Western Europe, the period since the Romans, which interested me much. They consisted of receipts, or rather, bonds, for money borrowed from the Jews in the time of Count de Lion, given by chiefs who were starting for his crusade, and, if I remember well, the paper resembled much that of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, except that it was of a rather coarse texture. It would seem as if, in the West, its use at this early period was known principally among the Jews. Now I am just passing through the press an edition of a glossary of Latin and English—or, as we are accustomed to call it, Anglo-Saxon—words, of which, not later than the middle of the tenth century, we may safely look upon it as the English language of Athelstan; and in the part of which I have just received the proof I find papyrus, paper. The word paper does not occur in Dr. Bosworth's, or any other Anglo-Saxon dictionary, but we have more evidence that it was in use in our language at a very early period and there cannot be a doubt that we derive it from the Anglo-Saxon and have not taken it from the French of the Middle Ages. But this fact leads us to another, namely, that our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, to have the word in an Anglo-Saxon form in their own language, must have been pretty well acquainted with paper itself, and no doubt they found the Roman paper in use on the island when they came. It is a fact, indeed, which opens to us several others, equally new, in the social history of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers. During the last campaign it was notable that four of the candidates were sons of ministers—viz. Grover Cleveland's father was a Presbyterian clergyman, Mr. G. Thurman's father a Baptist minister, Levi P. Morton's father a Congregationalist, and John A. Brooks is the son of a Methodist minister, and himself a preacher of the same denomination. The religious belief of the twenty-two Presidents who have ruled over the destinies of this nation, have been as follows: Washington, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, Buchanan and Arthur were Episcopallians; Jefferson, John Adams, John Q. Adams and Fillmore were Unitarians; Jackson, Polk and Lincoln were Presbyterians, as is also the present incumbent, President Cleveland; Van Buren was of the Dutch Reformed Church; Pierce a Trinitarian Congregationalist; Johnson, Grant and Hayes were Methodists, and Garfield attended the Church of the Christian Brethren.—*Golden Days.*

—A young man, of St. Helens, Ore., has had a touch of both kinds of fortune. He won \$7,500 in a lottery, and immediately and properly started for Salem to see his sweetheart. He was so anxious to hurry to her that he could not wait for the train to pull up to the station but jumped from it while it was running at full speed, and broke his arm and bruised himself generally.

MUTUAL SACRIFICE.

Mr. and Mrs. McSwat Swear off for Forty-Eight Happy Hours.

"Lobelia, my love, another long and delightful evening is before us."

The young husband was arrayed in a dressing-gown of gorgeous, variegated and dazzling complexion. He sat in a luxurious arm-chair and rested his tired feet on the soft plush cushions of two other chairs. In his hand he held a magazine of large print, which he was trying laboriously to read with the aid of an eye-glass he had purchased under the deep and solemn conviction that his position in society required him to use something of the kind.

"Is there any thing that I can do for you, comfort, Billiger," tenderly inquired the young wife.

"I think not, Lobelia," he replied, after considering a few moments; "though if you will kindly open that package of 'Lone Jack,' and put the smoking set within reach I shall be obliged."

Mrs. McSwat did so, and with her own fair hands she filled his new meerschaum, whose bowl was already taking on a brownish tinge that gave promise of richer and grander results in the happy future.

"You don't know, Lobelia (puff), how gratefully I (puff) appreciate your (puff) kindness in interposing no objection to my indulgence in (puff, puff) this habit. Had as would have been the sacrifice, Lobelia, I (puff) would have quit it cheerfully—that is to say (puff), with comparative cheerfulness, if you had exacted it."

"How could I have asked you to quit smoking, Billiger," replied the young wife, "when you have never made the least objection to my chewing gum?"

Mr. McSwat laid the pipe down and looked at her in astonishment.

"Do you chew gum, Lobelia?" he said. "I never suspected it."

"—I confess I do sometimes, Billiger."

"Mrs. McSwat," said he, severely, "have you any idea of the consequences of inveterate gum-chewing? Do you know any thing of the incurably vile materials of which the stuff is made?"

"Lobelia McSwat, have a care! Don't provoke me too far, or—"

"Billiger McSwat, do you dare to threaten me? Don't glare and squint at me through that eye-glass till you have learned how to use it, sir. You are—"

"Lobelia!" exclaimed the young husband, pale with conflicting emotions, "you have spoken sincerely of this meerschaum. It cost twenty-five dollars. But let that pass. I can bear it. To think, though, that the woman I have vowed to love and cherish!—and his voice faltered—"upon whom I have poured out the treasure of a heart's richest affection, is a gum-chewer! O! O! Lo-bell!"

"—Billiger!" sobbed Lobelia, "I'll quit chewing if you'll quit smoking!"

"I'll do it, my love!" he exclaimed.

His brow Adams with a lefty and noble resolve. Billiger wrapped his smoking set, with pipe, tobacco and all, in a paper, and threw the package to the remotest depths of a dark and gloomy attic on the topmost floor, while Lobelia gathered up all her wads of gum from their various hiding places, rolled them into a compact bundle, and threw them into the attic likewise.

"With these slight sacrifices, Lobelia," said Billiger, tenderly, "we propitiate the good angels of domestic bliss and banish forever the demon of discord from our hearthstone!"

Forty-eight hours had passed—forty-eight short, happy hours. Night had come again.

Billiger was in that attic. He had sneaked into it and was fumbling around noiselessly for something. In the dark his hand came in contact with a shoe and he grasped it. It had a foot in it.

There was a faint scream.

"Mrs. McSwat, is that you?"

"Mr. McSwat, it is."

"What are you doing here, madam?"

"Sir, I am looking for my gum. What are you doing here?"

"Madam, I am hunting for my pipe."

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Some "Don'ts" for Farmers.

I don't like to see a farm neglected till it is entirely worn out. I think the owner does not make improvements. I don't like to see a farmer given to trading horses. I think he does not pay proper attention to his cattle. I don't like to see a farmer ashamed of his occupation. I think it will soon be ashamed of him. I don't like to see a farmer who would rather be a gentleman. I think he will soon become company for neither. I don't like to see a farmer all for experiments. I begin to think he is fit for nothing else. I don't like to see a farmer so obstinate that no persuasion will induce him to try an experiment. I think want will drive him to it. I don't like to hear a farmer always complaining of hard times and high taxes. I think he is discontented. I don't like to see a farmer measure his corn before he gathers it. I think he will have none for toll. I don't like to see a farmer in the fall selling how many cattle he can winter. I fear they will not winter well. I don't like to see a farmer driving a lean pair of oxen. I think he does not like his barn.—*J. L. Kurey, in Western Homestead.*

AMERICAN CANNIBALS.

A Missionary's Strange Stories About the Hudson Bay Indians.

Rev. E. W. Young, of Toronto, Canada, has been in Washington for a week telling large audiences about the Indians of the Hudson Bay region. Having been a missionary among these Indians for twenty years, Mr. Young is competent to talk about them. The Hudson Bay section is like a sealed book to a great many people and Mr. Young tells some interesting facts. He penetrated the country for hundreds of miles, using a skiff in summer and a dog team in winter.

"The Indians of Hudson Bay," said Mr. Young to a reporter, "are very much like the American Indians in general appearance. They are not at all like the Esquimaux. They live in wigwags and spend their lives hunting and fishing. Many of them were cannibals. It was their custom also to kill the aged and decrepit as soon as they got too old to spare a rabbit or catch a fish.

"Were you ever attacked?"

"The medicine men and conjurers were those from which I suffered most. They made their living by preying upon the superstitions of the Indians, and as my teachings necessarily broke up their business they wanted to kill me."

"How is the climate there?"

"In the winter it is exceedingly cold. The thermometer often ranging from forty to sixty degrees below zero. This is how we dressed," and Mr. Young removed from his trunk a heavy leather coat, made of tanned moose skins and prettily trimmed with beads. Attached to the coat was a fire bag, also of leather, in which a flint and stone were carried. Pants and moccasins and a heavy beaver skin, which he said was also used as a chest protector, were also produced.

"But," he continued, "it is not always winter there. About three months and a half in the year, beginning at the last of May and continuing until early in September, is beautiful summer. I have known the thermometer to get up as high as one hundred degrees."

"The only white people in the section," said Mr. Young, "are fur traders, and no whisky or alcohol at all is allowed to be sold to the Indians. This is one reason why we have been successful. Canada has never had an Indian war in all its history. Instead of fighting them we educated them." Mr. Young added that there are now between 4,000 and 7,000 Christian Indians in Hudson Bay country.—*Washington Post.*

IN-DOOR ATHLETICS.

How to Keep Up the Muscle and Health in Winter-Time.

Cold weather and stormy days prevent most men from taking their accustomed exercise during the winter months. Out-door sports are abandoned from necessity. Base-ball, cricket, tennis, rowing and athletic sports of track and ring are impossible, and unless indoor exercise is taken up the muscles become soft and flabby, and the general health of the man suffers.

Young men engaged in office work and other confining occupations specially feel the loss of their summer sports. How to keep the physical man in condition from now until the warm days of spring make outdoor sports possible, is the thought apparent in many minds.

If one has room for suitable apparatus at home, he should devote half an hour to vigorous exercise both morning and evening. Lifting machines, Indian clubs and dumb-bells take up very little room except when in use—then they should be given wide range. The variety of movements with the clubs and dumb-bells that may be learned, with a little instruction, is so great that every muscle in the body is brought into play.

The lifting machine, which consists of two weights attached to ropes running over pulleys and lifted by means of wooden handles at the ends of the ropes, affords excellent general exercise. The motion of rowing, striking, pulling and lifting may be varied in a number of ways, and by sitting on a low stool and placing the feet in the handles the legs may be exercised.

If one is a member of an athletic club where there is a good gymnasium he will do well to take a regular course of gymnastics, devoting a certain amount of time every day to the work. Bowling is good exercise for the muscles that it brings into use, but should not be relied upon for general development.

An excellent plan for winter exercise is to go through a course of boxing lessons. Sparring is one of the best forms of general exercise that can be followed. It gives work to every muscle, trains the eye and makes the boxer agile on his feet and quick with his hands. Aside from the exercise it affords, boxing is an accomplishment that is of value to every one.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

A Debtor's Clear Logic.

"Could you manage to pay me what you owe me?" asked one traveling man of another.

"Yes, I might, but you may as well wait for it."

"I like your coolness."

"My dear fellow, you are really better off as it is. You don't doubt that I am going to pay you this money, do you?"

"Not the slightest."

"And if I were to give it to you now, I would only borrow it again."

"That's more than likely."

"And the next time I borrowed it I might not pay you at all. So you see, you are safer as it is." —*Merced (Cal.) Free Press.*

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cover off the mainsail and hoisted i

part way up, ran up the jib, uncovered the foresall, and acted as two men might who were caring for a craft at anchor. We lay headed toward the channel, as the tide was running in, and had only enough

hauled the cable, and fixed it for slipping, got the cannon aft, where it could have a raking fire, and were then as ready as we two men could be. Ashore all was hilarity and con-

blowing their horns. We had made the preparations spoken of, when the Captain sent one of the men off to us to tell us to come ashore, as everybody was having a good time. I questioned the messenger closely, but he had seen nothing suspicious.

but did not intend to move a foot. Two hours passed, and we had remarked that the tide had just turned when Old Lop sent us a pressing invitation, backed by a second message

from the captain. The sailor had been aloft with the glass, and on coming down reported that our men were acting as if drunk, and that every native appeared to be armed. I sent word back that I would not leave the schooner, and half an hour later the expected climax came. We heard a general howling and shouting.

ing, and Parker, who was again aloft, hurried down to report that he had seen three of our crew clubbed to death. He had scarcely gained the

tives made a rush for the canoe drawn up opposite us. While we were not more than 100 feet from the shore, in water about three fathom

While Parker ran to slip the cable I ran aft to the wheel. There was

bit of a breeze, and favorable at that time while the run of the tide alone would take us slowly out. Time was what we wanted, and seeing that the canoes were ready to shove off, I train-

ed the gun a little lower, applied my lighted cigar to the priming, and on one discharge from a six pounder never had a greater effect. It destroyed three or four canoes, killed or wounded

ed a score of natives, and the smoke had scarcely blown away before the schooner began moving. The natives were checked for the moment, giving us time to hoist the mainsail.

a little higher, and when they began the pursuit we were moving down the channel at about three miles an hour. It was lucky that I had cleaned up the gunboats and prepared

plenty of ammunition. But for the firearms we would have been boarded with a rush, for upwards of a hundred natives crowded into canoes to

pursue. The channel was narrow but well defined, and while I had the wheel and kept her going, Parke was busy with the muskets. He fired in turn at each canoe, and whenever he hit a man he threw all into confusion and checked pursuit for several minutes. By and by he got time enough to reload the cannon, and

this time he rammed in a solid shot. The natives seemed to look upon it as a gun which had only one speed or report, and though the solid shot hit no one, their confusion was very great. Soon after this Parker killed a man in the foremost canoe, and the all fell back.

along so fast that pursuit was given over, much to our satisfaction. We kept to the southward, following the channels between the islands, until about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when we met the trading schooner, Junia.

owned by our same firm, which had been loaded at the Tubi Islands, and was going to add a few more packages at the Horseshoe. We divided the crew and sailed around to the Tongas where two whalers were refitting.

We here got enough volunteers to increase our number to fifty, borrowed muskets and cutlasses, and returned to Old Lop's headquarters in the Frisco. He showed fight when we landed, but soon became panic-stricken and ceased resistance. We fired

made sure that all our trees had been murdered, and then the men were let loose for revenge. They were a wild lot, and they felt it necessary to teach the natives a lesson, and the hunting and killing went on for three days. Neither age nor sex met with mercy, and the number of victims

must have counted up fully 200. The Horseshoe was, in fact, depopulated, and since that time no native in any of the groups has dared to raise his hand against a white man, much less plot the slaughter of a crew and the taking of a ship.—*New York Sun.*



The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A QUESTION.

How could I help it? We were standing there—
A German waltz was playing in the hall—
He drew the shade, to let the starlight in.
And folded on my neck his fleecy shawl.
His touch was like a woman, and his voice
Broke thro' the music soft and sweet to hear.
I bent my head to listen to him thro' the
Now, could I help it—when he stood so near?
And then, somehow—yes, what could I do?
His eyes so dark and deep were looking down;
He whispered low my name, and took my hands,
Then leaned and kissed the lace upon my
How could I help it? Tell me, now, I pray!
With every one out dancing in the hall,
And then, before I thought, the words were
He asked me if I loved him. That was all!
How could I help it? While the music played,
He dropped my hand and slowly turned away.
With his eyes dark across his handsome face,
And just one rose, from out my big bouquet,
Crushed in my hand—and then I was alone.
I meant to call—to ask him not to go.
He writes—they say. A comic weekly fends:
How could I help it—that I told him—No?
—Time.

TO THE NORTH POLE

By the Slippery Route of the Eskimo Sledges.

Lieutenant Schwatka, Recounts Interesting Experiences Encountered in His Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Arctic Ocean.

At the time of our leaving Hudson's Bay in the early spring of '78 on our long sledge-journey of a year's hard work we had forty-two very fine Eskimo dogs to pull our three heavily-laden sledges over the hard frozen snows. Among the wild Eskimo we met on that distant trip, so far away that only a very few had ever seen any white men before, we added by purchase eighteen more good dogs, making sixty in all.

When the year was gone and the journey ended with a bitter cold Arctic winter, and the joyful sight of our old home in Hudson's Bay was again brought before us, we had out of the sixty but nineteen of the faithful creatures left. Nearly all the rest had starved to death during the hard part of the trip where we had fought our way along, almost starving ourselves.

When we started in the spring of '78 we had enough good food for our forty-two animals for a number of days. A funny kind of food it was, too—great slabs of tough walrus hide, nearly two inches thick and covered with bristly hair. This we cut into strips about a foot long, and about a dozen of the strips were given to each dog. The animals were not fed again for two days. That is the rule on a journey, however much food may be on hand; and if there be scarcity they may be fed only every third or even fourth day. Singular as this seems it appears very more wonderful that the dogs will keep up their strength and spirits when doing such a tedious sledgeing, day in and day out, and yet be fed only alternate days. I have lived directly among the Eskimo for over two years, just the same as one of them, and I never saw them feed their dogs oftener than every second day, unless it was to give them something that otherwise would be lost or spoiled.

When the walrus hide gave out, as it did in about three weeks, we had to rely on game, principally the flesh of the reindeer, over five hundred of which we killed on our year's trip. Nearly all of these were secured through the vigilance of our Eskimo hunters. Had we all been white men I believe we never could have made the trip from Hudson's Bay to the Arctic Ocean, and my belief is founded on many years' hunting experiences in the West. I feel perfectly confident that no average body of white men (two hundred, seventeen in all, four being white) could have made the journey and supported the forty-two hard-working dogs with their voracious appetites. My sledge expedition would have been absolutely impossible without the aid of my Eskimo allies, and shows the folly of attempting arctic enterprises without their aid and their means of life and traveling.

When we reached the Arctic Sea, we got dried fish from the natives to feed the dogs, and also killed a seal on the ocean ice. All summer we thus kept them alive on King William's Land, and ourselves too for that matter; for we could only carry less than a month's civilized provisions and were gone within ten days of a year; therefore when our starting-out supply was gone we had to live for nearly a year the same as the Eskimo; the same as the dogs in fact, except that they would be stinted first in times of scarcity.

During all this long summer—when the sun never went down, when the only way we could tell midnight from noon was by noting that the sun was a little nearer the horizon at the former time although it was just as light—we were burying the scattered bones of a brave British expedition of over a hundred souls that visited that lonely land many years before and not one of whom ever returned to tell in what a dreadful way they were lost. As my little band carefully completed the last sad rites for these remains I could not help but wish that their party too had been much smaller in numbers and had added faithful natives to it, so at least a few could have escaped along the dreary coast where we were living in plenty at the corresponding time of year when they were lost.

When our summer's task was done of following the lonely line of death and burying the bones, we prepared for our winter's sledge journey home to Hudson's Bay, whence next summer a ship would take us to the United States.

The first cold snap of winter—and in the Arctic regions winter sets in earlier than in our own country by two or three months—started the reindeer, now fat and in fine fur, to migrate southward where the climate would be a little milder; so we had to scurry around pretty lively to kill enough of them for clothing, bedding and meat until we should overtake them farther south again.

We were quite successful, and early in November we started back, hopeful and expecting to reach home in a month or two at the most—an expectation that was dragged out two or three months, even longer than that, and gave us a sledge journey through the whole of the winter, an undertaking before unknown even among the Eskimo.

Our dogs were good and strong and covered with fat when we started, and every thing worked along happily enough while we were passing from one Eskimo village to the other, where we could exchange trading material for dog food.

The last village we left November 10. As our reindeer meat was fast disappearing—we had not seen one of these animals since the seventh of October—we did not feed our dogs again until the fourteenth of the month. This day we left the head of a deep inlet and thought that by the time another four days had passed we would be at Dangerous Rapids at the mouth of Back's Gulf. Fish river, where natives catch fish, and where we could therefore replenish our supplies for our dogs without using more of our precious reindeer meat. Still we were traveling across a wholly unknown country, and every thing was purely conjecture.

The four days faded into five, then six. On the seventh my dog-driver, Toolooh, fed the dogs from the reindeer meat. I had felt as if I must have them fed before, but I fully comprehended that he knew the best and I must let him have his own way about the poor beasts.

Then came another long stretch of six days, till November 28, before the dogs were again fed, and now only lightly.

Then came the third stretch without food—an interval of seven days, which ended on the fifth day of December when we reached the Rapids, and found a huge cairn of fish put up by the Eskimo. This we bought, and gave our poor puppies a most royal feast. The thermometer had been as low as minus forty degrees. We had traveled nearly two hundred miles, and the intervals of feeding had been, for three times, about a week apart—yet not a single dog of the nineteen in my sledge had succumbed, although each one had dragged over double his own weight through it all. Such a trip would have killed every dog of any other breed but those from this part of Eskimo land, while white men pulling such a sledge with such a load would have starved before they had made one-third of the way. Little enough do we know about winter travel, in comparison with the northern natives. In as cunning a way as one could devise they cover the bottom of their broad sledge runners with ice which makes it so slippery that a dog can pull four or five times his own weight on a sledge on the best snow; without this ice he probably could not pull one-quarter as much. One who has not seen this great aid to sledgeing can not imagine what a help it is; and when I read of the many Arctic sledge-trips by those who know nothing of its aid, I am almost sure that they will find it out for themselves. It is an intricate and delicate affair, known only to perfection among the Eskimo.

We left the kind Eskimo on Back's River December 12, having been joined by my other two sledges. From now on, the thermometer sank to 49°—42° and once 69°; and the greatest zephyrs cut like razors. We had supposed we would make twenty or thirty miles a day on the level ice of the river and be home by New Year's. But instead of being better sledgeing it was much worse than on the rolling land, and we seldom made over five or six miles a day. So at last we left the river and started straight away across the hills.

On the third of January it was seventy-one below zero—one hundred and three degrees below freezing—the coldest weather on the trip and the coldest ever endured by white men traveling, for that day we moved camp ten or twelve miles further on. Our fish were now rapidly disappearing, and coupled with the intense cold and hard work our poor dogs were faring badly. At the time we left the river we had lost one fine dog. We were stripped of all but nineteen when we reached Hudson's Bay. Had not all our fatty food been entirely gone. With a goodly amount of this a person or an animal can resist bitter cold; but the lean and blue reindeer meat gave but little sustenance to the poor brutes doing such hard work in such severe weather. There was not too much to give them, either, so short were the days—but two or three hours long—in which our Eskimo could hunt them. All this told terribly. Hardly a day past that we did not lose a dog or two.

They were through all this horrible

time perfect respecters of their human allies, and the little children used to go among them and play with them by pulling them over the back with their toy whips; and yet the same dogs were starving and should one of them die his comrades would eat him. I notice this particularly as some sensational writers have not made their readers believe that the Eskimo dogs are liable to become dangerous fellows even to their powerful built man, when deeply hungry, and to be worse than wild beasts when ravenous. It is true that so wild are they for food after long deprivation that their actions might be taken by people with timorous natures for intentions devoted to a person; but any onslaught of Eskimo dogs is unknown among the northern natives where I traveled. It was pitiable in the extreme to see their sufferings as they so devotedly helped us along, many of them up to the very minute they had to be taken from the harness and abandoned on the road. Our Eskimo hunters made heroic efforts at hunting, but the Arctic day was so short and reindeer and musk-oxen so scarce that in order to give the poor dogs any we had to reduce our own food-supply which we cheerfully did.

As they dropped out along the way we harassed ourselves with the thought to the sledge traces, and it was only thus we were not compelled to abandon important parts of our load.

About the middle of February, the wolves began to trouble us and although they killed four or five nearly famished dogs at the very doors of our snow-houses, we rather welcomed the sight of them as we knew their presence indicated our nearness to the reindeer-hunting grounds of the Hudson Bay Eskimo, and that we were therefore nearly home, and might fall in with natives we knew at any time. In fact, the latter part of February we saw a Kinnepetog Esquimaux, and from him got help to reach our old home with our nineteen dogs all that was left of sixty, about two-thirds of that loss being purely from starvation.

—Frederick Schwatka, in Wide Awake.

INCOMES OF RULERS.

What It Costs to Support Some of the Continental Monarchs.

The late Emperor William is credited with having saved \$12,000,000 out of his public allowance.

Oscar II, of Sweden and Norway, is said to have annually takes \$375,000, that his subjects gratefully pay him.

Switzerland gets along pleasantly with a President who is satisfied with the modest salary of \$3,000 a year.

The Czar of Russia is credited with receiving \$12,250,000 and upward from his domains; but upward is an unlimited term.

The King of Prussia, Emperor of Germany, is not badly "fixed." The kingdom of Prussia pays him \$1,285,000, and besides this he has great private domains.

The sovereign of the dusky sons of sunny Italy annually takes \$370,000 out of the pockets of his impoverished subjects for the sole behoof of himself and kin.

Milan, King of Servia, has had a pretty tough time in governing his petty kingdom of less than two million. He and his kin cost the little limited monarchy \$240,000.

The ruler of Bavaria is allowed only \$1,307,040 a year, and out of this sum he has to pay for clothes and provisions for his family and to keep them in pocket money.

The Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, may be a wise and valuable skipper to have on board the ship of State, but with \$3,875,000 a year he is adequately recompensed.

The King of the Belgians has just about as much as he can do to keep himself supplied with pie and confectionery on the \$660,000 a year that his grateful subjects turn over to him.—Cincinnati Commercial.

THE SUANETIANS.

A Peculiar People Inhabiting a Portion of the Caucasus.

Each community is made up of several villages, originally consisting each of members of the same family or gens, but now including several families. Members of the same family can not intermarry. Women and pastured rights have been occasions of many feuds and vendettas. When a woman changed hands or husbands, the parties concerned could not always agree on the value in cattle—the Suanetians had no money—of the lady exchanged. Hence arose assaults of persons and batteries of towers. The affairs of the hamlet, so far as they were not settled by appeals to arms, were regulated by an assembly of adult males, in which unanimity was required for a valid decision. The foreign relations of the Suanetians consisted, for the most part, in predatory excursions into neighbor's pastures. They were ardent sheep-stealers and cattle-lifters. Strangers met with no hospitality. On the contrary it was the custom to exact a payment from them for passage, and the custom still survives in petty demands made for halting in a remote village. The Suanetians may fairly be described as reverted pagans. Some Christian rites—fasting in Lent, and the use of the sign of the cross—they have doubtless preserved. But these survivals seem to me no more to entitle them to the name of Christian than our own mid-winter night fires constitute us sun-worshippers.—D. W. Freshfield, in Popular Science Monthly.

The Mormons have a hymn, "We are not ashamed to own our Lord." But the question is whether the Lord isn't ashamed to own them.

RUSSIA'S GREAT SECRET.

How Marshall Jewell Stole Their Method of Making Leather.

In one of the stores on Broadway lately, I noticed some fine Russian leather goods of various kinds, and was tempted through curiosity to take a closer look at them.

"Why is it," I asked the proprietor, "that these goods can not be manufactured in this country as well as in Russia?"

"Bless your heart," he said, "these goods are made right here in this country, and neither Russia nor any other place can make them any better. You see, for a long while Russia enjoyed a monopoly at this sort of work until a Connecticut Yankee happened on the scene and caught on, so to speak, to the secret of its manufacture."

"This leather was manufactured in a large factory situated in one of the towns of northern Russia. The owners possessed some secret about curing the leather, which they jealously guarded. England and other countries sent operatives to this factory to learn the secret, but when a man once entered the factory it was a life job with him. He had to stay there."

"Other men were sent there disguised, but so carefully was the place watched that nothing could be learned and finally all attempts at discovering the secret were abandoned and the Russians were allowed to continue their monopoly undisturbed although many imitations of it were manufactured."

"About this time the late Marshall P. Jewell was Minister to Russia from this country. Mr. Jewell had been brought up in the leather business and was then the owner of several tanneries in Connecticut. Of course he had heard of this now famous factory, and more from curiosity than from any desire to learn the secret of the business he expressed a wish to inspect the works."

"The Russian authorities never suspected that Mr. Jewell was interested in the leather business himself, and in his official capacity the factory owners, who were aided by the Government in maintaining their secret, felt rather complimented that Mr. Jewell should have expressed such a desire, and accordingly Mr. Jewell, as it were, was given the freedom of the factory."

"For three days the United States Minister remained in the Russian town and visited the factory many times. He was quick to 'catch on,' and he did 'catch on' so much that on his return to the United States he determined to put the knowledge he had thus acquired to a practical test."

"The result was that Mr. Jewell was soon manufacturing 'Russia leather' on his own account. His first experiment was a perfect success, and now, as a consequence, this sort of leather, as you will perceive, is manufactured in this country again in every respect to the best 'Russia leather' can turn out."—N. Y. Herald.

A MAN OF MEANS.

How He Accumulated Five Million Dollars in Twelve Years.

A medium-sized, middle-aged man, with an iron-gray mustache and off-hand ways, though of few words, arrived here the other day over the California and Oregon road. He is a man who has made a great deal of a stir in half a dozen Territories and States of the West, and is yet doing it, and is talked about a great deal.

The quiet, unassuming man was Dennis Ryan, the five-times millionaire, builder of the gigantic Ryan hotel in St. Paul, railroad-builder and silver-miner owner. His family are and will remain all winter, but Mr. Ryan himself will stay but a short time.

Mr. Ryan has led a strangely checkered life. Up to 1876, it is said, he had no money at all, and had the hardest kind of work to get along.

In that year, while toiling as a common miner, he struck it rich in the Robel mine, one hundred miles from Pioche, in Nevada, and sold out for \$1,000,000.

This seemed like a vast sum to Mr. Ryan, but he wanted more, and he put a good many thousand dollars in the Horn Silver trying to develop it, and at last he and Matt Connolly, who were equal owners, opened an immense body, and sold out to an English company, represented by Sir Charles Franklin, for \$5,000,000.

With this vast capital Mr. Ryan went to Montana and secured some of the best mines there, and worked them at a profit. He also secured large tracts for building the Northern Pacific railroad, and he has also been identified with other railroad schemes, notably with the road projected from Billings to Cook City, in Yellowstone National Park.

He also began and completed the big Ryan hotel in St. Paul, which is the wonder of the Northern prairie regions. This hotel is variously estimated to have cost from \$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000.

Mr. Ryan is now engaged with other capitalists in building a large smelter at Tacoma for the reduction of Washington Territory and Idaho ores. Mr. Ryan was met by an Examiner representative, but he hesitated to go into particulars in regard to this or other Western enterprises in which he is engaged, saying that for business reasons he preferred to say nothing. He thought from their commercial locations that Tacoma and Seattle would be cities of considerable importance.—San Francisco Examiner.

—Stationer.—"Yes, sir, we have every kind of pens. What kind will you take?" Chicago Litterateur.—"You may give me a box of fabled pens. I understand that best writers use that variety."

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The Electrical World thinks that electrical heating will, at no distant day, supplant all other methods in cities.

—The number of muscles in an elephant's trunk, according to London medical authorities, is 33,122, and he has use for each and every one of them.

—By spraying the regions of the external ear with ether, Drs. Honoque and Fridel, of Paris, render the dental nerves insensible, and extract teeth without pain or general anesthesia.

—A new industrial school, the first of its class in the West, has just been established in St. Louis. It is for the purpose of teaching the art of engraving on wood, and night sessions only are held.

—In regard to the preservation of timber, the Timberman says: "Go back to the ancient forestry rules for cutting timber, extant in Norway, France, Germany and Britain, in A. D. 900, and timber will live for ages. That was simply to never cut oak, ash, yew or fir for ship building or weather exposed purposes earlier than May or later than August."

—Experiments made for the French Minister of Agriculture indicate that sugar is a better preservative of meat than salt. It is more expensive, but the powdered sugar forms a coating retaining the juices of the meat without loss, while the nutritive qualities of the meat are considerably lessened by the salt.

—The latest method of increasing the speed of vessels is a screw which is so designed that the center lines of two following blades from spirals running in opposite directions. The blades are so curved that one has its leading part near the periphery, the other has it near the center, so that each blade cuts into the water in advance of the following. It is claimed that greater speed results.

—At a recent meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union, Mr. Ernest E. Thompson, of Canada, said that some birds, especially sparrows, have ventriloquous powers. Birds, when surprised in the act of singing will be silent for a moment, and then give forth a faint song that seems to come from a distance, though the singer be not further than ten feet away. Thrushes and robins, the lecturer said, also have this power.

—A better subsistence, better clothing and better shelter are now obtained with shorter hours of work and less arduous effort than ever before by all who have aptitude and industry coupled with mental capacity which is required to enable them to adopt the new methods. Such must be the necessary conclusion from a comparison of the conditions of the present generation with the one next preceding it.—Edward Atkinson, in Forum.

At Halle, Germany, the skeleton-like, fibrous covering of a species of tropical cucumber is now being converted into a substitute for sponge, and is already being exported in immense quantities to England and other countries. The curious substance is known as loofah. It is not only valuable as an adjunct to the bath, but is found useful for making inside soles for shoes, and is being applied to the under side of saddles.

—The president of the British Pharmaceutical Conference recommends as a lodging plan for the chemist the dispatch of poultry: "A large, wide-mouthed, stoppered bottle is kept charged with an ounce of chloroform. When a chicken has been sentenced to death, it is held firmly under the left arm, and its head slipped into the mouth of the bottle. A few inspirations follow and the bird, without a struggle, becomes unconscious. The head being it by its legs, its neck is dislocated by a quick stretch."

A SHREWD ADVENTURE.

How a Woman Lived High on the Street of Bozeman, Montana.

A curious windmill case has just come before the coronational police. A young woman named Marie Bigot, who appeared in court wearing a velvet mantle richly trimmed with fur, was charged with obtaining 13,000 francs, besides board and lodging, from a Paris hotel-keeper by false pretenses. About a year ago Marie Bigot went to the hotel and engaged rooms for herself and her most intimate friend, whom she said was M. Bozerian, Senator of Nice. The hotel being situated in a part of Paris not much frequented by persons of distinction, the proprietor was delighted at the prospect of having a Senator to stop with him. Marie Bigot was supplied with the best of everything. She is said to have been "made as happy as a rat in a Dutch cheese." The hotel-keeper was one of the most credulous of men; he advanced Marie money whenever she asked for it, always believing that the Senator would make the account right when he came. But months went by and still M. Bozerian did not appear. The hotel keeper had however, the satisfaction of believing that he was in regular correspondence with him. The letters always being given to Marie to post she read them and wrote replies craftily worded so as to buoy up her dupe's hopes and allay any suspicion he might have. Although these letters were posted in Paris the absence of the Nice postmark was not observed. The tradesman one day received a photograph which he supposed to be M. Bozerian's but it was in reality that of the painter Gervey. At length it was discovered accidentally that M. Bozerian was living in Paris and it was shown that he was in complete ignorance of all that had been done in his name. Marie Bigot was arrested and she has just been sentenced to three years' imprisonment.—Paris Letter.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A survivor of the famous "Light Brigade" is now a plumber in Indiana polis. He still knows how to charge.—Terro Haute Express.

—Beaver—"Harkins is a man who always holds fast to the truth." Cleverly—"Yes; I notice he never lets it escape him."—Drake's Magazine.

—Doctor (who has a large idea of his own skill): "Indeed, I have never heard a complaint from one of my patients." Hostess—"I don't doubt it, doctor. The errors of physicians are generally buried with their patients."

—Spelter—"What a woman you are to run on when you get started! I can't get in a word edgewise." Mrs. S.—"Notwithstanding that your language is so exceedingly thin. It is funny; that's a fact."—Boston Transcript.

—In a machine which has come into use in France for testing steel railway ties, a succession of blows similar to those delivered by means of a sledge hammer are given to the ties in place on their wheel centers and revolved on rollers.

—"Will the coming woman run for a political office?" asks an exchange. She may, she may, but she ought to know how to run for a horse car first. When she has mastered that art, she might stand some show of running for an office and getting there.

—"Well, mother," said the prince, kissing the queen's hand affectionately, "how is Kate?" "Kate?" queried Victoria, "what Kate?" "Abdicato," retorted the prince, with a roar of laughter that loosened the rollers on the throne. And her majesty wept.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Bauble (severely): Miss Sharpson, I understand you say that my attempts at wit are simply laughable. "My dear Mrs. Sharpson (with much humility): "My dear Mr. Bauble, I withdraw my words. To call your jokes laughable is to grossly misrepresent them, I assure you."—Accident News.

—Two New York swells quarreled, and one expressed himself thus: "Why, do you mean to call me a liar?" "No, sir," said the other, "I should not like to call you a liar, or any gentleman a liar. At the same time, if I met you walking with Ananias and Sapphira, I should say you were in the bosom of your family."

—Winks—"Must leave early to-day. I met a lady who was an old school-mate of mine, and she was so anxious to see my family that I invited her to accompany me home to tea." Minks—"My gracious! Your wife will raise the roof." "O, no! My wife is quite pretty, and this lady is exceedingly plain."—Philadelphia Record.

—Mrs. Sneer—"No, I can never tell when my husband has indulged too much at the club." Mrs. Queer—"I can." Mrs. Sneer—"How? Mrs. Queer—"When he is tight he gets a kiss, and I never know him to do so if he was sober." Mrs. Sneer—"Perhaps he drinks to screw up his courage for the career." (There is now war between both their houses.)—Town Topics.

—"When a man dies suddenly, without having been attended by a doctor," says a popular guide to the law, "the coroner has to be called in and an inquest held to ascertain the cause of death. But," adds the writer, "when he dies after having been attended by a doctor, everybody knows why he died, and an inquest is not necessary."—N. Y. Ledger.

—The End of the Honeymoon.—Young Wife—"How the most moved there's Basil Gray, an old chum of mine, a graduate of the normal school, has just entered a medical college. She will soon be able to write M. D. after her name. Women are coming to the front, I tell you. Formerly girls were taught nothing but house-keeping." Young husband—"Yes, and now they're taught every thing but house-keeping."—Boston Courier.

BOBBY'S SELFISHNESS.

An Incident Which Ought to Teach Indolgent Mothers a Lesson.

On a railway train the writer noticed the entrance of a mother and little son who were unexpectedly greeted by a friend of the mother's. The friend was only going from one way-station to the next, while the others were on a long journey. There happened to be but one vacant double-seat in the car; and into this the boy slipped, taking the seat next to the window. His mother, eager to improve the ten minutes with her friend, asked her son to give up his seat and take another for that little time, so that she could sit with her friend. "No, I won't; because I want to sit by the window, and all the other seats have people already in the window."

"But, darling, only for ten minutes, and then you can sit by the window all day."

"No, I won't go. I want to sit by the window now."

"But, dear, not to give mamma pleasure?"

"No."

"Not for just ten little minutes, when mamma wants so much to talk to her friend, and you can sit by the window the whole day long?"

"No!"—with impatient emphasis. And in spite of humble entreaty from the mother, and good-natured urging from the friend, that some-nurtured bit of selfishness kept his place, the mother never dreaming of insisting on the right and courteous thing, but murmuring gently that "Bobby did so every looking out of the window."

When seven-year-old Bobby became. Robert the husband, his sad little wife will wonder: "Why is it that men have so little tenderness for their wives?"—Century.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in the hall every Tuesday night.
LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.
ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same hall 3d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.
SHEALTEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lodge's Hall every Monday night.
PATRONS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.
The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week.

NOTICE:

W. H. HAGANS, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—The revival meetings in the M. E. Church are increasing in interest.

—Dr. J. Lee McComas returned home Sunday after an extended Western visit.

—All persons indebted to G. A. Shirer are requested to call and settle. 10 20 3m. G. A. SHIRER.

—Charles Kimmell, son of Mr. Chauncey Kimmell, who was injured by a falling tree last Spring, was taken to Baltimore Tuesday for surgical treatment.

—FOR RENT.—Virginia Cottage, corner Third and Alder streets, Oakland. Best hotel stand in the town. Fourteen rooms. Apply at this office. 119 tf

—The festival for the benefit of the Episcopal Church, held in Offutt's Hall four nights last week, closing Saturday night, was well attended. The receipts amounted to over \$200.

—The School Board case was argued before the Court of Appeals Friday of last week, by Messrs. Peddicord and Hamill for the new board, and by Col. Veitch for the old board. A decision is not looked for before sometime in March.

Church Services.—Sunday.

M. E. Church.—Preaching at 10 3 A. M., and 7 P. M., by Rev. C. J. Trippett.

Song service every Sunday evening at 6:30.

Ey. Lutheran Church.—Preaching at 7 P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick. Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church.—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M., by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Matthew's Church.—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hopkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic.—Preaching every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Last of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending Jan. 26, 1889:

Barnard, W. M.,
Bond, F. W.,
Candy, John,
Cool, D.,
Edger, John H.,
Foster, H. C.,
Gibson, M. Rhoda,
Gillispie, W. G.,
Hurst, Lillian,
Johnson, Lily,
Lohr, W. M.,
Miller, John H.,
Miller, Peter,
Miller, Peter,
McCabe, John,
Miller, David,
Meyville, J. M.,
Wilson, Israel,
Woodruff, A. C.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

These letters are chargeable with one cent due on delivery.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Accident Institute.

Program of exercises for Teachers' Institute to be held at Accident, at 1 o'clock P. M., February 2nd, 1889:

How to teach reading to beginners—Erwin Fuzenbaker.
Discussion.
Recitation—Bertha Glatfelter.
How we can best secure the cooperation of Parents in the Education of their Children—Jefferson Warnick.
Discussion.
Recitation—Emma Hinebaugh.
History—J. A. Paik.
Discussion.

Select Reading—Miss Martha Harden. Quizzes.
The best method of securing the use of good language in the school-room—Mrs. J. M. Thompson.
Recitation—Miss Lillie Boyer.
The Value of our Public Schools—Silas Weimer.

Music.
Recitation—Katie W. Thompson.
Resolved—That Corporal Punishment should be abandoned in our Public Schools.
Affirmative—W. E. Keller, S. J. Ferguson.
Negative—W. H. Ryland, John Englehart.
Music—W. E. Keller.

JEFFERSON WARNICK,
Miss Lillie Boyer,
Committee.

Tailoring Establishment.

Do you want a Nice Dress Suit or an Overcoat put up in elegant style and to fit you after Nature's own sweet model? Go to G. Feltz's New Tailoring Establishment, formerly occupied by A. Lowenstein, and we will guarantee you entire satisfaction. Call and see us and we will show you what we can do in this line.

Notice.

The undersigned having disposed of their furniture and undertaking business to Mr. John Shartzer, hereby notify those indebted to the firm to come forward and make settlement on or before February 2d, 1889.

154 D. E. BOLDEN & Co.

We Want Money!

Those indebted to us are again urged to make an effort to pay us.

We are sadly in need of money to pay our debts, to carry on our business and to provide for our family.

About 300 persons in this county are indebted to us in sums ranging from \$1.50 to \$18.00, and a number of them have become entirely indifferent as to our needs or their obligation. All we ask of you is to do unto us as you would have us do unto you. Attend to this matter at once. Don't put it off and say that what little you owe won't amount to much, but send what you owe, or at least a part of it.

We are not making this appeal because it is customary about this time of year, but because we need what is coming to us, and there is no good reason that we should not have what is ours.

"They Don't Think."

[BY REV. M. F. FRITCHARD.] There are a good many "don't thinkers" in the world. For instance, take the young man who comes to church and sits just long enough to hear the text and then jumps up and goes out. He don't think how bad it looks and how much it disturbs the people. And when he stays out until the service is nearly over, and then comes back so that all will look at him, and have the minds of the people taken from the sermon and placed upon him, he don't think that he is imposing upon the rights of others. But he is, for we have no right to take that which belongs to another. God gives us the time to go to church and listen, and no one has any right to deprive us of that. But he don't think or he would not do so. And when the congregation is at prayer the fellow who sits up, spits tobacco-juice on the walls and seats and floor, it being still, so that you can hear him all over the house, and smell it, too, when he spits on the stove. He don't think that he is doing something in God's house that he would not dare to do in his neighbor's house. Surely we ought to treat God's house as well, if not better; and of course we ought to regard it more than our neighbor's house. We will if we just think where we are. People let the church go to ruin just because they don't think. We say hasty and cruel things to our brethren and friends sometimes just because we don't think. The pastor sometimes feels very badly. His clothes are shabby and he rides a very poor horse, or goes about sometimes just because his brethren who hold him very close to his engagements have not thought that they owe him, and have not paid him. And sometimes when they see him they act very cross, and talk to him of the pastor who was on the work just before him. What a good, nice man he was; he had a sleek horse and good clothing to wear, and when he went into the pulpit he could preach, you better believe. You never heard him making a failure; no, sir. And he was such a splendid singer, and so powerful in prayer. He knew how long a visit to make, and just what to say, and how to say it; and he was not always hard up—and well they don't think that—that it is not bread and meat to you—you have never disputed his being a good man, and, indeed, are very glad it is so. But it is not said for the purpose of speaking a good word for the late pastor, but for the purpose of keeping the one they are talking to just where he ought to be. They don't think it best to be on too good terms with the pastor, especially if the preacher be young, for then if you are pleasant to him it will make things agreeable for him and he will just expect it all the time. Preachers' aides ought to be tough, so they can stand rebukes and not get hurt. But preachers have no business to be hurt. I pray that we may all think.

Local Jottings.

Snow needed for the grain. Snow needed by the farmers. Good sledding means business for Oakland.

It would be hard to estimate the benefit of a few weeks good sledding to business generally.

A good many business changes are heard of throughout the county.

The people of Garrett are certainly much interested in the proposed new railroad up the Youghiogheny river, from Confluence to Oakland. We believe the time is coming when such a road will be built, and we also have reason to think that the projectors of such a road would receive much encouragement from the people. Unfortunately our people are too poor to give much financial aid; money with the people of Garrett is generally a scarce article. It keeps most of our citizens busy to make ends meet. Capitalists we have none, and however anxious to secure such road our people may be, to give proper financial aid is beyond their means. We hear it reported that the projectors of the road make it contingent upon the furnishing of J. E. crosses for the road bed. We hope this is a mistake, for such conditions for the people of the section adjoining or anywhere near is an impossibility almost. Should such conditions be insisted upon, a more general scheme of assistance will have to be inaugurated. Whether Garrett county would be willing to take hold of the matter would depend on many circumstances indeed. It would first have to be established beyond doubt that the road is a feasible one, and that the originators of the road are working in good faith and mean business. The people of Oakland want the road, and will do all to encourage the matter that in reason could be asked for. The people of the county need the road; nothing would add so much to the value of our land generally as such a road through the county. The country through which it would pass is said to be rich in timber and minerals, the development of which would add many thousands to the wealth of the county. In its train would come, we believe, many blessings. It would mean once again good roads and good schools. From one of the poorest we would become one of the richest counties in the state.

Prune the Orchard in February.

There are other reasons for pruning in winter after the severe weather is past, than because farmers have more time at that season of the year. During the latter part of winter and early spring of most seasons in our climate the roots of trees are gathering and elaborating food material which at nature's summons will be sent to the worthless branches as well as those we wish to retain. By early pruning, therefore, none of this valuable material is lost. Each spring a tree starts about as much foliage as will work up into new wood or fruit, and if in the midst of the season these leaves are largely removed by pruning the tree is permanently injured. All severe pruning shortens the life of the tree, and, with the exception of the peach, if properly trained when young they need less use of the saw and knife than generally supposed. Downing, the best American author on fruit trees, says they should be allowed to take their natural form, the whole efforts of the pruner going no further than to take out all weak and crowded branches." If large limbs must be removed because of past neglect or improper training, cover the wound with a coat of thick shellac varnish.

The training of a tree from the time it is set in the orchard till of bearing age is entirely another matter and should in no way be confounded with the after pruning. To properly train our trees we must use imagination, not sight, see the branches yet to be, not those that are. As the trunk never lengthens, if you want the trees in your orchard to branch five feet from the ground, the limbs below that point must be removed one or two at a time. To prevent their becoming large before removing keep their ends cut back so as to be forced the growth into those which are to be permanent. The same is true if you want the branches to start from the main stem, each about a foot above another. For easy picking of the fruit, some sorts must be topped, perhaps, and made to grow more spreading, while those too drooping in habit may be corrected by removing the lower branches near an upward shoot. Never allow the main stem to divide into one or more nearly equal shoots, but pinch or cut all but one back, causing them to become branches; otherwise you may see your tree ruined by sleek or a load of fruit. Finally, never grow a root sprout longer than your eye first catches sight of it, nor a limb which is not to be permanent after it is required to furnish sufficient leaf surface to the young tree.

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MISCELLANEOUS

—A porker in Ohio County, Nebraska, emerged from an attack of cholera with its bristles, formerly black, a very pronounced gray.

—A Grand Rapids, Ia., lad, wears artificial limbs as a result of having been frost-bitten during the great blizzard.

—Pneumonia causes the death of over 3,700 people annually in New York City alone. March is the most fatal month, the average number of deaths in that month for the past ten years being 410.

—Michigan court was lately called upon to decide whether a woman seventy-four years old can drive a horse thirty-two years old through four miles an hour faster than the four miles an hour permitted by law.

—A man was recently examined at Galveston for a license to practice law. "In order to constitute a law what is essential?" asked the lawyer who was questioning the applicant. "A corpse and some property are all that is necessary," was the reply.

—There is a dog employed in the postal service in the office at Allentown. The mail bags are laid on the pavement and the dog sits on them till the proper person takes them away. No one else dares to touch the bags while in the dog's custody.

—Preserved Galize was the queer Puritan name of one of John Morrisey's cronies who was buried in New York one day recently. "Lord Chesterfield" was his nickname. The corpse containing his mortal part, on its way to the cemetery, passed the very saloons in which he had dissipated a fortune of \$300,000.

—A search was lately begun in the Adriatic sea, near Trieste, for treasure which went down with the French corvette Danel in 1812. The treasure consisted of jewels and valuables destined for an exalted personage at Trieste. The vessel sank as the result of an explosion, and since, it seems, not a vestige of the craft or its treasure has been found.

—About ten years ago an old gentleman of Carversville, Ga., bought a new office money order to make a payment due to another State. Thinking it was simply a receipt for the money, and that Postmaster Wilkie would send on the funds, he put the paper away and considered the matter settled. Recently the parties began to dun him for the amount when he hunted up the money order and took it to the office, when Henry Miller explained the matter to him, and the order, given in 1878, was duly forwarded.

—The number of artificial teeth made in America last year by three of the largest business houses engaged in the trade was nearly 20,000,000, and this was not more than half the actual product of the country. One peculiar feature of the business is that the houses which do the most extensive export trade are obliged to prepare teeth of different colors for different countries. In Canada, for instance, the demand is for molars as white as snow, while in South America no such teeth could be sold. There they require teeth that are almost yellow, and the trade from China, which is a lucrative one, is for nothing but black teeth.

THE SUPREME COURT.

Who It Admits to Practice Before It, and How It Is Done.

The Supreme Court of the United States is daily the scene of an event, which, while not of especial interest to the spectators, is of marked interest to the actors. It is the introduction of lawyers from the various States and Territories to practice before the highest judicial tribunal in the land. A lawyer to be eligible to admittance must be a member of the Supreme Court of his own State or Territory and must be introduced by a member of the United States Supreme Court bar in good standing. As soon as the formal words of introduction are uttered by the sponsor the applicant is directed to the clerk's desk, and there, in company with any others who have been introduced, he is sworn to observe the rules and observances of the court and to maintain the Constitution of the United States. The applicant is then conducted to the clerk's room, where he signs his name and address in a book kept for the purpose, and also pays the \$10 fee, usually with a crisp \$10 bill.

Scarcely a day passes that one or more attorneys are not introduced to the Supreme Court. Monday, however, is the day generally selected. Monday is the day on which the court renders its decisions. The installations take place as soon as the last decision is read, and, as a rule, the last decision of the day is read by the Chief Justice, who waits until the other judges have concluded. The Chief Justice then bows to the Attorney General, who in turn bows to the lawyers who have announced their intention of introducing professional brothers. The sponsors and the applicants rise and the introduction follows.

The Supreme Court Bible is a small, black velvet-covered octavo. It has been used in the administration of every oath since 1808. Every Chief Justice and every Associate Justice of the United States has held this little sacred tome in taking the oath of office. Many thousands of lawyers have had it, and to write the names of the men who have touched its covers would be to name the men who have made the bench and bar of the United States illustrious. It was printed in London in 1799, and is to-day but little the worse of wear.—Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.

NOTHING GOING ON.

News From Dry Fork Contributed to an Arkansas County Paper.

Rain. People are clearing up new ground. Eggs are scarce, but prospects are good.

Dan Boyd chopped off three of his toes with an axe day before yesterday. Uncle Billy Marsh has the thanks of ye correspondent for a mess of squirrels.

Old Bob Malone is dead. Bill Potts killed a wolf last Sunday.

Abe Firestone is a liar. Nat Pool and Joe Green had a fight Wednesday. Nat is dead.

Bob Parker was drunk Saturday. Miss Bettie Sawyer is the best looking girl in the neighborhood. She has promised to knit ye correspondent a pair of socks.

John Blue is dead. Revival going on at Short's meeting-house.

Sandy Scroggins lives in the creek Monday and was drowned. News is scarce.

Frolic at Jim Mayberry's Tuesday. Somebody shot Jim and hurt him mightily.

Ned Doyle killed his uncle, Pete Brazzantine, day before yesterday.

Nothing of interest is going on in our neighborhood.

Sam Myers shot Jesse Jones Sunday. The boys lynched Sam.

Our neighborhood hasn't been so quiet in six months.

Tobe Spencer set fire to old Biddle's house one night last week. Biddle shot him.

The boys expected a lively season this winter.

Old Boylston is dead. Bill Sovier got drunk Sunday and shot his cow.

Every thing is quiet. Oliver Smith is a liar.

Dan Pelt is no more. A wild hog settled him.

Protracted meeting will begin at Martson's next Sunday. We've got a new preacher. His name is Wilson.

He whipped Tad Bullock Friday. He is popular with our people, and will, we think, do a great work for the church.

Old Mrs. Rolston grabbed up some hot water the other day and scalded Sim Bumpus.

Our neighborhood is threatened with hog cholera.

Maize Brown fell off his horse Saturday and split his head open. He's dead.

Milko Brady has got a new suit of clothes.

John Fillpot killed Jack Walton day before yesterday.

Sorry I have no news. If any thing happens I will let you know.—Arkansas Traveler.

SLEEPING APPAREL.

Sensible Suggestions for Sufferers from Colds and Kindred Ailments.

A singular and striking anomaly in the habits of present-day people, is the great contrast in the amount and kind of clothing worn during the day and at night, especially in winter. When the air is cold and the weather inclement, it is the general custom to wear garments of extra thickness and warmth, and to sit around roaring fires. But on going to bed, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, people pass from the warm living-rooms into chilly bedrooms. As if the sudden change from extreme heat to excessive cold is not sufficiently absurd, they proceed to divest themselves of their several warm garments, to garb themselves in thin, perhaps linen, night-garments, and to consign their heated bodies to the cooling influence of unsympathetic sheets.

Conventionality has habituated one to the custom; but a really serious contemplation of it can not fail to make the utter absurdity of the custom clearly apparent. If this night-garments are worn and cold sheets preferred, it stands to reason that the warmth both lack should be present in the atmosphere. To heat the body and to suddenly deprive it of its calorific, is contrary both to science and common sense. Drappers in foreign countries almost invariably sleep in flannel garments, and the backwoodsman wraps himself in a stout woolen blanket, and defies the elements. They are sensible. The human frame should, undoubtedly, be clothed in woolen garments, for wool is a bad conductor of heat. Enveloped in flannel, the body maintains a normal temperature, which is of the greatest importance.

No sooner does the temperature fall than the action of the various functions becomes impaired; the nerves get out of gear and the whole system suffers disorganization. Who has not, at some time, felt so cold that it was impossible to sleep? That is an example of the influence exercised by the blood on the brain and nervous system. The question of warmth can not be overrated.

But let no one run away with the idea that the more clothing, and the thicker, piled on their beds, the better for their health. Nothing could be more absurd. One does not want weight, nor too great a heat. A healthy temperature can be maintained by wearing a flannel night-suit and sleeping between blankets, which should be regularly cleaned as those made of other materials. Let sufferers from chronic colds try this regime, as well as those afflicted with sluggish circulation and the accompanying annoyances of cold feet and other sleep-disturbing afflictions.—Democrat's Monthly.

COURTSHIP IN ALASKA.

Circumstances That Combined to Make Mr. Warnken's Marriage a Failure.

John Warnken is a bold mariner and fisherman who, during the past seven months, has been engaged at a fishing station in Alaska, but is now on the briny ocean as a coasting seaman.

There is a heavy burden on John's heart and mind, and it will require a great deal of patience before he relieves himself of the weight. This burden is no less than a separation from his lady love in far-off Alaska. For two years past Warnken, or, as he is termed, "Nickel-plated Johnny," has been hopelessly smitten with the charms of the young daughter of an old half-breed Aleut rejoicing in the name of Molekoff. Nightly he would venture on a frail boat across the raging waters of the river to visit his lady-love, but beyond the signs that the lovers are to greet their innamoratas was, neither he nor she were able to converse with one another unless by the aid of an interpreter.

Matters, however, continued in a proposal of marriage during August last. The proposition was accepted, and it was arranged that the wedding should take place when the Russia priest visited the village. The ecclesiastic arrived, but Johnny's co-laborers were previously disappointed, and Johnny himself saw his visions of bliss fading when the priest refused to marry him until he could procure some documentary evidence to prove that he had no wife living. His hopes thus dashed to the ground, he moped and pondered so seriously that his condition, both mentally and physically became alarming.

When Bishop Valdimir visited Alaska, Warnken applied to him for permission to marry his dear Marcia, but again he met with a refusal. With a determination worthy of a better cause, he resolved to endeavor to marry his lady-love under the laws of the United States. He stated to the father that by getting her to Kadjak he thought to enlist the services of the school teacher, who is an ordained minister and also acts under a dispensation from Governor Swineford as a justice of the peace.

With many embraces and vows of eternal love exchanged in a pantomimic manner, Johnny and his fair Marcia bid adieu. When the vessel returned to the fishery a letter was received from the fickle mariner stating that "as he could not obtain work in Kadjak for the winter his dear Marcia must wait for him till next year. Meanwhile he would save his money and work hard this winter so as to marry her in the coming summer. This letter was written in Russian to the girl's father and evoked considerable wrath on the head of the departed vessel. When the last vessel left the fishing station there were rumors that the fair Marcia had transferred her affections to a friend of Johnny's, who remains at the station during the present winter. It may be stated that the Russian priests and Bishop Valdimir view with great dislike the marriage of any Aleut or creole woman to an American.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

YOUNG LADIES' LETTERS.

A Glance at One of the Writers in the Agency of Composition.

It is generally admitted that women are better letter-writers than men. Writing a letter is thought to cost them very little trouble; they are supposed to drop into a chair before a desk, dip a pen in the ink-stand, and scribble off any number of bright, chatty pages almost as readily as they could relate the same news by word of mouth.

In many cases this is no doubt true. A young lady writing to her intimate friend seldom experiences any difficulty in composition. She hastily dates her epistle "April somethingth," or simply "Saturday," or "eight p. m.," just before the party, and then dashes at once into the subject, as if she had finished four sheets, and crossed the last page.

She then reads it rapidly over, dots a few 'i's, sprinkles in several extra exclamations, draws two or three more very black lines under her most explosive adjectives, folds it neatly, and puts it into the envelope. She is content to seal it, and passes a moment before this decisive act to pull it out again, and add another half-sheet filled with postscripts. Then she returns it to the envelope, seals it, adds a piece of omitted information in very fine writing on the wrong side of the envelope, and the task is accomplished!

Her demeanor, however, when writing a formal note or a business letter is very different. She seats herself with a sigh and a countenance expressive of misery. She dips her pen into the ink a great many times before putting it to paper; she gazes thoughtfully at the ceiling, and bites the tip of the penholder. She gives herself a respite to find a blotter, and then another to go in search of postage stamps.

She looks at the morning paper to get the date, and after she has written it down, is seized with the misgiving that perhaps it was yesterday's paper she looked at, and goes back to make sure. She writes nearly a page, and then suddenly decides that the big 'd' of dear is written dreadfully, and that she can't possibly let it go like that. She begins again.

Then she thinks she should have said "My dear" instead of just "Dear," and she tries a third time. This time she succeeds, although she refers twice to the dictionary and once to a book of etiquette, before she has finally signed and sealed and laid the troublesome missive away for the post-office.

She says, when she talks on the subject of letter-writing, that she is a very poor hand at it—except, of course, when she writes to people she likes, and who like her; and that is so easy it doesn't count.—London Ida Bits.

IN DANGEROUS COMPANY.

The Terrible Experience of a Soldier in an Indian Jungle.

A General, whose name Mr. Inglis does not give, tells the following story of his experience in a pit-trap in an Indian jungle in "Tiger Land."

I was hurrying along a slight track, when, bang, all at once, down I went into the concealed pit. But now comes the curious part of the affair. I went plump straight down into a deep, dismal hole, and at the bottom landed right up to my waist in a deposit of tenacious, clayey mud. Regular "pank" it was. In fact, when I tried to struggle and free myself I found I was held as firm as if I had been bird-limed. I shuddered as I noticed the dismal surroundings. There were several great, gaunt-looking, yellowish-green frogs peering at me with curious eyes; and then, as I turned my head around a little, I made a discovery that made my heart cease beating for a minute, and sent every drop of blood in my body bounding back in my veins. There, right on a level with my face, its length half concealed in a crevice in the crumbling sides of the pit, its hood half expanded, its forked tongue quivering as it jerked it out and in, and its eyes glittering with a baleful glare, I saw a great cobra. I felt utterly helpless and defenseless, and for a moment my heart whirled so that I thought I was dead.

Then came a sort of nervous restlessness. I suppose it was "the fury of despair" we read about. I know I uttered a savage curse, and, snatching my hand helmet, I hit the brute a smashing blow in the face, and then began a fight for life. It was a big, powerful snake. The blow had maddened it. Its hood expanded, its hissing filled the pit, and, swaying and rearing its damny length, it launched fall at my face. My gun was lying choked up with dirt and half buried in the "pank," but I had my hunting knife with me and while I parried the fierce darts of the infuriated brute with my helmet, I made quick stabs and slashes at it whenever I could get a chance, and after a short, exciting struggle I succeeded, and tried to withdraw behind the cobra, but with a slice of my knife I nearly severed its head from its body. And then for awhile—I may laugh at me or not, as you will—all was blank. I must have fainted. The weary hours dragged along. It was intensely still and sultry above, I conjectured, for even in the deep dark pit the air was stifling and oppressive, and I could not detect a sound or rustle in the vegetation that overhung the mouth of my living tomb. I could now see that the day was waning. The heat had become, if possible, still more sultry and intense, and once or twice I had fancied I heard a low, muttering, rumbling sound as if of distant thunder. The clouds were hurrying in tremendous solid masses, and a big drop or two of rain began to dash hushing through the overhanging grass, and another dread began to take possession of my mind.

What was coming? From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crumbling the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up to the level of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know I thought of home. I reviewed my past life. I made desperate struggles again and again to free myself. I shouted and screamed for help. I believe I prayed and swore. In fact, for the first time I must have gone down, but I found myself utterly powerless. The miry clay and trenchant "pank" held me firm, and then again I must have relapsed into unconsciousness. When I came to myself it was hardly light; it was still raining heavily and steadily; the big drops plashed down; I could see a dull, leaden sky above, and I knew the "mullahs" and water-courses were all flooded. The battle of the elements had ceased, and but for the continuous crash of falling rain all was still. The water in the pit was nearly up to my shoulders. I felt I was doomed to die, and a sort of sullen, despairing stupor took possession of me. I had now given up all hope, when, a hark! "thought I had the best of it, a human voice! With all the agony of despair, I raised a cry for help. There was an awful pause, and then I heard a faithful Baska crying in response. Again I cried out, and I soon saw his dear old, wrinkled face peering down at me from the edge of the pit. "Well, how did they manage to get you out?" I asked. "O, that was not so easy," he replied, "some of them cut down saplings and managed to make a sort of ladder, and Baska came down with a long 'lath,' and loosened the 'pank' round my body sufficiently for me to do the rest myself. Then they tied their 'puggrees' and 'kummerbunds' together, and I knotted these round my waist and under my arm pits, and with that help, they tugging away at the free ends, I managed to clamber out."

Unflagging Interest.

"What is the matter with you?" asked a traveling man of a seedy-looking fellow, who was asking assistance.

"You look as if you are able to work."

"I am, but I can't get it. I lost my job about a month ago."

"Discharged for failure to attend to your duties, no doubt?"

"I don't know about that. The boss said that I attended to them with unflagging interest."

"What was your occupation?"

"I was station-master at a small town and had seventeen passengers get left."

—Chicago Globe.

THE CHAMPION EATER.

He Lives in Georgia and His Friends Will Back Him Against the World.

On the plantation of Captain W. H. Stokes, in Twiggs County, there resides a white tenant who promises to become the champion eater of Georgia without any opposition. The man's name is Ebb Floyd, and he is said to be a short, stout man of thirty years of age and of a jolly disposition.

Floyd first attracted the attention of his neighbors at a log-rolling. On that occasion, after finishing the work the workmen sat down to a supper, and before them, among other things, were placed fifteen large potato custards. This dish was a favorite of Floyd's, and the fact was known to several of his friends, who were present at the supper. One of them in a banter offered to bet with Floyd that he could not eat half the custards at the same meal, and was very much surprised when his farmer friend took him up, and agreed to eat ten of them without stopping.

Piling up the dishes in a circle, he commenced upon the spread. Five were soon eaten and then the fun began with a rush. One after another disappeared slowly but surely, until the magic number of ten came to hand, and all present were in an uproar. Straightening himself out for the fray, the farmer commenced on the home stretch. Ten large sweet potato custards inside of him and five awaiting the attack presented a ludicrous scene. It was agony, but three soon sped away on their journey to meet their fellows, and gradually the last of the fifteen found itself on the way down to the depths. He had accomplished the feat, and the prize offered in the bet was his and his only.

This was, however, only a starter for Mr. Floyd, and so, therefore, he chose Thanksgiving day for another effort, and again he came out victorious. This time it was a chewing contest, and sugar cane was the object of his contention. After a day of frolic and fun, and after indulging in a hearty dinner with turkey and stuffing to his heart's content, he visited a house where he expected to eat supper and remain all night. This time a crowd had gathered to see the Twigg wonder, and an abundance of good, juicy cane had been set in the room ready for the contest. As a preliminary, fourteen full-stocks were chewed before supper, and then all hands sat down to an old-time Thanksgiving supper, with 'possum and yams and plenty of rich gravy.

Finishing supper, the host announced to his friends that the contest was ready to be opened, and asked if any one present wanted to make bets on the result. A school-teacher in the crowd suggested that a speed trial be made, and offered to wager that Floyd could not chew three stalks in ten minutes. This was accepted, and the schoolmaster set before him three large, fine stalks and called time. Two of the stalks were disposed of in five minutes, and the third one saw its fate in two more minutes, making the farmer the winner by three minutes.

This settled the question of speed, and then some one offered to bet two to one that Floyd could not drink a quart of the juice down without stopping. He was a wiser man in just a minute later, for catching up a jug, Floyd drained it of three pints of the sweet stuff. Every one was satisfied and he was the hero of the hour, when a small hand came mill was brought into the room and twenty stalks were crushed, giving out three gallons of juice. This was a startling announcement, and it had the effect of making Floyd a lion among his friends, when they were taken aback by the statement that he could chew twenty stalks before he retired and not feel the result. Every one laughed at him, and all thought him to be jesting when he laid out twenty of the largest stalks of cane near his chair and commenced on the work of grinding out the juice with his molar.

One by one the stalks were taken up and stripped, chewed and the pieces thrown aside, and in exactly one hour and fifteen minutes the little pile was exhausted, and the man was ready to quit and retire from the field.

The news of his feat spread far and near in his neighborhood, and now he is the wonder of the section. His friends in Twiggs County pit him against any man in the world for the championship and a prize of \$100.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Had Something to Learn Yet.

Young Physician (at a consultation).—I have no hesitation in pronouncing the disease angina pectoris complicated with muscular atrophy.

Old Physician.—You haven't hey? Old Physician (impressively).—The disease, sir, is muscular atrophy, complicated with angina pectoris.

Young Physician.—May I ask you, sir, what your opinion is of the disease?

Old Physician (impressively).—The disease, sir, is muscular atrophy, complicated with angina pectoris.

Young Physician (humbly).—Yes, sir.—Chicago Tribune.

—There was great excitement in the Omaha depot the other day. A noise like the crying of a child was traced to a closed trunk, and when the bystanders put their ears closer they were sure that something was wrong. "My God," cried one, "give me a handspike or something. There's a child inside, and it will smother." No handspike was at hand, and people began to pull keys out of their pockets, and at last the lock clicked. The cover was raised and inside were discovered an old malted oat and five new-born kittens.

JOSH BILLINGS' SAYINGS.

Posthumous Aphorisms of the Prince of Practical Philosophers.

I don't know of a better cure for sorrow than to pity somebody else. Ignorance is the wet nuss of prejudice.

Anticipation is constantly nibbling expected pleasure until it consumes it; jiss so the school boy, who visits his basket during the forenoon too often, has already discounted his dinner.

I never knu a man troubled with melancholy, who had plenty to dew, and did it.

Good breeding, az i understand it, iz giving every man his dew, without robbing yourself.

Natur iz jist az honest az a cow.

Talk little, but listen out loud, yung man, iz the way tew make the company suspect you—I mean suspect you ov knowing a grate deal more than you actually do.

If you should reduce the wants ov the people ov Nu York city tew actual necessities and plain comforts yu would have tew dubble the porlice force tew keep them from committing suicide.

People when they find fault with themselves are generally more anxious tew be consoled than forgiven; and, therefore, when a man begins tew confess his sins to me an soz, "thare ain't no hope for me," I tell him he ought tew know awl about it, and i guess he's more than half right.

What the world wants is good examples, not so much advice; advice may be wrong, but examples prove themselves.

Pride iz bogus. Adam at one time had a right tew be proud, but he let sin beat him out ov his birth-right.

As a giral thing the man who marries a woman ov more upercrust than himself, will find the woman more anxious tew preserve the distance between them than tew bring him up tew her grade or go down to his level.

Titles are valuable; they make us acquainted with munny persons who otherwise would be lost among the rub-bish.

Habits are like the wrinkles on a man's brow; if you will smoothe out the one it will smoothe out the other.

Peace iz the soft and holy shadder that virtuous casts.

It iz a darned easier eazier tew find six men who kon tell exactly how a thing ought tew be did than tew find one who will do it.

Marrying for munny is a meaner way tew git it than counterfeiting.

Dispatch iz taking time by the ears.

Hurry iz taking it in the end ov the tail.

The miser who heaps up gains tew gloat over iz like a hog in a pen, fatted for a show.

It iz a grate art tew know how tew listen.

This seems to be about the way it iz did: When we were yung, we ran into difficulties, and when we git old we fall into them.

Love seems tew have this effect, it makes a yung man sober and an old man gay.—N. Y. Weekly.

TRICKS IN ALL TRADES.

How a Philadelphia Hebrew Advertiser His Clothing Store.

While coming up Market street the other day in the face of a sweeping rain, what was my astonishment upon passing a prominent clothing store to see a blue flag waving in front of the building, with "clear and fair weather" on it in large white letters. I thought, however, that the proprietor had forgotten to take it down and passed on. It was still raining when I approached the place next day. The same flag was fluttering merrily in the breeze in spite of the terrible falsehood it had written on its face. My curiosity was aroused and I decided to learn, if possible, what object the proprietor could have in allowing it to remain there.

I entered the store and asked him the question plainly. At first he gave me evasive answers, but finally he became confidential and said: "That is one of the very best advertisements I ever had. When it rains I put out the 'clear' flag, and when it is clear I have it in. People passing along the street and noticing the apparent mistake come into the store and tell me about it. That is when my clerks get in their work, and there are few days when they do not sell from one to five more suits than they otherwise would. You know the difficult thing is to get customers inside the door. Why, I wouldn't give those flags for a half dozen 'barkers,' and they don't make half the noise."—Philadelphia News.

Automatic Turnstiles.

The principle of the automatic boxes, which form such prominent objects at our railway stations, has been applied to doors and turnstiles. A coin of the proper value must be dropped into a slot before the door can be opened, and thus the services of a money-taker are dispensed with. Such doors are applicable to the entrances of exhibitions and places of amusement. Their special use, however, is for lavatories and the like. For such cases it is necessary to insure that the doors shall always be closed after a person has passed out through them, and that they can not be again opened except by the proper coin. To this end folding doors meeting at the middle, are employed. To the side of each door, and at right angles to it, there is a fixed gate. When the doors are open the two gates close the passage, and when the gates are open the doors are closed. A person wishing to enter an unoccupied apartment finds the doors open and the gates closed. He drops his penny into the slot and then pushes open the gates, the doors closing behind him. When he emerges he opens the doors, and at the same time the gates close behind him. Thus the entrance is always barred.—Boston Budget.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BE WISE!
BOOTS AND SHOES DRESSED WITH
Wolff's ACME Blacking
NEVER GET HARD AND STIFF.
Always look neat. Specially good for Men's Women's
and Children's shoes. No blacking brush required, and
the polishing is done in three minutes without labor.
WATERPROOF and warranted to preserve
leather, and keeps it soft and durable.
Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, &c.
Try it on your Horses.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,
UNDERTAKERS

AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,
OAKLAND, MD.
Keeps constantly on hand a full line of
COFFINS, CASKETS
—AND—
BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!
—Also a full line of—
FURNITURE.
Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and
Window Blinds.
And everything usually kept in a First-
Class Furniture Establishment.
Furniture Rented on easy Terms
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
REPAIR WORK,
PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.
Also make Furniture to order.
D. E. BOLDEN & CO.
Feb. 25, '88.

NOTICE!
OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 24, 1887.
All persons are hereby warned not to re-
move any stone from the National Road in
Garrett county, or from the bridges thereon.
By order County Commissioner,
W. H. HAGANS,
Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table
The following is the new time-table
on the B. & O. R. R., which went into
effect November 18th, 1888:

GOING EAST.	
No. 1—Accommodation	7:41 A. M.
No. 2—Express	8:31 A. M.
No. 3—Freight	9:01 A. M.
No. 4—Accommodation	9:31 A. M.
No. 5—Express	10:01 A. M.
No. 6—Freight	10:31 A. M.
GOING WEST.	
No. 7—Accommodation	5:54 A. M.
No. 8—Express	6:44 A. M.
No. 9—Freight	7:14 A. M.
No. 10—Accommodation	7:44 A. M.
No. 11—Express	8:34 A. M.
No. 12—Freight	9:04 A. M.

The fast trains, with the excep-
tion of those mentioned, make stop-
pages only at the First Class Sta-
tions. Tickets should always be pro-
cured before taking the cars, pas-
sengers saving thereby from 10 to 25
cents.
WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.
C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

NOTICE.
All persons are warned against cutting
down any of the timber on my land in the
Hoop Pole Road, adjoining the land of Bowle
Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park
and six miles from Oakland. The penalty
for cutting down timber in Garrett county,
Md., without permission of the owner of the
land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch.
293, as for feloniously stealing goods or chat-
rel to the value of the tree or trees so cut
down.
THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

TRESPASS NOTICE.
I have frequently warned persons from put-
ting crates on my land, over the railroad,
and hereby notify all persons who have ne-
glected this warning to immediately remove
any crates that may now be on my land,
and in the future to respect this notice and
save themselves trouble. I do not intend to
be trifled with.
JOHN BRADLEY.
Cincinnati, O., Nov. 28, 1888.

Stray Sunbeams.
A wet sheet—A sheet of spray.
A sale maker—The auctioneer.
The fishery question—Got a bite?
A water weigh—Weighing anchor.
An oily fellow—The spouting
whale.
A Great place for fishing poles—
Poland.
One of the prevalent disorders at
sea—Salt room.
Why they go to the shore—They
are going to see.
Cupid is always shooting and for-
ever making Mrs.
What kin is the door-mat to the
door? A step farther.
Why is a cat's tail like the earth?
It is fur to the end.

The man with lantern jaws should
shine in conversation.
Why does an old maid wear mil-
lens? To keep off the chaps.
A man doesn't get even when he
gets married two times.
What is the board of education?
The school-master's shingle.
Teacher—What is the plural of
child? Boy (promptly)—Twins.
Before arithmetic was invented
people multiplied on the face of the
earth.
Milk River, Montana, is probably
so called because of the water it con-
tains.
No use urging doctors to get up a
trust. It is pretty much all trust
with them now.
Why is the north pole like an illicit
whisky manufactory? It is a secret
still.
A brig to the rescue is the only
brigade that ever takes part in a naval
battle.
A woman's motto: There's always
room at the bottom—for a postscript
or two.
What does a man take when he
has a mean wife? He takes an elixir
(he licks her.)
If any boat can shoot the rapids
successfully we should think it would
be the gunboat.
Funny, isn't it, that after a man
has once given his word he should
try so hard to keep it?
Talk is cheap. If talk were dear
we should have less trouble and more
work in Congress.
Esquimaux know not the pleasure
of voting. The poles are always
closed in their country.
Lightning never strikes twice in
the same place. Neither does a mule.
They don't have to.

Why is it easy to get in an old
man's house? Because his gait is
broken and his locks are few.
Why is a man who makes pens
very wicked? He makes people
steel pens and say they do write.
Why is a city official like a church
bell? One steals from the people and
the other peals from the steeple.
If an empty purse could speak,
what love speech would it make?
"You'll find no change in me."
A lady advertises that she has "a
fine, airy, well furnished bedroom
for a gentleman twelve foot square."
It is said that no one can arrest the
flight of Time, but who is there who
is not able to stop a minute?
One of the main questions of the
age in regard to some men, is not
what they live on, but why they live
on.

What is the difference between a
dog's tail and a rich man? One keeps
a wagging and the other keeps a car-
riage.
What is the difference between a
soldier and a pretty woman? One
faces the powder and the other pow-
ders the face.

Fearfully and Wonderfully Made.
The skin contains more than two
million openings, which are the out-
lets of an equal number of sweat
glands. The human skeleton consists
of more than two hundred distinct
bones.
An amount of blood equal to the
whole quantity in the body passes
through the heart once every minute.
The full capacity of the lungs is about
three hundred and twenty cubic
inches. About two-thirds of a pint
of air is inhaled and exhaled at each
breath in ordinary respiration.
The stomach daily produces nine
pounds of gastric juice for digestion
of food. Its capacity is about five
pints. There are more than five hun-
dred separate muscles in the body,
with an equal number of nerves and
blood-vessels.
The weight of the heart is from
eight to twelve ounces. It beats 100,
000 times in twenty-four hours. Each
perspiratory duct is one-fourth of an
inch in length, of the whole about
nine miles.
The average man takes five and
one-half pounds of food each day,
which amounts to one ton of solid
and liquid nourishment annually.
A man breathes eighteen times a
minute, and 3000 cubic feet, or about
375 hogsheads, of air every hour of
his existence.

Profitable Pains-taking.
Here is a wheat experiment which
well illustrates the importance of
keen sense and painstaking on the
modern farm. Mr. Mir, of France,
is a farmer whose specialty is wheat.
He experimented with some of the
new crack varieties, and found that
on his farm they did not turn out as
well as in the locality of their origin.
Accordingly he concluded to test se-
lected seed from the wheats already
acclimated in his neighborhood. Here
is the result of this very common-
sense experiment: The land on which
it was tried had been manured in the
autumn with superphosphate in the
ratio of 260 pounds per acre, and in
the following spring with nitrate of
soda at the rate of 130 pounds per
acre. In the subsequent autumn,
2 1/2 acres were sown with unselected
wheat, and 1 1/2 acres were sown with
selected grains of the same variety.
The 2 1/2 acres yielded 601 bushels
of wheat weighing 64.17 pounds per
bushel, equivalent to 24 045 bushels
to the acre. The 1 1/2 acres sown
with selected seed yielded 491 bush-
els weighing 73.15 pounds per bushel
or an equivalent of 411 bushels to the
acre. At the current price of wheat
in his locality, Mr. Mir's experi-
ment yielded him an extra income on
the land sown with selected seed at the
rate of fourteen dollars an acre, in
round numbers. To get his seed, Mr.
Mir employed two methods. One
was the screening of the grain, keep-
ing for seed only the kernels which were
to pass the screen. The other was
the selection of the heaviest heads of
wheat from the stoutest stalks in the
field. Of these he grew away the
extremities, retaining for seed only
the perfected grains in the heads. It
is needless to add that henceforth Mr.
Mir will not encumber himself so much
with "improved" varieties of wheat
as with careful attention to the ma-
terial already in hand.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Pool of Bethesda.
The pool of Bethesda at Jerusalem,
where Christ healed the paralytic,
has at last been located with reason-
able certainty, and a long vexed
question is thus apparently settled.
It is near the Church of St. Anne
and in connection with the exava-
tions made around it, that the pool
of Bethesda has recently been dis-
covered by Herr Conrad Schick.
There is a court yard northwest of
the church, which leads through a
newly-opened passage into another
court yard some fifty feet square. At
the north of this latter court yard
there was at one time a small church.
Beneath the floor of the sometime
church are vaults, and through the
floor of the vaults a cistern is reached,
cut into the rock to the depth of
thirty feet. This cistern is a portion
of the original pool of Bethesda.
There is still water in it but it is dif-
ficult to say whence it comes. Fur-
ther examination may bring more
details to light.

The Philadelphia Times says:—
"The first and essential step to-
ward Christianizing the masses in
our centres of population is to Chris-
tianize the Christians. Until this is
done, nothing else can be done that
will be effective. While the churches
remain pleasant and fashionable
Sunday clubs, whose sittings are sold
to the highest bidder, and in which
the worship is conducted in a fash-
ionable manner, that says to the poor,
'These are no places for you,' the
poor will stay away. Until Chris-
tians are willing to make their reli-
gion one of self-sacrifice, willing to
worship on equal terms with the
masses, they will have little influ-
ence in inducing them to come to
church. If more churches are needed
in the cities, the majority of them
should be in the quarters in which
the working classes dwell, and not
in the rich and fashionable quarters.
The great wall which rises and sepa-
rates the Protestant Church and the masses
must be broken down, or the propor-
tion of church-goers to population in
our large cities will continue to de-
crease."

**EXCHANGE WIVES FOR BETTER
OR WORSE.**—In Washington county
two married couples were living only
a short distance apart and by neigh-
borly intercourse each man became
enamored of the other's wife; while
the ladies soon learned to love the
other's husband, and thus became
estranged from their first love. When
matters took this shape it became
noticeable by all concerned, and
many evenings passed while each
husband was at the other's house
pouring out his tale of love and fidel-
ity into the willing ears of the listen-

ers. Finally one of the husbands
a little blunder than the other, pro-
posed an exchange. This was met
with gladness by all the parties in-
terested, and the proposing party
consented to the trade on condition
that the other would allow him \$5 in
cash and seven bushels of Quaker
peas. This was readily consented to,
and the trade was made, each wife
going to the other's home, carrying
with her the children, and are now
living in the sweetest domestic felicity.
They will try to have the courts
make the trade legal.—*Athens (Ga.)*
Chronicle.

A petition is being circulated
among the residents of Yorktown, N.
Y., asking the President to retire
Postmaster Lewis Purdy from active
service and grant him a liberal pen-
sion for the remainder of his life. Mr.
Purdy is said to be the oldest Post-
master in the United States, both in
years and service, having been ap-
pointed postmaster of Shrub Oak by
President W. H. Harrison in 1841,
grandfather of President-elect Harri-
son. Mr. Purdy is now 93 years of
age, and receives and distributes the
mail twice a day, and has never been
absent from his post of duty a single
day since he has been in the service.
His only assistant is his wife, who
is 90 years of age. When Mr. Purdy
was first appointed Shrub Oak had
but one mail each week, then two and
finally three after the war. During
the early years of Mr. Purdy's offi-
cial life people came to Shrub Oak
for their mail from distant points in
Putnam county, two or three days
being occupied in making the trip.

Never argue against the use of com-
mon sense in each and all matters of
personal piety. God never impresses
anything on anybody that is contrary
to common sense. What God im-
presses on us may be above our reason,
but never contrary to right reason.
Our brains were made to be used on
all occasions. God is not in a hurry,
and don't want us to be in such a
hurry that we cannot take time to
think. We may go heart-foremost,
but the head must go along—or else
the spiritual man is decapitated. No
thoughtful Christian will ignore
spiritual impressions, but he will not
be rash in concluding they are from
the Holy Ghost. They may be; they
may not. Hundreds have split on
this very rock.—*Christian Standard.*

One Sunday night, at a colored
prayer meeting, after a worship-
per had confessed his shortcomings,
a voice was heard from a back
corner, saying: "Put out de lamp;
put de lamp out?" "What for put
de lamp out?" asked the leader of
the meeting. "Cos de viles sinner
done returned," was the quick reply.

If You Have a Trifling Cough
Don't neglect it. Use Rogers's Specific Cough
Cure. It is a safe and reliable remedy for
Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness,
Sore Throat, etc. Price 25 cts.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.
Use Rogers's Specific Liniment. It has no
equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns, Bruises,
Cuts, Choler Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentery,
Rheumatism, etc. Price 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation
Specially cured by a few doses of Appetite,
the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Rem-
edy. Price 25 cts.

Piles! Piles! Pile!
Rogers's Specific Pile Cure. It is a safe and
reliable remedy for Piles. Price 25 cts.

Rogers's Sp. Cif. Worm Syrup
Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.
Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful
aromatic ointment for the hands, face, long hair
of scalp, face and sunburn, etc. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at
A. G. Sturges' Drug Store, Oakland, and by
druggists and country merchants in all parts
of Garrett and adjoining counties.

NEW ADVERTISEMENT.
COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.
OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 9th, 1889.
The County Commissioners of Garrett county
will meet in their office at Oakland, on
Tuesday, February 5th, 1889,
for the purpose of hearing appeals on assess-
ments and making transfers. Appeals will
be heard by Districts in the following order,
viz:—
Tuesday, February 5th, Districts Nos. 1, 10 and 9.
Wednesday, Feb. 6th, Districts Nos. 4 and 11.
Thursday, Feb. 7th, Districts Nos. 2 and 8.
Friday, Feb. 8th, Districts Nos. 5 and 6.
Saturday, Feb. 9th, Districts Nos. 7 and 3.
Persons having business to transact with
the Board will please observe the foregoing,
and appear on the day set down for their
District.
By order
W. H. HAGANS,
Clerk.
112 td

ROAD NOTICE.
This is to give notice that the undersigned
will, upon the expiration of thirty days
from the date of this notice, petition the
County Commissioners for Garrett county to
appoint examiners to locate a public road
as follows: To begin about 85 miles
south of Oakland, running due west
along the line between the lands of C. G.
Smith and Jonas Yutz, then running north
west along the line between the lands of C. G.
Smith and Jonas Yutz, and between the
lands of Wm. Beckman, late deceased, and
Lewis Soeters, then through the lands of
Peter F. Nine to the West Virginia line, to
intersect the county road near Joshua Bow-
man's saw mill.
PETER F. NINE,
HERMAN H. BECKMAN,
LEWIS SOETERS,
FRED. G. STAHL.
1125

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

If You Are Sick
With Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Dyspep-
sia, Biliousness, Blood Humors, Kidney Disease,
Constipation, Female Troubles, Fever and Ague,
Sleeplessness, Partial Paralysis, or Nervous Pres-
tration, use Paine's Celery Compound and be
cured. In each of these the cause is mental or
physical overwork, anxiety, exposure or malaria,
the effect of which is to weaken the nervous sys-
tem, resulting in most of these diseases. Remove
the cause with that great Nerve Tonic, and the
result will disappear.
Paine's Celery Compound
Jas. L. Bowen, Springfield, Mass., writes:—
"Paine's Celery Compound cannot be excelled as
a Nerve Tonic. In my case a single bottle
brought a great change. My nervous system
disappeared, and with it the resulting affec-
tion of the stomach, heart and liver, and the whole
tone of the system was wonderfully invigorated.
I tell my friends, if sick as I have been, Paine's
Celery Compound."

Will Cure You!
Sold by druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only
by WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.
For the Aged, Nervous, Debilitated.

What is
CASTORIA
Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for
Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil,
Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Mil-
lions of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colds, Constipation;
Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation;
Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion;
Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's
complaints, as superior to any prescription
known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M.D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

A Model Newspaper
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MAIL AND EXPRESS
The Advocate of the Best Interests of the
Home—The Enemy of the Saloon.
The Friend of American Labor,
The Favorite Newspaper of
People of Refined Tastes
Everywhere.

The New York MAIL AND EXPRESS, the
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of intelligent and cultivated tastes, has recently
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A National Newspaper,
most carefully edited, and adapted to the
wants and tastes of intelligent readers through-
out the entire country—North, South, East and
West. It is a thoroughly clean paper, free
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We believe the Republican party to be the
true instrument of the POLITICAL PRO-
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that the honest enforcement of its principles is
the best guarantee of the national welfare, we
shall support them with all our might, but we
shall always treat opposing parties with con-
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THE MAIL AND EXPRESS is the recognized
National organ of the great Anti-Saloon Re-
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source of corruption in politics, the ally of an-
archy, a school of crime, and, with its avowed
purpose of seeking to corruptly control
elections and legislation, is a menace to
the public welfare and deserves the condemna-
tion of all good men.

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—MANUFACTURER OF—
**LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLAS-
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SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.
Having had Fourteen years practice and
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than can be bought any where else in the
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J. F. LEWIS,
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FARM FOR SALE!
For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90
acres of which is cleared, and on which are
erected a
Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables
and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the
woodland is covered with EXCELLENT
TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles
from Cranesville, Pa., and is about 25 acres
in size. A young orchard was put out
four years ago, and will soon come into bear-
ing.
For particulars and terms, apply to or ad-
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dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and
durable colors. Ask for the Diamond, and take
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**A Dress Dyed
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**FOR
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CENTS.**
A Child can use them!
Unequalled for all Fancy and Art Work.
At druggists and merchants. Dye book free.
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INTELLIGENCER,
Daily, Semi-Weekly and Weekly.
One Dollar a Year!
\$1.00 The Very Best. \$1.00
THE WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER
is ahead of all other newspapers because it
comes closer than any other to
THE WEST VIRGINIA HOME.
It appeals particularly to West Virginians be-
cause it tells what is going on at home; dis-
cusses State matters; is the leader of the
State Development movement; advocates the
policy of Protection, which means new mines,
new saw mills, new railroads, new towns, more
population, more money; gives the best agri-
cultural matter and the most reliable market
reports; prints the best stories; in every re-
spect leads the procession.
The year 1889 marks a decided change in the
national policy. In the State a new adminis-
tration takes hold. A United States Senator is to
be elected.
The year will be one of unusual importance.
The INTELLIGENCER will record every event
with entire fairness.
Send your names at once and get up clubs.

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One month, 5 cts.; six months, \$2.50; one year, \$4.00.
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Address: FLEW, CAMPBELL & HART,
Publishers INTELLIGENCER,
WHEELING, W. VA.

VALUABLE
STOCK FARM
FOR SALE.
I am authorized to sell the valuable stock
farm, commonly known as the "Whitink
Farm," situated about four miles from Oak-
land, and containing 65 acres. About 200
acres are cleared and under a good state of
cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,
Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings
and a young orchard.
There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal
on the tract. The farm will be sold for \$10,000
dollars, in easy payments.
The improvements cost more than the price
asked. This is considered to be one of the
best stock farms in the county.
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

TOWN PROPERTY
FOR SALE!
I am authorized to receive bids for a valu-
able town property, situated in the Western
part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and
stable, Large lot. Terms moderate.
J. A. HAYDEN.

Estate of William Davis, Deceased.
THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE.—That the sub-
scriber, of Garrett county, Maryland, hath
obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett
county, in Maryland, letters of Administration
on the personal estate of
WILLIAM DAVIS,
late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons
having claims against the deceased are here-
by warned to exhibit the same, with the vouch-
ers thereon, duly authenticated, to the sub-
scriber, on or before the 12th day of
July next; they may otherwise by law
be excluded from all benefit of said estate.
Given under my hand this 28th day of
January 1889.
PHILIP DAVIS,
Oakland, Md.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

DR. WISE'S GREAT THEORY.

Did you ever hear
Of Old Dr. Wise,
And his theories queer,
Half fact, half surmise,
Which excited such vast scientific surprise,
This old Dr. Wise was a wonderful man,
Who mostly to profits and theories ran;
He could tell how a fever germ acted and grew,
And always could show you a dozen or two.

That the poor devil lying
Ever stricken and dying
The solemn or never contrived to pull through,
With the greatest presumption
He discarded of consumption,
And laid all the blame on some parasite stir;
As for cancers and tumors,
They came of bad humors.

And absorption would cause them to shrink up
And die.
But this wonderful man not alone
As a common prize doctor shone;
For who has not heard how the whole world
Was stirred when he published his book, "The Domestic
Outlook."

Or, how to Exterminate Rats
Without Persecution or Poison or Cats?
Why, the plan was so pretty, so simple and
Witty, it seemed a great pity
That rats by millions and billions and trillions
Should haunt human dwellings in country and
city.

Just secure a mad cat;
Let the cat bite a rat,
And there's done a mad cat;
There ends your labor;
He'll bite his neighbor.

And then this other
Would poison his brother.
Ah! I see your face dimple with joy at the
scheme;
'Tis as easy and simple as mince-pie and a
dream;
The readiness would spread
Till the last rat was dead.

But 'twas most as a critic that Dr. Wise came
To make for himself a professional name;
For whenever a patient of wealth or of birth
Would choose his physicians by fleeing from
earth.

Dr. Wise failed to induce a review
Which showed that the death to malpractice
was done.
It is small wonder, surely,
That a man of such skill,
Declared death to be purely
An avoidable ill, which might never to kill.

In fact, he announced it to be his conviction
That death in all cases resulted from friction;
For the body was taught by machinery con-
taining.
While life was the power that kept it running,
Then why should not science
Some cordial distill,
That might not defunct
To death a power to kill.

Some cordial distill,
That might not defunct
To death a power to kill.
That should lubricate man's complicated in-
terior.
Whenever he felt himself growing slightly weaker;
This argument met on all sides with great favor,
For it really did seem to say,
Besides, it is true in relation and physics,
When the spirit or body is feeble or is sick,
Man retains best the nostrums of pleasant
flavor.

Or, to hold this thought up to more evident
view,
Man accepts as the truth what he'd like to have
true.
How many a preacher is solaced well
For a worldly discourse on the absence of hell,
Though his parrot-like lips utter further can
tell.

Now, is it human brains is implanted a strong,
Rigorous longing to live, and live long,
Anticipating De Leon's historical scramble
Through dangerous wilderness, thick and
brumle.
Over desert and plain and impassable moun-
tain.

To regain his lost years in a mythical moun-
tain.
The world then received
Dr. Wise very loudly,
And ere long it believed
The excitement produced in a storm estab-
lished.

Into which the famed avant at last culminated
That he, the invincible investigator,
Had found a receipt for the great lubricator,
Went to shorten a man's life, to wear
A ball was secured and a numberless throng,
The young and the gray.

The religious, the
Sisters and brothers and fathers and mothers,
Assembled from everywhere, distant and near,
A lecture on "How to Live Always" to hear.
No scoffers were there, their belief was com-
plete.

And each brought a note back to take the re-
cent,
Eight o'clock was the hour which the Doctor
had set.
Eight o'clock, and he came not; half-past, and
not yet.

On his faithful disciples grew weary or fret,
Nine o'clock, and then, when at some one's
suggestion,
A carriage was sent for the great man in ques-
tion.

It went, it returned, and the news quickly
spread.
That the lecture was for the doctor was
dead!

—George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

MISS MARTHA.

A Story Which Proves That True Love Never Runs Smoothly.

Miss Martha Bailey—known throughout
Rossville simply as "Miss Martha"—sat by
one of the windows of her cozy sitting-room,
gazing out at the garden where the roses
for old Mrs. Bodley, who suffered terribly
from the rheumatism, which was not im-
proved by the weekly scrubbing she gave
the old woman's delight when she should
receive the gift, when the hall door opened
without the ceremony of a preceding knock,
and a neighbor, Mrs. March, came in.

"You ought not to sew by twilight, Miss
Martha," she said, as she entered the room.
"I'll ruin my eyes. But that's not what
I came here to say; Mrs. Norcross died an
hour ago."

"The smile faded from Miss Martha's face,
and her eyes grew humid.
"Poor woman!" she said, in her low, sweet
voice. "So she has gone at last. She suf-
fered a great deal."

"Yes, and she was glad to go. But she
had every attention in spite of being a
stranger here. Dr. Edgerton visited her
every day, and never charged her a cent. I
know, and all the neighbors sent things to
eat. Cancers are terrible things. She was
a mighty patient woman. Poor soul! But
now," with a sudden change of tone, "what
is to be done with Eva?"

"Has she no relatives at all?"
"No one. She is too timid and pretty to
do housework, even if she was strong
enough, which she isn't. She can't go to
the poor-house, of course, and she hasn't
a dollar—there's to be a subscription to pay
the burial expenses."

Miss Martha stood unobtrusively the flannel
shirt with white, thin hands, her face
wearily expressing of deep thought mingled
with anxiety. Once she opened her lips
as if to speak, then hesitated and closed
them again. Ought she to make this scri-
bble which seemed urged upon her? It
would be selfish not to do so. She raised
her head and said in a firm, sweet voice:
"The girl must come to me, since there is

no one else to take her. I have plenty for
one—I can make it enough for two by ex-
ercising economy."

"That's just like you, Miss Martha! I
knew you'd make the offer. The girl has got
a first-rate education, and she can study up
enough to take a school by next fall. Of
course you won't want her around after you
are married."

A deep flush came into Miss Martha's
naturally pale face; she dropped her eyes
and turned away. Mrs. March with
some unimpaired excuse about making the
flannel skirt she held into a bundle to be
sent away.

The neighbors agreed that Eva Norcross
could not have found a better home than
she had at Miss Martha's. The little cot-
tage stood in a large garden, well filled with
fruit trees and shrubs. Miss Martha had
lived in the cottage with old Hannah for
twelve years. For three of these years she
had been engaged to Dr. Tom Edgerton,
whose practice was yet too small to enable
him to marry. He was a year younger than
Miss Martha, and this fact often stung her
very keenly. She sometimes stood before
her looking-glass and attentively studied her
face, wishing that she was twenty instead
of thirty, and had the bloom of ten years
before. Her hair was still glossy and
abundant, her eyes still bright; but the
plumpness and bloom of her early girlhood
had fled forever.

Eva Norcross found her new home a very
quiet but not an unhappy one. She was
gentle and kind, and did not care for the
company of girls of her own age. She liked
nothing better than to lie in an easy chair
all day with a book or some embroidery in
her white, pretty hands, which Miss Martha
was not weary of admiring. The dead
mother had indulged her one child, and
never taught her to make her own use of
things. There was no need for her to be active in
the cottage. At the outset Miss Martha
had told her that she would be required to
do nothing but study, Hannah being fully
competent to do the entire work of the small
establishment.

"You must educate yourself to teach,"
Mrs. March said one morning as she entered
the cottage in her abrupt way and found
Eva embroidering a cushion. "You can't
live on Mrs. March's allowance forever, and
we will try to get you the district school at
Dodd's Corner."

Eva shuddered and grew a little pale,
while the work fell from her hand.
"I have heard that the children at Dodd's
Corner were very rough with the last mas-
ter," she said, in her soft, low voice.

"A woman might have more influence
with 'em than a man," said Mrs. March.
"Anyhow, it won't hurt you to try it a spell."
Miss Martha, as that lady came in from
the kitchen where she had been making a
"quaker" for old Mrs. Green's cold, "you
must get the doctor to give Eva some
strengthening tonic, or she'll follow dock tea
would put new life into her."

Dr. Edgerton called that afternoon for a
moment, on his way to make a professional
visit, and Miss Martha told him what Mrs.
March had said.

The young man sat down by Eva and took
her hand in his. Miss Martha watched him
closely, wondering if he noticed how round
and white was the wrist on which he pressed
his finger.

"Dr. Edgerton," he said, "all she needs
is fresh air and exercise;" and then he pro-
posed that she should wrap up and get into
his sleigh at the door and drive with him to
the house of his patient, the pale little girl
who lived in the cottage.

"Can't you go, too, Martha," he asked.
"I do not care to go," she said, and Tom
thought her refusal was a little odd. He
did not urge the matter, for he was easily
wounded, and never asked her a second
time to go with him.

Miss Martha never encouraged carriages.
She sat at the window and read, or sewed,
or did some of the household work, and
do, yet she was a contented, happy woman,
more closely than her companion, and said
nothing which made them both laugh,
and Miss Martha quickly from the
window with a pain at her heart.

"Three years!" she murmured. "It is a
long engagement; and I have heard it said
that men are not true waiters."
The ride proved of much benefit to Eva,
who was braver and gayer for days after.
Seeing this, Tom took her with him fre-
quently, never thinking that he was causing
his betrothed pain by so doing. He came
often to her to the cottage, playing
chess and cribbage with Eva at the center
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by with her sewing and wished she was
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"Do you think I will stand any chance of
getting the school at Dodd's Corner next
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"You surely don't think of applying for
it?" cried Tom. "Why, the children are
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"I must work for myself, the girl said.
"I can't consent to remain dependent on
any one."

"Wait until next fall comes before you
begin to waver," Tom said. "It's only
March now, and something better may turn
up in the next six months."

Eva, as was her custom, left the room as
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always had a few minutes alone with his
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"I am so tired of boarding," she said, when
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"Now was Miss Martha's chance to say
something cheerful, but the words refused to
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He turned almost angrily from her, a dark
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"Oh, I forgot to tell you," he said, as he
reached the hall door, "that my brother Ar-
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tirely in his partner's hands. Poor Arnold!
He has other than physical troubles! There's
an old saying that women are at the bottom
of all mischief, and men are such fools
sometimes. Good-night, Martha," and the
door closed behind him.

For some minutes Miss Martha stood where
he had left her, one hand leaning rather
heavily on a small hall table. Could he
only have known that she had laid out her
careless world! She mechanically re-
peated over and over the last sentence he
had uttered, and then, with a bitter-
ness of tone, she walked slowly into
the small parlor again, and dropping on her
knees by an easy chair, buried her face in
the soft cushions.

Eva noticed that Miss Martha was very
pale and distraught the following day, and
was not looking her usual self. She had
never seen Tom with Tom to call. She had
never seen this brother before, but he was so like
Tom in every way that she liked him at
once. He was, however, more a man of the

world than Tom, and while Tom's face wore
a look of frank good nature, Arnold's was
clouded by an expression of melancholy and
discontent. This Miss Martha, who had
known these troubles of her own, had
spoken, and she wondered if some woman
had jilted the handsome lawyer.

Several weeks passed by, and Miss Martha
was no longer her former bright, cheerful
self. She did not know what it was now to
be without that sharp pain at heart, and the
strangeness between herself and Tom
seemed to grow greater every day. He
withdrew more and more into himself, and
made no effort to restore the old pleas-
ant relations between them. She watched
him closely and saw that he seemed an-
noyed and distressed at Arnold's discon-
tent. Once she heard him re-
monstrate with his brother, but Eva's name
was the only word she caught distinctly.

Presently she heard him say to himself
that the girl's heart would be won from him-
self. "It must come," Miss Martha would
murmur to herself. "I must offer him his free-
dom. Why can't I be brave and do it at
once! He loves Eva, but he is not free to
win her, and Arnold's attentions pain and
trouble him. Just how can I give him up?
I will wait just a little longer."

Thus from day to day she put off the evil
hour in which she was to see her dearest
brother, and she did not care for the
rest of her days without Tom's love.

One evening the two men came by invita-
tion to the cottage to supper. Miss Martha
sent them to the garden to smoke, while
she, with Eva's assistance, was busy in the
table with the best of them. Eva had
been in the parlor to get
from the old cabinet which stood between
the windows some silver spoons which had
belonged to her grandmother. The drawers
were closed, but the windows were open,
and the low murmur of voices came to her
ears. She knew the brothers were out to
do nothing but smoke, and was about to
close the cabinet and speak to them, when
she heard Tom's voice uttered words
which led her to fall on her heart-like drops
of silent tears.

"It is a great mistake for a man to engage
himself to a woman older than himself. He
lives on Mrs. March's allowance forever, and
we will try to get you the district school at
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withdrew more and more into himself, and
made no effort to restore the old pleas-
ant relations between them. She watched
him closely and saw that he seemed an-
noyed and distressed at Arnold's discon-
tent. Once she heard him re-
monstrate with his brother, but Eva's name
was the only word she caught distinctly.

Presently she heard him say to himself
that the girl's heart would be won from him-
self. "It must come," Miss Martha would
murmur to herself. "I must offer him his free-
dom. Why can't I be brave and do it at
once! He loves Eva, but he is not free to
win her, and Arnold's attentions pain and
trouble him. Just how can I give him up?
I will wait just a little longer."

Thus from day to day she put off the evil
hour in which she was to see her dearest
brother, and she did not care for the
rest of her days without Tom's love.

One evening the two men came by invita-
tion to the cottage to supper. Miss Martha
sent them to the garden to smoke, while
she, with Eva's assistance, was busy in the
table with the best of them. Eva had
been in the parlor to get
from the old cabinet which stood between
the windows some silver spoons which had
belonged to her grandmother. The drawers
were closed, but the windows were open,
and the low murmur of voices came to her
ears. She knew the brothers were out to
do nothing but smoke, and was about to
close the cabinet and speak to them, when
she heard Tom's voice uttered words
which led her to fall on her heart-like drops
of silent tears.

"It is a great mistake for a man to engage
himself to a woman older than himself. He
lives on Mrs. March's allowance forever, and
we will try to get you the district school at
Dodd's Corner."

Eva shuddered and grew a little pale,
while the work fell from her hand.
"I have heard that the children at Dodd's
Corner were very rough with the last mas-
ter," she said, in her soft, low voice.

"A woman might have more influence
with 'em than a man," said Mrs. March.
"Anyhow, it won't hurt you to try it a spell."
Miss Martha, as that lady came in from
the kitchen where she had been making a
"quaker" for old Mrs. Green's cold, "you
must get the doctor to give Eva some
strengthening tonic, or she'll follow dock tea
would put new life into her."

Dr. Edgerton called that afternoon for a
moment, on his way to make a professional
visit, and Miss Martha told him what Mrs.
March had said.

The young man sat down by Eva and took
her hand in his. Miss Martha watched him
closely, wondering if he noticed how round
and white was the wrist on which he pressed
his finger.

"Dr. Edgerton," he said, "all she needs
is fresh air and exercise;" and then he pro-
posed that she should wrap up and get into
his sleigh at the door and drive with him to
the house of his patient, the pale little girl
who lived in the cottage.

"Can't you go, too, Martha," he asked.
"I do not care to go," she said, and Tom
thought her refusal was a little odd. He
did not urge the matter, for he was easily
wounded, and never asked her a second
time to go with him.

Miss Martha never encouraged carriages.
She sat at the window and read, or sewed,
or did some of the household work, and
do, yet she was a contented, happy woman,
more closely than her companion, and said
nothing which made them both laugh,
and Miss Martha quickly from the
window with a pain at her heart.

"Three years!" she murmured. "It is a
long engagement; and I have heard it said
that men are not true waiters."
The ride proved of much benefit to Eva,
who was braver and gayer for days after.
Seeing this, Tom took her with him fre-
quently, never thinking that he was causing
his betrothed pain by so doing. He came
often to her to the cottage, playing
chess and cribbage with Eva at the center
table in the evening, while Miss Martha sat
by with her sewing and wished she was
Eva's age.

"Do you think I will stand any chance of
getting the school at Dodd's Corner next
fall, Dr. Edgerton?" asked Eva, one even-
ing.

"You surely don't think of applying for
it?" cried Tom. "Why, the children are
little brutes. They throw ink bottles
and spit balls at the teacher and swear like
troopers. No, no; we must not let you go
there."

"I must work for myself, the girl said.
"I can't consent to remain dependent on
any one."

"Wait until next fall comes before you
begin to waver," Tom said. "It's only
March now, and something better may turn
up in the next six months."

Eva, as was her custom, left the room as
soon as the game of chess was over. Tom
always had a few minutes alone with his
betrothed before leaving the cottage.

"I am so tired of boarding," she said, when
after some unimportant conversation he
rose to go. "I wish I had a home," and he
sighed.

"Now was Miss Martha's chance to say
something cheerful, but the words refused to
form themselves on her lips. She was
very shy, and lately she and Tom had
accused to be drifting very far apart."

Tom looked at her a moment, as if ex-
pecting her to speak, but she did not do so.
He turned almost angrily from her, a dark
flush of wounded pride dyeing his fair,
frank face. He wished he had not uttered
that longing for a home.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," he said, as he
reached the hall door, "that my brother Ar-
nold is coming to Rossville to-morrow. He
has some affection of the head and wants to
put himself under my care for a month or
two. He will leave his law business en-
tirely in his partner's hands. Poor Arnold!
He has other than physical troubles! There's
an old saying that women are at the bottom
of all mischief, and men are such fools
sometimes. Good-night, Martha," and the
door closed behind him.

For some minutes Miss Martha stood where
he had left her, one hand leaning rather
heavily on a small hall table. Could he
only have known that she had laid out her
careless world! She mechanically re-
peated over and over the last sentence he
had uttered, and then, with a bitter-
ness of tone, she walked slowly into
the small parlor again, and dropping on her
knees by an easy chair, buried her face in
the soft cushions.

Eva noticed that Miss Martha was very
pale and distraught the following day, and
was not looking her usual self. She had
never seen Tom with Tom to call. She had
never seen this brother before, but he was so like
Tom in every way that she liked him at
once. He was, however, more a man of the

FURS WORTH MILLIONS.

New York a Great Market, Though London
and Leipzig Are Ahead.

Since John Jacob Astor, the elder,
made his vast fortune in the fur trade,
the business of collecting, buying, pre-
paring and selling furs has become one
of the great industries of this country.
Millions upon millions of dollars are
now invested in this business in New
York alone, which is the principal
market of the country, and its impor-
tance is increasing.

London and Leipzig, however, are
the two great markets of the world.
The prices that obtain in the former
city are the standards by which fur
dealers all over the civilized world are
governed. Every March fur dealers
from all the big cities of the world
gather in London at the auction sales
of the great commission houses, and
millions of dollars' worth of all kinds
of furs are then disposed of. These
sales occur also in November and Jan-
uary. American dealers and manu-
facturers buy nearly all their furs then.
Said a fur importer who had just re-
turned from the November sales:

"London still holds the lead in dy-
ing and preparing of sealskins; but
Leipzig is ahead on all the black-dyed
furs. The prices of furs have not
changed much from those of last sea-
son. The most expensive, as usual, is
sea otter, and I saw some, sold at \$150
for a skin. That is the jobbing price.
It was Siberian otter. Silver fox
skins are very expensive also, and
bought as high as \$20. The other
popular furs this season are Russian,
white hare, dyed silver and black, and
sealskin. Beaver's popularity is de-
cidedly on the wane."

American manufacturers are placed
at a great disadvantage, because they
have to import all the fine furs after
they are dyed. That compels them to
pay 20 per cent. duty. If the methods
of dyeing and dressing were as good
in this country as they are abroad, this
duty would be saved, as there is no
duty on the raw skins. Fortunes have
been sunk in the attempt to improve
our methods, but it is said that the
difficulties lie in our soil and water.

It may interest the ladies who are
anxious to possess sealskin cloaks to
know that the best are obtained from
the seals of the South sea, and not
from the Alaska animals, as is popu-
larly supposed. The Alaska skins are
very fine, however, and not nearly so
high priced. The poorest are secured
almost Cape Horn, and these are used
entirely for caps and gloves.

It pays the customer to go to a first-
class dealer and pay an honest price.
Dishonest dealers resort to a great
many little tricks, which only an ex-
pert can discover. One of these is to
palm off skunk as sable.

While foreigners are able to boast
superiority in dyes, the American man-
ufacturers can claim the lead in mak-
ing and finishing. An English-made
sealskin cloak looks coarse and bung-
ling when compared with the Ameri-
can. This is true also of the cut and
style.—N. Y. Sun.

HELPING HELPERS.

How Sydney Smith and Charles Kingsley
Tried Their Services.

Sydney Smith was a kind master.
His servants were loyal to him, be-
cause he considered them. Writing of
his life as rector of a country parish,
he said: "A man-servant was too ex-
pensive; so I caught up a little garden-
er, made like a miller, put a nap-
kin in her hand, christened her Bunch,
and made her my butler. The girls
taught her to wait, and I undertook
her morals. Bunch became the best
butler in the county."

The point is that the Smiths wanted
a good servant, so the whole family set
about making one, and "the best butler
in the county" was the result.

Charles Kingsley was another kind
and considerate master. His daughter

THE REPUBLICAN.
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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One copy, one year, \$1.50
Six months, .90
Invariably in advance.

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First insertion, \$1 per square of ten lines
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Special contracts for advertising longer than three months.

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SATURDAY, FEB. 2, 1889.

A Model Newspaper.

In another column we print the advertisement of that sterling and reliable paper, the New York Mail and Express, and we wish to commend it to our readers as in the broadest sense a national newspaper, most carefully edited, and adapted to the wants and tastes of intelligent readers throughout the entire country—North, South, East and West. It is a thoroughly class paper, free from the corrupting, sensational and demoralizing trash, misallied news, which defiles the pages of too many city papers.

The Mail and Express discusses with ability and fairness all questions of public interest as they arise, makes a specialty of the temperance question, and is always found on the moral and progressive side. It gives the latest news from all parts of the world, and presents in its special departments an immense amount of the choicest and best reading matter for the instruction and entertainment of every member of the family, old and young. Sample copies are sent free, and we advise all our readers to send for them.

Democracy and Free Coal.

The following is taken verbatim from a strong Democratic newspaper. We most respectfully ask the careful consideration of our friends on the other side, and more especially the friends of the Hon. A. P. Gorman, who have been claiming that the triumph of Cleveland did not mean free coal. Mr. Singler kept very mute just before the election, but the true inwardness is fast coming to the surface:

"It may well be understood first as last that free coal belongs essentially to the Democratic programme of Tariff Reform. A free coal provision should have been in the Mills bill, and would have been in it but for an extreme desire to quiet the opposition that could not be reconciled by any substantial measure of tariff reduction. Had coal been put on the free list it would have strengthened the Mills bill before the country. While it would have gained votes among the consumers of taxed coal, it would have lost none among the miners, who know by sad experience that the duty affords them no protection.

"Like the spear of Ithuriel, Senator Vest's motion in the Senate touched and exposed the tariff load in all its deformity. Doves of Massachusetts and Hale of Maine, who long ago voted with Blaine in favor of free coal for the relief of the consumers of New England, were compelled, in their worship of the new tariff bill, to vote against a repeal of the duty. They voted not only against the motion of Senator Vest but against a repeal of the drawback of duty upon coal for coast-wise steamers.

"The motion of Senator Vest also made some exposures among the able-bodied servants of Tariff Monopoly on the Democratic side of the chamber. Senator Gorman, whose subservience to corporate power is well understood, had the effrontery to stand up and boast of his Democracy while denouncing an amendment to remove a brutal tax from a prime article of necessity to the masses of the people. Senator Voorhees, who a few weeks ago had made an elaborate speech in favor of Tariff Reform, every sentence of which was a condemnation of the coal duty, turned about and voted against the motion for repeal. His colleague, Senator Turpie, was guilty of a like flagrant act of inconsistency. Senator Vest did well to be angry in presence of this tergiversation. With indignant scorn he rebuked the half-faced Democrats like Gorman who were compelled to stand by the position of the party in the recent canvass in spite of their internal rage.

"The main hostility to free coal comes from the great carrying monopolies, whose greed-inspired fear is that a repeal of the duty would lessen their power to rig the market against American consumers, as well as to control the wages of miners. But in the event of the repeal of the duty, the increased export of Nova Scotia coal could have no appreciable influence upon the market, except in enabling New England consumers to obtain their coal supply at less cost. With bituminous coal free from tax New England consumers, when unduly taxed for their antiquated coal by the carrying monopolies, would not be so much at their mercy. This is what explains the opposition to the placing of coal on the free list. Taxed coal is one of the links in the chain of tariff oppression, and for this reason the representatives and attorneys of Monopoly in the Senate stubbornly resist the repeal of the duty."

GRANTSVILLE, MD., Jan. 29, 1889.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Your remembrance of the past has been a number of articles on various topics of a local and personal character, but nothing has yet been written about the early churches of this part of the county—a subject that ought to interest church people, and not be all unwelcome to the laity. It is to be regretted that ample data and means are not at hand to prepare for a clever paper on a subject the writer deems an important one. The good old people with their stores of precious knowledge are all gone; how few there are to appreciate them and the loss in their deaths. We cannot reach back to their times, can only here and there pick up a grain of tradition, but such is an important element in all history, even sacred.

The first organized congregation in this part of the county was the M. E. Church at "Old Grantsville"; can't give the date, but their little hewed log church on the Braddock Road, half mile West of the present town of that name, was built about the year 1813. It was primitive in all its features, with an ancient pulpit high up in the air, about the size of a sugar hogshead, and of course with an opening barely sufficient for entrance and amply high to hide the whole of the dominie except his intellectual parts. There was also a gallery where the more ungodly would gather, and where there were usually more whispering and giggling than worship. This sacred edifice served its day well, but was torn down about the year 1850, and rebuilt into a dwelling; indeed, it was first intended for a hotel. It is believed there are now none living who can say they received conversion in the old church. The old-time leaders, such as the Thistles, Bruces, Wilands, Bakers, Yeasts, Laymans, Richards and others are gone.

One of the truly good men of these days was Wm. Wiland, the old cancer doctor, with a family remedy now at least 100 years old. Joel, a son, being the present custodian and practitioner of the secret. The good old christian was always where duty required. Once the minister failed to appear, but the old class-leader undertook to supply his place in his plain meek manner. The season was one of great drouth. The heavens were "as brass" for the want of rain. The devout man prayed fervently for the needed showers, though there was not a cloud to be seen as large as the petitioner's invoking hand. In the audience was a bevy of young girls in their starched white dresses. They laughed at the simple prayer, but before they reached their homes rain came, as Archy Carry once said, not in torrents but columns. They became believers in the efficacy of prayer after their drenching.

At that early day the Methodists were generally known as Wesleyites, in honor of their great founder. Old Grantsville with its three houses and blacksmith shop must have gone into "innocuous desuetude" about the year 1829, when the National Road supplanted old Braddock. The church and graveyard were lonely companions for many years; the latter to this day continues to receive a patronage that never fails or shrinks. Though a great many Godly things were done here in the good old way, yet there were some things of a laughable nature, especially to the young. On one occasion a daughter of a very strict sister committed some youthful indiscretion under the sound of the word, whereupon at the end of the service the lively daughter received a switching in front of the church, by the pious mother. This was old-time discipline. In these days this congregation belonged to the Baltimore Conference, then to Pittsburg, and of later years to West Virginia, where it still rests.

About 1840 New Grantsville, then consisting of four dwellings, one hotel, one shop, (no postoffice) in connection with the people in the neighborhood, built a large log house in the lane leading to Salisbury, intended for church and school purposes. This remained a place for worship for about seven years for all denominations. "A powerful revival" took place in 1846, under the administration of Rev. H. Laughlin, a strong, earnest and untiring man from the hills of West Virginia. He lacked education, but seemed to pride in it more than regret what most people consider a misfortune. He was certainly a success in his way, and made a new era in the history of his church here. Conversions under his sledge-hammer preaching were numerous and earnest. The fire he kindled spread to a small Reformed element that had been forming for the few years before. It was agreed on all hands that a new and comfortable church edifice should at once be erected. At first the idea was in favor of a Union church, for the joint use of the Methodist and German Reforms, but as matters progressed and were discussed, dissensions arose, and ultimately it was

agreed, and wisely so, that each of the rapidly growing congregations should build a church, and so they did, under a friendly rivalry which should be the first to have a place for worship. The race was about an even one, and the two buildings about alike in structure. Good enough for good people, but hardly so for proud christians, for there are such at least in these times. We saw the cornerstone in the G. R. Church laid with its many mementoes of the time deposited in its hollowed bosom. We still have in the mind's eye 1847, on the face of the speaking stone. There was also a Lutheran element in the town and country around which, for a number of years, had neighborhood worship in the G. R. Church, but as they increased in numbers a desire came for a church home of their own. They earnestly went to work, though not strong in numbers or means, and built a small church on the hill in the year 1853. The same brethren have another congregation and church since, built about the year 1871, in the Forks. In the lower part of the district, in recent years, a neat little Methodist church was built on the National Road, known as Pisgah. About two miles to the West of this in the McKenzie-Garitz neighborhood, stands St. Ann's, a pretty little structure built in 1876, supplied periodically by the Priest in Frostburg. The Dunkard brethren have two churches, plain as ordinary carpenters could make them out of wood. Pride and ostentation are utterly eschewed. They say pride belongs to other denominations, not theirs. Nevertheless they are now sorely vexed with the lat-bonnet question; no creed or doctrinal questions trouble as yet. The Omaha, or Amish, a very good people, are equally strict and primitive in their worship, creed and ways. They have two church buildings, one this side of the line, and a number on the Pennsylvania side, with accommodations for people and animals; all within the last five years.

There was attached to the old M. E. Church a Sunday School as much as 60 years ago. Young folks would come afar and near. It was almost essentially a day school in its character; spelling books far more common than the New Testament (no lesson leaves then). Bibles as such, were rare, and too ponderous to be carried to church. Sunday Schools in our day have reached a point very near to perfection. They are the normal schools for the churches. In those early days there was much of what might be called circulating services. Ministers would go around, and members and there hold home services. Houses would always be filled and the worship profitable. Such were the old-time churches and services very poorly described.

And now a paragraph or so may not be out of order as to the personal of the ministers in the remote and last past. Have no account of the earliest preachers here. The first of whom we have any recollection was the Rev. White, more than 50 years ago; the writer in early youth, just old enough to remember things vividly, and take impressions never to be effaced. He was a minister of the old style, deeply pious, affectionate and parental to his flock. His whitened locks and benignant countenance inspired nothing but love and reverence. He was the first preacher we ever "laid eyes on." Very soon after this a young man by the name of Locke appeared on the sacred carpet. He was youthful, modest, bright and thoroughly devoted to his calling; greatly liked in and out of church circles. Half a century has rolled by upon its crushing wheels, and we still realize and carry the impressions made upon a youthful mind by these two typical ministers. They were awe and reverence combined. Even now when we see a preacher dabbling in worldly matters like worldly people, something like a shudder comes. Has he been duly commissioned from on High, and has he been loyal to the demands of his commission?

In early times there was a preacher here by the name of Dunlap—good in his way—a man of great piety and strength, fond of a shogun. He would say if his gun could reach up in the game, he could shake it down if the tree was not too large. About the year 1840, a young preacher with the imposing name of Henry Clay Dean, came upon the circuit; eloquent, bright and promising, made his mark and a good record, and was favorably remembered. He went West and was but little heard of for many years. However, during our late war, he returned from Iowa briefly to the scenes of his early success in the ministry, but unfortunately with ill habits and bad politics, as a substitute for religion. Evidently he had "back-slid." He is hardly now in the flesh. A word further about our old friend Laughlin. He had his odities, but was strong, sincere and efficient in his work. Once a scuffer, as he said, and afterward a prostrated convict to the

cross, as he termed it. In the early part of the war we chanced to meet him in Cumberland. Recognition was mutual and immediate. Suppose you are still fighting the old enemy, was nearly the first remark to him. The answer was, not just now, but his near relative, (meaning the head of the then Confederacy.) Three big sons in the same employment. I am one under authority, and must be about my Master's business. Good day, and away he went in a sergeant's blouse. A few years after the war, we had an opportunity once more, and for the last time, to hear him from the pulpit. The faith and religion were there as of yore, but the vim and power had departed. A sunstroke in one of the Peninsula campaigns, had made a wreck of his powerful manhood. He has been dead some years.

The rotation system in this church in the course of 60 years or more would have assigned here a great many ministers, more than we can possibly treat or even mention in this communication, already tediously long. Can only refer to the more prominent and best known. The Rev. B. Ison, in the early fifties, is prominently and kindly in recollection. A good preacher and pastor; kind, amiable and persuasive—a preacher in appearance, gait and habits; lately a Presiding Elder. Old and tired in the work, but still living. About 1859 Rev. Ball was here for the thirteenth term. Very ministerial, not only in appearance but action, well calculated to inspire a high degree of respect in and out of church circles. He made a good record in every way, never tarnished in the many years past. Just prior to the war John Carroll, of West Virginia, served his time. He was young, energetic and enthusiastic. The war came on and he stepped down and out of the sacred rostrum. Said he belonged to a noisy church, was a noisy preacher, and he would enter the Union army in its most noisy branch—artillery. Was Captain of a West Virginia battery, and fought gallantly, and prayed as he fought. Came out in the end a Major. Rev. Webb came along some few years after, a man of fine appearance and address. He looked the clergyman as much as any one of his kind of cloth could, (a little Presbyterian in appearance.) Intelligent and cultivated; a good speaker with a sprinkling of humor within. Some years after his service he returned to see old acquaintances and friends. One of his former members, fresh from a bar-room greeted him warmly, exclaiming, "I am one of your converts!" The ready reply was yes, "I do my work poorly, but the Lord does his well."

The first Reform minister was Henry Knepper, from Somerset county, Pa. He stepped into a new edifice which he actively aided in building. Was plain, modest, industrious and sincere. Limited in education. Rather self-educated. A fair speaker and well posted in his profession, and very earnest for the safety of the "sinners of Grantsville," whom he served faithfully for seven years. He then went West and pursued his calling, and died in Iowa several years ago. He preached while here to several other churches in Pennsylvania. He certainly did good work for his parishioners. We do and should remember him in great kindness. He performed a ministerial act for me and another in the little church of "1847," in the kindly month of May, 1851. The next was Rev. Coplin, from Eastern Pennsylvania, a man of education and training, and very fair abilities. His sermons were well studied and energetically delivered. His residence was in Salisbury, Pa., near which resided the Wilhelm family; three brothers and as many sisters—all old, unmarried, and wealthy. Formerly strongly opposed to education, and not at all friendly to churches. Coplin's successor gave them the greatest ministerial attentions, and with the happiest results. They became members of the church, and contributed nearly the whole means for the erection of the Wilhelm Memorial church, costing some \$1600, on their ample landed estate. Their fortune was so handled as to be concentrated in the hands of the last survivor, (Peter) who died some eight or ten years ago, giving the whole aggregate to churches and colleges at the expense of many nephews and nieces. Mr. C. is now some where in Pennsylvania, wearing the cloth. Then came Rev. Hileman, from the same section of the country; residence at Salisbury. Fairly well educated, an energetic, and persevering preacher and pastor. A good practical business man, and successful financier. Prominent among the Reform members were the Engles, Bouchers, Henry Brown's family, Stantons, Kellers and others. The present minister is Rev. Evans, living in Salisbury, a young man of much promise; kind, tender and affectionate in all his nature and ways.

The Lutheran organization have kept up their organization quite well in the 30 years of its existence. They have been persevering and faithful under circumstances favorable and unfavorable, and still hold their own. The organizers were the two Arendt brothers, Shultz and John Miller. Later came Winterburg, Charles Bill and the Wagoners. Without intending to be invidious or unfair to others, it can yet be justly said that at present, and for some years past, Mr. Henry Winterburg is about the foremost man in his congregation. A leading and faithful officer, always on hand for his share or more of church work, and with all an intelligent, useful and highly respected citizen.

The first minister was Rev. Phaler, a man of considerable learning, very clerical in his demeanor and acts; exact, methodical and cogent in his sermons—perhaps a little ritualistic in his ministrations. A good pastor, always liked, and is now affectionately designated Father Phaler. Still living and in the good work. After him came Mr. Lazars (two terms), J. J. Young and J. G. Brininger (twice). A man of courage, energy and ability. For some years a missionary in Africa, where he buried his wife, among the lowest of heathens. Again in this neighborhood. In late years Rev. J. B. Shoup, a preacher of indomitable will and energy. Always ready to take personal hold of any means or labor that could help his cause. He is now in Florida for the benefit of his health. Both Reforms and Methodist have nice cozy churches in New Germany as much alike as possible, built about 10 or 12 years ago. A little harmless church rivalry there, no doubt. These two churches have not only been a great convenience, but a spiritual good to their neighborhood.

Here is the end of a long communication, much lacking, we fear, in interest and exactness. Readers will appreciate the difficulties of stating every fact and matter entirely correct in a paper covering so much time and ground. It is kindly submitted, however, to all who may wish to read it.

GLEANOR.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, January 28, 1889.—Senator Allison, who has three times refused the invitation of Gen. Harrison to enter the Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury, has now gone to Indianapolis to finally settle the matter. The trip was very sudden and a great surprise to Mr. Allison's friends, and was only taken because Gen. Harrison refused to accept the written declinations sent him by Mr. Allison, and because he has fully made up his mind that he wants that gentleman to set the financial pace for his administration. Another reason given for the trip is that an intimation was given Mr. Allison that unless he accepted the position tendered him, Iowa would have no representation in the Cabinet. J. S. Clarkson, whom it is said Mr. Allison has been desirous of having in the Cabinet as Iowa's representative, with several other prominent Iowa republicans, is expected to meet Mr. Allison at Indianapolis, and some arrangement definitely made.

Senator Sherman is working energetically for his bill prohibiting trusts, and confidently expects its early passage by the Senate. It would probably have passed last week when it was up for consideration, if the Senator from Ohio had not, in deference to the requests of a number of Senators, agreed to have it laid aside temporarily to take up an appropriation bill. In giving way Mr. Sherman took occasion to say that he would do so no more, and that when his bill next came up he should insist upon its disposal.

The Senate tariff bill has been sent to the House and referred to the Committee on Ways and Means, and contrary to general opinion a few days ago, it now looks as if some legislation on this subject will be gotten through at the present session. The Democrats of the Ways and Means Committee have given their pledges publicly to report the bill to the House at the earliest time possible, and if the House agrees to the appointment of conferees, as asked for by the Senate, some sort of compromise is expected to be reached that will result in a large reduction in the surplus revenues. The tobacco tax is almost certain to be greatly reduced, if not altogether abolished. In fact this tobacco business is at the bottom of the change of tactics on the part of the Democrats. A number of members from the tobacco States announced that if they could get relief in no other way they proposed to join the Republicans and adopt the Senate bill in its entirety.

Many conservative people here believe that Secretary Bayard's bungling methods have put us in a condition where war with Germany is not

only one of the possibilities of the near future but is probable. Evidence of Bayard's wretched management in Samoa is before the foreign committees of both Houses of Congress in the shape of official correspondence. So urgent do the needs of our Government appear to Senator Sherman that he has offered an amendment to the Diplomatic and Consular appropriation bill appropriating \$500,000 to be spent by the President in looking after American interests in Samoa.

Representative Burrows, of Michigan, one of the most prominent candidates for Speaker of the next House, is very much in favor of holding an extra session of Congress. He said in conversation: "I shall tell Gen. Harrison that not to have an extra session will be to gamble with fate and court defeat." Mr. Burrows then proceeded in detail to name what he considered the reasons for the extra session. April is the month Mr. Burrows favors for the calling of the extra session.

Representative Butterworth made a speech last week criticising some of the methods resorted to by the Knights of Labor in order to carry their points, which according to the politicians, among whom it created a genuine sensation, was bound to be the political death of Butterworth. On the contrary, Mr. Butterworth has received a flood of letters and telegrams, many of them from members of the Knights of Labor, endorsing the manly position he took in his remarks. Right or wrong, Ben Butterworth deserves credit for having the moral courage to stand up in the House and speak his opinion regarding an organization that the demagogues of both parties are always ready to humbly bow the knee to. Would that both House and Senate had more Ben Butterworths, not to make war on the Knights of Labor or any other organization, but to uphold the right and oppose the wrong, no matter who might be offended or pleased by their action. More old-fashioned manliness is one of the crying needs of the time, particularly in Congress.

Members of the Senate Committee on Territories say that the Springer "Omni-bus" bill, which recently passed the House, is so contrary in its terms and so loosely constructed that it were passed no Territory could come in under it without further legislation. The committee is now trying to see if the bill can be patched so as to accomplish what it was supposed to do.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

FARM FOR SALE.
COAL & FIRE CLAY.

I am authorized to sell a farm of 250 acres, 125 acres of which are cleared, situated on the Oak and Sang Run road, six miles from Oakland, and near the Youghiogheny river. This is a very desirable farm, and is under land with three veins of coal, one vein being 6 feet. Also an abundance of Fire Clay. The improvements consist of two dwelling houses, a barn and other outbuildings. The farm is well watered, and is in every way a very desirable property. Call on or address:

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
1530 Republican office, Oakland, Md.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMIL, V. President.
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 11239

ROAD PETITION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at or near the Greag bridge, on the Grantsville and Barton road, running through the lands of E. Merrill, Leobell Lumber Company, Amos Broadwater, John Broadwater, Henry Weitzel, David Merrill, and A. J. Lancaster, intersecting the road leading from New Germany to Lonsounding, a distance of about 4 miles.

AMOS BROADWATER,
JOHN WILHELM,
ELIAS MERRILL.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 30, 1889.
The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Tuesday, February 5th, 1889,

for the purpose of hearing appeals on assessments and making transfers. Appeals will be heard by Districts in the following order, viz:

Tuesday, February 5th, Dist. Nos. 1, 10 and 6.
Wednesday, Feb. 6th, Dist. Nos. 4 and 11.
Thursday, Feb. 7th, Dist. Nos. 2 and 3.
Friday, Feb. 8th, Dist. Nos. 5 and 6.
Saturday, Feb. 9th, Dist. Nos. 7 and 8.

Persons having business to transact with the Board will please observe the foregoing, and appear on the day set down for their District.

By order

W. H. HAGANS,
112 td Clerk.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

DAVID LITTLE.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgis' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 83, of the Iron Hall, meets in same hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 374, K. of H., meets in same hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIET LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lege's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week.

NOTICE:

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—Offutt received a car load of Oats this week.

—There will be a special meeting of the Orphans' Court next Tuesday, the 5th inst.

—Go to Offutt's and arrange for Fertilizers, to be paid for in Fall with any desirable produce.

—Died, in Oakland, Md., Jan. 18th, 1889, after a brief illness, Tommy, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hart, aged 2 years and 2 months.

—Go to Garthright's for cheap Flour, cheap meat, best dyspepsia remedy in the world, and for the highest cash prices for Furs.

—In addition to his already mammoth stock of General Merchandise Offutt has added a complete line of Carpets. Styles desirable and prices low.

—FOR RENT.—Virginia Cottage, corner Third and Alder streets, Oakland. Best hotel stand in the town. Fourteen rooms. Apply at this office. 119 tf

—Mr. Arthur Sineell, of Grafton, W. Va., superintendent of bridges and water stations, B. & O. R. R., was run over by an engine in the yard at Wheeling, Thursday of last week, and so badly injured that he died the next morning. His remains were interred at Grafton Sunday.

—Married, Jan. 9th, 1889, at Canton, Ohio, by Rev. Dr. Muller, Mr. G. H. Pritchard, of Oakland, Md., and Miss Ella Pettit, of Onondaga Mills, Ohio. Mr. Pritchard returned to Oakland with his wife last week, and are now domiciled at the Virginia Cottage. We wish the happy couple long life and happiness.

—Died, Jan. 24th, 1889, in Oakland, Md., Sallic, daughter of Ex-Mayor Hart, aged 22 years. Deceased was a beautiful and accomplished young lady, and a great favorite among her large circle of acquaintances. She was a consistent and useful member of the Catholic church. Her death was sudden and unexpected, and was a great shock to her family and friends.

—Garthright, at Mountain Lake Park, has just received a car load of his Best Family and Patent Flour, which he will sell at greatly reduced prices for cash. He offers the balance of winter stock of clothing, Overcoats, Ladies New Markets and Jackets at cost for cash. He will pay the highest cash prices for all kinds of Furs caught in January and February.

Church Services—Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10 A. M., and 7 P. M., by Rev. C. J. Trippett.

Song service every Sunday evening at 6:30.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 A. M., and 7 P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 7 P. M., by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipskins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending Feb. 2, 1889:

Bremen, John J., Lower, Alex. Dunn, John A., Moten, Rev. G. T., Hagans, Jessie, Rolden, Wm. M., Lower, Hester, Winchester, Rand, Wm. Smith, D. S.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

These letters are chargeable with one cent due on delivery.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Fairview.

Business has been quite lively in this neighborhood for the past two weeks.

The series of meetings held here by the Dunkard brethren closed last Sunday. Two were converted and one reclaimed.

Business would be lively if we could have a good sledding snow, as logging and hauling is the principal occupation here.

A number of our people intend to attend the inauguration of Harrison. Mr. G. W. Wilson shipped a car load of logs to Cumberland Monday.

We Want Money!

Those indebted to us are again urged to make an effort to pay us. We are sadly in need of money to pay our debts, to carry on our business and to provide for our family. About 300 persons in this county are indebted to us in sums ranging from \$1.50 to \$18.00, and a number of them have become entirely indifferent as to our needs or their obligation. All we ask of you is to do unto us as you would have us do unto you. Attend to this matter at once. Don't put it off and say that what little you own won't amount to much, but send what you owe, or at least a part of it. We are not making this appeal because it is customary about this time of year, but because we need what is coming to us, and there is no good reason that we should not have what is ours.

Very likely some of our patrons are getting tired of seeing the above notice, but we feel certain quite a large number have failed to see it at all, or if they have read it they have failed to give it a personal application. We do not wish to continue the publication, and only do it because from all the evidence at hand, we feel certain that a large number of our subscribers have failed to "take in" its full import.

Tailoring Establishment.

Do you want a nice Dress Suit or an Overcoat put up in elegant style and to fit you after Nature's own sweet model? Go to G. Feltz's New Tailoring Establishment, formerly occupied by A. Lowenstein, and we will guarantee you entire satisfaction. Call and see us and we will show you what we can do in this line.

The Deer Park Institute.

The Teachers' Institute held their monthly session at Deer Park, on Saturday, Jan. 26. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the attendance was good. The address of welcome by Mr. W. D. Hoge was truly eloquent, and made a profound impression upon the members of the Institute. This was responded to by G. W. Merrill, Esq., an ex-teacher, in a felicitous manner, who entertained the Institute with some amusing reminiscences connected with his teaching of "long ago."

The people of Deer Park entertain the Institute very hospitably. The patrons manifested great interest in the exercises and encouraged both teachers and pupils by their presence. The cause of education received a fresh impetus and the teachers enter upon their work greatly encouraged.

California Excursions.

Excursions to Colorado and Pacific Coast Points will be run January 15th and 29th, and February 12th and 26th, via B. & O. R. R. Passengers purchasing second-class tickets will be furnished free accommodations in Reclining Chair Sleeping Car to Kansas City, and in Sleeping Car from there to destination.

As the number of passengers for each excursion is limited, those who contemplate going should communicate at once with any of the following Agents, viz:

D. BRIDE, Passenger Agent, B. & O. Central Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

H. A. MILLER, Passenger Agent, B. & O. Depot, Wilmington, Del.

LYMAN MCCARTY, Ticket Agent, 833, Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

P. G. SMITH, Passenger Agent, 1351, Penna. Ave., Washington, D. C.

Half Fare to Washington.

For the accommodation of all who desire to witness the inauguration of President-elect Harrison, the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Washington from all points on its lines at one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold March 1st to 4th, inclusive, and will be valid for return passage until March 7th, inclusive. The B. & O. is the shortest and most direct route to Washington from all points touched by its lines. It has more track and yard room at Washington than any other road and consequently more facilities for the prompt movement of trains and the expeditious handling of a large passenger business than any other line.

The B. & O. handled an immense passenger traffic at the inauguration of Cleveland without delay and without injury to a single passenger.

Its facilities have been greatly augmented since that time and it is in position to give more satisfactory service than any line touching Washington.

G. A. R. Meeting.

In accordance with previous announcement Frank Thomas Post No. 30, Department Maryland, G. A. R. met in their hall at Deer Park, Saturday evening, January 19th, for the installation of officers elected for the ensuing year. Chief Mustering officer, Schilling, and Chief inspecting officer, Kitzmiller, of Cumberland, were present to perform the duties of the occasion, which they did in a

very impressive and soldierly manner. These comrades are well posted in the workings of our noble order, and their visit will be long and kindly remembered by the comrades of this Post, and we hope that in the future they may be permitted to visit us again. At the conclusion of the installation services we had our first camp-fire, which was participated in by all and enjoyed very much by every one present. We are very sorry that we have not more of the Old Soldiers of the neighborhood enrolled in our Post. Comrades, come and go with us and we will do you good, for remember our Order is not a self-perpetuating one, in a few years it will be known only in history. Gradually the Posts will be mustered out, and every comrade will have answered the last roll call of the great Commander.

Mountain Lake Park.

Mr. Conrad Werner and wife, of Michigan, were visiting his sister, Mrs. S. E. Dawson last week. They left for Eglon, W. Va., on Wednesday, to visit relatives and friends there.

Mr. D. W. Smith and wife, of Hambleton, W. Va., are at home on a short visit.

The W. C. T. W. gave us a temperance mass-meeting on last Wednesday evening, which was a real success. The first was a reading by Miss E. B. Swan: "Little feet coming." After singing Mr. J. A. Endow read the Scripture. Next was an address of welcome by Bessie Endow. The next was a reading by Miss Mollie Garthright: "Liquor License." Then "Speech of a small recruit," by Irwin Sperry. Another by several small boys, "When I'm a Man." Then a "collection speech," by Hattie Murphy. We hope they will in the near future give us another of these interesting and instructive entertainments.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Eckles are visiting her home at Terra Alta. We learn that Mrs. Eckles is quite ill. We hope that she will soon recover. Little Aggie Bullard is now quite ill with pneumonia.

Mr. F. P. Arnold is tatching the upper story of his cottage so that he can plaster in early spring.

This week is a repetition of last, only that the snow is not so deep. It was about ten inches last week.

Mr. Wm. Endow, who has been working in the lumbering business at Hambleton, W. Va., returned home yesterday (Tuesday) with a badly cut foot.

J. A. E.

Longing for and Looking Toward the Coming Administration.

The Samoan Islands have occupied the attention of the American people—as well as that of the English and German Governments—as the past week, to a degree that was little expected a few months ago. It is not too much to say that for the first time Americans have had an intensely realizing sense of the importance of that wise achievement of Secretary of State Everett, the making of the treaty of 1878 with Samoa that gave to us the most favorable terms, before either England or Germany had gained a foothold and secured like advantages. Within the past week Congress and the American people have been aroused to a full sense of the importance of maintaining our rights in the Samoan Islands and there has been an uprising of patriotic sentiment that will justify the Executive and Legislative branches of the Government and our naval officers in just as energetic and decisive action as the emergency may require, though that should involve a desperate fight between American and German ships of war. American blood is stirred. The popular interest is centered in the New Navy. Money for secret service is promptly voted. The possibilities of accelerating the work of construction in all our navy yards are eagerly discussed. The views of the incoming Administration are sought.

Gen. Harrison's attitude need not remain in doubt. He vigorously approved that clause of the Republican platform on which he stood, which denounced the conduct of foreign affairs by the Cleveland Administration as having been "distinguished by its inefficiency and its cowardice," and which added in words that were both historical and prophetic:

"Professing adherence to the Monroe doctrine, it has seen with idle complacency the extension of foreign influence in Central America, and of foreign trade everywhere among our neighbors. It has refused to charter sanction or encourage any American organization for constructing the Nicaragua Canal, a work of vital importance to the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine and of our national influence in Central and South America, and necessary for the development of trade with our Pacific territory, with South America and with the islands and further coasts of the Pacific Ocean."

It was to this splendid outburst of American sentiment that Gen. Har-

rison alluded in his letter of acceptance, when he said:

"Our relations with foreign powers should be characterized by friendliness and respect. The right of our people and of our ships to hospitable treatment should be insisted upon with dignity and firmness. Our national strength and in moral power, to include in bluster or to be suspected of timorousness. Vacillation and inconsistency are as incompatible with successful diplomacy as they are with the national dignity."

In Washington, even more than here, all eyes are turned toward the coming President, whose character and record, as well as his earnest recognition of the stalwart and aggressive Americanism of the Republican platform, leave no doubt as to his approval of everything that Congress may do in the line of providing for the maintenance of the national honor, rights and interests in every part of the world where our flag waves. Circumstances have given to President-elect Harrison a position of incalculable power, even before he has made his Cabinet. The contrast between the outgoing and incoming Administrations grows ever more and more striking as a Congress turned up to patriotic fervor turns toward the coming man, whose life and career as nobly illustrate the noblest attributes of patriotic Americans, as the life and career of his predecessor illustrates the lack of those sentiments.

President Harrison will come none too soon for the honor and welfare of the country. Events unexpected a few months ago have so stirred up our people that they will greet the new President with an enthusiasm and a sense of relief that will give the Administration a magnificent send-off.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

God's Ownership.

Our Country.

When the Scriptures and reason speak of God's ownership in us, they use the word in no accommodated sense. It means all that it can mean in a court of law. It means that God has a right to the service of his own.

It means that, since our possessions are his property, they should be used in his service—not a fraction of them but the whole. When the Lord returned from the far country, to reckon with his servants to whom he had intrusted his goods, he demanded not simply a small portion of the increase, but he held his servants accountable for both principal and interest—mine own with usury. "Every dollar that belongs to God must serve him."

It is not enough that we make a good use of our means. We are under exactly the same obligations to make the best use of our money that we are to make good use of it; and to make any use of it other than the best is a mal-administration of trust.

Here, then, is the principle always applicable, that of our entire possessions every dollar, every cent, is to be employed in the way that will best honor God.

Methodist Deaconesses.

The committee, consisting of the Rev. Dr. J. J. G. Webster, Rev. Dr. Luther B. Wilson, the Rev. Samuel A. Wilson, the Rev. Joel Brown and the Rev. G. W. Hays, which was appointed by the Methodist Preachers' Meeting, of Baltimore, to consider the advisability of establishing an order of deaconesses in that city, have not met, and its members can give no definite information of the new order as yet. The General Conference of the Methodist Church, at its meeting in New York last May urged the local conference to have such orders established where practicable. The idea is to establish an order of Methodist women, who shall do in part what the Catholic Sisters now do—visit the poor, nurse the sick and to aid as far as possible in the conversion of those who are outside of the churches. In short, do that religious work for which women are peculiarly fitted, and for which men are incapable. No vows, however, will be taken, and the work can be relinquished at will by the women undertaking it. They will be admitted to the order by the local conference on the recommendation of the quarterly conferences, and will be examined by a committee as to their fitness for the work in precisely the same manner as is a candidate for the ministry. While in the order they will be supported by the church, and will be required to devote their entire time to the work. They will not be allowed to preach, neither will they have any representation in the annual or general conference. Such orders have been established in several of the Western cities, and one will soon be established in New York. The Rev. Dr. Webster, chairman of the committee, says he thinks Baltimore is a field in which an order of deaconesses could do exceptionally good work, and thinks it very likely the committee will make a favorable report on the matter, and the order be established there.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROAD NOTICE.

This is to give notice that the undersigned will, upon the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, petition the County Commissioners for Garrett county to appoint examiners to locate a public county road as follows: To begin about 6 miles South of Oakland, on the Oakland and West Union road, and running thence through the lands of Jonas Yutz, and William Moon, to the line between the late deceased Charles C. Stahl and Jonas Yutz, then running north west along the line between the lands of C. G. Stahl and Jonas Yutz, and between the lands of Wm. Beckman, late deceased, and Lewis Scobles, then, through the lands of Peter F. Nine to the West Virginia line, to intersect the county road near Jonas Bowman's saw mill.

PETER F. NINE, HERMAN H. BECKMAN, LEWIS SCOBLES, FRED. G. STAHL.

ROAD NOTICE.

This is to give notice that the undersigned will, after 30 days from the date of this notice petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county to appoint examiners to change the location of the public County Road from its present location, beginning at a point along the Morgantown road west of Edward Frazee's and running thence over the lands of George Frazee North degrees West (North 8 degrees West) to the Northwest corner of George Frazee's mound thence over Kim Frazee's lands along the foot hill to a stake, thence to the upper end of the graveyard, thence to the County Road, thence over the lands of George Frazee and a considerable distance along the hill at a reasonable distance from the location of said road along the river bank to the West end of Guard's Bridge.

GEORGE FRAZEE, KIM FRAZEE, H. M. FRAZEE, OTTO SPELMAN.

"Old Reliable."

(Established 1819.)

The American Farmer

Over 40 years under the same Management.

Dedicated to FARMING, STOCK RAISING, FRUIT GROWING, MARKETING, etc., etc., the DAILY, the POLITICAL, etc., etc., the FARMER, the GARDENER, the HORTICULTURIST, and the MANUFACTURER, including those of commerce and industry.

Reports of Representative Farmers' Clubs are a notable feature of its issues. Its HOME DEPARTMENT is filled with charming reading and practical suggestions for the betterment of the household. The most competent, successful and experienced writers in the Atlantic States, and beyond, are to be found in its columns. It is a reliable and useful guide on farm work.

The AMERICAN FARMER is published twice every week on the 1st and 15th. It is beautifully printed on fine white paper, in clear type. Six copies for one year, sent by mail, for \$1.00, an extra copy will be sent free.

SAM'L SANDS & SON, Publishers, BALTIMORE, MD.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

FARM ON MUDDY CREEK

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from William A. Brown to the undersigned, dated and recorded, dated February 10th, 1888, and recorded in Liber W. T. No. 10, folio 20, and in the records of Garrett county, Maryland, the undersigned, on

SATURDAY, the Sixteenth Day of February, 1889,

at 11 o'clock A. M., in front of the Postoffice in the town of Oakland, Maryland, offer for sale of public lands, and tracts of land in Garrett county, known as

Military Lots 1286, 1287 & 1289, containing 20 acres, and that part of a tract called

"SCALES"

and five acres of a tract called

"HOME"

contained within the courses and distances as set out in said mortgage. Said last mentioned parcels containing 20 acres, more or less, and the whole farm containing 40 acres, more or less, a considerable portion of which is cleared and under fence.

The property is situated near Muddy Creek, and near Lewis Saw Mill.

TERMS OF SALE—As fixed in said mortgage—Cash.

ROBERT R. HENDERSON.

THE SECOND TERM

Miss Swan's School for Young Ladies and Girls.

Will begin January 1889, D. V. Terms, \$20.00 for day pupils; \$50.00 in advance for weekly boarders; \$200 per year, 80 in advance for permanent boarders. No pupil entered for less than one term. Suitable arrangements for boarding pupils from Oakland.

For particulars, address

Miss E. B. SWAN, 1215 H. St., Lake Park, Md.

(Formerly connected with Mt. Auburn Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.)

MASSEY HALL

PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Easter Term begins

January 3rd, 1889.

Regular courses continued. Lectures on Commercial Law. Special attention to College and Business requirements. Classes in Literature and French Drawing. Number of Pupils Limited.

For terms, hours of study, etc., apply to

REV. J. NEWMAN, Principal.

E. F. STANSBERRY.

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street, OAKLAND, MD.

Repairing neatly and promptly done. 107, 11, 51—3.

GEO. P. WHITE, S. D. WHITE, P. M.

Mt. Lake Park, Md. Frankville, Md.

WHITE & BRO.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!

AT FRANKVILLE, MD.

Dry Goods, groceries, Boots and Shoes. Country produce taken in exchange for goods. Call and see us. WHITE & BRO.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRUSTEES' SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

In Garrett County, Md.

Under and by virtue of the power of a decree of the Circuit Court for Allegany county, sitting in Equity, in a cause therein pending, wherein Philip Herzmans, et al., are plaintiffs, and Mary Tasker et al., are defendants, being No. 126 in said court, the undersigned trustees will, on

Tuesday, February 26th, 1889,

AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.,

In front of the Glades Hotel, in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, offer for sale, at public auction, all that tract or parcel of land lying and being in Garrett county, State of Maryland, and known as

GLENCOVE,

and contained within the following metes and bounds: Beginning at the end of the sixteenth line of "Old Pasture," a part of this tract being one of the originals, it being a bounded spruce pine, standing near two white pines, marked with six notches each, and a maple marked J. A., and also with six notches, all said trees having been thus marked, said spruce pine being the end of the first line of a tract of land called "The Reserve," on part of the addition to John's Paradise Regard," reserved for John Johnson, Esq., on the 10th day of August, 1836, running thence, reversing the sixteenth line of "Old Pasture," an original as aforesaid, and also reversing the fourth line of "Inheritance," also one of the originals, and with the second line of the survey on part of the addition to "Eden's Paradise Regard," as aforesaid. Then running south thirteen degrees, East three hundred and eighty-five perches to the end of the second line, and also of the beginning of the fourth line, then reversing the third, second and first lines of "Inheritance," an original, as aforesaid; then north thirty-seven degrees, East forty-six perches; then south forty degrees, East one hundred and twenty perches; then north thirty-seven degrees, East one hundred and thirty-four perches to the beginning of this original, the said tract of land called "Inheritance," and also to the end of the last line of a tract of land called "Rich Glade," patented to John Ritchie the sixteenth day of October, 1836, reversing the part of said last line, and line; thence south thirty degrees, East one hundred and thirty perches, to the second line of "Old Pasture," and reversing a part of said original, the north one hundred and one perches to the end of the second line of a tract of land called "Shedden," reserved for Morton and Benjamin, the twenty-fourth day of January, 1832, and with the third line of said tract, south eighty-seven degrees, East three hundred and one perches, then leaving this tract, due north twenty-five perches, to the twenty-fifth line of a tract of land called "Pink of Allegany," and with the lines thereof, north thirty degrees, West eighteen perches to a stake, then with part of the thirty-degree line of this tract, then due north thirty-five degrees, West twenty-two perches; hence south seventy degrees, West sixty perches, to eight south thirty degrees, East forty perches to a stake; then south seventy degrees, West eighty perches to a stake; then north thirty-five degrees, West three perches, then south thirty-five degrees, West twenty-two perches; hence south seventy degrees, West sixty perches, to eight south thirty degrees, East forty perches to a stake; then south seventy degrees, West eighty perches to a stake; then north thirty-five degrees, West three perches, then south thirty-five degrees, West twenty-two perches; hence south seventy degrees, West sixty perches, to eight south thirty degrees, East forty perches to a stake; then south seventy degrees, West eighty perches to a stake and stone pile; then with part of the thirty-degree line of this tract, then due north thirty-five degrees, West twenty-two perches; then leaving the lines of this tract, due west thirty-eight perches, to the northeast corner of Lot No. 178, and with the eastern range of lots numbered 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 28

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

LEARNING TO WALK.

I often take a rocking-chair
And watch him while he plays,
He has such roly-poly legs
And cunning little ways;
The earnestness with which he crawls,
His strange attempts to talk—
But most of all it pleases me
When baby tries to walk.

First dawns the light of the resolve
Within his rounded eyes,
And next with punting efforts come
His vain attempts to rise;
He lifts himself from the floor
And leaves him waiting there
One moment, till I beckon him
Toward the rocking chair.

Unsteadily, on dimpled feet,
All wavering he stands,
And most entreatingly to me
Puts out his pudgy hands;
A little tottering, tiny step,
A moment of alarm,
A swift advance—almost a fall—
Then safe in mother's arms.

Dear, dainty feet—through babyland
Full trustingly they go,
But how through stony future paths
A mother may not know;
And yet for aye my heart shall hear
His mystic baby talk,
And memory treasure up the days
When baby learned to walk.

—Eugene McGuffey, in Chicago Mail.

POPULAR REMEDIES.

Their Properties and Wherein
They are Dangerous.

Some Excellent Advice—Mistaken Ideas
About Arsenic—Arsenic and Its Man-
ifold Preparations and Uses—
Limits of Its Value.

"The man who doctors himself has a fool for a patient," is especially true in any case where a man trifles with drugs other than those of the simplest character, and what passes under the head of "domestic remedies." The only sure way of impressing this fact upon people is to give them some insight into the nature of medicines which they are likely to attempt to use, explain their properties and wherein lies their danger.

The tincture of arsenic is something almost every one is familiar with, for it is a time-honored application for sprains and bruises. As with an infinite number of other popular drugs, arsenic is much overrated, and has not anywhere near the medicinal virtues which are attributed to it. Years ago physicians occasionally gave it internally in certain classes of diseases; probably the Germans used it the most. At the present time, however, in this country at least, it is scarcely ever so administered by any of the profession. Nor have they much faith in it even as an external application. The form so used, the tincture of arsenic, is a very gentle irritant, but as for the extraordinary healing power which people believe it possesses, it has none of them. Hot water is a far better application in any case, and that fact can not be disputed. One of the many delusions relative to medicines, however, is that with countless others, still exists concerning the tincture of arsenic. It is that the person who applies it to his skin must take a certain quantity internally to prevent the "striking in" of what was put on the outside. If a sane person who believes in this notion has even a fair amount of intelligence, he can reason out for himself the utter absurdity of it. But here is the trouble—the majority of the people who exhibit marked intelligence in business and their usual interests show as little as one possibly can on all matters relating to health, disease and medicines. They seldom stop and think for themselves, but are quick to take every thing told them for granted, believing every body and every thing. All that will be changed, but the ripe period will be a long time coming. Arsenic is a poison, and cases where it has acted so are occasionally reported. Generally, where such an accident happens, the drug is given by mistake for some other. As for its poisoning a person where he uses it as an external application, that is not at all likely. Still, from what has been said in the foregoing, it is safe to conclude that arsenic in any form is practically useless for any purpose for which the non-professional could apply it.

In arsenic we have an ancient and well-known poison, which is said to have been the only poisonous compound of the famous aqua Toffana. Considering the fact that arsenic is used in many arts, and manufactured everywhere, it is easily obtained; and, as a natural consequence, it has openly or secretly been the death of a number of people beyond computation. What is called ratsbane is the white oxide of arsenic. Paris green, the enemy of potato bugs, is an arsenical preparation with copper. There are many other "exterminators" on the market of which the principal ingredient is arsenic. The form of this agent which has been in times past generally prescribed by physicians is Fowler's solution. Arsenic has, undeniably, medicinal value, and it is curative in certain conditions of the system. The recognized limits of its usefulness are much narrower than they were even a score of years ago, for in many of the diseases in which it was formerly considered the one remedy, other agents have been proved to be much more effective. And, beside that, physicians now know more of the action of arsenic under all conditions of the system, and such advance in knowledge has been made from its importance as a medicine and added much to its dignity as a poison. They have learned that in certain dis-

eases, while doing good, it was yet doing harm; the former effect being immediate and the latter remote, or, at least, for a time remaining concealed. By experiments the fact was developed that animals to which arsenic had been given in very small doses grew heavier and fatter, but at the same time there was also fatty degeneration of the heart, liver and kidneys.

No other conclusions can be drawn from a physiological study of arsenic than there are some diseases in which it can do much good without doing harm; among such are chronic affections of the skin, certain nervous affections, and peculiar states of the blood. It is also clear that unless the cases in which it is given are wisely selected—used only in those for which it is eminently an appropriate remedy—much injury is likely to result sooner or later. People must disabuse themselves of the idea which is so common, that arsenic in minute doses is always a tonic which can safely be taken whenever something of the sort is needed. There never was a greater mistake made, nor one likely to work an injury. Take at random a hundred people who need a tonic, and it is safe to say that by scarcely one out of that number can arsenic, even in small doses, be borne without near or remote injury. This fact, which can not be disputed, shows that this powerful poison is safe only in the hands of a thorough physician, and no one, under any condition, should ever take it except when duly prescribed. As for the extensive use of arsenic, it is used much less now than formerly. At one time it was often employed as a caustic in destructive skin affections, such as cancer, sloughing ulcers, etc. When applied as a paste, certain portions of the skin, the ulcerated as well as some of the healthy, are destroyed. After being on from three to five days, the part covered by the arsenic appears as though small pieces had been hacked out of it, but between the small openings are little points of healthy skin which have remained unaffected. The arsenical paste is the application in common use by medical charlatans who pretend to have an infallible cure. Considering the peculiar wound which it leaves after being applied to a cancer, the pretension that the disease has been "drawn out by the roots" is easy for the ignorant to believe.

A discussion of arsenic would scarcely be complete without an allusion to its extensive use in trades. On this subject a correspondent to the *Druggist's Circular* has recently commented. He stated that some few months ago he examined for a large firm of household furnishes, as well as for numerous private individuals, a number of samples of the fashionable "imitation Indian muslins" and cretonnes. More than one hundred samples were examined, and twenty-three per cent. of these were found to contain arsenic in appreciable quantities. The colors in which arsenic were principally present were the terra-cotta reds and the greenish browns. As a result of experiments it was concluded that under ordinary circumstances there was no danger of arsenic poisoning from these goods. But, says the writer referred to, in two cases samples of these materials were brought to me by medical men, in which well marked symptoms of arsenical poisoning were ascribed to their use. In one case, some six or eight work girls employed in making up some of this material were all taken ill with the same symptoms of arsenical poisoning. Of course, in such cases the material, when pressed with hot irons, is heated far beyond blood heat, and minute particles are detached and float in the air of the work-room. That the arsenic is held very loosely by the fabric was evidenced by dipping some of the fabric in water, plenty of which arsenic was at once taken up by the water. It would seem at first as if this might be due to arsenic having been used as a preservative for the size or starch present as "stiffening," but then these muslins have no stiffening. I found my infant playing, lately, with a small glazed cardboard box of a green color that had once contained chocolate, and that had been obtained from one of the automatic supply boxes. After the manner of infants, he was occasionally sucking this. Out of curiosity I tested it, and found that the "surface paper," measuring five inches by one and three-fourths, contained one-tenth of a grain of white arsenic. In all these cases the quantity of arsenic found is small, and it may be, under ordinary circumstances, quite harmless; but in all cases its presence is quite unnecessary. Other coloring materials could equally well be used in which there is no possible noxious ingredient. Omitting articles in which its occurrence has been purely accidental, arsenic has been found of late years to be present in some samples of muslins, cretonnes, wall papers, playing cards, the glaze of some enameled stew pans, the paper of fancy boxes and in some furs. These last are usually the furs prepared by amateurs. So that we may picture an infant placed by an unfortunate parent or circumstances in a room covered with arsenical paper, having its cot draped with muslin or cretonne, fed on food prepared in a glazed saucepan, itself covered by a rug and playing with some fancy box of sweets or toys, all of these containing a minute but unnecessary amount of arsenic. One has no wish to be an alarmist, or in any way to harass trade, and it must be freely acknowledged that cases of any ill results whatever being traced to the use of these articles are very rare. None the less, seeing how unnecessary they are, and how each year arsenic seems to be finding its way into new quarters, it seems advisable

to stop its further progress. This can only be done by prohibiting by law, as in some other countries, the use of arsenic for producing colors. Neither the ultimate seller nor the purchaser can really protect himself, the trouble being made too great, but by making the manufacturer answerable the evil might easily be remedied. Asafoetida is a gum resin which many men will remember to have used with their bait, when boys, thinking that it gave the worms an unwonted attraction for fish. Certainly, considering the strength of its odor, their conclusion was not so very far-fetched. In this connection it is interesting to note that, while the smell of asafoetida is very nauseating to us, the Asiatics use it in food as a spice, showing certainly "that there is no accounting for taste."

The Germans give to asafoetida the name *stinkasant*, which is certainly expressive. This drug was once quite popular with physicians, but at the present day its use is largely confined to those of the "old school." It was believed to be especially serviceable in nervous diseases. That it also has a good effect in flatulence can scarcely be denied. If given for that purpose now, it is generally to ladies. Probably it might in infantile colic be much often used to advantage. It is now, is not only on account of its special property referred to, but on account also of its laxative tendency. But, after all, there is a disposition on the part of physicians to do without remedies as much as possible in the treatment of diseases, and to exclude from their list of remedial agents all which can properly be dispensed with. Considering every thing about it, it can properly be said that asafoetida is superfluous. As for the non-professional using it on his own responsibility, he is not likely to do that. At any rate one experience is pretty sure to satisfy him.—Boston Herald.

MUTILATED MONEY.

The Work Attending Its Redemption at the New York Sub-Treasury.
"What shall I do with this ten-dollar bill?"

The speaker held in his hand a legal tender note issued some time during the recent war. It bore all the marks of time-honored wear and tear. The latter was even more conspicuous, as the numerous creases made by its many holders had worn themselves through and even the edges of the note had become badly frayed. Its color was so discolored with the dirt of handling that it required close observation to determine what it was. It had been offered to many tradesmen, but they had one and all refused to accept it in payment for goods. Yet it was a good representative of value received by the United States Government, which promised to it to pay the amount of ten dollars on demand. After repeating this fact several times, the speaker, who was a reporter, and was a leading managing editor.

When asked the other day how he came to succeed he said laughingly: "I hardly know, but I think that handful of type did it."

This is not intended to encourage printers' devils to throw type around, but as an illustration.

Charles A. Dana is perhaps the most famous of the men who have drawn prizes. As editor of the *Sun* he draws a salary of \$25,000 per year and from other sources his income is swelled to about \$150,000 per year, upon which he manages to live very comfortably. A French cook whose income is higher than that of a Congressman, Dana began on the *New York Tribune* at a salary of \$12 per week. He started in a small way from a town in the interior of Ohio.

Joseph Pulitzer, of the *World*, is said to clear \$2,000 per day. He is not a working journalist now, but not many years ago he was an ordinary reporter in St. Louis, and they say he was a hustler, too.

Whitelaw Reid, as a matter of form, draws a salary of some \$14,000 per year from the *Tribune*, but his income from his stock in the paper is several times this amount, and he is the son-in-law of D. O. Mills. These are but the only editors-in-chief who are known outside of New York. There are four or five more who draw good salaries, but they are not known to the general public.

John A. Cockerill is one of the working managing editors and newspaper men and draws a salary of \$15,000 per year from the *World* and has an interest in it besides. Cockerill was a typist and fought his way up from the ranks.

Amos Cummings is said to have an income of \$15,000 per year. He was a compositor and a private in the Union army during the rebellion, and he, too, came from the bottom up where he is now.

Chester A. Lord, the managing editor of the *Sun*, has a salary of \$7,500 per year. He started on a small paper in the interior of the State and had to work hard for success. But he is little known outside of New York.

George F. Spinney, as managing editor of the *New York Times*, has a salary of about \$7,000 per year. But he has been a hard-working journalist all his life and the salary is not so much. He, too, is little known outside of New York.

Foster Gates, of the *Mail and Express*, is one of the youngest but best known of New York newspaper men, and as has been before stated, he started as a printer's devil. He gets about the same salary that the other managing editors do. There are probably fifty or sixty men who are simply writers like Blackely Hall and Julius Ralph, who earn anywhere from \$50 to \$150 per week, but with the exception of the men named and four or five more they are never heard or spoken of, except in their own homes and circles.—N. Y. Cor. Chicago Times.

The total wool production of the world is estimated at 2,000,000,000 pounds. Australia is the heaviest producer, coming to the front with 455,570,000 pounds; then the United States, 307,688,000 pounds; the Argentine Republic, 283,047,000 pounds; Russia, 252,960,000; Great Britain, 135,000,000. All the other countries range each below 100,000,000.

The small boy whose unwisdom father has given him a drum and a tin horn for Christmas, somehow or other never seems to be the boy that breaks through the thin ice when he goes out skating.—Somerville Journal.

SALARIES OF EDITORS.

Some of the Men Who Have Drawn Prizes in the Journalistic Lottery.

"If I were a young man and woman in this town would go into journalism."

The speaker was one of the best known managing editors in New York city, and he passed his hand over his troubled brow as he spoke.

"I got about forty applications per day from men and women who want to become journalists and the proprietor of this paper gets twice as many more. A young man whom I know to be making \$100 a week in the dry goods business came to me this morning and offered to work for \$25 per week as a reporter. It makes me a trifle weary. If these young men and women knew how many blanks there are in this lottery and how few prizes drawn they would quit."

This managing editor was in a bad humor, but he was all right as to facts.

There isn't a newspaper office in town that isn't flooded with applications for work. The prizes in New York journalism are few. You are reasonably sure of drawing a blank pretty nearly every time. There are more than 1,000 hard-working newspaper men in New York City. Outside of their own offices and the New York Press Club, not a dozen of them are known to the general public. Those who are known outside of New York could almost be counted upon the fingers of a single hand.

The men who have drawn prizes can not themselves tell how they did it. All they know is that they started at the bottom and got there somehow.

Three of the brightest working newspaper men in New York to-day—and, singularly enough, their proper names begin with the same letter—"C"—John A. Cockerill, Amos Cummings, and Foster Gates, started from the printer's case. The latter, just about the time when his trade was learned, and while still a boy, was insulted by a superior, and in an unbecoming but happy moment, threw about a pound of lead type in his face. He was discharged, became a reporter, and is now a leading managing editor.

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THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Some More of the Experience of an Enterprising Western Journalist.

A DISAPPOINTED MAN.—A tough from New Mexico, who called himself "The Terror of Bloody River," struck our town the other day with a wild yell and started in to foreclose on a mortgage. The boys were mostly asleep or out shooting jack rabbits, but it wasn't over seven minutes after the Terror uttered his first whoop that he lay a wilted daisy on the street. The coroner counted eighteen bullet holes in his body, and humbly observed that there was no call for an inquest. The age of the Terror has passed. There was a time when it was considered real funny for a tough to capture a town and pop over a dozen leading citizens, and his picture was certain to appear in some illustrated paper as a hero, but that time has gone by. Terrors have become dog cheap, and no one wants to buy. The coroner has our thanks for his kindness towards us in this particular case. We are trying to grow some catnip and asparagus in our back yard and he gave us the body of the Terror as a fertilizer. We should like three or four more, and trust that our friends will be on the lookout to supply us.

NOT OUR FAULT.—We want it distinctly understood that we had nothing whatever to do with the unfortunate incident that occurred on Jackson Hill last Tuesday evening. Mrs. General Featherstone issued cards for a high coffee, and most of the elite of the town had gathered at her two-story abode, when the sheriff swooped down and took away seven prisoners, mostly charged with horse stealing. We neither gave them away nor know that such a raid was intended, but this proves anew the folly of such gatherings. Society wants to show off, of course, but what's the use in collecting a crowd for the benefit of the sheriff?

IT MUST GO.—While we have no personal feeling against Major Bidden, the present postmaster, the flat has gone forth that he must go, and it would be useless for us to defend him. Indeed, when one looks over the past year he must conclude that the major has only himself to blame. The charges against him are:

1. Running the office on the one-man power principle. In a new town like this all the boys want a hand in running the post-office.

2. Refusing to circulate among the saloons and poker-rooms and show that he didn't feel over it but we are not to introduce the boys.

3. Putting on a heap of style whenever an inspector is here and refusing to introduce the boys.

He must go. He might be an ornament to New York or Philadelphia, but he is too rich for the blood of a new Western town.

BECOMING SERIOUS.—Those young men who make a practice of fring into the Kicker office on their way up and down at night may be extracting a great deal of fun over it but we are not. As long as they fired high no particular damage was done except to the stove-pipe, but of late several bullets have whistled too close to our couch for comfort. We have been patient and forbearing, not wanting to deprive the boys of any legitimate amusement, but this fring must be stopped or we will take vigorous measures against the shooters.

HIT US WRONG.—We have several times announced that we had our "on" spell, and our "off" spells in regard to fighting, and that citizens who tackled us must take their chances. Last Friday the old broken-backed hyena who edits the opposition sheet saw us got a letter in a mourning envelope at the post-office, and he concluded it would be an "off" day with us and pitched in to get satisfaction. The mourning envelope enclosed a letter from the bank at Tucson, giving notice that a draft sent for collection had been, much to our astonishment, collected. The old reptile above referred to therefore hit us dead wrong, and he had no sooner put dead wrong than we went for him and had him hollering for mercy inside of five minutes. He says in his issue of yesterday that he thought we were trying to draw a gun on him, but that is too thin. What he really thought was that we had hit him with a ton of granite.

WE HAD TO.—We understand that some of our leading citizens blame us for the arrest of Colonel Jim Drake, who was pinned and taken to Omaha the other day. We did write a letter to the sheriff that Jim was here and could be had any day in the week, but we had to. He not only persistently refused to subscribe for the Kicker, but he avoided our grocery and dealt with non-subscribers. In addition to this Jim was getting puffed up and conceited, and he had an idea that he was running the town. We want to be friendly with all, but we must be used right. The first duty of every man in this town who knows he is wanted by a sheriff anywhere is to come in and subscribe. Price two dollars per year, invariably in advance.—Detroit Free Press.

A pigeon faced in Westphalia bet that a dozen bees liberated three miles from their hive would reach it in better time than a dozen pigeons would reach their roost from the same distance. The first bee beat the first pigeon by a quarter of a minute, and three other bees reached the goal before the second pigeon.

A Vermont girl who has married a young man by the name of William, says that she intends no treason in affirming that hereafter she will follow the dictates of her own sweet will.

SYMPATHETIC WAITERS.

Where the Art of Serving Has Become a Dramatic Accomplishment.

I have always been amused by a trick which the waiters practice to absolute perfection in Paris. The Gaul is a natural actor, and he rehearses with much assiduity. The scheme of the waiters of the French capital is to pretend to have a tremendous interest in the guest. I remember one day walking in the Avenue de l'Opera with a lady who had been shopping in the Louvre, and who was a bit fatigued. She did not want to eat luncheon as it was about five o'clock and it would spoil her dinner, but she said she felt as though she could eat a chicken sandwich. We went into Bignon's, which is perhaps the most pretentious of the Parisian restaurants, and found it deserted except for the white-aproned attendants. As we entered the head waiter made a profound bow, and five or six other waiters rushed about us and stood in a picturesque semicircle around a corner table. One of them hauled back a chair for the lady; another got a hassock for her feet; a third shook out a napkin; a fourth fumbled with the window blinds, while the head waiter himself and another of his assistants rushed off after the menu card. I told the man shortly to bring some chicken sandwiches and he communicated the order to an assistant.

There was a great rushing around while the head waiter talked to us with some excitement—we had both been there a good deal and knew him well—about a winning brother had just made at Monte Carlo. He could not understand what the lady meant by eating at that hour of the day, as he knew she dined at 6:30, and he was in a state of almost painful solicitude for fear she would spoil her appetite for dinner. He begged to suggest that only one sandwich should be brought upon the table, and when a dish of them came he hurried the waiter back, got some lettuce, placed it between the chicken and the bread, gave it a dash of mustard, brought a small glass of iced kummel and put the sandwich before my companion. It was at this point that the waiters began to act. As the guest reached forward and cut a bit off the sandwich the five or six waiters leaned forward with clasped hands and faces indicative of the utmost anxiety.

I watched them amusedly from the corner of the table, where I was smoking a cigarette. There were six of them, including the head waiter. Anxiety, trepidation, fear and excitement were depicted upon their mobile features. The pantomime meant that they were afraid that the guest would not like the sandwich. She bit a piece out of it delicately, found it her liking, nodded her head and said, with an amiable air: "Very good." In an instant a mighty change swept over the group. There were grunts of satisfaction, a general lighting up of eyes, an array of six broad, extensive and intense Gallic smiles, a general happy shrugging of shoulders, and the waiters hurried all about the room chattering in whispers and expressing by every conceivable sort of tomfoolery their intense delight over the fact that madame had found the sandwich to her satisfaction. Of course it was all the rankiest sort of nonsense, because none of them really cared a rap whether she liked it or not. But it was tremendously flattering to madame, and she told me that although she had lived in Paris for eight years, she had never succeeded in recovering from the charm of it.

"It makes one eat like a pig," she said, "for it seems cruel to disappoint the villans after all their mugging and acting."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE FOOL FRIEND.

How He Manages to Annoy Those He Ought to Encourage.

"What a world of meaning there is in this expression 'fool friend'!" He is easy to find and difficult to shake. I got into his clutches recently. The Stroller overheard the remark and asked for the story. The man who had been the victim was just quite pale and nervous after a long siege of sickness which threatened his life. I must omit names, but this was his story: "When, after weeks in bed, I was able to move the air again, I started to the car to come down to my office. Before going a block I met one of these friends. She first asked a string of questions, kept me standing till I was faint, and was just telling me something to take that 'would be good for me,' when I got loose and went on. An old man met me, and after putting me through the catechism, wound up by telling me to 'take good care of myself,' etc. At last I got into the corner of a car and pulled my hat over my eyes. 'Hello, ———, are you out again?' came from the other side of the car. I knew it was the voice of another fool, but I had to speak. Then the party changed seats with a man next to me. He told me how near a cousin of his came to dying with the same ailment I was recovering from. He told me what to take to get strong, and would up by generously telling me to take good care of myself. He stuck close to me till I got off the car. My physician told me to get my thoughts on something else, and forget my sickness, but I could not. Every one I talked with for a week made me live the trouble all over again in my mind. They seemed to forget that I had paid out nearly \$100 for good advice from my physician, and that I had a drug bill of half as much more. How useless is the advice of acquaintances on the street corners after all this!" After hearing this tale, I shall jog myself often when I speak with any one who is sick or convalescing, for fear I shall get on the f. l. list. I have about made up my mind that advice which is neither asked for nor paid for is not often appreciated.—Chicago Journal.

AN ATTRACTIVE SIGHT.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, picking up his two-foot rule, "I'll take the measures directly. This is a nice room. I like a room where the sun shines in all day. Two feet six, by—let me see—yes, you've a nice room here; your plants look fine. Do you ever leave your shades up of evenings?"

"Well," Mrs. Mason said, "I do leave the shades up often, especially on dark or stormy nights. I always felt as though every one would make fun of me, but I wanted a little of the pleasantness should go out to those who were obliged to face the cold or storm."

weo, first-class boardin'-house, don't open doors to men as come in black with smut—and we were crowded into small, bare rooms, and had pretty dry pickin' at table, usually. Well, you see, in such a case a fellow wants to get off in the fresh air as soon as his supper's o. r. In summer there's the parks and the street corners, and dry-goods boxes in the alleys ain't nigh so bad a place to sit and gas as you'd think; but when it comes winter there's nowhere but the saloons. At first a fellow sits around and chats,

I'm in my room now, and the curtains in the sittin'-room windows was always up. There were lots of plants in the window, just big geraniums and ivys and things; I didn't know the names of 'em then, but they looked awful nice to me. The windows were high from the walk, so all I could see was the heads of folks sittin' about, but it looked light and warm and cheery, and I used to stand there night after night with my hands down in my empty pockets; a kickin' my toes to keep 'em from freezin', and just stare into them windows. I was gettin' along, first-

pittiny' poor cusses like myself who went to the dogs because they had nowhere to stay but in the saloons, when a fellow about my size came tramping along, and near run into me.

"He fetched up with a round turn, and yelled: 'Hello! What you doin' there?'"

"'None o' your infernal biz.' I answered, drawin' my hands outen my pockets. 'I was just thinkin' how nice an' light an' warm them plants look.'"

"'Why, yes,' said he. 'I believe

can't think what a queer feelin' came over me. I sat down on the side of the bed, holdin' one shoe half pulled off of my foot in my hands, and sort of sized the difference. There was somethin' so clean and white about it all; no tobacco smoke, no reeking spittoons, no smell of beer, no oaths, and no vulgar stories. Well, after awhile I went on undressing. It was easy for folks with nice homes to be steady, I told myself, but homes wasn't for me. Mr. Grace had been a school mate of my father's, but then, my



and eggs. I felt ravenous when the smell of the supper met us at the door, but they helped me so much an' so often, that I was plum full when we got up from the table.

"Well, we examined patents, and told stories and sung songs, and the young lady, Stella, she that's my wife now, played on a little melodeon, and we had such a good time that I never thought of my promise to the boys until I started for home. Then I looked back at those bright windows, and I couldn't scarcely realize that I had



"Well, I stayed there for about three years, then Stella and I were married, and as father and mother Grace moved to a larger house across the street, we bought the place. The first twenty-five dollars did it, ma'am. I began by putting it in the bank the day after I changed boarding places. Well, I kept my eyes open, and I had

but these sunny windows, they set me a thinkin'. It's a great pity, I think, ma'am, that we don't have some place where warmth an' light an' music are free to poor, homeless fellows; I mean some other place than them gateways to poverty and degradation, the saloons. Well, good-day, 'ma'am, good-day! I'll have that furnace all fixed up in a day or two.—Maud Merodith, in Union Signal.

Membership of the W. C. T. U.

Treasurers are hardly likely to go around and collect it. But 200,000 members, and probably 50,000 besides are in the direct following of the W. C. T. U., and if we add to these the well nigh 200,000 in the Bands of Hope, with the Young Women's Christian Temperance Unions, and the men who are honorary members of these societies, all strictly related to the White Ribbon movement, we shall have a total of certainly not less than half a million directly interested and loyal to that organic form of the woman's crusade.

people are largely increased in intensity. Some practical ends have been reached, of course, with more or less hope of permanent success, but the main advance has been that of extended and deepened conviction, the actual result of which will be realized in the near or more remote future. It is but natural that they who have thorough hostility to the drink traffic, and who have long made war upon it, should be impatient, but they need not be so. Hardly any real reformation involving serious, a change



— In order to get an idea of the length of shoe sizes in inches it may be stated that a foot measuring ten inches, with the weight of the body resting upon it, may wear, comfortably, a number six shoe.

discovered he was perched among the branches forty feet from the ground. A boy was sent up to get him down and he jumped at him and over him and made off. He was finally run down by the hounds and killed. It is proposed to stuff the skin, and preserve it as that of the first fox in Chester County who could climb a tree.

—A Chinaman, arrested for theft in San Francisco, suggested to the judge that a fair way to determine his innocence would be to fasten his hands behind him and take him to the river and

—The story is that a woman in this vicinity who is noted neither for generosity nor extravagance, hired an able-bodied farm hand to assist her in the limited number of "chores" incident to her harvest time, agreeing to pay him a price which probably would not have kept Jay Gould awake nights in the complexity as to the disposal of the

"Look here, you ought to be arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses."

"How so?"

"Why, you advertised your hotel as strictly fire-proof."

"Well," replied the proprietor, "the hotel is still standing."

"Of course, but look at it. My room was demolished—my two trunks are burned up."

"You are the biggest fool I ever saw!" the injured man exclaimed.

"Well, but have I made contractions?" Does my advertisement take cognizance of such a possibility? I simply advertise my hotel as fire-proof and here you claim that I have obtained money under false pretenses simply because I happen to be the big-

more; those coated with a thin wash of lime were better preserved but were quite seriously attacked by worms; those posts coated with hot tar were perfectly sound as when put in the ground; those painted with petroleum and kerosene were equally sound and good for setting. Let the posts get thoroughly dry, and then with a pan of cheap kerosene and a whitewash brush, give the lower third of the post, the part to go in the ground, two or three applications of the oil, letting it soak in well each time. Post

Once when traveling in a stage coach, I met a young lady who seemed to be on the constant lookout for something laughable, and not content with laughing herself, took great pains to

them; b when we come to human beings that is quite another thing. So it seemed to me; for after awhile an old woman came running across the fields, swinging her bag at the coachman, and in a shrill voice begging him to stop. The good-natured coachman drew up his horse, and the good old lady coming to the fence by the roadside squeezed herself through two bars which were not only in a horizontal position, but very near together. Taking advantage in the stage coach made some ludicrous remarks, and the passengers

"My dear," said she, "you are young, healthy and happy; I have been so, too, but that time has passed; I am now decrepit and forlorn. This coach is taking me to the death-bed of my child. And then, my dear, I shall be a poor old woman, all alone in the world, where merry girls think me a very amusing object. They will laugh at my old-fashioned clothes and odd appearance, forgetting that the old woman has a spirit that has loved and

sure I was not sorry to see a tear upon her fair young cheek. It was a good lesson, and one which I hoped would do her good.—Salem (Mass.) Gazette.

ABOUT FROGS' LEGS.

Where They Come From and How They Are Prepared for Market.

"Sixty cents a pound, did you say?" asked a reporter of a wholesale fish merchant of Fulton market, who is also the largest dealer in frogs' legs in this country."

"Yes," he replied, "that's what frogs

piece of a cotton cloth over a common fish hook. There is no nibbling in the bait; with him. 'Spraddle legs' makes one pass at it, and when he shuts his capacious jaws the red crotchet has disappeared and the next moment a froggie is in the boy's basket. Up in Canada there are regular midnight frogging expeditions, and the hunters go along the edges of the lakes in canoes, carrying flaming torches to light up the bottom. The light stupefies the frog, and he is easily secured. 'Is there no effort being made

low of a greater growth of flesh on the hind quarters, which are the only edible part. Treated frogs' legs often weigh as much as a quarter of a pound every year. They would be as cheap and common as chickens, too, I think, if the Government would not persist in levying an import duty on the Canadian under the classification of 'manufactured articles.' They ought to be let in as fish, fresh for consumption. The only manufacturing process they undergo is to cut off their hind legs and skin them."—N.



How the New York Newsboys Assist The Blind Comrades.

All the milk of human kindness
not to be found in the hearts of the
great and prosperous. Down among
the little gamins of Newspaper row
exists a charity as sweet and springing

vinced that the street gamins, who some moralists say, are the bursting seed whence criminals grow, have gentle, noble impulses, which would, if properly nurtured, bring them to better things. The boy was the regular gamine—ragged, dirty, with pinched features, but withal as mercurial as a cricket. The blind man looked like what he was—a poor outcast, perhaps made so by his infirmity. Through the crowd the boy led him down into the delivery room of one of the dairymen and after placing him in

he could t'at tro' de crowd himself wit
 out any eyes? Does I tink I'm good
 to lead him? Naw. Why, any newswy
 'ud help blind Charlie or any of de
 blind fellers wot's in der business.
 Dere odders like Charlie? Dere's tro'
 or four of 'em wot live down 'ere at
 Park row and gits up early likes w
 do. Den dey comes out onder de street
 and any newswy wot sees 'em 'll le
 'em to de office fer papers. When d
 gets a stock 'nuther newswy who has
 stand near where de blind feller
 locates 'll lead 'em dere. When

Another incident showing the generous impulses of these out-door walders. It occurred just in front of the Tim building the other evening.

"Hello, Stumpy," said one gamine to he met another, "have yer fed yet?"

"Naw," replied Stumpy, "I guess I dis is de eve I don't eat."

"No coin," asked the other.

He took Stimp's arm and the two walked off. The beauty of the act was that it was done without the least condescension, but with a frank, I-may-be-there-myself-some-day air that was enlightful.—N. Y. Times.

Mary's Little Lamb.

I sing of sheep, and of the great wool industry; likewise of the lamb, the descendant of the sheep;

Animal diminutive, woolly, its exterior covering being as devoid of color as the crystalized vapor which falls

Well Supplied Already.

"Any news in the paper this morning, Samantha?" inquired Mr. Chubb, as he came down to breakfast.

"Not much," replied his wife, "but a 'Strange Story in Regard to Mrs. Patti.'—Readers of the Morning Paralyzer will be surprised to learn that the gifted prima donna——"

"Samantha," interposed Mr. Chubb, "I don't care for the story."

—The confectioner is supposed to make his candy over a bon-bon fire. Puck.

—"What zone is Ireland in?" asked the teacher, and the class unanimously replied: "The O'Zone."—N. Y. Sun.

—While we are talking about compulsory education, wouldn't it be a good idea if the teachers, as a rule, were compelled to know just a little more than their pupils?—Chicago Times.

—The writer of a book on dances estimates that eighteen waltzes are equal to about fourteen miles of straight work. The fatigued girl, too languid to help her mother about the house, can do eighteen waltzes in an evening when she wishes to be particularly agreeable. —N. O. Picayune.

—Tough Luck. —First Stage Robber: "What did you git, yesterday, Jerry?" Second Robber: "Nothin'. The stage was empty." —*Illustrated American*.

—“When a man dies suddenly, without having been attended by a doctor, says a popular guide to the law, ‘‘coroner has to be called in and a quest held to ascertain the cause of death. But,’’ adds the writer, ‘‘when he dies after having been attended by a doctor, everybody knows why he died, and an inquest is not necessary.’’—N. Y. Ledger.

—The ‘‘glorious uncertainty of the law’’ is proverbial; but it is a little singular, when one comes to think of it, that this uncertainty never in-

**A Physician's Ideas About the Origin
Many Lung Troubles.**

"You snore, don't you?" asked
Pittsburgh doctor of a patient who was
afflicted with a throat trouble.

"My wife says that I do."

"And you laugh quite often?"

"Yes."

"And your mouth's open a good deal
of the time—just as it is now—when
you are not talking, laughing or snor-
ing?"

"I suppose so."

may be natural. You have heard the story of the Indian who was matched against a white man to run a race. 'Me beat um, sure,' he said before the contest begun. On being asked the reason for so believing, he replied that he had no fear of a man, either in a race or a fight, who kept his mouth open.

"If people generally knew how many diseases of the throat and lungs are brought on by wrong habits of breathing, I think they would be more careful."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wolff's ACME Blacking

Is the Blacking for Men, Women and Children.

The RICHEST BLACK POLISH. Making Leather Waterproof and Durable. No Break. A Shine Lasts a Week. Can be washed with water, same as Oilcloth. The Finest Dressing for Harness.

Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, and Retailers generally.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.

UNDERTAKERS

AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,
OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE.

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds.

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment.

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,
PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

All persons are hereby notified to move any stone from the National Road in Garrett county, or from the Bridges thereon. By order County Commissioners.

W. H. HAGANS,
Clerk.

98 ft

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 18th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 1—Accommodation—7:41 A. M.
No. 2—Express—8:00 A. M.
No. 3—Express—8:20 A. M.
No. 4—Accommodation—8:30 A. M.
No. 5—Express—8:50 A. M.
No. 6—Express—9:10 A. M.
No. 7—Accommodation—9:20 A. M.
No. 8—Express—9:40 A. M.
No. 9—Express—10:00 A. M.
No. 10—Accommodation—10:10 A. M.
No. 11—Express—10:30 A. M.
No. 12—Express—10:50 A. M.
No. 13—Accommodation—11:00 A. M.
No. 14—Express—11:20 A. M.
No. 15—Express—11:40 A. M.
No. 16—Accommodation—11:50 A. M.
No. 17—Express—12:10 P. M.
No. 18—Express—12:30 P. M.
No. 19—Accommodation—12:40 P. M.
No. 20—Express—1:00 P. M.
No. 21—Express—1:20 P. M.
No. 22—Accommodation—1:30 P. M.
No. 23—Express—1:50 P. M.
No. 24—Express—2:10 P. M.
No. 25—Accommodation—2:20 P. M.
No. 26—Express—2:40 P. M.
No. 27—Express—3:00 P. M.
No. 28—Accommodation—3:10 P. M.
No. 29—Express—3:30 P. M.
No. 30—Express—3:50 P. M.
No. 31—Accommodation—4:00 P. M.
No. 32—Express—4:20 P. M.
No. 33—Express—4:40 P. M.
No. 34—Accommodation—4:50 P. M.
No. 35—Express—5:10 P. M.
No. 36—Express—5:30 P. M.
No. 37—Accommodation—5:40 P. M.
No. 38—Express—6:00 P. M.
No. 39—Express—6:20 P. M.
No. 40—Accommodation—6:30 P. M.
No. 41—Express—6:50 P. M.
No. 42—Express—7:10 P. M.
No. 43—Accommodation—7:20 P. M.
No. 44—Express—7:40 P. M.
No. 45—Express—8:00 P. M.
No. 46—Accommodation—8:10 P. M.
No. 47—Express—8:30 P. M.
No. 48—Express—8:50 P. M.
No. 49—Accommodation—9:00 P. M.
No. 50—Express—9:20 P. M.
No. 51—Express—9:40 P. M.
No. 52—Accommodation—9:50 P. M.
No. 53—Express—10:10 P. M.
No. 54—Express—10:30 P. M.
No. 55—Accommodation—10:40 P. M.
No. 56—Express—11:00 P. M.
No. 57—Express—11:20 P. M.
No. 58—Accommodation—11:30 P. M.
No. 59—Express—11:50 P. M.
No. 60—Express—12:10 A. M.

GOING WEST.

No. 1—Accommodation—7:41 A. M.
No. 2—Express—8:00 A. M.
No. 3—Express—8:20 A. M.
No. 4—Accommodation—8:30 A. M.
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No. 58—Accommodation—11:30 P. M.
No. 59—Express—11:50 P. M.
No. 60—Express—12:10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hopwood Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 281, as for feloniously stealing goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ

TRESPASS NOTICE.

I have frequently warned persons from putting crosses on my land, along the railroad, and hereby notify all persons who have neglected this warning to immediately remove any crosses that may now be on my land, and in the future to respect this notice and save themselves trouble. I do not intend to be trifled with.

JOHN BRADLEY,
Cincinnati, O., Nov. 28, 1888.

Should Women Propose.

Why not? In the ages past men have married their preferences; women, their opportunities. The man may choose, the woman refuse, but she refuses at her peril, as her decision may condemn her to a life of celibacy, especially in our thickly populated New England or Middle States, where the women outnumber the men. The man she accepts may be in no wise the man of her choice; but it may be a marriage of compromise, of convenience or of necessity under our present system, while the woman looks calmly on to see another fill the place that she has coveted, without any intimation in the male breast of her desire, when a little more frankness on the part of the woman might have added to the happiness of both. A woman would be slow to make application for divorce from the man who had married her on her own calm deliberation and request; while the positive privilege of making another selection should he refuse—and the man should have the same right of refusal as the woman—would give her confidence to approach the man whom she deemed best suited to her condition and happiness. Matches would be more carefully made when considered from both standpoints, and the glamour and indebitness that usually hedged around a proposal would be wiped away in the cool consideration of a mutual business contract.

And why should the woman not have a voice and choice in the man who is to be her life partner—the father of her children, and who is most likely to give the tone and color to all her after life? The majority of women never rise above the character given to them by the man whom they chance to wed, for chance in the past has usually had more to do with marriage than reason. The Catholics make marriage a canon of the church and indissoluble, but it is considered in most of the States as a civil contract. It should undoubtedly be a civil contract with the utmost mutuality, with both of the contracting parties at liberty to propose and to reject proposals without offense and without any violation of any of the ordinary rules of propriety. This contract should also be construed to contain equal property rights for the man and the woman, and an equal control over the children of the marriage. Why should the woman have more diffidence in selecting the man who is to wed her than in the selection of the house she is to live in and its intricate furnishings, when the former has infinitely so much more to do with her happiness and prosperity?

To propose has always been considered the prerogative of queens, but in this respect every American woman should consider herself a queen. It was not until Queen Victoria had signified to Prince Albert that a proposal from him would be favorably received that he ventured to make advances to that honored lady. Queen Elizabeth, years before, had claimed the right of proposal as England's sovereign Queen. The incident recited in Scripture between Ruth and Boaz, after the day of gleanings in the field, was virtually a proposal by Ruth.

After the formulating of the Gregorian Calendar in 1582, giving to every fourth year 366 days, it was accounted proper for women to propose every fourth or leap year, but so much facetiousness and ridicule has attached to it, that the custom has been more honored in the breach than in the observance. At this time, when we concede to women equal educational facilities; have arrived at a proximate equality in property rights; have given to her to a limited extent the ballot and the privilege of holding office; when the trades and the professions are so far thrown open to her that she may compete with man in money-making and money-getting. I can see no good reason why she may not under suitable circumstances propose; but the proposal on her part would always carry with it the tacit agreement to perform her part in the domestic economy of the household. The right of proposal vouchsafed to woman would undoubtedly have a moral tendency.

Evangelistic Work.

The Primitive Methodist (London, Eng.).

There is evidently a very general feeling in the connection that more aggressive work should be done. We have one district advertising for ten evangelists, full of faith and the Holy Ghost; and in nearly all the districts we have some movement on foot for evangelistic purposes. No doubt the legislation of last Conference on mission work has given a stimulus to this movement, but the real cause lies beyond that.

The traveling preachers, as a rule, have not the time to devote to aggressive work which they desire, and which is needed. We may talk as we like in conference and convention about laymen attending to the business of the churches; but, after all, it has to be done by the preachers. They have to look after chapel affairs and the demand made upon them in this respect in many stations is most exacting, consuming time and energy and burdening the mind. And it must be done. We have the property, and the property is needful for the housing of our people, and in a few years it will be a great blessing; but at present it consumes many ministers. The men who are doing this work are doing heroic service for the connection and cause of God, and are worthy of all honor. But they cannot give the attention they would like to evangelistic work. In other places the ministers are engaged in educational work, training the people in the grace and knowledge of Jesus Christ. It ought not to be impossible to combine an educational and evangelistic ministry; but there cannot be the concentration where only the one thing is sought. And we should never forget the pulpit demands upon our ministers are much more exacting now than ever, and that many of the ministers have received only partial furnishing and require many times preparation. Without presuming that there is any lack of the part of the ministers—indeed, assuming which is correct, that they are anxious to see more aggressive work—they have not the opportunity and means to engage in it as they would desire.

We have for some years been growing a strong, consolidated church, and grand work has been done. Now we feel the need of making an advance upon the thoughtless, indifferent, passionless, and lost. No church can live that makes its own perfecting the end of its existence. It lives by constantly gathering in the lost, and we are following the leading of God in this matter.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Longest Speech on Record.

From Atlanta Constitution.

Long speeches are common. A Philadelphia lawyer will frequently extend his remarks through three or four days. In the Georgia Legislature, when the question of expelling the negro member was up, *Algeria* spoke four days. The *Algeria* trial brought Dr. Kennedy to the front with a speech running through 140 days. But these speakers did not talk continuously. Adjournment for dinner and over night and for Sunday made their work easy.

The longest speech on record is probably the one made by Mr. DeCosmos, a member of the Legislature of British Columbia, some time ago. A bill was pending which, if passed, would deprive many settlers of their lands, and the temper of the majority made it certain that it would pass. The Legislature was within a day and a half of the hour of its final adjournment, and the vote was about to be taken.

At this juncture DeCosmos arose to address the body. It was ten o'clock in the morning, and the members thought that he would finish in an hour or two. The clock struck eleven, twelve and one, but the speaker kept right on.

How long would he speak? The members in a spirit of fun omitted to adjourn for dinner, but DeCosmos spoke on without a break? At six o'clock he was still on the floor. He was forced by the speaker to stick to the question, and was not allowed to pause except to take a drink of water. The majority decided to continue the session through the night, slipping out in small parties to eat and sleep. Still without faltering, the speaker poured forth his torrent of words. This was the situation at midnight, and also when the morning sun flooded the hall with the light of day. At the hour-hand of the clock pointed to twelve the limit prescribed by law for the session had arrived, and the Legislature soon adjourned *sine die*. At the last stroke of twelve the brave DeCosmos stopped in the middle of a sentence and fell fainting in his seat.

He had spoken, standing on his feet, 26 hours. His eyes were bleared and red, and his parched lips were cracked and running blood. He was nearly dead, but he had prevented the bill from becoming a law and had saved the settlers their homes.

Teacher—"Jimmy Duncie, you did not know a single lesson to-day."
Jimmy—"No'm."

"And you haven't had a good mark for a week?"
"No'm."

"What in the world is to become of you? What do you expect to be when you grow up?"
"A juryman, like pop."

Almost an Enoch Arden

A Wilkes Barre special to the Philadelphia Press says: A romantic story comes from the town of Ashly near here. Miss Mary Gann, a vivacious young lady, was married some three years ago to John Lamb, a young machinist. They moved to Scranton and lived happily together for a year or more. Then, work getting scarce, Lamb started for the West, while his wife came back to her parents to wait until he should have a home prepared for her. A few months later they received word that he had been drowned in the Mississippi.

The young lady sincerely mourned for her husband, but in time her grief wore off, and some few months ago she received the attentions of John Adams, a machinist in the railroad shops and an honest young fellow. They became engaged and the wedding was fixed for to-morrow. Adams had a comfortable home prepared and furnished and every arrangement was made. Yesterday morning while the prospective bride was in the very act of trying on her wedding dress, the household was startled by the appearance of Lamb, who had just returned from the West. He had got on well and had a home of his own near St. Louis and had come for his wife. It took but a short time to explain, and to avoid any unpleasantness or bother, the reunited couple quietly left on the midnight train last night for their new home.

A Row in the Salvation Army.

New York correspondence of the Baltimore American says: The Salvation Army of America, commanded by Gen. Moore, with headquarters at Brooklyn, is in the midst of fearful dissensions that threaten to break up the organization. The administration of Gen. Moore has been an unpopular one from the first, and now three other prominent members of the order are endeavoring to dethrone him. According to the General's statement he gave up a position paying him \$20,000 a year to fight the devil in America. When he took charge he wore patent leather shoes and comfortable clothes, while to-day his toes are protruding from his well-worn gaiters, and the army owes him salary, away back for 1887 and 1888. The General has, therefore, temporarily abandoned the crusade against Satan to fight his comrades of the army, and to maintain his position at the head of the forces in America. The trouble arose from General Moore's efforts to sell the Asbury Park property to the salvationists, a step which met with the opposition of the other leaders. General Moore declares that he is still in command, but there is a belief that a new administration is soon to take hold of the army's affairs over in Brooklyn.

The following remark came from the lips of little Pearl Manley, a 5-year-old girl, whose father was getting in readiness for a three months' trip. Alice, her older sister, was feeling bad over her father's prospective long absence, and Pearl, hearing her cry, approached her father, saying:

"What day is to-day, papa?"
"Why, Friday, my dear; why do you ask?"
"Then to-morrow is Saturday, and the next day Sunday, and then comes Monday, and you are going away on Monday, papa?"
"Yes, my little darling, I am sorry to say I am."

"Well, then, papa, I ain't going to cry till Monday!"—*Omaha Bee.*

Sleep eight hours of the 21, eat three meals a day, and walk on the sunny side of the way.

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use *Roger's Specific Cough Cure*. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.

Use *Roger's Specific Liniment*. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Choler, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Speedily cured by a few doses of *Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy*. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Pile!

Roger's Specific Ointment Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of itching, protruding, bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Specific Worm Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.

Use *Roger's Specific Cream*. A delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Itchiness and Skin Diseases. Price 12 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturges' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

Wanted! Reliable Men!

To canvass for a full line of Nursery Stock. Permanent employment guaranteed. Previous experience not required. Outfit free.

SALARY WITH EXPENSES PAID.

None under 25 years of age need apply. Address (enclosing stamp) the Editor, RELIABLE GROVE NEWS-PAPER.

E. C. FLEESON & CO.,
Waterloo, N. Y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA

These twin diseases cause untold suffering. Doctors admit that they are difficult to cure—so do their patients. Paine's Celery Compound has permanently cured the worst cases of rheumatism and neuralgia—so say those who have used it.

"Having been troubled with rheumatism at the knee and foot for five years, I was almost unable to get around, and was very often confined to my bed for weeks at a time. I used only one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and was perfectly cured, and feel as lively as a boy."—*Pharis, Canada, Barre, Nevada.*

\$1.00. Six for \$5.00. Druggists. Munnich's medicinal paper free. WELLS, RICHMOND & CO., Props., Burlington, Vt.

DIAMOND DYES Give Faster and Brighter Colors than any other Dyes.

Paine's Celery Compound

"I have been greatly afflicted with acute rheumatism, and could find no relief until I used Paine's Celery Compound. After using six bottles of this medicine I am now cured of rheumatic troubles."—*Samuel Hutchinson, So. Cornish, N. H.*

Effects Lasting Cures.

Paine's Celery Compound has performed many other cures as marvelous as these—cures of letters sent to any address. Pleasant to take, does not disturb, but aids digestion, and entirely restores a child can take it. What's the use of suffering longer with rheumatism or neuralgia?

BABIES Living upon Lactated Food are Healthy, Happy, Plump, & Contented.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints—Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, &c. Castoria is a healthy, safe, and pleasant remedy, and is known to all. H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

A Model Newspaper

THE NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS

The Advocate of the Best Interests of the Home—The Enemy of the Saloon. The Friend of American Labor. The Favorite Newspaper of People of Refined Tastes Everywhere.

The New York MAIL AND EXPRESS, the favorite American newspaper of many people of intelligent and cultivated tastes, has recently made some noteworthy improvements, materially increasing its general excellence. It is in the broadest sense

A National Newspaper,

most carefully edited, and adapted to the wants and tastes of intelligent readers throughout the entire country—North, South, East and West. It is a thoroughly clean paper, free from the corrupting, sensational and demoralizing trash, mislabeled news, which defiles the pages of too many city papers.

OUR POLITICS.

We believe the Republican party to be the true instrument of the POLITICAL PROGRESS of the American people; and holding that the honest enforcement of its principles is the best guarantee of the national welfare, we shall support them with all our ability, but we shall always treat opposing parties with consideration and fair play.

AGAINST THE SALOON.

The MAIL AND EXPRESS is the recognized National organ of the great Anti-Saloon Republican movement. It believes that the liquor traffic as it exists to-day in the United States is the enemy of society, a fruitful source of corruption in politics, the ally of an army, a school of crime, and, with its avowed purpose of seeking to corruptly control elections and legislation, is a menace to the public welfare and deserves the condemnation of all good men.

Send for Sample Copy

They are sent free to all who apply.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—WEEKLY, per year, \$1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 35 cents. DAILY, per year, \$5.00; six months, \$3.00; three months, \$1.50; one month, 50 cents.

VALUABLE PREMIUMS are given to all subscribers and agents. We want a good agent in every town and village where we have not one now at work. Send for our Special Circular to Agents and see our liberal offers.

You Can Make Money

by accepting our Cash Commission offers or working for our valuable and popular premiums. Address the MAIL AND EXPRESS, New York City.

J. F. LEWIS,
—MANUFACTURER OF—
LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!
SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought anywhere else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,
3378 1st Cranesville, W. Va.

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 36 acres, about 50 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, N. Y. R. R. About 20 acres is under fence. A good orchard was put out four years ago, and it is soon to come into bearing. For particulars and terms, apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER,
Swanton, Md.

1852. --\$1.00-- 1889.

THE WHEELING INTELLIGENCER,

Daily, Semi-Weekly and Weekly.

One Dollar a Year!

\$1.00 The Very Best. \$1.00

THE WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER

is ahead of all other newspapers because it comes closer than any other to

THE WEST VIRGINIA HOME.

It appeals particularly to West Virginians because it tells what is going on at home; discusses State matters; is the leader of the State Development movement; advocates the policy of Protection, which means new mines, new saw mills, new railroads, new towns, more population, more money; gives the best agricultural matter and the most reliable market reports; prints the best stories; in every respect leads the way. The year 1889 marks a decided change in the National policy. In the future a new administration takes hold. A United States Senator is to be elected.

The year will be one of unusual importance. The INTELLIGENCER will record every event with entire fairness. Send your names at once and get up clubs.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The Weekly INTELLIGENCER, one year, \$1.00
The Weekly INTELLIGENCER, 6 months, .60
Four copies one year and an extra copy to person, 5 00
20 copies one year and two extra copies to person, 10 00
20 copies one year and four extra copies to person, 15 00
20 copies one year and one copy of "Daily one" 30 00
Free to persons getting up clubs
It is not necessary for all the names in a club to come from one office, but it is necessary to send all the names at one time.

TERMS OF THE SEMI-WEEKLY.

One copy, 6 months, \$1.25; Two copies, 1 year, \$2.50
One copy, 1 year, 2.50; Five copies, 1 year, 10 00

THE DAILY INTELLIGENCER.

TERMS BY MAIL PORTAGE PAID.

One month, .50; Six months, 2.50
Three months, .75; One year, 5 00
Specimens sent free to any address.
We want an agent in every town and village where we have not one now at work. Send for our Special Circular to Agents and see our liberal offers.

Address: **FREW, CAMPBELL & TART,**
Publishers, INTELLIGENCER,
WHEELING, W. VA.

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 400 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for \$10,000, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than \$1,000. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland, Good dwelling House and stable, large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

Estate of William Davis, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

WILLIAM DAVIS,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 12th day of July next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 8th day of January 1889.

PHILIP DAVIS,
Oakland, Md.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturges' Hall every Tuesday night.
LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3rd Saturday nights of each month.
ALTA LODGE, No. 474, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2nd and 4th Thursday nights of each month.
SHEALTEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lege's Hall every Monday night.
PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 3rd Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week.

NOTICE.

W. H. Hearn, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—Mr. John Shartzer was in Oakland this week.

—Offutt received his Spring stock of dry goods this week.

—The wife of Mr. Z. C. Gibson, of Ryans Glade, died this week.

—Dr. E. H. Gloffely was in Oakland on business Monday evening.

—Offutt will receive a big nest of "Hornet"—Plows, soon.

—The protracted meeting in the M. E. Church was closed Monday evening.

—Cheap John just received a fine stock of Valentines. No comies to insult the people.

—Go to Offutt's and arrange for Fertilizers, to be paid for in Fall with any desirable produce.

—Mr. Ben Sincell left for Washington, D. C., Wednesday, where he will engage in business with his brother John.

—Before you take that trip to Washington or any where else, go and see the big line of trunks, satchels and shawl-straps at Offutt's.

—Go to Garthright's for Oliver's Improved No. 40 Level Land and No. 55 Hill Side Plows, the best in use, and for cheap timothy seed.

—Go to Garthright's for cheap Flour, cheap meal, best dyspepsia remedy in the world, and for the highest cash prices for Furs.

—In addition to his already mammoth stock of General Merchandise Offutt has added a complete line of Carpets. Styles desirable and prices low.

—Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, in Oakland, Md., Feb. 6th, 1889, by Rev. John M. Davis, Mr. John F. Menhorn and Miss Minnie Crim.

—FOR RENT.—Virginia Cottage, corner Third and Alder streets, Oakland. Best hotel stand in the town. Fourteen rooms. Apply at this office. 119 tf

—Dr. E. H. Birtlett will remove to Baltimore this week, where he expects to practice his profession. We are sorry that the Doctor and his family could not remain with us. They will be missed in our community.

—Garthright, at Mountain Lake Park, has just received a car load of his Best Family and Patent Flour, which he will sell at greatly reduced prices for cash. He offers the balance of winter stock of clothing, overcoats, Ladies New Markets and Jackets at cost for cash. He will pay the highest cash prices for all kinds of Furs caught in January and February.

Church Services.—Sunday.

M. E. Church.—Preaching at 7 P. M., by Rev. C. J. Trippett.

Song service every Sunday evening at 6:30.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church.—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M., by Rev. John S. Fouk.

St. Mathew's Church.—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic.—Preaching every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Pritchard's

Photograph Gallery is now open permanently. Tin-types taken only on bright days. Cloudy weather no hindrance in making photographs.

Notice.

Please announce in your local columns that I am now able to attend to business, and will hold my office temporarily in the dining-room at my house; having been advised by my physician not to go out during the inclement weather.

ANDREW B. GONDER, J. P.

Notice.

I hereby inform my patrons that I have added to my stock of family medicines Castoria, Old Dr. Pitcher's Remedy for Children's Complaints, purely vegetable and not narcotic. Also Rocky Mountain Salvia, an herb gathered in the Rocky Mountains. A sovereign remedy for Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and Diseases of the Pulmonary Organs.

L. MULLENBERG,

Grantsville, Md.

—Married, January 31st, 1889, at A. C. Lepley's, Esq., in Elk Lick Township, by Rev. J. M. Evans, Mr. Luke Hay, of Pine Hill, and Miss Mary S. Miller, of near Summit Mills, both of Somerset county, Pa.

—Last of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending Feb. 9, 1889:

Baldwin, Charles. Pohlman, A. G. H. Nine and Misses Lee and W. B. Hutson—Discussion.

Topic 1.—Give a Programme for a School of forty scholars in the First Seven Grades.—E. E. Enlow and W. B. Hutson—Discussion.

Topic 2.—School Grading and Examination.—Columbus Pugh, E. Lee and Miss Mollie Hamill—Discussion.

Topic 3.—How to Decorate a School room and its Importance.—Misses Mattie Porter, Nellie Stanton, and H. K. Palmer—Discussion.

Afternoon Session.—Topic 4.—Proper Incentives to Study.—Spencer Whitehair and Prof. Newman.

Topic 5.—How to teach Composition D. H. Frazee and W. B. Hutson—Discussion.

Topic 6.—How to Teach Pronunciation.—L. H. Nine and Misses Lee and W. B. Hutson—Discussion.

Topic 7.—The Word Method of Teaching Reading.—W. E. Robertson, Homer Friend and E. E. Enlow—Discussion.

Select Reading.—Marshall Frankhouser.

Music will be furnished by the Oakland Glee Club.

EPHRAIM LEE, H. E. FELTY, MISS MAMIE WEBER, Executive Committee.

Amish Center.

Snow has again made its appearance, but not enough for good sledding.

The uppermost thought in the mind of the farmer is hauling lime-stone and coal, at which they are busily engaged. Our farmers are great advocates of lime which the writer heartily endorses.

Mr. Emanuel Hershberger has attached a farm mill to his threshing machine engine, and chops his grain before feeding to his stock. Farmers, imitate and thereby save 25 per cent. of your grain.

If rumor speaks the truth surely there will be another wedding soon.

A. L. Ganagy has hired C. B. Schlossnagle as clerk in his store.

Mr. R. M. Beachy, who has gone to Millin county, Pa., on a wedding tour (by late reports) is down with the measles.

"Measles, measles," is the cry from all parts of the county. They are around here again and unfortunately have crept into our school and greatly reduced its attendance.

The infant child of Jacob S. Miller has the pneumonia fever, but is on the mend again.

Died, of measles, Ada, daughter of Joel and Savilla Miller. While the parents mourn the loss of their dear child they have the blessed assurance that if they live according to God's holy will they may meet her again in heaven.

Obituaries.

On the 13th of January, Mr. Christopher Dash departed this life. He was born in Germany, but in his early life had come to America and found a home in Western Maryland. He lived for thirty years in the community surrounding Accident. Before he came to Western Maryland he had, however, lived in different other places in America. He was a good neighbor, a highly respected citizen, and a member of the General Synod Lutheran church at Accident, which, as long as he was able, he attended regularly. He had reached the ripe old age of 86 years when he died. His companion in life predeceased him to the grave and eternity by about five years. He leaves one son, who lives in Lonaconing, to mourn his departure. Peacefully may he rest.

On the 25th of January, Ida Belle Smearman, daughter of Wm. Smearman of the Cove, died and was buried on the 27th, according to the rites of the General Synod Lutheran church.

W. M. S.

District No. 9.

Mrs. Mary Jane Blocher died on the 1st day of February, 1889, at the residence of Hon. Geo. W. Blocher, in Garrett county, aged 60 years on the 21st July last. She had been an invalid for quite a number of years, many times distressingly so lately. Her great care and anxieties were for her very aged and sick mother, who died about six weeks ago. Since then her complicated ailments increased rapidly till the end came. These were borne as patiently as any very sick person could. Medical skill and kind nursing could scarcely alleviate, such was the severity of her illness.

The deceased was born in Westernport, Allegany county, a twin daughter of Daniel and Louisa Layman. The latter became a widow, and in 1843 married the late John Blocher, who brought the whole family of four children to his generous home, five miles west of Frostburg. Mary Jane (the subject of this notice) married John Blocher, Jr., who died about 30 years ago childless. His widow remained such for the rest of her life, always remaining with and clinging to her widowed mother, with every endeavor to make her comfortable as the great weight of years pressed on. In her well times she was a lady of cheer, and even vivacity, and had the faculty of making those about her comfortable and happy. The Blocher mansion, for so many years under different heads the seat of hospitality and social enjoyment for a large circle of friends, is from two recent deaths almost in desolation. The present respected head, Mr. G. W. Blocher, feels this darkness severely enough, but we trust there are yet many rays of comfort to be shed upon his future years.

NEIGHBOR.

February 4th, 1889.

Oakland Institute.

Following is the programme for the Teachers' Institute, to be held at Oakland, Saturday, Feb. 23, 1889:

Morning Session.—Address of Welcome by E. E. Enlow; response by Ephraim Lee.

Topic 1.—Give a Programme for a School of forty scholars in the First Seven Grades.—E. E. Enlow and W. B. Hutson—Discussion.

Topic 2.—School Grading and Examination.—Columbus Pugh, E. Lee and Miss Mollie Hamill—Discussion.

Topic 3.—How to Decorate a School room and its Importance.—Misses Mattie Porter, Nellie Stanton, and H. K. Palmer—Discussion.

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NEIGHBOR.

February 4th, 1889.

We Want Money!

Those indebted to us are again urged to make an effort to pay us.

We are sadly in need of money to pay our debts, to carry on our business and to provide for our family.

About 300 persons in this county are indebted to us in sums ranging from \$1.50 to \$18.00, and a number of them have become entirely indifferent as to our needs or their obligation. All we ask of you is to do unto us as you would have us do unto you. Attend to this matter at once. Don't put it off and say that what little you owe won't amount to much, but send what you owe, or at least a part of it.

We are not making this appeal because it is customary about this time of year, but because we need what is coming to us, and there is no good reason that we should not have what is due.

Very likely some of our patrons are getting tired of seeing the above notice, but we feel certain that a large number have failed to see it at all, or if they have read it they have failed to give it a personal application. We do not wish to continue the publication, and only do it because, from all the evidence at hand we feel certain that a large number of our subscribers have failed to "take in" its full import.

Tailoring Establishment.

Do you want a nice Dress Suit or an Overcoat put up in elegant style and to fit you after Nature's own sweetmodel? Go to G. Felty's New Tailoring Establishment, formerly occupied by A. Lowenstein, and we will guarantee you entire satisfaction. Call and see us and we will show you what we can do in this line.

Half Fare to Washington.

For the accommodation of all who desire to witness the inauguration of President-elect Harrison the B & O R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Washington from all points on its line at one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold March 1st to 10th, inclusive, and will be valid for return passage until March 15th, inclusive. The B & O is the shortest and most direct route to Washington from all points touched by its lines. It has more track and yard room at Washington than any other road and consequently more facilities for the prompt movement of trains. It has the best facilities for handling of a large passenger business than any other line.

The B & O handled an immense passenger trade at the inauguration of Cleveland with delay and without injury to a single passenger.

Its facilities have been greatly augmented since that time and it is in position to give more satisfactory service than any line touching Washington.

A Cheap Country Paint.

The method of painting farm buildings and country houses, while by no means new, is yet so little known and so deserving of wider application as to warrant a description. The paint has but two parts, both cheap materials, being water lime or hydraulic cement, and skimmed milk. The cement is placed in a bucket, and the skim-milk, sweet, is gradually added, stirring constantly until about the consistency of good cream. The stirring must be thoroughly done to have an even flow, and if too thin, the mixture will run on the building and look streaked. The proportions cannot be exactly stated, but a gallon of milk requires a full quart of cement and sometimes a little more. This is a convenient quantity to mix at a time for one person to use. If too much is prepared, the cement will settle and harden before it is used. A flat paint brush, about four inches wide, is the best instrument to use with this mixture. Lay it on exactly as with oil paint. It can be applied to woodwork, old or new, and to brick and stone. When dry the color is a light creamy brown, or what some would call a yellowish stone color. Neither expression describes it well, but it is a very good color for a country building. A pigment-like ochre may be added to change the color, but it is very difficult to do the mixing so thoroughly as to give an even tint. If attempted, the cement and coloring matter, in carefully weighed proportions, should be first run through a paint-mill.

In all well doing there is a possibility of good beyond that which is seen, just as in all evil doing there is a possibility of harm beyond that which appears at the time. And here is ground for encouragement for the heavy-headed worker in the direction of any labor effort. It is a weary business to fight with unresponsive, unobedient pupils. They "give no sign," and you cannot be sure that you have made any salutary impression on them, but then you cannot be sure but you have. A thoughtful writer declares that there is "no poem, no biography, actual or possible, that he would rather read, than

the secret spirit-history" of the chapel of Rugby School. Among the things hidden behind those boyish faces, he thinks of "the dark, obdurate will, struck by a sudden flash, then closing sullenly again; the light mind, fluttered with momentary shame; the first sense of lost innocence; the eager outlook into life; the opening awe of things invisible; the dawning perception of the divineness of Christ and nearness of the living God." Just such a history is hidden behind the faces of every Sunday-school class; and oh, the courage and vivid zeal that comes to the teacher who can do his work as seeing that which is invisible.—S. S. Times.

A woman has her shame stamped forever on her face, while the man who is equally as guilty can go back into society, so long as he can afford to buy a broadcloth to button over his rotten heart.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.

G. S. HAMILL, V. President.

S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.

For Prompt attention to collections, 112 1/2

ROAD NOTICE.

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The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

YESTERDAY.

My friend, he spoke of a woman face:
He told of her eyes and mouth, the trace
Of prayer on her brow, and quick as a wink
I said: "O, yes, but you wrong her years."
She's only a child, with faith and fears
That childhood fit, I tell these days;
She was a girl just yesterday.

"The years are swift and sure, I trow"
(Quoth he) "You speak of the long ago."
Once I strolled in a garden spot,
And every flower upraised a head
(So it seemed) for they, I wot,
Were mates of mine: each bloom and bed,
Their hours for sleep, their merry mood,
The lives and deaths of the whole sweet brood,
Were known to me: it was my way
To visit them but yesterday.

Snake one red rose, in a language low:
"We saw you at the long ago."
Entering under the ivy wide,
I saw the room: 'twas all the same;
The oaken press and the shelves aside,
The window, small for the sunset flame,
The book I loved on the table large,
I opened, and lo! in the yellow margin
The leaf I placed was shrunk and gray.
I swear it was green but yesterday!

Then a voice stole out of the sunset glow:
"You lived here, man, in the long ago."
'Tis the same old tale, though it comes to me
By a hundred paths of pain and grief,
Till I know the truth at last, and know
That yesterday is the long ago.
—Richard E. Burton, in Harper's Weekly.

INSTRUMENTS OF DEATH.

Varied Methods of Taking Human Life Past and Present.

Executions by Means of Electricity the Most Humane of Many Curious Inventions—Some of the Inhuman Tortures of Past Ages.

The employment of the electric current for inflicting death, a penalty upon condemned murderers, marks another step of progress in the refinement of the methods of capital punishment. And yet, if twenty condemned criminals were asked to-day what mode of death they would prefer, it is not too much to say that all would vote in favor of the pest system of hanging, because the dread of death by electricity, which is so mysterious in its work, is terrible in anticipation—and it is in anticipation of death that the punishment of criminals is mysteriously emphasized.

Death by electricity will probably prove entirely painless. Thus the condemned felon to-day finds a far less terrible revenge awaiting him at the hands of the law than did the criminal of past generations. The story of the tortures undergone by convicted men in olden times is almost revolting to contemplate, and yet the barbaric invention displayed by the official torturers is interesting in view of the recent change in the method of inflicting the death penalty.

For the most inhuman and cruel deaths we have to go to-day to Central Asia, where the victim is buried in the earth up to his shoulders and there left miserably to die. Still more barbaric in cruelty were the executions of the past, done in the torture-rooms of the prisons, where judges sought to press avowals by the most inhuman means. One of the best known of the medieval methods of execution, perhaps is the so-called Iron Virgin, a model of which may still be seen in the great museum of Nuremberg. There were many forms of this dreadful invention. One was a figure of the Virgin which clasped its victims in arms furnished with poignards and then opening them dropped the body down a trap on a sort of cradle of swords, arranged so as to cut it to pieces, a running stream below clearing all traces of it away.

The model now preserved in Nuremberg represents a Nuremberg maiden of the sixteenth century in the long mantle generally worn. The front of the figure is provided with opening doors, and then it is seen that the inside of the infernal thing is provided with sharp iron spikes, which, when the victim was placed within, pierced every portion of the wretch's body. The machine is said to have been introduced into Nuremberg in 1533 and believed to have originated in Spain, and to have been transplanted into Germany during the reign of Charles V., who was monarch of both countries.

Vereschagin, the Russian artist, has three striking pictures of ancient and modern methods of executions. These are the shooting of mutineers in India by the British from the mouth of the cannon, the hanging of Nihilists in Russia and crucifixion among the Jews. In regard to the latter, it may be noted that the crucifixion applied to Christ was one of the similar modes of putting to death by the Romans. There were crucifixions in all possible imaginings. In some cases the victim was suspended head downward, and in others the cross was made in the shape of the letter X, and on this the wretches were stretched out till death released them from their agony.

The Romans displayed, indeed, a surprising degree of inventive genius in their machines for the infliction of torture, though the rope, the lever, the crank and the pulley were the great motors in all cases. One of their refinements of cruelty was to fasten the victim firmly by his hands to the ground, and then, by means of a windlass worked by long arms and strong men, pull the wretch's limbs out of joint by attaching a rope to his feet and lengthening him out gradually till something gave way. Another method, for political criminals was to hurl them from the Tarpeian Rock.

But even in their methods the old Saxons could give them a pointer in wholesale butchery. One of the favorite methods of our dear old barbaric forefathers in disposing of their prisoners of war was to sacrifice them to their gods in the Wicker Image, which is described as "a statue or image of a man in a vast proportion, whose limbs consisted of twigs woven together in the nature of basket-work; these were filled with live men and after that set on fire, and so the poor creatures were destroyed in ye smook and flames."

The cruelties of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were terrible, and in the torture chambers the instruments used were surely the devices of hell. The torture instruments in the Tower of London form a loathsome collection. There is the trough in which the victim was wracked to confession, the iron necklace, the "Scavenger's daughter," which consisted of irons for the neck, hands and feet, thumb screws, an axe and hook for the tearing away of flesh; then the executioner's block and hatchet and mask in use at the final ceremonies.

In forty years, from 1620 to 1660, the judges of the city of Leipzig condemned at least twenty thousand people to torture and death. A refinement of cruelty was that committed by the Dutch on the English in Amboyan, where the victim's arms were nailed to the upper beam of a doorway, his feet tied to the sides, underneath his soles were placed lighted candles, torches were applied to his arm-pits, and then after a bandage had been placed about his chin, beer was poured into his mouth and he was compelled to swallow it until he was as full-bodied as an ordinary Dutch burgher. The idea that the poor wretch was filled with beer may be scorned, unless it were stale and undrinkable. Anyway, it was a terrible punishment for any Briton who had not been a Heidelberg student.

The French method of executing criminals is by means of the guillotine, the invention of a certain Dr. Guillotin. The doctor's invention has been made the subject of a painting by Canot, a pupil of David, who in his master's studio had become acquainted with Talma, Danton, Robespierre, Marat and Guillotin himself. The picture represents Guillotin showing the model of his death-dealing machine to the Convention, which adopted it in place of beheading by the axe. The first trial was given to it on April 25, 1792, when a dead body was decapitated successfully. The French executioner is styled "Monsieur de Paris," who, when his attendants fasten a criminal to the fatal board of the guillotine, whispers in the suavest manner: "Courage, my friend, it will not hurt you much."

The fate of some regicides is not pleasant to contemplate. Respecting the death of Damiens, who attempted the life of Louis XV., of France, an old chronicler says: "I can scarcely guide my pen to tell you what that inhuman and wretched mortal endured before as well as on the day of the execution. I will pass over the trifling tortures he was put to in private and come to the day of his public sufferings, first desiring the reader to lay down this paper if he be not well prepared to read the terrible and sad tale of truth that evening or press produced." It can be imagined that the horrors were something frightful, when it is said that even four wild horses driven to four contrary points did not free the victim from his sufferings. The old chronicler says of this execution: "It was observed that during that last and terrible operation all the men's heads were turned away from the horrid sight, but all the women's immovably fixed on the criminal. Louis XV. was a man of a perfect good temper, therefore I hope and believe the sufferings of the assassin arose from the love of his subjects, otherwise I would prefer being the devoted shade of Damiens to that of a King of France."

And the story of horrors is not yet fully described; in fact, much of it would be too horrifying for perusal nowadays. Some popular ancient methods of slaying criminals were the crushing of their bones by having a spiked roller dragged over them by horses or by means of sharp spikes, hammers dragged by spirited steeds, the placing of thorns upon the victim's body and then letting a huge stone fall upon them. A favorite method practiced in India up to a recent date was the employment of elephants as executioners, either by trampling the victims to death or by having the huge creature do it as gently as possible by pressing its ponderous paw upon the head.

In Japan they do the business in this way: An official asks the culprit if he is ready. One of the assistants elicits the dress at the back of the neck and turns it back over the shoulders, leaving the neck and upper portion of the back bare. He then pours a little water on the neck, and then for the only time a shudder passes over the poor wretch's flesh. The executioner then takes the dipper and pours water along the blade of the sword, also wetting the linen wrapped around the handle so as to secure a firm grip. Then he quietly moves to the left of the prisoner, who is motionless as a stone; two assistants stand in front and two behind the kneeling form. There is a silence of death on the crowd. The executioner measures his victim, lifts the sword with both hands, should high—a lightning stroke given apparently without effort—a never-to-be-forgotten thud and the head rolls off.

A very peculiar preliminary to a death sentence that deserves to be put on record was that in vogue in Francia in the fifteenth century—that is, in the days of the ordeal, in which Heaven itself was supposed to take a

hand in the distribution of justice. In case a woman had been made to suffer in reputation by a man, she was at liberty to challenge him to combat, which took place in the following way: A regular ring was formed for spectators and chairs were placed for the judges. In the middle of the ring was a hole about three feet deep, in which the man, armed only with a club, had to defend himself against the woman, who was armed with a stone weighing a pound tied up in a handkerchief and attached to a slender willow stick. The lady had a space measuring ten feet in diameter in which to evolve, and to attack.

The rules were as follows: If the man in attempting to strike the woman touched the ground with arm or hand, he made one error. If he made three, or if the woman succeeded in disarming him, he was declared defeated and was then delivered over to the executioner to be put to death, which was by being buried in the same hole in which he had vainly attempted to defend himself. But if the man succeeded in thwarting the attacks of the woman, or in disarming her, he was declared the victor, and the woman herself was then the victim and was sentenced to death and buried alive.

The unpopularity of the proposed method of execution by electricity has been deeply regretted by hardened criminals who have read up the last species on the scaffold by the heroes of their craft. Many a black-hearted wretch has died comparatively happy after being allowed to address the world just before being launched into eternity. The darkest-eyed criminal loved early to preach a sermon as a warning to the rest of humanity prior to being taken off. Many a brute has left his friends with the disgusting assurance that, after the fatal noose has done its work, he has a first-class entrance ticket for the realms of eternal glory. And the great public enjoyed this kind of sacrilegious spectacle hugely. This speech-making on the scaffold appears to have been a relic of still remoter times when the practice of chanting last dying speeches in the vicinity of the place of execution was a common thing.

Truly a desperate wretch was one who in the search for remedies to be meted out to malefactors, traitors and sinners in general. Modern criminals may perhaps thank their stars that they are spared unnecessary bodily torture, and that the evident hope of justice to-day is to get them out of the world with as little noise and preliminary suffering as possible.—N. Y. World.

FRED GRANT'S STEED.

How Maseppa Carried His Rider Through the Movement of the Drill.

The following story is told by Fred Grant, in his last year at West Point, who held the position of Captain of Artillery. One day the visiting officer, who happened to be his father, General Grant, held an inspection and drill. After the cadets had assembled on the parade ground it was decided to give the commands by bugle call. The officers would then deliver them by word of mouth to the men. Fred Grant had a notoriously bad ear for music. He had never been able to master a single tune, and, worse still, had no idea of time. When the announcement of the mode of giving the orders was made he rushed up to a comrade and said:

"Great goodness! what shall I do? I can't tell the difference between the 'charge' and the 'retreat.'"
His friend advised him to change his horse for Maseppa, a horse of one of the sergeants. She would carry him through. He hastily did so, and watched every movement of his animal during the ensuing evolutions. When the bugle sounded "forward," the knowing animal advanced; and the command was accordingly given to the men. When the call of "halt" came, Maseppa stood like a rock, and the proper order was issued by the officer. In this way, the horse by itself for music, told his rider the order of the day and carried him safely through the complicated movements of the drill.—Council Bluffs (Ia.) Sentinel.

The Elder Sothern as a Joke.

One day the elder Sothern, who was a famous practical joker as well as actor, went with Mrs. Wood to an ironmonger's shop and asked for a copy of Macaulay's "History of England." "We do not sell books, sir," said the assistant. "This is an ironmonger's shop." "Well, I'm not particular," said Sothern, pretending to be deaf; "I don't care whether it is bound in calf or Russia." "But this is not a bookkeeper's," shouted the assistant. "All right," said Sothern; "wrap it up neatly. I want to have it sent down to the hotel." It is for a present I wish to make to a relative. "We don't keep it," shouted the assistant, getting red in the face. "Do it up for me as if it were for your own mother. I don't want any thing better than that," said Sothern. "I would like to write my name on the fly-leaf." "Sir," bawled the assistant at the top of his voice, "can't you see we do not keep books?" "Very well," said Sothern, quite undisturbed. "I will wait for it." The clerk appealed to his master and said he thought the customer must be of his head. "What is it, sir? What do you desire?" he said to Sothern. "I want to buy a file," said the actor. "A plain file, four or five inches long." "Certainly," said the master, casting a withering glance at his assistant.—Cleveland Leader.

A man in Nebraska vaccinated his hogs for cholera. He experimented on 307 head, 290 of which took the disease in a mild form and died.

BOOZE FOR SENATORS.

What Led to the Origin of the U. S. Senate Restaurant.

"Tell me about that hole in the wall?" "Well, it was one of the famous institutions of our early days. I'll give you a full history of it—something that has never been told in print. It had its origin in ham and bread. One of the Senators suggested to John Beall, who was sergeant-at-arms away back in the thirties, that it would be a good thing to have a little luncheon set near by the hall, where hungry Senators could run out and get a bite to eat.

"So Beall's wife boiled hams and made bread, and Beall brought them down and set them up in a little circular room just north of the rotunda and on the east side of the corridor. Soon he added pickles, nuts, salads and such little delicacies, and the place became very popular. Then somebody suggested to Beall that there ought to be a bottle of whisky there, and after the whisky had been procured there came a demand for gin, rum, brandy, wine and all sorts of things. In a little while the place became a regular saloon. There was no bar, of course, not even a sideboard, the bottles and demijohns being set in on the shelves.

"For a long time the Senators used to go in there and help themselves to whatever they wanted, and the expense was run in under the contingent account, as horse hire, or something like that. After a time the stock got so large and popular that it was no uncommon thing to see a dozen Senators and their friends in there drinking and having good times. The little room, not more than twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, and taking its name from the fact that it was simply a hole in the wall, lighted only by one window, was often badly crowded, and a good deal of confusion resulted in the arrangement of the stock, so that the Senator who had a favorite brand of liquor had much trouble in finding it.

"Thus it became necessary to put a man in charge, and after a time the expense became so great that it was not easy to work it off in the contingent account. Then the Senators were required to pay for what they got, and after this was done the popularity of the 'Hole in the Wall' fell off very rapidly. But it was kept up for some years after the Senate moved into its present chamber in 1859. It is a good thing, I'm thinking, that the walls of that dark little room are dumb."—Capt. Bassett, in Ohio State Journal.

LITTLE PHEBE'S FRIEND.

Touching Story of a Bird's Love for its Child Mistress.

"Marguerite," a little girl, sends the following little story. It is so prettily told that the editor hadn't the heart to change a word of it, so all he did was to correct a few mistakes in spelling.

"One day, in the springtime, a great tree was felled in the grounds, and it was a nest of young birds. They were all found dead except one dear little thing. I hoped mamma to let me bring it up, and I made a nest of cotton wool in a little cage, and began to fill its wide-open yellow mouth as best I could. I hunted for worms and caught flies, but it was too much for a little girl to do. So many breakfasts, lunches, dinners and suppers all in one day, until mamma showed me how to make worms out of meat. No one can tell the amount of labor done by the mother bird until they try it themselves. Birdie began to grow rapidly, opened its bright eyes and seemed happy as a bird could be. Now it could fly about the room and it would come to my call to be fed. Next we let it fly in the garden, but as it could not find itself yet it would fly against the window, never mistaking the room in which it was. When other little boys and girls were visiting I would ask them if they would like me to call a bird down from the tree. Of course they all wanted a bird, but were doubtful of its coming. Then I would call 'Phoebe! Phoebe!' and down would fly the charming little bird and nestle on my shoulder, never alighting on any one but me.

"There was one thing which puzzled Little Phoebe very much, and that was why I changed color so often—one day all white and the next all black—and would have to be assured by my voice before she would come to me. She would sit on a twig and peep so knowingly with one little eye turned downward. During this period of several weeks Phoebe always came home at night to her clean, warm nest in my little cage. About this time she got acquainted with her own relatives, and learned to feed herself, but she always came at my call until the autumn, when she went away to a warmer land. I believe that if Phoebe lived through the winter she would come again to me, but I was not there, and I can only hope that all the little boys and girls were good to her. Don't you?"—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Love-Letters Worth Keeping.

The Buffalo man who won a sweet girl by writing numerous love letters to her on five-dollar bills has started a fashion that will make courting harder than ever. Not only will the dear creatures refuse to return such missives in case of a quarrel, but they will insist on bills of larger denomination being used. The world will seem but a dreary place to a man who has been using five-dollar bills as stationery for his love letters, when he gets a note like this from an adored object: "Another young gentleman is writing to me on ten dollar bills. Unless you employ twenty dollar bills, I am over between us."—N. Y. Tribune.

TEMPERANCE READING.

ROWE'S WIDDER.

No, Joe, old fellow, I thank ye,
But I never tech it now.
It's been nigh three year an' a half
Since we knocked off, me an' Dow;
You mind how we chum'd together,
If an' no, when you worked heret
Well, Joe, it lasted to the end—
Nigh onto fifteen year.

Dye know I loved the feller—
Yes, it does sound queer, I know,
To hear a school-grad in nert talk
Like a school-grad 'bout her bean.
But 's a Gospel truth, an' yistaday,
When they laid the boy away,
I erd like some weak woman,
An' I've thought on him all day.

Bill wasn't a general favorite,
I know, Joe, in the mine,
But he was soft an' tender
As a woman is, by times.
Oder, when I was down with fever,
Night an' day he watched by me,
As a better nurse an' tenderer,
A woman could not be.

He hadn't much religion,
But I hev seen h m pray—
'Twas the night they thought I wouldn't last
To see the break of day;
He never knowed I watched him,
Poor Bill, as he kneeled there,
Hidin' his poor, weak head in his
His head bowed low in prayer.

I can't say that his prayer e'er reached
The ears of the Christian's God—
But I'm alive an' well to-day,
We'd tech the stuff no more.
Though he sleeps 'neath the sod,
How was it we get drinkin'?

Yes, I know we both drank hard,
An' many the hard-earned dollar
We drunk up, us an' pard.
But one night, down in Frisco,
Hum an' me shoob-handers swore
So long as Dan, Rowe's widder lived,
We'd tech the stuff no more.

'Twas in Frisco we knowed the place—
Poor devil, he's dead since then—
I hope God will forgive him,
But he kept a fearful den.
Well, a crowd of us was there one night,
Adrinkin' an' tellin' yarns,
When in walked Rowe's wife, pale as death,
To see the break of day.

Rowe felt ashamed an' mad o' course,
To hev his wife seen there,
An' he began to swear,
An' began to rail an' swear.
He ordered her to leave the place,
An' tried to push her out;
But she wouldn't budge a foot,
An' tried to coax the out.

To go home with her, but in a rage
He took her by the hand,
A brutal blow that brought the blood—
She fell like one struck dead.
We had been smilin' at the scene
Till this an' makin' jest,
But when we saw her lie her down,
We all was up an' dress'd.

An' tried to defend her,
Our blood at fever heat,
A man don't mind a square man fight,
But to see a woman beat.
B' a werry, drunken husband,
Was too much for us all;
An' soon, nigh every looker on,
Was in bed up in the brawl.

Besides, we all knowed Mary,
Or most all, many a year,
An' knowed no better woman I red
In either hemispher.
An' some of us in other days
Hed learned to love her, Joe—
Poor Bill an' me both fancied her
But she loved only Rowe.

Well, all these things considered,
Of course we took her part,
An' in the end a pistol ball
Went through her husband's heart.
'Twas never knowed who sent it,
We was all in a heap—
Thank God I didn't do it,
Nor poor Bill, nor natep.

Right hev been an accident,
But they won't thought o' mine,
For Rowe, ye know, was n't popular
Along about that time.
'Twas hinted that he knowed a dead
More than he dared to tell,
'Bout a certain Mexican found dead
In Brayley's lower dell.

An' that Mex they'd drunk last night,
In that cursed beer as soon,
Just mad enough, an' drunk enough,
To send him to his doom.
But Joe, had you seen that woman,
Could you hev heard her wail,
An' call to that dead man, while the blood
Run down her face as pale.

I think you'd joined with Bill an' me,
And swore off them an' then,
But Rowe's corpse, an' werry wife,
An' them twenty or thirty men.
There wasn't a dry eye there, Joe,
Not one in all the crowd,
An' some the most sof'hearted,
Actually bawled out loud.

We w'n't the only fellers there
Who were drinkin' their last,
But most of 'em slipped up again
When the tragedy blowed past.
But Bill an' me hung to it,
An' the dime we'd spent for rum
We sent each in with a kindly word
To the widder an' little one.

Beesides, we all had some blame
For the murder done that night,
For we had asked Rowe in there,
An' helped to get him tight.
But sent him his last week ago;
But as I said before,
So long as Joe's a widder,
With a little one, an' poor
I'll never drink another glass,
But keep right on, the same
As Bill a done, had he been spared—
Good day, Joe, here's my train.

—E. R. Lowe, in Good Housekeeping.

PARDONED OUT.

After a Confinement of Thirty-Three Years for Killing a Man in a Drunken Brawl—The Saloons Still Flourishing.

A man was released lately from Sing Sing who had been confined there for thirty-three years. He went to Sing Sing a vigorous, intelligent Irishman of twenty-seven; he came away a gray-headed, dazed and shaky old man of sixty.

It was in the year 1855, when Franklin Pierce was President, that he was so unfortunate as to kill two men in a drunken brawl, not knowing what he did. For this crime he was sentenced to death, but the penalty was commuted to imprisonment for life. A pardon now restores him to a world in which he finds himself a stranger. He has had the strange experience of taking in thirty-three years of the world's history all at once. Ever since his release he has been walking about New York and Brooklyn, gazing, listening, wondering. When he put on the prison uniform thirty-three years ago, the newspapers were full of the troubles in Kansas, and soon after occurred the assault upon Charles Sumner in the Senate Chamber and the raid into Virginia by John Brown, followed by the election of Lincoln and four years of war. Of some of these events he had heard mentioned in the prison, but he

knew nothing concerning the details of the great struggle, and scarcely any thing at all of such world-noted affairs as the French and German war.

The cities he once knew on the shores of the Hudson and the East river, the old New York and the old Brooklyn, where are they? They are gone! New cities have arisen in their stead, connected by cable, telephone and bridge, lighted by electricity, pervaded by elevated railroads, distinguished by the steam fire-engine, raised into the air, story above story, through the invention of the steam elevator, and clad in cheaper clothes by the universal sewing machine. The bridge over the East river astonished him most, as well it may, for it astonished every one who crosses it—if he has time to bestow a thought upon it.

As this man walks about the congregation of cities that make up what the outside world thinks of as New York, he sees many improvements, and perhaps, upon the whole, he sees a general improvement. He sees a country in which there is not a slave. Possibly life is a little easier, a little pleasanter and a little safer in New York than it was in the year 1855. But there is one particular of great importance in which he finds no improvement discernible to the man who comes back to city streets as if from the tomb.—Youth's Companion.

DRUNKEN FEMALES.

What the Matron of the Tombs Says—Cheap Drink the Chief Cause of Crime Among Women in New York.

Nelly Bly writes in the New York Herald: I put this question to Mrs. McAuliffe, the matron of the Tombs: "Did you ever know of any women reforming?"

"No, I never did. I have known of hard drinkers keeping sober for several months at a time; but they can't control themselves, and a wild desire will return which brings them here again."

"What is the chief cause of crime among women?" I asked.

"Cheap drink, undoubtedly. These women often tell me that they can get trust for all the drink they want at saloons. If drink was not so cheap the police courts would not have so much to do. It leads to every thing else. After these women serve a sentence for being drunk they go out, and probably the next day will find them in again. Why? Well, they say they need something to brace them, and they brace too much. I look on these women as diseased. They really can't help themselves. The ones I have no patience with are the lazy women who commit themselves in preference to working. I think a young, healthy woman who would rather go to the island than to work can not receive too severe a sentence."

"Drink is the root of all evil," she continued. "Every crime, every wrong deed is the result of drink. And sending women to the island does more to promote evil than any thing else. No woman who serves time on the island ever reforms. We have one woman here to-day who left the island yesterday at ten o'clock after serving a six months' term. Some of the keepers gave her twenty cents to pay her fare into town. Instead of that she went into the first saloon and at four o'clock we had her back again. Now she has another term to serve."

"Good-night! I am going," said a woman coming from one of the cells. "Won't you wish me luck?"

"I do," replied the matron, "and here is enough money to pay your car fare." And with a few kindly wishes she let the woman out and locked the door.

"Now, you see, there is a woman who has served her sentence. She is going out at night, homeless and penniless. What is there for her to do? Who will take her in or trust her? A few days will bring her back, because there is nothing else for her."

"What of these homes?"

"They are filled already with women who have not served time. If, instead of the island, they had a place for women where they could, while serving time, be taught to work, and for good work and conduct receive say fifty cents a month, when their time was up they would have enough to support them until they could find work, and while there they would have learned to do something. If arrested on the same complaint a second time they should get, instead of a few months, a year. Make the punishment severe for a third falling. The island makes women worse instead of better, so what is the use of sending them there? It neither punishes them nor reforms them, so it is a failure."

The National Bureau of Statistics shows that on the \$700,000,000 which annually passes into the tills of the retailers of intoxicating liquors in this country there is a profit of 133 1-4 per cent.—Union Signal.

In Switzerland there have been 71,275 drunkards' deaths in twenty-five years out of a population of 3,500,000.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Poor, Foolish Men.



TAKE A WOMAN'S ADVICE.
This is only the second time in eight weeks that I have had to polish my boots, and yet I had had work getting my husband to give up his old blacking, and the annoyance of having the paste blacking rub off on his pants, and adopt

Wolff's ACME Blacking
A magnificent Deep Black Polish, which has no equal in the world, and is used by the army and navy.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS



AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,
OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE.

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,
And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,

Feb. 25, '88.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 18th, 1887:

GOING EAST.	
No. 1	7:41 A. M.
No. 3	10:34 A. M.
No. 5	1:30 P. M.
No. 7	4:25 P. M.
No. 9	7:15 P. M.

GOING WEST.	
No. 2	8:54 A. M.
No. 4	11:34 A. M.
No. 6	3:00 P. M.
No. 8	5:45 P. M.
No. 10	8:35 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hopwood Road, adjoining the land of Bowe Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1886, ch. 291, as for feloniously stealing goods or chattels to the value of five trees or trees' seed out down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

I have frequently warned persons from putting crosses on my land, along the railroad, and hereby notify all persons who have neglected this warning to immediately remove any crosses that may now be on my land, and in the future to respect this notice and save themselves trouble. I do not intend to be trifled with.

JOHN BRADLEY.
Cincinnati, O. Nov. 28, 1888.

Wanted! Reliable Men!

To canvass for a full line of Nursery Stock. Permanent employment guaranteed. Previous experience not required. Outfit free.

SALARY WITH EXPENSES PAID.

None under 25 years of age need apply. Address (enclosing stamp) the old and reliable, **MATTHEW GROVE SYLVESTER.**

E. C. PIERSON & CO.,
120 06 Established, 1860. Waterloo, N. Y.

A WONDERFUL SHOW.

BY THOMAS I. BLAKE.

It was in 1842, I being at Lahore at the time, in the Hon. East India Company's service, that Lord Dalhousie, the Governor-General of British India, visited the court of Runjeet Singh at Lahore; and, in honor of his arrival, a series of magnificent entertainments was given by the Maharajah and his nobility. One of the most remarkable, to Europeans at least, was that which took place on October 17, and at which the writer was present. Immediately after the daylight gun had been fired, the Bhalea, or regular, troops of Runjeet assembled on a wide plain (midau), just outside the city gates, under the commands of Ventura, Allard and the other French and Italian officers who had disciplined them, extending in long lines of infantry and artillery (golundauze), and flanked or supported by clouds of irregular cavalry, Afghans, Pathans and Beloochees; mingled with bodies of Sikh horsemen, clad in chain armor and bearing, in addition to lances and sabers, quails of sharpened steel ornamented with gold. Amidst the thunder of cannon and the blare of trumpets, "the old lion of the Punjab," mounted on an enormous elephant and accompanied by Lord Dalhousie, with a numerous staff of Europeans, reviewed the vast multitude which marched and counter-marched before him. After the military maneuvers had concluded and the troops had been dismissed to their quarters, the Maharajah and Governor-General proceeded to the "Shalimar Gardens," where a grand banquet (curra khona) had been prepared for their reception. The "Shalimar Gardens" are situated at some distance from the city of Lahore, and were adorned with every device that the most skilled architects could imagine to enhance their natural beauty; they were the favorite resort of the Mogul Emperors, and over their entrance is engraved the verse which Moore, in his Lalla Rookh, quotes:

"And, oh, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this; it is this."

The banquet was given in a spacious court, surrounded on three sides by lofty buildings, from the lattices of which the ladies of the Zenana could view, unseen, the festivities; and long tables were supplied with every delicacy, prepared in European fashion for Lord Dalhousie and his suite, whilst Runjeet and his courtiers feasted in Oriental style. To the Sikhs wine is not forbidden, so the celebrated vintage of Schiraz circulated freely, as well as claret, champagne, and the British favorite beverage, pale ale and B. & S.; while the smoke of hookahs and manilla cheroots arose in thick clouds when the dishes had been removed and rose water and betel nuts (pan soparee) handed round to the guests. Then a troop of Nautch girls appeared, and their graceful figures floated in and out of the mazy evolutions of the shawl dance, while some of their companions chanted in shrill tones "the loves of Lala and Majnun" to the accompaniment of tom-toms and vinas (drums and guitars). When the dancers had withdrawn a court official stepped forward and announced that "now we should see some wonderful things (tumashas). [It must be remembered that there was no stage, with its possibilities of trap doors and mechanical contrivances—nothing but the marble pavement of the court-yard, whilst countless lamps and torches shed their brilliant light on every corner.] Then into the open space in front of us came three natives, wearing only the cummerbund, or waist-cloth, and went through some extraordinary feats of balancing and slight-of-hand, too numerous to particularize; then the "mango trick" was performed in a most accomplished way, and the tree sprang up, blossomed and bore fruit. Next the oldest of the performers stood forth and produced a coil of thick cord having a piece of lead attached to the end; this he whirled around his head, and then, losing his grasp, the weight shot rapidly upward, bearing with it the line, which ran out until only the extreme end remained. There before our eyes hung the cord, apparently suspended from some invisible support, and the performer, calling to one of his assistants ordered him to go up and see what held it. The other man at first demurred, alleging that the cord could not support his weight, but finally, driven by blows and threats, he commenced the ascent, and going higher and higher, at last suddenly vanished from our sight. The elder man then called out to the invisible man to loose the cord and come down, but a voice from the sky refused to do this, and finally the man on the ground becoming enraged, grasped a huge Afghan knife between his teeth, climbed the suspended cord and vanished. Then apparently ensued a battle in mid air; voices were heard in fierce dispute, and then blood-drops descended in a shower, and all

was still. Just as all the spectators were gazing upward in horror stricken amazement the leaden weight fell clashing on the pavement, and the two performers came from behind the audience smiling and salaaming. Next four bearers carried in wooden stools, on which was a box about five feet in length; then Surecobah, a Hindoo, appeared, and opening the box showed that it was perfectly empty, and replacing the lid waved his hands over it and muttered some words; suddenly the cry of an infant was heard. Surecobah removed the covering, and there we plainly saw an infant, apparently just born. The box was closed again and the incantation resumed for some minutes, and when the hindoo again opened the chest a Nautch girl in full gala dress bounded forth and began to circle round to the music of the tom-toms. Faster and faster played the music, and in still more rapid time whirled the dancing girl. At length old Surecobah seemed to catch the infection, and grasping the girl, he too, spun round in mad gyrations. As the pair, thus strangely assorted, circled round, a change seemed to take place in the Hindoo; the man vanished and in his place appeared a youth just bordering on manhood. Still with faster step the dancers flew round, but now the girl seemed gradually to fade away and presently the youth clasped only a skeleton in his arms; on went the mad dance, but suddenly both youth and skeleton had vanished and old Surecobah, stopping in his mad career, salaamed to the spectators and withdrew.

This Surecobah was said to be a yoguee, and possessed certain supernatural powers; that evening he performed some very strange things. He walked in the air at a distance of three feet from the surface of the ground; he took leaden bullets and golden armlets, and when he threw them upward they floated in the air, and he sat cross-legged and smoked hookah fully five feet above the pavement of the courtyard. He asserted that he could at any time die and then come to life at any given time, and as many of the Sikhs confirmed this statement, it was determined to test his powers, and this was what occurred: A place was selected where the soil of the plain was dry, and there an underground apartment was excavated; when this was finished a guard of soldiers was placed over it, and on the appointed day Lord Dalhousie and his suite, together with a number of the Sikh nobility, assembled there. Surecobah came with an attendant, or disciple. He laid down on a carpet which was spread on the ground. He then closed his eyes, his attendant stuffed his ears and nostrils with cotton, and turned his tongue backwards until it closed the openings of the windpipe and gullet. Surecobah now lay perfectly motionless; his body seemed losing its natural heat, and the European surgeons could detect no pulsation. He was dead to all appearance, and so the carpet was carefully lifted and the body deposited in the place already prepared for its reception.

The aperture leading to it was closed with a heavy trap door, the keys of which were entrusted to European officers; and over the keyholes were strips of parchment secured with wax, impressed with the seals of Runjeet and Lord Dalhousie. Earth was then shoveled over the trap door and leveled down, so that a student of whom were Europeans, and in charge of an English officer. This was maintained for thirty days, and then in the presence of trustworthy officials and many spectators the earth was removed, the seals broken and the trap door unlocked. Surecobah was found still in the same lifeless condition, and apparently quite unchanged, and was at once carried up into the open air; his attendant removed the stuffing from his nostrils and ears, replaced his tongue in its natural position and annointed his face with ghee (clarified butter). The eyes when the lids were drawn back, seemed fixed and glassy, no respiration was perceptible, no pulsation could be felt; but yet, after the attendant had rubbed the body for a few moments, Surecobah sighed, opened his eyes, and arose apparently as well as ever.

How those feats were performed, it is difficult to imagine, but this power which yoguees are said to possess has puzzled many scientists.—*Detroit Free Press.*

His Words Live.

Nearly two thousand years ago a little man, contemptible in appearance, named Paul, was driven by a guard of soldiers back to his cell in one of the great prisons of Rome. He belonged to a poor and despised race, and because of his faith, had been scourged and tortured that day before Nero.

When he should go out from his cell again, the torture would end in death. He had fought the fight,

he had finished the course, he had kept the faith.

He thought he had found a secret for which men of all nations had searched since the world began. It was the word of life—the hope, the promise beyond the grave.

But if he had found it, the world about him apparently did not care. His flesh quivered as sorely under the thoughts of Nero's lictors, the stones of his prison was as gray and hard, the blue grass-flower in his path smiled as brightly in the sun, as though there was no such momentous, outspoken secret.

He wrote a letter in his cell to a young man named Timothy, whom he loved, and in these dying words the hope and meaning of his life spoke plainly.

A few days later he died in torture. How, nobody even cared to remember. The insignificant little prisoner may have been devoured by the wild beasts or burned slowly to death, a living torch to light Nero's gardens. The same blue grass-flower still lived in the path smiling up to the sun, and the stones of the prison frowned gray and unchanged. But he was gone.

Today the flower blooms no more beside the prison. The prison has vanished. The great stones are dust and have passed a thousand times into trees or living flesh. Imperial Rome itself has gone. But the words which the little prisoner wrote that day have lived through the ages and have quickened countless souls into hope and action.

There are things in the world which perish and there are things which endure. This history may help some girl or boy, in the beginning of life to understand what it is that dies and what it is that shall and must last.—*Youth's Companion.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became a Maid, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

How to Stop Coughing.

An over-try thinks people who have colds do a great deal more coughing than is necessary. He says: You do not need to cough as near as much as you do. You encourage your cough to cough. You make no effort whatever in your mind to put it down. You give way like a five-year-old boy to the least bit of irritation in your throat and the result is more cough. If you would resist it for only two seconds you would in a little time be able to keep it off for four and then for eight, and get rid of the whole thing much sooner. Coughing, kind sir, is just like drinking. The more you let yourself the more that part of you that coughs will want to cough. You want to keep a tight rein over your coughing department. Say to yourself some morning on first going out: "I'm not going to cough so much today. I'm going to see if I rule this coughing department of mine or if it is to rule me and make me work like a cart-horse," and you will be surprised before the day is over to see how little coughing you will do. But you don't fight off your cough at all. If a man stood by you with a six-shooter, threatening to blow your brains out if you didn't stop, and you felt certain he would do so, you would postpone a good deal of your internal and external concert. It is only a blind habit and a total disregard for the comfort of those near you that make you keep up such a row when you have a cold.

Husband (at an evening entertainment)—"My dear, what a charming manner young Mrs. de Courcy has. I admire her and spirit in a woman."

Wife—"Haven't I temper and spirit, John?"

Husband—"Yes, but I mean when they are possessed by other men's wives."—*Epoch.*

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a safe and speedy cure for Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.

Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Chills, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Roger's Specific Ointment Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of itching, protruding, bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Sp. cide Worm Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.

Use Roger's Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Blisters and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. O. Sturgis' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

It Makes You Hungry

"I have used Paine's Celery Compound and it has had a salutary effect. It invigorated the system and I feel like a new man. It improves the appetite and facilitates digestion." J. T. CORLAND, PRIMA, S. C.

Paine's Celery Compound

is a unique tonic and appetizer. Pleasant to the taste, quick in its action, and without any injurious effect, it gives that rugged health which makes enduring taste good. It cures dyspepsia and kindred disorders. Physicians prescribe it. \$1.00. Six for \$5.00. Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

DIAMOND DYES Color anything any color. Never Fades! Always Bright.

The Best Spring Medicine.

"In the spring of 1881 I was all run down. I would get up in the morning with so tired a feeling, and was so weak that I could hardly get around. I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had taken it a week I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to all who need a building up and strengthening medicine." Mrs. H. A. DOW, Burlington, Vt.

LACTATED FOOD Nurseries babies perfectly. The Physician's Favorite.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitche's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

A Model Newspaper

THE NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS

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A National Newspaper,

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

It Makes You Hungry

"I have used Paine's Celery Compound and it has had a salutary effect. It invigorated the system and I feel like a new man. It improves the appetite and facilitates digestion." J. T. CORLAND, PRIMA, S. C.

Paine's Celery Compound

is a unique tonic and appetizer. Pleasant to the taste, quick in its action, and without any injurious effect, it gives that rugged health which makes enduring taste good. It cures dyspepsia and kindred disorders. Physicians prescribe it. \$1.00. Six for \$5.00. Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

DIAMOND DYES Color anything any color. Never Fades! Always Bright.

The Best Spring Medicine.

"In the spring of 1881 I was all run down. I would get up in the morning with so tired a feeling, and was so weak that I could hardly get around. I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had taken it a week I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to all who need a building up and strengthening medicine." Mrs. H. A. DOW, Burlington, Vt.

LACTATED FOOD Nurseries babies perfectly. The Physician's Favorite.

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THE WHEELING INTELLIGENCER,

Daily, Semi-Weekly and Weekly.

One Dollar a Year!

\$1.00 The Very Best. \$1.00

THE WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER

is ahead of all other newspapers because it comes closer than any other to

THE WEST VIRGINIA HOME.

It appeals particularly to West Virginians because it tells what is going on at home, discusses State matters; is the leader of the State Development movement; advocates the policy of Protection, which means new mines, new saw mills, new railroads, new towns, more population, more money; gives the best agricultural matter and the most reliable market reports; prints the best stories; in every respect leads the procession.

The year 1888 marks a decided change in the National policy. In the State's new administration take hold. A United States Senator is to be elected.

The year will be one of unusual importance. The INTELLIGENCER will record every event with entire fairness.

Send your names at once and get up clubs.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE FIREMAN'S DEATH.

He slept, and o'er his daughter's brow a shadow
Of sorrow stole.
As though some scene of deep distress was busy
With his soul.
When suddenly the dread alarm came ringing
Sharp and clear.
Crawling the night air until it struck upon his
Startled ear.

He bounded up! His practiced eye
Was turned upon the lurid sky.
Laid by the flames which, mounting higher,
Soon clothed the night in robe of fire.

With lightning speed he reached the scene—Oh!
What a sight was there!
A mother stood amid the flames, and shrieked
In wild despair!

Her arms around her frightened babe was
Thrust; with frenzied clasp.
As though she feared the fire-fond would tear
It from her grasp.

With instant turn, through flame and smoke
The gallant fellow fearlessly broke:
He saved them both, but ah! his life
Was lost in the unequal strife.

Now in sweet Greenwood's peaceful shade the
Soul he sleeps.
And o'er his grave full many a friend in silent
Grief weeps.

By those with whom he oft has fought the fire,
Side by side,
Sweet flowers exhale their fragrant breath
Where now he calmly sleeps in death.

And trees their spreading branches wave
Around his solemn Greenwood grave.
—Francis S. Smith, in New York Weekly.

SEVEN OFFERS.

What Happened While Waiting
for the Next.

"Well, good night, Elizabeth," said Tom
Barbury, and opened the front door and
went out.

Miss Elizabeth Lawton stood a few minutes
in the hall where he had left her.

There was a half smile on her face.

"Poor Tom," she said, "poor, dear old
Tom!" Then she sighed a little and went
back into the parlor, where the chairs were
drawn up suggestively near together in
front of the bright electric fire.

"This is the seventh time," she said, softly.
"Yes, the seventh time, poor, dear old
Tom!"

She looked around the beautiful luxurious
room, and wondered how it would seem if
she had given a different answer to the
seventh asking of the same question. Would
he be here still? Would she be sitting be-
side him on the sofa, perhaps—but Miss
Elizabeth blushed slightly, and
changed the subject in her own mind. Such
thoughts seemed hardly decorous in a
maiden lady past thirty.

She rose and walked across the room to
ring the bell, but as she noticed a
letter on one of the little tables. It had
come in the evening post, and she brought
it while Tom was there, and so she had not
read it. She opened it now, and her face grew
surprised and a little hard as she read. And
yet it certainly contained only pleasant
news. Her old friend Helen Armstrong
wrote her that she was going to be mar-
ried, and wanted her to come and be a
bridesmaid at her wedding. Surely there
was nothing distressing in this, nothing
that should make her real world a gloomier
place, and she read it with a contented
and betrayed, and yet she did. She had
a curious feeling of having looked the
front door in the face of an enemy while her
friend weakly and deceitfully admitted him
at the back.

"Well, well," she ejaculated as she read,
"a widower with two children," and she
thought with the rapidity of lightning that
Tom Barbury at least was a bachelor, in
good and regular standing."

"If I am ashamed to read," the letter ran,
"to be so much in love and to feel so happy
over it, but if you only knew him, Eliza-
beth! He is the dearest man, so good and
honorable, and so fond of me. Every one
respects him, and I am so anxious for you
to know him. He is of the firm of Cochran
& Brown, merchants, quite well off and
with a lovely home."

Miss Elizabeth instantly stripped the
sugar coating from the pill, and examined it.
"No trade, is he—no—no—no," she said.
"Well, I certainly shouldn't have expected it
of Helen!" And then the disagreeable
thought rose in her mind and confronted
her, that the reason, the real reason, why
she had said "no" several times to Tom
Barbury was because he owned a shoe store.
She had never acknowledged this to herself
before. It was such a horrid, snobbish re-
son.

She was ashamed of it; she had covered
it up with fine, more dignified explanations
and hidden it away, even from herself. But
to-night it shook them all off, and appeared
before her in all its unveiled ugliness.

Yes, she would have married Tom Bar-
bury years ago, except for his silly, false,
unwarrantable pride. She was ashamed, a little
bit ashamed of him.

And what was there to be ashamed of?
He was as honest and good a man, as ever
walked the earth, and as true a gentleman,
too.

But the Lawton blood had never run in
channels of trade. Elizabeth's father, old
Judge Lawton, during all the years that he
had sat on the bench, had never known Tom
Barbury's father, who was sitting on a
bench of a different kind, and making shoes.

Tom had partly washed away the stain
which a retail trade seems to bring, with the
cleaning waters of a wholesale trade. He did
not sit on a bench as his father had done;
he did not patronize customers' shoes. He
sat in a little office, with a pen behind his
ear, and wrote most of the time, but still
sensitive Elizabeth Lawton, the trait of the
serpent was over it all. She used to look
at the Lawton crest on her note paper occa-
sionally, and say sorrowfully to herself, "O! I could never quarrel
it with a button hook!"

She and Tom had grown up together but
their family backgrounds were different. In
Elizabeth's home every thing was stately,
elegant and refined. She had never been
inside Tom Barbury's house, but she had
reason to think it was otherwise there.

He had a mother and a shadowy sister or
two, but they were nebulous and uncertain
persons in Elizabeth's fancy. For she had
never seen them at a close social range.

With Tom it was different. He was all
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pear or peach, and serve him separately.

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They do not grudge her her happiness but
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Miss Elizabeth experienced all these feel-
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letter.

She shivered a little and drew her chair
closer to the fire. She felt unconsciously
angry with Helen. Presently she rang the
bell, and said to the maid who answered it:

"You may put out all the lights and lock
up," and then she went up to bed, feeling
more lonely than she had felt in many a
day.

She went on to her friend's wedding, and
found Mr. Cochran just as she had expected
a stout, middle-aged uninteresting man.
Why is it that we are so apt to be disap-
pointed in our friends' husbands? It seemed
absurd for him to be in love, as it would
have been for him to wear a doublet and
hose. There was incongruity about it.

Elizabeth's impressions of her own bosom,
and helped Helen in her wedding preparations
with all the sympathy and cheerfulness,
that she could muster. The excitement of
a wedding is very contagious and irresisti-
ble, and in spite of herself Elizabeth was
excited and swept away by it. What with
the unpacking of the wedding presents, the
arranging of dresses, the decorating of the
house, and the constant meeting with other
people, all filled with the same enthusiasm
and interest, Elizabeth found herself full of
triumphant excitement. Her heart beat and
thumped, unconsciously when she alone
walked up the aisle before her friend on the
night of the wedding, she was as full of
emotion as any girl of eighteen.

She helped Helen choose her white satin
gown for the plain, little traveling dress,
and it was then, while they were alone,
together, that Helen modestly said to her,
"Elizabeth, whatever because of Tom Bar-
bury?"

Elizabeth colored. "He is at home," she
said, shortly.

Helen was arranging her hat, and did not
look at her, but said, quietly: "I always
thought he was such a very nice fellow!"

Elizabeth was silent. It was only a few
minutes afterward that Helen said good-bye.
She threw her arms around Elizabeth's neck
and kissed her again and again. "Good-
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straight at Elizabeth out of her wet grey
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dear old Tom! Her heart warmed toward
him to-night, as she read her friend's letter.

There is a very strong *esprit de corps* among
unmarried women, who are no longer young.
Friendships between them are usually
deep and strong, partly perhaps because
the sentiment generally called out by mar-
riage is by them unexpended, and finds its

ABOUT BOXING GLOVES.

Where and How They Are Made and to
Whom They Are Sold.

"The making of boxing gloves," said
Hoboken manufacturer, "is a limited
industry, and there are now in the busi-
ness, I know of but two makers be-
sides myself in this section of the coun-
try. Most of our goods are sold di-
rectly to the big sporting goods houses,
and by them are distributed all over
the country, the bulk of them going
to the ordinary big soft gloves,
as pillows as they are often facetiously
called are made from imitation chamois,
or 'American leather' as it is termed.

This is the split skin from the under-
side of a sheep, and is almost univer-
sally used in making the cheap grade
of glove. The cheapest glove is the
boy's glove, which is made from this
skin, stuffed with hog's hair mixed
with a vegetable fiber to hold it
together, and costs about \$1.50 a pair
at retail. The best gloves are made
from what is called real chamois (al-
though the leather merchants in the
swamp will tell you there is no such
thing in the market) or kid, and are
filled with the best curled horse hair.
The best skins are all imported. In my
place I cut them myself, and the sew-
ing is done on machines.

It is a curious fact that many of the
professional fighters are not particular
about their gloves. Take Billy Dwyer,
for instance; he uses the cheapest kind
of a boy's glove, which he buys at some
small shop on the Bowery. But Sulli-
van and Dempsey are very particular,
and as much care has to be taken in
fitting their gloves as a fashionable
shoemaker has to exercise in fitting
the shoes of a society belle.

As I have said, in making the best
boxing gloves we use chamois skin,
kid, and sometimes lamb's skin, accord-
ing to the fancy of those ordering. The
softer skin is used on the outer or strik-
ing portion of the glove, and the harder
on the palm. Professional boxers will
not have the usual ventilation eyelets
in the palm, but instead we cut out a
star-shaped hole in the leather, which
serves the same purpose. Any metal,
you know, is apt to work loose and cut
the skin, and professional boxers do
not care to have their faces cut or
scratched if they can avoid it. A glove
which is quite popular is an ordinary
kid glove, with a stuffed pad sewed on
to the back of the fingers. I cannot
see that it possesses any advantages
over the ordinary glove, but some ex-
perts say that, as the fingers are sepa-
rated, the hand can be more
lightly closed.

There are comparatively few gloves
sold in New York, the majority of them,
I have thought, being shipped West.
Of those sold here, the best are taken
by the richer athletic and sporting
clubs, and the poorer qualities by the
rest of associations, the membership
of which is largely recruited from the
rank of the butchers, car drivers,
teamsters and mechanics. It is a queer
fact that the most expensive gloves sold
by the pawnbrokers of the city than
even by the sporting goods houses.

Every pawnbroker keeps them in stock,
and many people buy them thinking
they are getting a bargain, when they
are paying the same price as they
would in a regular store. There is one
pawnpool on the Bowery, where
dozen sets of gloves are sold every
Saturday.

"What do I think about the light-
weight gloves that fighters use? Well,
I can tell you that a kid glove soaked in
water is the wickedest thing to strike a
blow with there is. Such a glove does
not bruise; it cuts like a razor, and you
will find that prize fighters prefer to
battle with the bare fists every time
rather than use the apparently harm-
less kid."—N. Y. Sun.

MAKING CARD-BOARD.

The Simple Process in Use in the Leading
Factories of England.

On the first floor of a factory the
initial stage of the manufacture was
seen, in the mingling of the various
papers for making the boards, i. e.,
two sheets for the outer surface, then
the coarser paper for middles, in single
sheets, to the number required. The
pile thus formed, which is called a head,
was now passed to the left hand of the
master who, wielding a large brush,
like the head of a sweeping broom, in
his right hand, took hold of a sheet of
outside, which was duly coated with
paste from a big tub at his side.

His left hand meanwhile had seized
a sheet of inside, which, placed on the
paste sheet, was similarly coated, as
was another and yet another, until the
required thickness was attained, when
two sheets of outers were taken to-
gether, so that no paste should lie be-
tween two sheets of complete board.

As soon as a pile of boards were thus
made they were placed in a screw
press to squeeze out superfluous water
from the paste, and then hung on lines
to dry; afterwards they were separated,
passed through glazing rolls between
copper sheets, to give them a finish,
and packed for sending home.

On the floor above the process of en-
ameling both cards and paper was
in full swing; the enamel being com-
posed of color and size mixed into a
paste with mountain snow, to get the
required tint, the work being finished
off with brushes of badger hair. The
sheets of enameled stuff require laying
out to dry separately. The tempera-
ture was up to eighty degrees, as quick
drying is essential to success.

The steam for heating purposes and
for power, both for board making and
other work for the premises, is derived
from a Cornish boiler in the basement,
driving a sixteen-horse power hori-
zontal engine of capital construction.
The paste is boiled by steam
starch used for finer work.—British
Printer.

THE TELL LEGEND.

Reasons for Believing That the Romantic
Story is a Myth.

I was curious to see on what ground
the guide-books based their statement,
and to learn why we could class the tale
of Tell with such tales as that of Zenois
of Troy, King Arthur and the Round
Table, or Robin Hood in the green
woods of England. The facts I ob-
tained were scattered through various
volumes, and I can only give briefly a
few of the principal points, mostly
taken from a German book, "Tell and
Gessler in Legend and History," by
Kochholz.

Chronicles most nearly contemporary
with the time of the supposed life of
Tell do not refer to him.

The earliest chronicles of the legend
lived nearly two hundred years later.

In many ages and centuries are found
legends of famous marksmen shooting
at various small objects—rings, tables,
nuts, fruits, etc.

Not a few legends exist of shooting
at objects placed on the heads of per-
sons:

A Persian poet in 1175 wrote a
legend of a king who put an apple on
the head of a favorite slave, shot at it,
and split the apple. The slave was
made ill by the fright.

Among European legends one is
found in Westphalia; a father, named
Egel, was compelled by a Prince to
shoot an apple from his son's head. He
took three arrows out of his quiver,
afterward confessing that, if he had in-
jured his son, he meant to kill the
Prince.

In Denmark, a writer in the year
1200 relates that in 912 a man named
Toko was compelled by King Harold,
the Blue-Toothed, to shoot an apple
from his son's head, and that he also,
had he harmed his child, meant to
shoot the king.

A King of Norway, Olaf the Pious,
obtained a promise from a heathen
marksmen that he would be baptized
into the Christian faith if the King
would contend with him in shooting
and win the match. The King shot at
a chess figure or tablet on the head of
a boy and hit between the tablet and
the head, but grazed the head. On the
entreaties of the boy's mother and sister,
the marksmen forbore to shoot
again and confessed himself conquered.

Another Harold commanded a man to
shoot at a nut on his brother's head.
Years after, the King was pointed out
in battle by this man to another mark-
smen, who shot him dead.

All these were before the time of the
Swiss Tell.

Later, the legend appears in Holstein.
The leader of an insurrection against
Christian I. in 1472 fled and concealed
himself in a swamp. The flanking of
his dog betrayed his hiding place. He
was taken prisoner, but promised his
son on condition that he shot an
apple from the head of his son. He put
one arrow on the bow-string and took
another between his teeth, confessing
afterward that if he failed in his first
shot he intended to shoot the King. An
old picture shows the marksmen with
his bow ready to shoot and the arrow
between his teeth, the boy standing
and the dog between the father and the
boy.

The legend and name of Tell seems to
have originated in Sweden or the
islands thereabouts, and to have come
into Switzerland with the earliest set-
tlers of that country, who were wan-
derers out of Sweden. Tullus or Tul-
lus (Tell) was a giant who lived on an
island, Osel, belonging to Sweden. He
used to amuse himself with throwing
stones about. When he died he told
his people to bury him in his garden,
and if war came he would raise and
help them. One day some children
who heard this tale stood on his grave
and fought and then called:

"Tullus arise! War is on thy grave!"
Tullus put his head out, but was so an-
gry at seeing only children that he
never appeared again. A similar
legend is told of William Tell; that he
was once disturbed in his sleep under
the Aeschenberg by a herdsmen who was
seeking a lost cow, and that he was
indignant at the disturbance. In the
legend of the Swedish Tullus there is
no mention of shooting at an apple, but
this part of the legend is current among
their Finnish neighbors.—Sarah Lor-
ring Bailey, in Wide Awake.

All About the Smiths.

Nine townships in the United States
are named after Mr. Smith. Besides
these there are five places named
Smith's.

Of places having Smith as a prefix
there are 60.

Smithville is the most popular of
these names, there being thirty-two
Smithvilles in this little world.

Next comes Smithfield, of which
there are twenty-seven.

There are three Smith landings and
three Smith's ferries to bring the
Smiths to the landings.

Smith has one Basin, where doubt-
less Smith washes himself, and it is on
the Champlain canal, in New York
State.

THE FAMILY VALENTINE.

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tory rheumatism. Her limbs were
 swollen, and the poor girl was in terrible
 agony. In the midst of the pain we wound
 the Plasters about her limbs, and she became
 quiet and rested. The syrup corrected her
 indigestion, cleared the rheumatic poison
 from her blood. Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup
 and Plasters are remedies of great merit.
 Rev. J. ROBERTS,
 Pastor First M. E. Church, Fremont, Mich.

and my case of a bright disease. Suffering a very severe attack in October last, being Hubbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and am a well man. It affords me pleasure to suffering humanity any good that I can, speaking of the remedy, allow me to say think it the greatest medicine in the

E. LABELLE,
Agent M. C. R. R. Co., Albion, Mich.

IMPROVED

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, FEB. 16, 1889.

A member of the Arkansas Legislature, to make a great business of the proposition to hunt down the scoundrels guilty of election outrages in Pulaski county, moved to make the reward twenty cents. The zeal of officials there for the capture of the murderers of Clayton is not passionate.

The failure of the Indianapolis grand jury to find an indictment against Colonel Dudley ought to stop the mouths of the blatant Democratic organs that have been howling about his reckless attempt to buy voters. Everybody knows that the grand jury was anxious enough to back up the charges of the Democratic patriots, and the only reason why the indictment was not found was because it was impossible to find or concoct anything to sustain it.

Poor Bayard is getting it on every side. The New York Telegram slashes him in this style:

Secretary Bayard might fitly have deferred his request for Consul Sewell's resignation until the last week of this month. It would have made a fitting crown to the history of four years of such diplomacy as the American people will always hope not to see paralleled. It casts a halo around the Secretary's head such as is sometimes seen around a rotten log in wet woods. If President Cleveland consented to this act of his Secretary of State it was probably because he could not deny the dying wish of a friend. Mr. Bayard has but three weeks more to occupy a position in the public eye, and when the piled-up contempt of the people falls upon him he may not be quite dead, but yet he will not be exactly among the living.

The Atlanta Constitution, on general principles, is as steadfast and zealous a Democratic organ as there is in the country, and it could only have been an intolerable grievance that wrung from it the following outburst of sarcastic vexation: "The mail service in the South is now almost as rapid and as certain as it was just after the Revolutionary war." If it be true that "Misery loves company," however, the Constitution should find some measure of consolation in the fact that a very large proportion of the whole country is experiencing the same annoyance of which it complains. Happily, however, the day of deliverance is close at hand, and in a few months everything will once more be working as promptly and steadily as before the Democratic bull got into the postal china shop. Four years ago our postal service was almost perfect in efficiency and reliability, and one of the first concerns of the new administration will be to restore it to its former excellence.

Cleveland retires "unwept, unheralded and unsung." The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette says:

A change of the National Administration which pleases both parties is a new experience. There are no mourners for Cleveland's defeat. There is no Democratic policy of the Executive or of Congress to be lost by the change of the President and Congress. Cleveland has had no policy which the Democratic Congressmen approved; they had no measures which were acceptable to him. They received his silver coinage panic and his treasury surplus panic with incredulity, and they condemned his blast against protection duties, not because they are not hostile to them, but because they thought such outspoken speaking would hurt the election. They are conscious that the failure of the Administration in foreign affairs has been even more glaring than in home policy, and that it has touched no international question which it has not muddled, or in which it has not humbled our country. The fisher dispute with Canada, which Cleveland proposed to turn into a non-intercourse act after the Senate had rejected his surrender of our case by the Chamberlain treaty, the childish magnifying of the trick played upon the British Minister into a cause for abruptly suspending diplomatic relations because the Minister wrote the truth, the rough tramping on the treaty with China, the Samoan difficulty with Germany, in which he betrayed the Samoan Government, the piracy upon Hayti, and the submission to the abuse of our citizens by the Sultan of Morocco, all bear witness that Cleveland has touched no international matter that he has not marred, nor in which he has not let down the National character.

In the Small-Elliott contested election case in the House of Representatives Tuesday, Mr. McComas, after referring briefly to important features of the case, dwelt upon the condition of the suffrage in the South as compared with the condition of the suffrage in the North, and said:

"Enfranchisement by the nation was a half measure. To abolish illiteracy among citizens is the other half measure too long delayed. The blacks do not emigrate. They multiply rapidly. They will soon outnumber the whites in eight States of the South. If the elections be fair the Democratic party has become the black man's party, and the mass of the blacks believe in the supremacy of their white neighbors as the white man's party. The tables I hold in my hands show with remarkable uniformity that wherever the percentage of black vote is greatest the Representative on this floor is a Democrat. By these census tables half of the districts of Alabama are black districts, represented here by white Democrats; six out of ten districts in Georgia are black districts, represented here by white Democrats; five out of six districts in Louisiana are black districts, represented here by white Democrats; six out of seven districts in Mississippi are black districts, represented here by white Democrats. The distinguished chairman of the committee on elections, Mr. Crisp, represents a district which had 63,412 whites and 89,132 blacks, and of a total vote of 31,692 he bears a commission here of 1,700 electors, and all for Crisp. I concede his ability, but do not let his experience lead him to judge contested elections.

"The census compared with the election returns from the congressional districts of Tennessee for the members of this House beautifully illustrates my position that in this House Democrats represent the blackest sections and the Republicans the whitest sections of the South. The whiter the vote the larger the Republican majority. Of the States once cursed with human slavery, West Virginia, the whitest region, has just become Republican. Old Virginia, with an enormous influx of white immigration, is, with increasing whiteness, fast becoming a Republican State. Missouri and Maryland, the next whitest slave States, are advancing to Republicanism. In Maryland, where the percentage of black vote is greatest, in the first congressional district, my Democratic colleague, Mr. Gibson, represents 55,149 blacks and 96,870 whites. I, a Republican, represent 21,397 blacks and 142,571 whites, according to the last census, while my Democratic colleague, Mr. Compton, represents all the counties in Maryland wherein the black population outnumbers the white.

"After two decades this is a startling result. In the black belt suffrage has failed and Democracy is supreme. In the whiter portions of the South and border the Republican party prevails. The progressive white people of the Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri look to the Republican party to continue the protective tariff, to take off the internal taxes on agriculture, and to grant national aid to the illiterates in separate schools for whites and blacks. As in the early days of the last war the border States, with a loyal sentiment dominant in favor of the Union, so the border States to-day, where the white sections are the Republican strongholds, may once more turn the scale in favor of constitutional laws to afford the nation pure congressional elections, free alike from bribery and intimidation."

The Removal of Edgerton.

The incident of Commissioner Edgerton's removal is not at all surprising. It is precisely in the line of all the President's actions in respect to the civil service. The fact that he has turned out of office a member of the commission which was created for the purpose of aiding him to reform the service is not evidence of a state of mind of which the country has been ignorant. It is simply cumulative evidence of what is familiar. The President has done his utmost to break down the Civil Service system. In the beginning, he went far beyond the letter of the law and promised an Administration that would be a marvel by absolutely divorcing the administration of the Government from party politics. He placed his standard so high that the glare of his professed principles shone far over the land. Every one was compelled to see him in the light that he had kindled, and no one but some unpractical Magwumps believed that a Democrat could achieve all that Mr. Cleveland had apparently set his heart upon.

It soon turned out that the war upon the spoils system did not come up to the sounding proclamation. The arch enemy of reform himself could not have desired a better method than Mr. Cleveland's promise to overthrow the system which had been established during Mr. Arthur's administration. The ancient decked with flowers the horns of the bullocks that they were to knock in the head with the sacrificial axe, and Mr. Cleveland sublimated Civil Service Reform only to hurt it to greater depths. It was a great day for the spoilsmen when Grover Cleveland wrote his letter to George William Curtis, for, when you want to absolutely destroy either a fellow human being or a system of law, the best preliminary step is to put the victim on a pedestal where circum-

stances will not permit him to stand.

Mr. Cleveland proceeded after this fashion. He could not have more deftly designed a serious blow at the reform, for as soon as he was in his seat he began to play into the hands of the spoilsmen. He made a clean sweep in Indiana. He showed what he meant by "offensive partisanship" by dismissing one District Attorney for making Republican stump speeches and retaining another for making Democratic stump speeches. He emphasized this lesson in his peculiar nomenclature by first turning out the officials and then restoring the Democrat. He debauched Maryland. He turned over the Philadelphia Postoffice and the New York Custom House to machine politicians. He interfered in a municipal election in this city, and urged the election of a man who was not the candidate of those who desired the punishment of public plunderers. He engaged in a wrangle with the Governor of the State for the control of the Democratic committee. He used his power and patronage to secure delegates who would vote for his renomination in the National Convention of the party. Finally, he made a direct contribution to secure his own election. If there is anything that Mr. Cleveland could do and has not done to set back the work of reform we do not know it. Not only the morale but the efficiency of the service has been distinctly injured by the assaults which he has permitted the politicians to make from the reform. The President has even invaded the army for rewards for his political and personal strikers, and officers have received staff promotions for no other reason than that they were relatives of his friends of the man who promises four years ago to divorce the public service from party politics.

The removal of a Civil Service Commissioner to make room for a political friend is, therefore, not surprising. There was never any reason for the appointment of Edgerton. He was a Democratic partisan, and never a Civil Service Reformer. He is removed to make room for Hugh S. Thompson, the First Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. This move is undoubtedly made to give Thompson some reward for his political services. He has already attracted attention as a violator of the Civil Service law, and he and his friend, the President, have done nothing new in making this coup de politique upon poor Mr. Edgerton.

But the Senate should refuse to confirm the new appointee. We have had enough of Democratic jobs for Civil Service Reform.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Southern White Republican.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Feb. 11.—A genuine sensation in politics has been caused in this State by the publication of an address to the white people of South Carolina, which appeared this morning. The address was issued by a convention held in Pikes county on Monday last, and has been sent to most of the Republican papers in the North and West. The convention was composed of white men. The resolutions state that "whereas, the carpet-baggers and Bourbon continue to claim now, as they did twelve years ago, that all the native white people in South Carolina are Democrats and the colored people are Republicans, thus publishing to the world the falsehoods that the white and colored races, respectively, form the so-called Democratic and Republican parties; and whereas we wish to annihilate that false claim: Therefore be it

"Resolved, That the progress of the State is greatly hindered, immigration and capital prevented from coming among us, the system of public education is very unfair, large sums of the people's money being annually appropriated for a favored few, while the masses are very poorly provided for, and the constitutional guarantee of American citizenship is outraged to an extent that seriously threatens the peace of the Commonwealth. Under the present system of elections a large majority of the voters are practically disfranchised, yet they are forced to bear the burdensome taxation yearly levied upon them while being virtually without representation in the affairs of the government."

The address declared in favor of protection to American industries, and that it is the intention of the party to affiliate with the national Republican party in its efforts to secure honest elections, establish good schools and bring material prosperity to the South as it has done for the North.

The signers declare that they have over 12,500 white voters with them, independent and old-line Union men, and call upon the liberal whites to join them.

This is the first effort that has been made in this State since the war to organize a white Republican party. The organizers hope to get with them the farmers party which made such a vigorous fight in the last campaign.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, February 11, 1889.—In the last few days Senator Plumb has sprung into prominence as a prospective Cabinet officer. Some go so far as to say that he has been asked to become Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Plumb discreetly keeps his own counsel, but some of his closest friends have been talking, which accounts for the matter having gotten out. Senator Ingalls, in reply to a question, said that he did not know whether General Harrison had made such an offer to Senator Plumb, but he doubted very much whether Mr. Plumb would accept it if it were made.

Representative Thomas, of Illinois, will be the next Secretary of the Navy, unless my informant, who by the way gave me the first news of Mr. Blaine's acceptance of the State portfolio, is mistaken. Mr. Thomas is a member of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, and is the designer of what Naval officers consider to be one of the best plans yet submitted for an armored cruiser. Those who know Mr. Thomas best, think that he will make a model Secretary of the new Navy.

Desperate efforts are being made by many of the officials under the present administration to get themselves quartered on Uncle Sam in some permanent capacity. The friends of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Thompson have succeeded in getting his name sent to the Senate as Civil Service Commissioner, in place of Commissioner Edgerton, whom Cleveland peremptorily removed in order to get Thompson a chance of being confirmed by the Senate. The removal of Edgerton leaves only one Commissioner—Lyman, a Republican—and the friends of Thompson will endeavor to persuade the Republican Senators that he should be confirmed, and that the other vacancy will be left for Gen. Harrison to fill with a Republican. A very ingenious plan, but what effect it will have is yet to be seen.

Then First Assistant Postmaster General Stevenson is after a life-time job. Owing to a recent death, there is a vacancy on the supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and Stevenson has made a dead set at the appointment. Mr. Cleveland may nominate him, but there is little probability that the Republican Senators will confirm the man who openly regretted that the official day was not longer so that he might remove more Republican postmasters.

Democrats of the House say that the Senate Tariff bill will be reported from the committee on Ways and Means this week. Lively times are expected over it.

Mr. Blaine has taken a long leave on the residence which was formerly occupied by Hon. W. H. Ewald, President Lincoln's Secretary of State. It is peculiarly appropriate that the residence occupied by the Secretary of State of the first Republican administration, at the beginning of the first twenty-five years of that party's power, should be now, at the beginning of the party's second quarter-century of ascendancy, be again occupied by the same official. It is a good omen.

The conferees on the Springer "omnibus" bill failed to come to any agreement. No report has yet been made to either House, but a caucus of Republican Senators have decided to stand by the Senate amendments, which so far as I can see settles the fate of the bill, but Mr. Springer still thinks the bill will pass. He says that three Republican Senators will vote with the Democrats to admit New Mexico. Perhaps they may, but if so it will be the first time that a Republican Senator has voted against a party caucus, in my recollection.

Secretary Bayard has again put his foot in it. He has forced Mr. Sewell, U. S. Consul General to Samoa, to resign because that official gave the foreign committees of the House and Senate a true statement of affairs in those islands—a statement that was necessarily uncomplimentary to the State department. The removal of Mr. Sewell at this time is regarded as particularly unfortunate because it will appear to the natives of the island as though it was done through fear of Germany, and as a rebuke to him for bravely insisting on American rights. So strong does this view of the case strike Senator Frye that he says if he has any influence with the next administration Sewell shall go back to Samoa as Consul General.

Governor Hill of New York was over here last week, and he and Mr. Cleveland had a regular monkey and parrot time keeping out of each other's way. They met at a dinner at Secretary Whitney's, but as soon as the dinner was over Cleveland took a train for New York and remained there until he knew the governor had left Washington. The fact that Mr. Cleveland has decided

to live in New York City after the fourth of March has added nothing to the love between these two gentlemen.

Morgantown Booming.

Special to Wheeling Intelligencer.

MORGANTOWN, W. VA., Feb. 10.—Morgantown has secured the long-looked for natural fuel, the gas being turned into the mains at 9 o'clock Friday morning. Professor White who always has the interest of the "Modern Athens" at heart, and a number of energetic business men, have long been endeavoring to interest the managers of the Mt. Morris field to pipe the gas here and their efforts have at last been crowned with abundant success. The laying of pipes is almost completed and as soon as the fittings can be put up in the houses it will be used for fuel. It will not be long until the town can boast of a city hall and possibly a water works. A general awakening from the lethargic state will no doubt follow the arrival of natural gas.

Diseases of Fowls.

The prevailing disease among fowls is that known as gapes, which destroys at least one-half of the young chicks that are hatched. The next disease in respect of destructiveness is known as cholera, which carries off the mature fowls as well as a large number of chicks. These two diseases call for remark at this time, when they are most prevalent. Gapes is the disorder which causes the young chicks to open their mouths to rasp for breath. It is caused by the presence in the throat and air passages of many very small worms usually found united in pairs and imbedded in froth and mucus in the air passages. Later the disease becomes associated with fever, throat becomes dry, and the membranes are covered with dry scales of mucus, and at times diphtheria intervenes and adds its fatal proclivities to the original disease. Thus the fatal disorder often grows out of the minor one, and if this had been prevented the chicks would have escaped the other.

This parasitic thread worm is closely related to the similar one which affects lambs, calves, and other young animals. Its origin and natural history are well known. It inhabits the intestines as well as the lungs of the old fowls, and at times causes trouble with them, notwithstanding the greater power of resistance. The parasites in the old fowls mature and become charged with eggs, which are discharged through the bowels. The soil where the fowls run soon becomes infested with myriads of eggs, which are picked up by the young chicks. The writer has found the eggs abundantly in the soil under the coops where the brooding hen is confined, and in the droppings of the hen. It is thus plainly shown how the worms gain access to the chicks, for these eggs, being picked up, hatch into worms which crawl into the throat, where they find subsistence upon the exudation of the sensitive membranes which are irritated by their presence.

The question, then, is how to prevent the presence of these worms in the soil, for prevention is much easier than cure when the trifling value of a little chick is considered. Clean ground is an essential requisite for exemption from this pest. If the house is well cleaned all through the winter and fresh air-slacked lime is liberally scattered upon the floor and the manure is used in the garden or upon fields where the hens are not permitted to run, this source of danger is removed, and in course of the winter the supply of eggs and worms will be exhausted. One other means of security remains, which is to plow under the surface of the poultry yard and sow it with some green crop which will afford very desirable food for the fowls, as oats, peas, turnips, rape, etc. Thus all the eggs voided will be buried and got rid of.

The most danger is when an infested hen is cooped with her brood, and this is avoided by moving the coop daily and covering the ground where it has stood for twenty-four hours with air-slacked lime. If, after all precautions are taken the disease still appears in some of the broods the young chicks should be fed once a day with cornmeal steeped in kerosene oil and mixed with a larger quantity of clean meal, in proportion of one part of the oiled meal to ten of the dry meal. This will be sufficiently strong to kill the young worms when they first appear in the throat. Turpentine is equally as effective as kerosene oil, and may be used in the same manner.

Cholera is a very common disease and carries off more fowls than all other diseases together. It is virulently contagious, and, which is still worse, the eggs of diseased hens when hatched will produce diseased chicks. This is the cause of the yellow discharge of the newly hatched chick which closes the bowels and quickly destroys the young animal. This disease is caused or accompanied by a

specific germ existing in the blood, and wherever this germ appears, the disease exists. It is the existence of this germ in the eggs of diseased hens and in young chicks which proves that the disease is inherited. The disease is seated in the liver at first, and this organ becomes enlarged and very soft. The intestines are then attacked, and become inflamed, ulcerated or gangrened. These symptoms closely resemble those of the fatal swine cholera. The most conspicuous symptom is a discharge of yellow and green excrement. The fowl lies in a sleepy condition, and dies without a struggle, as if still asleep. There is no doubt that the disease is first contracted by over-feeding and disturbance of the alimentary functions, the liver being first disturbed and the blood rendered unfit for its vital functions. The means of prevention are obvious. Frequent doses of a teaspoonful of saturated solution of hyposulphite of soda and a piece of "blue pill" as large as a sweet pea have cured every case in the writer's flock when taken in the early stages. If neglected until the intestines are affected cure is hopeless, and the sick fowl should be killed and buried deeply or burned as quickly as possible. Thorough cleanliness is indispensable for safety from this disorder, and a variety of food, especially green food, is equally necessary.—New York Times.

Two Harrison Heirlooms.

While Mrs. Harrison, wife of the President-elect, was down town in Indianapolis, the other day, she visited the bank, where for several years the General has had a number of family relics and papers deposited for safe keeping, and brought home with her two very interesting and historic medals, intending to deposit them in a day or two in a box at the new safe deposit vaults. The larger medal is none other than the gold medal voted by resolution of Congress to Major-General William Henry Harrison, in commemoration of his signal victory over the British and their barbarous allies at the battle of the Thames. The medal is about three and one-half inches in diameter and a quarter of an inch thick. It cost \$1,500 at that time. On the obverse side are the features of General Harrison in the uniform of a major-general. On the reverse side is the figure of victory, beneath which are the words, "Battle of the Thames, October 5, 1813," while around the border is the inscription, "By resolution of Congress, April 1, 1818."

The medal, when presented to General Harrison, was set in a small red velvet case, which was worn with age. It was an object of interest to all the members of the family who had not seen it for several years, but to baby Benjamin McKee, its bright shining surface had an especial attraction, and he quickly abandoned his numerous gifts, demanded possession of the historic coin, and begged to play with it.

The other medal is equally as interesting and comes through Mrs. Harrison's family from her maternal grandfather, John Neal, an Englishman. It is a silver coin, two inches in diameter, struck off by the Imperial Austrian government in commemoration of the great victory of John Sobieski—King John III. of Poland—over the Turks in 1683. Mr. Neal received the medal by inheritance.

Immediate Results.

George F. Pennock.

We are not to measure power by results. Our work often seems to depend upon our success. If we are successful, we are stimulated to more work; if we are unsuccessful, we are discouraged. We often hear it said that if we were only filled with the Holy Ghost, men and women would be converted. You remember that Peter was filled with the Holy Ghost, and he preached his sermon on the day of Pentecost, and secured 3,000 souls. Men say, if we were only filled with the Holy Ghost, people would run and cry, "What shall we do?" But Stephen was filled with the Holy Ghost just as really as Peter, and all he got was 3,000 stones! One man got 3,000 souls, and another 3,000 stones. But Stephen did not live to see what he got. He got the stones, but soon after he got Saul of Tarsus, who really found the beginning of his Christian life in those words of Stephen, which cut him to the heart, and which sent him thoughtful and troubled down to Damascus, so out of Stephen came Paul, or in another sense, we may say that out of the grave of Stephen rose the Apostle Paul. Let us not be discouraged by the immediate results of our work.

Wesley's First Conference in 1744 adopted this definition: "To be a perfect Christian is to love the Lord our God with all our heart, soul, mind, and strength—implying the destruction of all inward sin."

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in Sturge's Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 774, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the same Hall Friday night of each week and Sunday afternoon.

SHEALTELL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lege's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

NOTICE.

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—Rev. C. J. Trippett is holding a series of meetings in the M. E. Church at Terra Alta this week.

—G. M. Mason will receive on or about Wednesday, 20th, a car load of shelled corn at 52 cents per bushel, at the car.

—C. J. Otto, a prominent and well known lumberdealer of Garrett county, was in the city yesterday. —*Cum-berland News, Wednesday.*

—Go to Garthright's for Oliver's Improved No. 40 Level Land and No. 55 Hill-side Plows, the best in use, and for cheap timothy seed.

—FOR RENT.—Virginia Cottage, corner Third and Alder streets, Oakland. Best hotel stand in the town. Fourteen rooms. Apply at this office. 119 ft.

—The members of the Oakland Independent Band started from Oakland Wednesday afternoon to drive to Egdon and Aurora, returning the same night.

—A sleighing party of near forty of our young people, went to Aurora Tuesday evening, taking supper at Shaffer's Hotel and returning to Oakland about 2 A. M. Wednesday.

—The wife of Mr. Jacob Kissner, residing about six miles Northwest from Oakland, died Friday of last week, and was buried in the Odd-Fellows Cemetery, in Oakland, Sunday. She leaves nine children, the youngest only about 8 months old. Her maiden name was Enlow.

—The meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association are being held with increased attendance and interest. A cordial invitation is extended to all to come and attend them. They are full of interest and enthusiasm. We meet every Friday night in Sturge's Hall at 7 o'clock and Sundays at 3:15 P. M.

Church Services.—Sundar. M. E. Church — Preaching at 10 A. M., and 7 P. M., by Rev. C. J. Trippett.

Song service every Sunday evening at 6:30.

Ev. Lutheran Church.—Preaching at 11 A. M., and 7 P. M., by Rev. G. W. Amick.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church.—Preaching at 7 P. M., by Rev. John S. Foulik.

St. Matthew's Church.—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic.—Preaching every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Pritchard's

Photograph Gallery is now open permanently. Tin-types taken only on bright days. Cloudy weather no hindrance in making photographs.

Notice.

Please announce in your local columns that I am now able to attend to business, and will hold my office temporarily in the dining-room at my house; having been advised by my physician not to go out during the inclement weather.

ANDREW B. GONDER, J. P.

Tailoring Establishment.

Do you want a nice Dress Suit or an Overcoat put up in elegant style and to fit you after Nature's own sweet model? Go to G. Feity's New Tailoring Establishment, formerly occupied by A. Lowenstein, and we will guarantee you entire satisfaction. Call and see us and we will show you what we can do in this line.

Mine Inspector's Report for 1888.

Mine Inspector Browning's report for the year 1888 is now in the hands of the printer, which shows that the output was 3,106,570 tons, occasioning an outlay in the region of \$2,092,035.84 for labor and supplies. There are 2,657 miners employed, an increase of 275 over 1887. There are 829 other employees, in all 3,486 men engaged in the production and shipment of coal. There were four fatal casualties during the year, or one for each 776,667 tons of coal produced, and 36 non-fatal accidents are recorded. No violation of the mining laws are reported.

Accident Institute.

Program of exercises for Teachers' Institute to be held at Accident at 1 o'clock P. M., March 24, 1889:

The value of our Public Schools—Silas Weimer.
Recitation—Lily V. Boyer.
How to teach Fractions—J. A. Feik.
Discussion.
Essay—Miss Allie Swalp.
Music.
Recitation—Miss Katie Thompson.
Causes and remedies for irregular attendance—Jefferson Warnick.
Music.
How to teach writing—W. S. Keller.
Recitation—Clara Guagey.
Queries.

Morals and Manners in the School Room—Miss Maggie Swalp.
Recitation—Carrie M. Boyer.
Debate.—Resolved, That Corporal Punishment should be abandoned in our Public Schools.
Affirmative, W. E. Keller, S. J. Forzerson.
Negative, W. H. Ryland, Jno. Englehart.
Music.

SILAS WEIMER, } Committee.
W. C. McMillen, }
J. A. Feik, }

Half Fare to Washington.

For the benefit of all who desire to visit Washington at the time of the inauguration of President-elect Harrison, the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Washington and Baltimore at rate of one fare for the round trip from all points on its line. The tickets will be on sale February 26th to March 3rd inclusive, and will be valid for return passage until March 7th inclusive.

Excursion tickets to Baltimore will be good to stop over at Washington in either or both directions.

Excursion tickets from Washington to Baltimore, at rate of \$1.20 for the round trip will be on sale at all B. & O. Ticket offices in Washington, February 26th to March 4th, good until March 7th.

CHAS. O. SCULL,
Gen'l Pass. Agent,
B. & O. R. R. Co.

The Clerks to Get the Fees.

The Maryland Court of Appeals, at Annapolis to-day (Monday), decided a number of cases argued at the present term, in all of which written opinions were filed. These included the cases of the State of Maryland vs. James A. Davis, clerk of the Circuit Court for Cecil county, involving the marriage-license law, and to test the right of the clerk to retain the whole or one-half of every marriage-license fee. Under the old law the marriage tax was \$4.50, of which amount fifty cents was retained by the clerk as compensation for his labors in issuing the license and keeping the record. The residue was turned into the State treasury.

Two marriage-license bills were passed in 1886, both placing the tax of \$1. One is known as chapter 261 and the other as chapter 497. Both were approved by the Governor at the same time. Under the former the clerk was to receive 50 cents, the balance to go to the State treasury, but chapter 497 provides "that the clerk of the court shall receive \$1 for every license issued as aforesaid and for the performance of the other duties required by this act."

The Court of Appeals, through Judge Irving, affirms the judgment of the lower court, holding that chapter 497, passed three days after chapter 261, is the law, and that, as additional duties were placed on the clerk, the Legislature intended to increase his fees. The decision will effect the State to the extent of from \$10,000 to \$15,000, which will have to be refunded to the clerks who have during the two years paid into the treasury what they considered to be the State's portion of the marriage tax.

California Excursions.

Excursions to Colorado and Pacific Coast Points will be run January 15th and 29th, and February 12th and 26th, via B. & O. R. R. Passengers purchasing second-class tickets will be furnished free accommodations in Reclining Chair Sleeping Car to Kansas City, and in Sleeping Car from thence to destination.

As the number of passengers for each excursion is limited, those who contemplate going should communicate at once with any of the following Agents, viz:

D. BRIDE, Passenger Agent, B. & O. Central Bldg., Baltimore, Md.
H. A. MILLER, Passenger Agent, B. & O. Depot, Wilmington, Del.
LYMAN MCCARTY, Ticket Agent, 833, Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
P. G. SMITH, Passenger Agent, 1351, Penna. Ave., Washington, D. C.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending Feb. 16, 1889:

Clark, George R., Heiskell, D. H.,
Dile, Dick, King, Lizzie, (4)
Fike, David, McFann, Maggie, (2)
Newburg, Lewis,

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

These letters are chargeable with one cent due on delivery.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Read and Act.

BY REV. M. F. PRITCHARD.

To what extent does the reading matter of our country benefit the people? Our country is flooded with newspapers and literature of every sort, and still, from North to South, from the gentle slopes of the Atlantic coast to the rock-bound cliffs of the Pacific, the people clamor for something to read. Like ravenous beasts the reading population greedily devour the contents of the thousands and the hundreds of thousands of books, and are impatient if kept waiting a day for something more.

The American author and publisher are as indispensable to the craving appetite of the news hunter as bread and meat are to the hungry laborer. The literary world covers the political, as the political governs the civil. The most competent men are sought to wield the powers of the Government, and men of most literary genius are daily giving their thoughts toward moulding the character of other men. The people are led on in every purpose and pursuit by the influence of the press. Religion, temperance reforms, political strife and civil bickerings, are all guided and adjusted by the literary genius of the world. But it is a well known fact that those who read most are not infrequently the ones who do the least. They read the ideas of great men, and justly admire the wisdom and beauty of the article they read, but they fail to digest the thoughts they gain from it. Not long ago one of these excellent addresses of D. B. Talma appeared in print. The entire address was radiant with grand possibilities for our young men to achieve, and a young man called my attention to it as such a "magnificent address," but that same young man might read a similar sermon every day for a year and be no better for it; simply because he is to indolent to act upon the suggestions contained in it. With power to read the thoughts and wisdom to admire them, he fails to derive any personal good therefrom simply because he lacks the energy sufficient for the execution of noble deeds. So it is that the multitude, living in the very center of civilization and progress, with every inducement to advancement in religion, and art and science, still adhere to their old evils and errors. They live in an age of culture and hold with simplicity of fate to the old custom, simply because it is easier to drift with the tide than to battle against the evils and make an effort to reform them. The majority of the people read and admire and think; they like great lazy clauses, they crawl back into their shells of self-indulgence and leave somebody else to digest the ideas they have read. They listen with fixed attention to an orator address a stirring sermon, and their hearts vibrate in unison with the lesson taught, the tear of sympathy falls, warm glow of feeling moves their souls and they exclaim, "How grand a thing life is! What wonderful results one human being can accomplish. How sublime a thing to lift up fallen humanity and lead the erring into ways of purity and happiness!" Then they go to their homes and gorge themselves with rich food, and smother the inner longing for a higher life by the foolish requirements of fashion; forgetting or ignoring the fact that there is a spiritual body which demands attention, and a life higher than this temporal existence which calls for cultivation. Why is it that people read, read, read, day after day, the sublime things of which our natures are capable, and then just live on in same old hum-drum daily, imperfect ways, not doing a single act to ennoble life? Life is a wonderful thing; a sacred existence, and he who gave us this existence and the capacity to discern between good and evil, and a desire for a higher life, has also given us the ability to overcome the evil with the good, and the power to attain the higher life if we will. Those who have the capacity to read of the great need of active workers in making advancement and progress in every line of life, and who have power to think and act for themselves, must finally give an account of their duties neglected as well as duties done. If we had power to read every book in America, and with all their burden of wisdom and instruction, and fail to act life's drama better from the lesson we receive, we are all the same as if we were ignorant and unlearned and devoid of power to act. I think it was Coleridge who said: "If man is not rising upward to be an angel, he is sinking downward to be a devil; he cannot stop at the beast." May God help us to act our part of life.

The Harrison Cottage.

Mrs. Harrison, wife of the President-elect, and her daughter, Mrs. J. R. McKee, of Indianapolis, will spend the summer at Deer Park. Their husbands will stay only a part

of the season there. The President-elect, who, in the course of events, will be a full-fledged President by that time, will be whirled to the mountains from Washington every Saturday in a special car, which President Charles F. Mayer, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, has already tendered him. Mr. McKee will travel thither whenever he can spare the time from his business in Indianapolis. Other people will go there because the President and his family will be among the residents, and so, all in all, Deer Park will be a lively place next summer.

It will not be the first summer which the Harrison family have passed at Deer Park, but Gen. Harrison was not President then, and their presence did not attract so much attention. The first summer they were at the hotel at the park, and it was then they met ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia, who is as much a part of the place as its oldest resident. The Harrison and Davis families started a friendship which has continued ever since. The other four or five summers the Harrisons passed at Deer Park they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Davis.

Mr. J. R. McKee, the son-in-law of the President, has rented the cottage where the Harrisons will live this summer from Mr. Davis, and Mr. McKee's mother-in-law and father-in-law will be the guests of himself and wife.

It is a pretty little cottage in a grove of maples, which seem mere pigmies by the side of a towering oak among them, whose branches have been swayed to and fro by the breezes of several centuries. A porch stretched round three sides of the building, and is almost reached by the low-jacking roof. Around the house are walks and drives and back of it is a big barn.

The Harrisons will not lack for neighbors to drop in and chat. On the brow of the twin hill of that on which the Harrison cottage stands, is the summer home of Ex-Senator Davis. Then comes the residence of Hon. Stephen B. Elkins, Mr. Davis' son-in-law, and a personal as well as political friend of General Harrison. On the other side of the cottage towards the hotel is one of the cottages in which Mayor Latrobe and Mr. Morton Reed and their families spend the summer. The hotel is almost in whirling distance. The cottages stand in a semi-circle, and there is plenty of space for young Benjamin Harrison McKee to romp and for the faithful Miss McKee's nurse to wheel her about.

President Harrison will not be the first President of the United States to occupy this cottage. Fifteen years ago President Grant spent the summer in it, and was visited by many noble men, Hon. Hamilton Fish among them. The late President John W. Garrett, of the B. & O., passed his vacation there before he had his own magnificent cottage built. Then Mr. Samuel Spencer, of the B. & O., occupied it, and the picturesque little place was remodeled under his supervision to suit his ideas. A short distance away is the cozy cottage where President and Mrs. Cleveland passed their honeymoon.

Deer Park promises to be a Mecca of politicians next summer. Although Mr. Harrison will have been President nearly four months by the time he reaches the Allegheny resort and although he may have worked very industriously during that time, there will probably be 5,000 Democrats in office, and there will be five times as many Republicans anxious to succeed them. Some of these will see themselves at Deer Park, hoping that there they will not find red tape stretched across their approach to the President which besets them in Washington. Deer Park for two or three days each week will be the political, if not the legislative capital. Governor Jackson, of Maryland, will be invited to spend a part of the summer with ex-Senator Davis.

Orchilla Guano.

We have just received a car load of Orchilla Guano. Persons who intend to use fertilizer would do well to give it a trial. We have been selling Orchilla for five seasons, and so far it has given excellent satisfaction. Those who have used Orchilla the longest are most enthusiastic in its praise.

J. M. DAVIS & SON.

We Challenge

Any man, woman or child who is afflicted with Constipation, Dyspepsia, Headache, or Torpid Liver to prove that a few doses of Simmons' Liver Regulator will not relieve them. It never fails, and is so pure, so sure, so harmless that an infant can take it and never have a second spell of Colic. An adult can take it, keep the bowels regular and secure health.

Mountain Lake Park.
This makes the third week that we have had solid winter weather. Ice from the Lake is still being gathered and is nearly one foot thick.

Mr. and Mrs. Sperry are the happy parents of another fine large baby girl.

Little Aggie Bullard is well and started to school again this week.

J. A. Eolow who failed to take the measles at different other times, took them of his nephew a short time ago. He is about over them, but his four children are all down with them now, but are getting along as well as could be expected.

Swanton.

Mr. Samuel Warnick still continues very low.

Patrick Rooney's family at 40 Cut, have the measles.

Mr. Henry Hinebaugh was on a short trip to Accident last week.

P. W. Connell, Esq., of Deer Park, was visiting Mr. A. F. George's Sunday.

Mr. Joseph F. Friend has gone into the grocery business, opposite West's grist mill.

Miss Mattie Fitzwater has gone on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Perry Spiker, of Piqua, Ohio.

Mr. Buckner Mason and family are down with the measles. We hope they may soon be well again.

The people engaged in making crosses are taking advantage of the present fine sledding to haul their ties.

We have been informed that the 14-foot vein of coal has been discovered on the lands of Rudolph and Theodore Beckman, about 2 1/2 miles from Swanton, on Backbone Mountain, and that the coal will be mined in the near future, thus opening up a good market for the produce of our farmers.

Mrs. John C. Beckman died on Sunday night. Her death was caused by a complication of diseases. She leaves a husband and five children, the youngest about two years of age, who have the sympathy of the community. She was buried on Tuesday, Rev. M. F. Pritchard officiated. Mrs. Beckman was a good neighbor, a kind unassuming woman, charitable to those in need, and a woman who tried to do her duty. May He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" soothe and comfort the afflicted.

Hoosier.

Deer Park.

Deer Park will soon be free from measles, since there is evidently no one left in the place who has not had them. They have generally been present in a mild form. A little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles West, eight years old, died a couple of weeks ago of measles, followed by pneumonia, and several children in the place are now sick from colds which have come after the former disease.

Miss C. B. Hayes, assistant at the Children's Home, has been quite ill for a week or more with an affection of the throat.

The Public School and Sunday Schools are again filling up.

The Teachers' Institute, which was held here last month, was very much enjoyed by our citizens, who only regretted that the unpleasant weather prevented many more Oakland friends from attending.

Rev. D. Coole is holding a series of evening meetings in the M. E. Church.

Col. E. C. Tillson will leave in a few days for Hammonont, New Jersey, on his annual visit to his daughter, Mrs. H. H. Hoffman.

Miss Joe Hoye goes to Alexandria on Saturday next to make a long visit to her sister, Mrs. Lucian Hendrickson.

News came from Richmond yesterday (Tuesday) of the sudden death of Mr. John Davis, eldest brother of ex-Senator H. G. Davis and a prominent citizen and banker of that city.

The ice houses are being filled at last. Teams going in all directions for the last few days and everybody improving this cold snap, lest it should be the last one for the season.

Miss Mona Tillson will go to Baltimore the last of the month to remain some time.

Mrs. C. H. Tillson will next week visit her parents in Davis, W. Va.

Miss Georgie Hoye expects to be in Washington at the Inauguration.

[E. H. SINCELL, Attorney.]

ORDER NISI.

Samuel J. Miller, et al., In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Joel J. Miller, et al., for Garret County, Joel J. Miller, et al., for Garret County.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity this 29th day of January, That the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by Samuel J. Miller, Trustee, to George Knicker, John J. Brennan and Daniel D. Brennan be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 26th day of February next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the said 26th day of February next.

The report states the amount of sale to be \$250.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True Copy—Test: 223a. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President,
G. S. HAMILL, V. President,
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 11729

Estate of John W. Smith, Decedent.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE: That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

JOHN W. SMITH,
late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 17th day of August next; they may otherwise be lawfully excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 26th day of February 1889.

WILLIAM WHITE,
Oakland, Md.

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

In Garrett County, Md.

Under and by virtue of the power of a decree of the Circuit Court for Allegany county, sitting in Equity, in a cause therein pending, wherein Philip Bergman, et al., are defendants, being No. 1302 in said court, the undersigned trustees will, on

Tuesday, February 26th, 1889,

AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.,

In front of the Glades Hotel, in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, offer for sale, at public auction, all that tract or parcel of land lying and being in Garrett county, State of Maryland, and known as

GLENCOVE,

and contained within the following (stand and bounds: Beginning at the end of the eleventh line of "Ox Pasture," a part of this tract being one of the originals, it being a bounded spruce pine, standing near two white pines, marked with six notches each, and a maple marked J. A., and also with six notches, all said trees having been clearly and distinctly marked, said spruce pine being the end of the first line of a tract of land called "The Reserve," on part of the addition to Eden's Paradise Reclaimed," resurveyed for John Johnson, Esq., on the 11th day of August, 1819, and running thence, reversing the fourth line of "Ox Pasture," an original as aforesaid, and also reversing the fourth line of "Inheritance," also one of the originals, and with the second line of the reserve on part of the addition to "Eden's Paradise Reclaimed," as aforesaid. Then running south thirteen degrees, east three hundred and eighty-five perches to the end of the second line, and also to the beginning of said fourth line, then reversing the third line, and first line of "Inheritance," an original, as aforesaid; then north thirty-seven degrees, east forty-six perches; then south forty degrees, east one hundred and twenty-two perches; then north thirty-seven degrees, east one hundred and thirty-four perches to the beginning of this original, the said tract of land called "Inheritance," and also to the end of the last line of a tract of land called "Rich Glade," patented to John Ritchie, the sixteenth day of September, 1788, reversing part said last mentioned line; then running south thirteen degrees, east one hundred and thirty-six perches, to the second line of "Ox Pasture," and reversing a part of said second line and first line of this original; then north twenty-six degrees and one-half a degree, east thirty-eight perches; then north twenty-seven degrees, east two hundred and twenty perches to a bounded white oak, the beginning line of this original; then reversing part of the given lines of this original, thence due north one hundred and one perches to the end of the second line of a tract of land called "Modern," resurveyed for Morton and Pennington, the twenty-fourth day of January, 1821, and with the third line of this tract, north thirty-seven degrees, east thirty-eight perches to a stake; then south sixty degrees, east one hundred and twenty perches; then north thirty-five degrees, east one hundred and thirty-four perches to a stake and one perches; then with part of said line, north, sixty-three degrees, east two hundred and fifty-two perches, to the southeast corner of Nelson's tract, a part of "Ox Pasture." Then with the division line across this tract, north, twenty-eight degrees, west two hundred and twenty perches, to the end of one perches on the second line of the whole tract called "Ox Pasture," and reversing it, then with the first line of "Ox Pasture," north, thirty-five degrees, east one perches to a stake; then north sixty degrees, east thirty-two perches to the twenty-seventh line of the "Link of Allegany," and with the lines thereof north thirty degrees, west eighteen perches to a stake; then south sixty degrees, west fifty-two perches, then south thirty-five degrees, west twenty-two perches; then south seventy degrees, west sixty perches to a stake; then south eighty perches to a stake; then north thirty-five degrees, east three hundred and thirty-nine perches to a stake and one perches; then with part of the thirty-fourth line of this tract, then due north six hundred and ninety-six perches; then leaving the lines of this tract due west thirty-eight perches to the northeast corner of Lot No. 128, and with the eastern end of lots numbered 128, 127, 126, 125, 124, 123, 122, 121, 120, 119, 118, 117, 116, 115, 114, 113, 112, 111, 110, 109, 108, 107, 106, 105, 104, 103, 102, 101, 100, 99, 98, 97, 96, 95, 94, 93, 92, 91, 90, 89, 88, 87, 86, 85, 84, 83, 82, 81, 80, 79, 78, 77, 76, 75, 74, 73, 72, 71, 70, 69, 68, 67, 66, 65, 64, 63, 62, 61, 60, 59, 58, 57, 56, 55, 54, 53, 52, 51, 50, 49, 48, 47, 46, 45, 44, 43, 42, 41, 40, 39, 38, 37, 36, 35, 34, 33, 32, 31, 30, 29, 28, 27, 26, 25, 24, 23, 22, 21, 20, 19, 18, 17, 16, 15, 14, 13, 12, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0, and with the line of "Ox Pasture," one of the originals as corrected and reversing the lines thereof as corrected, still due south eighty perches; then due west twenty-six perches, then south one hundred and twenty perches to the first line of the reserve on part of "Addition to Eden's Paradise Reclaimed," and with this line and also reversing the fourth line "Ox Pasture," then north fifty-four and one-half degrees, east one hundred perches to the beginning.

Containing Fourteen Hundred and Thirteen and One-Half Acres,

Except therefrom one hundred acres, being that portion of "Glencove," described in a deed from Thomas Devoe, trustee, to John Beckman, recorded in Liber H. R. No. 2, folio 196, one of the Land Records of Allegany county, and also one hundred and ninety-three and three-quarters acres of said tract, described in a deed from William Devoe, trustee, to Richard Fairall, and recorded in Liber H. R. No. 23, folio 204, etc., one of said land records, and also two hundred and eighty-seven acres and 19 1/2 perches of said tract conveyed by William Devoe, trustee, to A. W. Boyd, recorded in Liber No. 29, folio 673, one of the aforesaid land records.

This tract is well-known as the "Glen Dale Farm," the residence for many years of the late Benjamin Tasker. It is situated about four miles from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad depot at Swanton. The whole tract is well watered and is delightfully situated in one of the healthiest portions of the famous Oakland region, and is one of the most valuable and desirable pieces of property for a farm in Garrett county.

TERMS OF SALE:

One-third cash on the day of sale or on the completion of the same by the cash balance in two equal installments of one and two-thirds each from the day of sale. The seller pays to bear interest, and the payment thereon to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser with surety or sureties to be approved by the trustees.

W. C. DEVICOMON,
D. J. BLACKBURN,
Trustees.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

WHAT HE HAD TO SAY.
"I've something to tell you," he bashfully said.
"And his face turned a lobster-like hue."
"I'm sure you're not grassed," there his color
all fled.
"What I'm going to mention to you."
"We've long known each other," (his listener's
look
Encouragement gave to proceed.)
"And I trust that true friendship will aid you to
speak."
"Be an impertinent, should there be need."
"Believe me," said she, with a love-waiting
smile,
"What'er you may say, I'll not frown."
He gasped—in confusion he stood for a while—
"Your back hair is all coming down!"
—Merchant Traveler.

SKELETONS IN A CAVE.
Prospecting for Dead Men's Gold.
—A Rich Find.

An Old Miner Tells of His Last Trip to
the Umpqua Mountains—Temporizing
with a Bear—Attacked by an
Elk—A Chastity Discovery.

"All the good placer diggings of this
coast haven't been found yet," said
William Carruth, an old prospector
who came down to San Francisco from
the northern part of the State, to an
Examiner man in the Russ House, of
the spring, if I can raise a grub-stake
and get an outfit, I am going back to
Oregon, where I was last summer, and
I'll come out with plenty of dust. Some
sections of that country are as little
known as the interior of Patagonia,
and I know some places that nobody
else knows anything about. I don't
mind telling where I struck rich dig-
gings, because it's dead sure that
nobody will try to get in there ahead
of me.

"It was pretty late in the season
when I took a notion that I'd like to
see what sort of a country lies north of
the Umpqua river, and I struck into
the mountains from Drain Station with
my prospecting outfit and as much
grub as I could pack upon my horse.
After leaving Elk Creek I followed a
hunting trail for a day, but after that
it was rough scrambling up and down
mountain sides and through gulches,
and the horse and I had a pretty tough
time. The Umpqua mountains are
terribly steep and wild, and it's no fool
of a job to cross them.

"Bear meat is no good at any time
unless a man is starving, according to my
notion, and in the summer it is worse
than no good. Before berries are ripe
a bear goes around clawing the bark
from logs and dead trees and feeds on
the berries and ants. He has a banquet
when he strikes a well populated ant
heap, and then he smells and tastes
like ants if you try to eat him. His
meat is rank, and if you eat it for a
day or two you will break out all over
with a sort of rash which is mighty
uncomfortable. There is no fun on a
bear in summer and his skin is not
worth taking, so you see there was no
reason why I should fool away time
and cartridges on bruin. Besides, I
rather like bruin for his comical ways,
and when he doesn't bother me I'd
rather watch him than shoot at him.

"I had to kill one big brown fellow,
because he wouldn't get out of my
way, and my horse was afraid to pass
him. He was on a narrow ridge that
I was following in order to keep out of
the heavy timber, and the bear sat
upon his haunches right in my way.
There was nothing wicked in his ap-
pearance, and if it hadn't been for the
horse I think I would have passed
within three yards of him without any
trouble. As it was, I dragged the
horse up to within twenty feet, but
then he hung back, snorted, and pro-
tested so vigorously that I was afraid
he would back over the edge and fall
down the steep mountain side.

"Letting the horse back away a few
yards, I tied his halter to a scrub
tree, and then advanced toward the
bear with my rifle in my left hand.
He didn't budge, and when I yelled
at him he only started a little and
cocked his head over on the other
side. That made me laugh, and then
I aimed myself by talking to him?
"Why don't you move?" said I. "I
know you got here first and have a
squatter claim on the quarter section,
but you ought not to sit down on public
travel in that way." He looked at me
as though I was the oddest specimen
he ever came across, and scratched his
ear with his left paw.

"I don't know how long he would
have remained there, but I got tired of
the fun and threw a stick at him. It
would have hit him on the nose, but
he warded it off very cleverly, and then
his manner changed. He growled a
little and began swaying his head
from side to side, and when I saw his
little eyes begin to blaze with a green
light I knew that it was time to quit
fooling. So I shot him through the
throat, and the ball cut his spinal cord
and dropped him like a stuck pig. I
never met a bear before, barring old
white-headed grizzlies, that would
snort like a scared wolf if you yelled
at him.

"I prospected here and there in the
gulches for a month without finding
anything more than a color, and then
I worked across to the Smith river
side and tried the tributaries to that
stream. The mountains carried over in
many places, and I was satisfied
that gold ought to be in the streams.
It was while I was working down
on the north side of the range that
I got into a muss with a bull elk,
of which this scar on my left hand is a
reminder. I wanted some fresh meat

for exchange, and one morning at day-
light I got up pretty high on the moun-
tain side to catch the deer feeding in
the brush at the edge of the timber.

"I had got tired of watching out for
dry sticks and picking every step, and
I just threw my gun over my shoulder
and tramped along free and easy. I
hadn't gone ten yards when 'crash'
went the brush off to one side and be-
hind me. I wheeled about and brought
my rifle down to a ready, and there,
within a dozen yards or so, stood a
big bull elk, looking any thing but
friendly.

"Now, I consider myself about as
good an average shot as the next man,
but I'm a ghost if I didn't miss that
elk as clear as a whistle with the best
Remington I ever handled. I never
took much stock in magazine rifles,
but I changed my mind right then and
there. When the old bull snorted and
came for me I would have given my
horse for a Winchester. Not having
one, I remembered that a kind Providence
had had the foresight to provide
me with a pair of legs, and I made
good use of 'em. The timber was my
hope, and I made for it on a keen
jump. With the elk a good second in
the race. If it had been two yards
farther you'd never have heard this
story.

"There was a good-sized tree right
ahead, and I aimed straight for it.
There was no time to climb or slacken
speed, so I ran to pass it on the right
side, and just as I got there I embraced
the trunk with my left arm and swung
around behind it. The bull went
thundering past the tree just as I swung
out of his way, but he made a swipe at
me with his horns and caught my left
hand against the tree, giving it a rake
that smashed some of the bones. He
was vicious and snarled, and chased
me around in the timber for quite
a while, but finally I managed to
scramble up a tree and got out of his
way. He made two or three bluffs at
butting the tree down, and I tell you
he made it shake, but I reckon it gave
him a headache, and after pawing
about a while he gave a disgusting
snort and trotted away clikety-clikety
down the mountain.

"I had a hard time with my hand,
and, being practically disabled, I con-
cluded to get out of the mountains, and
pushed along around the western end
of the range. It was on that part of
the trip that I struck it rich. Getting
caught in a storm in a very rugged
canyon, I hunted about under a high
ledge for a place of shelter, and found
the opening of a small cave behind a
clump of thick brush. I crawled in and
started a bit of fire to make some tea,
and when the fire blazed up I saw some
bones lying on the floor of the cave.
They were human bones, and by the
shape of the skulls I judged that they
were the skeletons of white men. The
remains were scattered about, as
though animals had fed upon the car-
casses. The bones were nearly de-
stroyed by the action of the elements,
and they crumbled easily when I han-
dled them, showing that they had been
there a great many years. The cave
was not entirely dry, as a large fissure
in the top allowed water from the
mountain side to flow through, and evi-
dently a great deal of water would get
in there in the winter.

"The floor was covered with sand
and dirt varying from a few inches to
two feet in depth, and the skeletons
were about half buried in the silt.
There were no traces of clothing or
weapons, but in poking about in the
dirt I found a pick from which the
wooden handle had wholly disap-
peared by decay, and that made me
think that the men had been miners.
I slept in the cave that night, and the
next morning I made a more careful
examination, cutting away the brush
in front of the opening so as to let day-
light in.

"Thinking I might find in the debris
something that would give a clue to the
identity of the men, I began digging it
up and presently soon I came upon a piece
of gold as big as a pea. That whole day
I spent in carrying the dirt down from
the cave to the stream in the canyon
and washing it out, and I panned out
nearly ten ounces of coarse gold. It
all came from one part of the cave floor
near one of the skeletons, and as there
was not even a color in the dirt from
other parts I concluded that one of the
men must have had the gold about him
when he died and that his belt or buck-
skin bag had rotted away and let the
gold fall into the dirt.

"This satisfied me that the three oc-
cupants of the cave had been pros-
pectors of early days, probably the first
white men to penetrate this region.
How they died I can't say, but perhaps
they were surprised by Indians and
killed for their weapons and outfit.
One of the skulls was broken, possibly
by a hatchet. Judging from all the
appearances, it must have been a quar-
ter of a century or more ago when the
men were killed.

"Although my wounded hand pained
me a great deal and was almost useless,
I determined to find where the miners
got their gold, if possible, and the next
day I took my pan and pick and tried
the creek. At a bend in the creek close
by a gravel bar, and when I knuckled
that I washed out seventy-five cents to
the pan. Do you know what seventy-
five cents a pan means to a miner?
It means just about one hundred dollars
a day, and that's good enough for me
nowadays.

"I was in no condition to work the
claim, and, besides, my grub was nearly
gone so I had to get out of that, and
in a few days I got around the moun-
tains and down to Scottsburg. From
there I went up the Umpqua river and
back to Drain, and then came down to
Yreka to have my hand fixed up. It
wasn't a very good job, as you see, and

I suppose I've got to have something
done down here to straighten out the
bones.

"Next spring I am going into the
Umpqua Mountains again with a man
from Siskiyou, who has agreed to fur-
nish horses and grub enough to make
an all-summer trip, and we will pick
out a pretty good wad of dust from the
Skeleton Cave District."

AN OLD HORSE-THIEF.

He Is Seventy-Eight Years Old and Has
Done Some Curious Work.

The man who claims to be the most
celebrated horse-thief in the world is
now under arrest in Lousburg, Kan.
His name is Washington Waterman
and he is seventy-eight years of age.
He acknowledges the theft of one hun-
dred horses in Kansas alone, and the
authorities of the State are willing to
admit that he has made off with five
times that number.

The old man takes his present arrest
with a good nature. He is near
the end of his earthly pilgrimage, and
he does not expect to be jailed again in
this world. The penitentiary of Mis-
souri, Kansas and Nebraska have each
held him on several different occasions.
In his earlier days it was his custom to
lead a party of tramps into a neigh-
borhood which he had previously pros-
pected, and, with a central rendezvous,
all would make a circuit of fifty or
sixty miles on a given night and go out
before daylight at the appointed place
with all the horses, harness, shovels,
currycombs, chains, monkey-wrenches,
whips, hammers, oil, saw-drivers and
brooms that the region afforded. Barns
would be literally stripped of every
thing of value.

After the prohibitory law went into
effect in Kansas the country being more
thickly settled, Waterman found it ad-
visable to change his plan of opera-
tions. He would visit towns in Mis-
souri and lay in a large supply of
whisky in quart bottles, and then, as
a secret dispenser of this beverage, he
would attack the Kansas farmer on his
weak side. When he found one who
properly appreciated the luxury of
having liquor brought to his very door,
he would tarry with him and open a
bottle or two on his own account.
After the farmer had yielded to the ef-
fects of the potatoes and had fallen
under the table, Waterman would help
himself at the barn and disappear.

The old man also enjoys the recollection
of being the only man in the world
who ever stole a horse while he was
an inmate of a State prison. When he
was serving the last of his three
terms in the Missouri penitentiary, his
conduct was so good that he was set
down as a "trustee," and as such a
man on many occasions permitted to go out
the back walls. On one of these excursions
he was seized with an irresistible
impulse to make off with a horse, and
five minutes later he was astride the
animal which he had lifted from a con-
venient barn. With this exploit he
seems to have been content, and he
presently dismounted, left the horse to
be sold at will by the roadside, and
hurried back to the prison. Having
had a taste of liberty Waterman longed
for more, and two weeks later he stole
a team belonging to one of the keepers
and made for the country at a break-
neck pace. He found no difficulty in
disposing of the horses, and, with the
money obtained he fled to Canada,
where he passed several years without
attracting much attention.

Waterman, who does not appear to
be as old as he is, talks freely of his
exploits, and seems to have no concep-
tion of the fact that horse stealing is
not a perfectly legitimate pursuit. He
told one of his visitors the other day
that he was getting on in years, and
that if any of the boys wanted points
in the business he would give up at the
rate of five dollars a point.—Cor. Chicago
Journal.

EZRA CORNELL'S BOYHOOD.

The Industry and Perseverance of the
Founder of a Great University.

Years ago there lived in the interior
of New York a boy, the son of a farmer,
who also worked at the trade of a pot-
ter. The boy was a marked youth, be-
cause he did with might whatever he
undertook. He was a head in the ordi-
nary sports of boyhood, and, when
ever the farm or the pottery relaxed
their hold upon him he would be found
repairing some damaged article or de-
vising a new implement.

His father was poor, the farm was
small, and could only be enlarged by
clearing up the primeval forest. The
boy was anxious to acquire knowledge,
but his services were so necessary to
his father that he could not be spared
to attend the winter term of the com-
mon school. But the boy was suc-
cessful. With the aid of his brother, one
year his junior, he chopped and cleared
four acres of birch and maple woodland,
planted it with corn, harvested the corn,
and then asked, as his compensation,
to be allowed to attend the school during
winter. Of course the father granted the
wish.

When the boy was seventeen the
father's pottery business had so in-
creased as to demand a more extensive
factory. A carpenter was hired to
build the new building, and the boy
assisted him. So familiar did he be-
come with the tools and trade that he
determined, with the aid of the younger
brother, to erect a two-story frame
dwelling-house for his father's family.

The two boys cut the timber from
the forest, planned and framed the
structure, and then invited the neigh-
bors to assist at the "raising." They
came from far and near to see what a
lad of seventeen had done. When every
morise and tenon was found to fit
in its place, and the frame was seen to
stand perfect and secure, the veterans
cheered the young architect and build-
er. From that day he was in demand
as a master carpenter.

That boy was Ezra Cornell, the founder
of Cornell University.—Evangelical
Messenger.

THE LAW OF STORMS.

Some Facts Established by the Researches
of Modern Meteorologists.

Meteorologists are not yet agreed re-
specting the law that governs the
origin of storms. Storms of all kinds,
whether they are called tornadoes,
hurricanes, cyclones or typhoons, pre-
sent in a general way the same phae-
nomena, that there is an area of light
atmosphere, or low barometer, as it is
called, toward which the air rushes
from all sides to fill the vacuum, thus
producing a whirling movement near
the center. There is at the same time
a motion forward in a given direction.
The greater part of those who are
within the range of a storm only feel
the wind as blowing from a fixed quar-
ter, especially when its diameter is
great, and this may sometimes be
2,000 miles. In the very center of a
typhoon or a cyclone there is a dead
calm, which lasts but a few minutes,
after which the object, be it ship or
village, finds itself in the midst of a
conflict of the elements more terrible
than ever. In this revolution of a
storm around an upright axis the rev-
olution is in the northern hemisphere
from right to left, and in the southern
hemisphere from left to right. To un-
derstand a storm it is always necessary
to go back to first principles. Its
origin is invariably near the equator,
where, on account of the eastward
movement of the earth, the winds
have an apparent direction toward the
west; but as the revolution of the sur-
face of the earth north and south
of the equator is less rapid, owing to
its diminished diameter, as these air
currents diverge therefrom they imme-
diately take an apparent direction to-
ward the east. Given this law of air
currents, it only remains to consider
the great cause of storms, which is the
unequal heating of the air over the
earth's surface. Storms have their
favorite routes of travel. No storm
was ever known to travel from Boston
to Philadelphia, from Chicago to St.
Louis, or from Nashville to New Or-
leans; and when the word storm is
used it means the storm center. Storms
cross the Atlantic invariably from
America to Europe and exhaust their
force on the coasts of Great Britain
and France, or not far in the interior.
They never return by the same route.

When a large area of air near the
surface of the earth has been heated
to a high temperature it rises, giving
origin not only to the currents that
rush in from all sides, but causing a
mass of the colder air to fall from
the upper strata of the atmosphere.
It is principally this cold air falling
from above that produces relief after a
beated tem, after a thunder-storm or
a high temperature it rises, giving
origin not only to the currents that
rush in from all sides, but causing a
mass of the colder air to fall from
the upper strata of the atmosphere.
It is principally this cold air falling
from above that produces relief after a
beated tem, after a thunder-storm or
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origin not only to the currents that
rush in from all sides, but causing a
mass of the colder air to fall from
the upper strata of the atmosphere.

If all the working-men of this Na-
tion were absolutely free of the vice
of drink, the appetite for rum, a very
large proportion of the saloons would
be compelled to close their doors for
lack of patronage. It is a painful
fact, which any intelligent man who will
take the pains to investigate can de-
termine to be true, that the saloon-
keepers live largely off the hard-
earned wages of laboring men. When
the weekly pay-day arrives in any
manufacturing or mining center, every
saloon reaps its harvest. In many
establishments the pay-day has been
changed from Saturday to Monday,
or some other week day, so that the men
will not have the opportunity which
the Sunday holiday gives to indulge in
dissipation. The Sunday debauch
brought the men to work on Monday
in an unfit condition, while the money
that should have been spent on their
wives and families were squandered
in rum, that the saloon-keeper's fam-
ily might live in comfort, dress in fine
raiment, and sit at a table loaded
with rich fare; while the work-
man's wife dresses in cheap calico,
his children in shreds and patches,
and their fare is of the poorest.
Heaven alone knows the misery suf-
fered in a home whose head is a
drunkard.

What is the reason that the leaders
in the labor organizations do not op-
pose this domination of their mem-
bers by the rum power? Why does
not the honest, sober element in these
societies direct its energies to the ex-
termination of this ruinous traffic, which
draws so great a portion of its sup-
port from the very men these soci-
eties were organized to benefit? Why
is not the united strength of all our
labor unions thrown in behalf of the
working-men, and directed to a
loosening of the firm grip the rum
power has taken upon its members—
to saving the boys who are entering
their ranks from falling into its
clutches? Why do they not make
common cause against the giant evil
of our land, the worst enemy of the
working classes?

What is there about this liquor-sell-
ing that the men who follow it should
be allowed to grow wealthy from the
earnings of hard-handed labor—that
into their clutches should be poured
the golden stream that would bring
comfort and happiness to the homes
of millions of working-men, if it were
allowed its proper course? What ex-
traordinary claim have these men, or
their infernal occupation, that they
should be preferred to wife and chil-
dren, to father and mother? "Ah,
off with you great fellows!" you exclaim,
in a laughing tone. So they are—be-

cause they are great fellows!—Life.

—Ho (pathetically)—"All great men
have smoked, my dear." She (with
animation)—"O, if you will only swear
off until you are great I shall be quite
content."—Collegian.

TEMPERANCE READING.

THE RUM FIEND.

The Great Evil of Our Land the Worst
Enemy of the Working Classes.

It seems strange that with every city
filled with the numerous organizations
of working-men in various occupa-
tions; with the great number of papers
published in their interest; with the
advancement of their class as the
assigned reason for the existence of
these societies and their organs, that
there is not one of these societies,
either local, State or National, so far
as our knowledge extends, which has
ever adopted even a formal resolution
evidencing hostility to the rum traffic
and the open saloon—the worst foes of
the working population; there is not
one of their many newspaper organs
which has come out boldly and openly
against the one thing which does more
than all others to drive into pov-
erty and debasement the very men in
whose interest they are all professedly
published. Why do not the work-
ing-men of the country take a decided at-
titude of hostility to the inveterate
foe of every man who depends upon the
labor of his hands for his daily bread,
the rum power?

The rum power is more aggressive
than capital, more exacting than
monopoly. It reaches out to every
locality devoted to human toil, and
sets its recruiting posts for the Grand
Army of Drunkards, the saloons, upon
every corner. Look about you and
consider; did you ever see a new
enterprise started, a large manufactur-
ing plant erected in some hitherto
sparsely-settled suburb of any city,
and note, even before the structure
was completed, before a wheel was
ready to turn, that some emissary of
the ever-vigilant rum power estab-
lished a saloon in close proximity
thereto? When next you take your
walks abroad, on business or pleasure,
in any locality devoted to large mil-
ls, or shops, or factories, keep your eyes
open, and you will realize the fact that
there is no street an operative would
be likely to traverse, in going to or
returning from the scene of his daily
toil, on which saloons are not planted,
so that he must pass a rum-hole at
least twice daily.

There is not in any State that has
not already banished the saloon a man-
to a high temperature it rises, giving
origin not only to the currents that
rush in from all sides, but causing a
mass of the colder air to fall from
the upper strata of the atmosphere.
It is principally this cold air falling
from above that produces relief after a
beated tem, after a thunder-storm or
a high temperature it rises, giving
origin not only to the currents that
rush in from all sides, but causing a
mass of the colder air to fall from
the upper strata of the atmosphere.

If all the working-men of this Na-
tion were absolutely free of the vice
of drink, the appetite for rum, a very
large proportion of the saloons would
be compelled to close their doors for
lack of patronage. It is a painful
fact, which any intelligent man who will
take the pains to investigate can de-
termine to be true, that the saloon-
keepers live largely off the hard-
earned wages of laboring men. When
the weekly pay-day arrives in any
manufacturing or mining center, every
saloon reaps its harvest. In many
establishments the pay-day has been
changed from Saturday to Monday,
or some other week day, so that the men
will not have the opportunity which
the Sunday holiday gives to indulge in
dissipation. The Sunday debauch
brought the men to work on Monday
in an unfit condition, while the money
that should have been spent on their
wives and families were squandered
in rum, that the saloon-keeper's fam-
ily might live in comfort, dress in fine
raiment, and sit at a table loaded
with rich fare; while the work-
man's wife dresses in cheap calico,
his children in shreds and patches,
and their fare is of the poorest.
Heaven alone knows the misery suf-
fered in a home whose head is a
drunkard.

What is the reason that the leaders
in the labor organizations do not op-
pose this domination of their mem-
bers by the rum power? Why does
not the honest, sober element in these
societies direct its energies to the ex-
termination of this ruinous traffic, which
draws so great a portion of its sup-
port from the very men these soci-
eties were organized to benefit? Why
is not the united strength of all our
labor unions thrown in behalf of the
working-men, and directed to a
loosening of the firm grip the rum
power has taken upon its members—
to saving the boys who are entering
their ranks from falling into its
clutches? Why do they not make
common cause against the giant evil
of our land, the worst enemy of the
working classes?

What is there about this liquor-sell-
ing that the men who follow it should
be allowed to grow wealthy from the
earnings of hard-handed labor—that
into their clutches should be poured
the golden stream that would bring
comfort and happiness to the homes
of millions of working-men, if it were
allowed its proper course? What ex-
traordinary claim have these men, or
their infernal occupation, that they
should be preferred to wife and chil-
dren, to father and mother? "Ah,
off with you great fellows!" you exclaim,
in a laughing tone. So they are—be-

cause they are great fellows!—Life.

—Ho (pathetically)—"All great men
have smoked, my dear." She (with
animation)—"O, if you will only swear
off until you are great I shall be quite
content."—Collegian.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

WHISKY is expensive—It costs a man
dollars and sense.

No young man ever climbed the
ladder of success with a whisky flask
in his pocket.—Inter Ocean.

Twenty-one States and all the Ter-
ritories and the District of Columbia
have scientific temperance laws for
the public schools.

Denver, Col., has within a radius
of four blocks twenty liquor saloons
more elegantly furnished than any of
the business houses of the city.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York
Christian Advocate states that two
thousand drunkards and opium-eaters
have been reformed in the last ten
years through the influence of the New
York Christian Home.

The Temperance awakening in Den-
mark has called forth active antip-
athism. The last general meeting of
the "Danish Temperance Society"
received reports from 408 local soci-
eties, comprising a membership of 17,
500.

A NEW way of fighting the liquor
traffic has lately been tried with suc-
cess by some of the good Catholic
priests of Brooklyn, N. Y. Hundreds
of boys and young men have been
pledged to shun the saloons and cigar
stores for a stated number of years.

Young men who, from reading ac-
counts of the habits of some of our
great Generals, are tempted to drink
and smoke, would do well to bear in
mind that in consequence of these hab-
its these very Generals came prema-
turely to their graves.—Exchange.

In Sweden fifty years ago the pro-
portion of alcohol consumed to the
population was fifty-four litres for
every man, woman and child; now it is
only eight litres. In Norway the pro-
portion fifty years ago was sixteen
litres, now it is three and one-half.

Dr. STROSS is authority for the state-
ment that in the States between the
Mississippi river and the Rocky
Mountains there is on the average one
saloon to every forty-three voters.
East of the Mississippi the average is
one saloon to one hundred and seven
voters.

Liquor regulates wages down. It
never works the other way. The work
done by the Temperance man is better
and worth more than that done by the
drunkard, but the employer has to
equalize, to hit what he calls a happy
medium. This involves his giving to
his better workmen a less sum than
they are really worth, than is really
their due, but he feels it must be equal-
ized in this way.—Southern Star.

A COLLECTIVE investigation commit-
tee on "Habits of Intemperance," ap-
pointed by the British Medical Asso-
ciation, have made a report, published
in the British Medical Journal, in
which, as some of their conclusions, they
say: "That of men who have passed
the age of twenty-five, the strictly
temperate on the average live at least
ten years longer than those who have
become decidedly intemperate." If
their conclusion concerning the effect
of intemperance upon the average
length of life is correct, it will be seen
that the number of years thus sacri-
ficed annually by the army of drunk-
ards in our own and other countries
is in the aggregate enormously large.
—National Temperance Advocate.

Beer, 15 Cents—Meat, 7 Cents.

Among modern millionaires, brew-
ers have in recent years become con-
spicuous. How their wealth is ac-
cumulated by impoverishing the poor
is well illustrated by the Holyoke
(Mass.) Transcript, which in a late
paragraph, headed, "Meat or Beer,"
says: "On a recent cold morning the
very smallest size of a small boy went
into a market and asked for five cents'
worth of salt pork. It was portioned
out, and then the child showed two
cents more, and said it was for a
soup-bone. The bone was produced,
and as the marketman handed it to
the child, who was barefooted, though
snow and ice were on the ground, he
observed that he held in one hand a
large pal, and inquired what he was
to get in it, 'Beer,' said the small
boy. To fill that pal with beer would
cost fifteen cents, which would double
the sum appropriated for the family's
food for that day. This happens
daily, and of course, the father doesn't
work."—National Temperance Advo-
cate.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

\$1,000 REWARD
To any one who will contribute to the proof of our claim that
Wolff's ACME Blacking
WATERPROOF, SOFT, AND DURABLE.
The beautiful, rich, GLOSSY POLISH is unequalled. Shows labor and economy.
A Polish lasts a Month for Women, and a Week for Men, on all Harness Leather.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.
Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, and Dealers generally.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.
UNDERTAKERS
AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,
OAKLAND, MD.
Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS
—AND—
BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!
—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE.
Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds.
And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment.

Furniture Rented on easy Terms
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
REPAIR WORK,
PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.
Also make Furniture to order.
D. E. BOLDEN & CO.
Feb. 25, '88.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table
The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 18th, 1887:

GOING EAST.	
No. 38—Accommodation	7:41 A. M.
No. 38—Express	8:00 A. M.
No. 38—Accommodation	8:20 P. M.
No. 38—Express	8:40 P. M.

GOING WEST.

No. 39—Accommodation	5:54 A. M.
No. 39—Express	6:10 A. M.
No. 39—Accommodation	6:30 P. M.
No. 39—Express	6:50 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.
WM. M. CLEMENTS, Manager.
C. K. LORD, General Passenger Agent.

NOTICE.
All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hoopole Road, adjoining the land of Bowle Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1860, ch. 264, as for feloniously stealing goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees so cut down.
THEOS. B. HORWITZ

TRESPASS NOTICE.
I have frequently warned persons from putting croquet on my land, along the railroad, and hereby notify all persons who have neglected this warning to immediately remove any croquet that may now be on my land, and in the future to respect this notice and save themselves trouble. I do not intend to be trifled with.
JOHN BRADLEY.
Cincinnati, O. Nov. 26, 1888.

Wanted! Reliable Men!
To canvass for a full line of Nursery Stock. Permanent employment guaranteed. Previous experience not required. Outfit free.
SALARY WITH EXPENSES PAID.
None under 25 years of age need apply. Address (enclosing stamp) the old and reliable, MAPLE GROVE NURSERY.
E. C. PIERSON & CO.,
126 E. Established 1886. Waterloo, N. Y.

A Narrow Escape.
From Theodore Roosevelt's paper on "Frontier Types," in the Century.
We quote the following description of one of his trappers, a French Canadian: "Once or twice he showed a curious reluctance about allowing a man to approach him suddenly from behind. Altogether his actions were so odd that I felt some curiosity to learn his history. It turned out that he had been through a rather uncanny experience the winter before. He and another man had gone into a remote basin, or inclosed valley, in the heart of the mountains, where game was very plentiful; indeed, it was so abundant that they decided to pass the winter there. Accordingly they put up a log cabin, working hard, and merely killing enough meat for their immediate use. Just as it was finished, winter set in with tremendous snow-storms. Going out to hunt, in the first lull, they found, to their consternation, that every head of game had left the valley. Not an animal was to be found there; they had abandoned it for their winter haunts. The outlook for the two adventures was appalling. They were afraid of trying to break out through the deep snow-drifts, and starvation stared them in the face if they stayed. The man that I met had his dog with him. They put themselves on very short commons, so as to use up their flour as slowly as possible, and hunted unweariedly, but saw nothing. Soon a violent quarrel broke out between them. The other man, a fierce, sullen fellow, insisted that the dog should be killed, but the owner was exceedingly attached to it, and refused. For a couple of weeks they spoke no words to each other, though cooped in the little narrow pen of logs.

Then one night the owner of the dog was awakened by the animal crying out; the other man had tried to kill it with his knife, but failed. The provisions were now almost exhausted, and the two men were glaring at each other with the rage of maddened, ravening hunger.

Neither dared to sleep for fear that the other would kill him. Then the one who owned the dog at last spoke, and proposed that, to give each a chance for his life, they should separate. He would take half of the handful of flour that was left and start off to try to get home; the other should stay where he was, and if he tried to follow the first he was warned that he would be shot without mercy. A like fate was to be the portion of the wanderer if driven to return to the hut. The arrangement was agreed to and the two men separated, neither daring to turn his back while they were within rifle shot of each other. For two days the one who went off toiled on with weary weakness through the snowdrifts. Late on the second afternoon, as he looked back from a high ridge, he saw in the far distance a black speck against the snow, coming along on his trail. His companion was dogging his footsteps. Immediately he followed his trail back a little and lay in ambush. At dusk his companion came stealthily up, rifle in hand, peering cautiously ahead, his drawn face showing the starved, eager ferocity of a wild beast, and the man he was hunting shot him down exactly as if he had been one. Leaving the body where it fell, the wanderer continued his journey, the dog staggering painfully behind him. The next evening he baked his last cake and divided it with his dog. In the morning, with his belt drawn still tighter around his skeleton body, he once more set out, with apparently only a few hours of dull misery between him and death. At noon he crossed the track of a huge timberwolf: instantly the dog gave tongue, and, rallying its strength, ran along the trail. The man struggled after. At last his strength gave out and he sat down to die; but while sitting still, slow-stiffening with cold, he heard the dog baying in the woods. Shaking off his mortal numbness, he crawled toward the sound, and found the wolf over the body of a deer that he had just killed, and keeping the dog from it. At the approach of the new assailant the wolf sullenly drew off, and man and dog tore the raw deer-flesh with hideous eagerness. It made them very sick for the next twenty-four hours; but, lying by the carcass for two or three days they recovered strength.

A Shark's Dinner.
We had been fishing for sea bass in Great Egg Harbor and had hauled in our lines to eat luncheon, when glancing over the port quarter of the yacht, I encountered the eyes of a shark. His snout and head were there, of course, but I scarcely saw anything but the eyes. The water was as clear as glass, and he was not more than two feet below the surface. Such eyes! They hadn't the fire of a serpent's nor the glassy green of a mad dog's, but there was something so devilish in the way he stared at me—something so murderous and

malignant—that I yelled right out and was made the butt of ridicule. One and all except the sailor in charge of the boat vigorously denied that I had seen a shark. When he was appealed to he soberly replied, "I can not say, but I know that man eaters come in here." We had with us a young man from Western Pennsylvania, a tall, raw boned, demonstrative chap, whose chatter no one could keep still when we had our lines out. When he had finished he uttered another sneer at my pale face, pulled off his coat and gaiters, and standing up on the rail he crowed like a cock and shouted, "I'm going to give that shark a chance to get a good dinner!" With that he jumped overboard and swam off about fifty feet. There was only a ruffle of a sea on, and he was a swimmer who would have thought nothing of a mile pull. The boatman shouted to him to come back, but the others laughed and the swimmer laughed with them. I was standing up in the cockpit looking over and beyond the man, when I saw a black object riding on the surface. It looked to me like a small duck, and was wondering how it moved quickly, when it suddenly disappeared. Five seconds later the swimmer heaved himself up breast high, flung his arms over his head and uttered a scream which yet rings in my ears. Then he disappeared and the awful silence among us was broken by the voice of the boatman saying, "He has been pulled in by a man-eater!" The object I had seen flitting on the surface was the dorsal fin of a shark. There was the shriek—a splash—a whirl—and nothing more. The shark had his dinner.—Ex.

Mutual Sacrifice.
Lobelia, my love, another long and delightful evening is before us." The young husband was arrayed in a dressing-gown of gorgeous, variegated and dazzling complexion. He sat in a luxurious arm-chair and rested his tired feet on the soft plush cushions of two other chairs. In his hand he held a magazine of large print, which he was trying laboriously to read with the aid of an eyeglass he had purchased under the deep and solemn conviction that his position in society required him to use something of the kind.

"Is there any thing that I can do for your comfort, Billinger," tenderly inquired the young wife.

"I think not, Lobelia," he replied, after considering a few moments, "though if you will kindly open that package of 'Lone Jack,' and put the smoking set within reach I shall be obliged."

Mrs. McSwat did so, and with her own fair hands she filled his new meerschaum, whose bowl was already taking on a brownish tinge that gave promise of richer and grander results in the happy future.

"You don't know, Lobelia (puff) how gratefully I (puff) appreciate your (puff) kindness in interposing no objection to my indulgence in (puff) (puff) this habit. Had as would have been the sacrifice, Lobelia, I (puff) would have quit it cheerfully—that is to say (puff) with comparative cheerfulness, if you had exacted it."

"How could I have asked you to quit smoking, Billinger," replied the young wife, "when you have never made the least objection to my chewing gum?"

Mr. McSwat laid the pipe down and looked at her in astonishment. "Do you chew gum, Lobelia?" he said. "I never suspected it."

"I confess I do sometimes, Billinger."

"Mrs. McSwat," said he, severely, "have you any idea of the consequences of inveterate gum-chewing? Do you know anything of the inconceivable vile materials of which the stuff is made?"

"It can't be any worse, Mr. McSwat, than the poisonous, choking fumes of that dirty old pipe you are—"

"Lobelia McSwat, have a care! Don't provoke me too far, or—"

"Billinger McSwat, do you dare threaten me? Don't glare and squint at me through that eye-glass till you have learned how to use it, sir. You are—"

"Lobelia!" exclaimed the young husband, pale with conflicting emotions, "you have spoken sneeringly of this meerschaum. It cost twenty-five dollars. But let that pass. I can bear it. To think, though, that the woman I have vowed to love and cherish—and his voice faltered—upon whom I have poured out the treasure of a heart's richest affection, is a gum-chewer! O! O! Lo-be-bella!"

"B-Billinger!" sobbed Lobelia, "I'll quit smoking!"

"I'll do it my love!" he exclaimed. His brow aflame with a lofty and noble resolve, Billinger wrapped his smoking set, with pipe, tobacco and all, in a paper, and threw the pack-

age to the remotest depths of a dark and gloomy attic on the topmost floor, while Lobelia gathered up all her wads of gum from their various hiding places, rolled them into a compact bundle, and threw them into the attic likewise.

"With these slight sacrifices, Lobelia," said Billinger, tenderly, "we propitiate the good angels of domestic bliss and banish forever the demon of discord from our hearthstone!"

Forty-eight hours had passed—forty-eight short, happy hours. Night had come again.

Billinger was in that attic. He had sneaked into it and was fumbling around noiselessly for something. In the dark his hand came in contact with a shoe and he grasped it. It had a foot in it.

There was a faint scream. "Mrs. McSwat, is that you?" "What are you doing here, madam?"

"Sir, I am looking for my gum. What are you doing here?" "Madam, I am hunting for my pipe."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became a Man, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Religion of Our Presidents.
While the Constitution expressly forbids the establishment of any religious test for office-holders, it is pleasant to record that all high officers of State have been church members. During the last campaign it was notable that four of the candidates were sons of ministers—viz: Grover Cleveland's father was a Presbyterian clergyman, Allen G. Thurman's father a Baptist minister, Levi P. Morton's father a Congregationalist, and John A. Brooks is the son of a Methodist minister, and himself a preacher of the same denomination. The religious belief of the twenty-two Presidents who have ruled over the destinies of this nation, have been as follows: Washington, Madison, Monroe, Tyler, Harrison, Taylor, Buchanan and Arthur were Episcopals; Jefferson, John Adams, John Q. Adams and Fillmore were Unitarians; Jackson, Polk and Lincoln were Presbyterians, as is also the present incumbent, President Cleveland; Van Buren was of the Dutch Reformed Church; Pierce a Trinitarian Congregationalist; Johnson, Grant and Hayes were Methodists, and Garfield attended the Church of the Christian Brethren.

A Royal Breakfast.
A letter written by Anne Boleyn, about three and a-half centuries ago, has just been published. It was on the occasion of her first visit to London, and the writer describes among other things, the unfavorable effects produced in her case by the late hours and dissolutions of Henry VIII. She writes: "We rise so late in the morning—seldom before six o'clock—and sit up so late at night—being scarcely in bed before ten—that I am quite sick of it. The irregular life which I have led since I came to this place has quite destroyed my appetite."

She then proceeds to mention a little detail which illustrates the ideas of the Lady Anne Boleyn and her contemporaries as to what was a normal appetite in a healthy Englishwoman at that period.

"You know," she writes to her correspondent, "I could manage one pound of bacon and a tankard of good ale for my breakfast in the country, but in London I find it difficult to get through half that quantity."

People are very much afraid of being extreme. But it is not necessarily an evil to go to extremes. All depends. Extreme in what direction? Let us never be afraid of being called extremists, so as only we are "extremely right."—National Baptist.

If You Have a Trifling Cough
Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.
Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns, Bruises, Chills, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation
Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts. a box.

Piles! Piles! Pile!
Roger's Specific Cocaine Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of itching, protruding, bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Sp. eff. Worm Syrup
Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.
The Fragrant Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Blisters and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Storgies' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SPRING MEDICINE YOU WANT
Paine's Celery Compound
Purifies the Blood,
Strengthens the Nerves,
Stimulates the Liver,
Regulates the Kidneys and Bowels,
Gives Life and Vigor to every organ.

There's nothing like it.
"Last spring, being very much run down and debilitated, I procured some of Paine's Celery Compound. The use of two bottles made me feel like a new man. As a general tonic and spring medicine, I do not know its equal."
W. L. OGDEN, Esq.,
Brigadier General V. S. G., Burlington, Vt.
\$1.00. Six for \$5.00. All Druggists.

Use It Now!
"Having used your Paine's Celery Compound this spring, I can safely recommend it as the most powerful and at the same time most gentle regulator. It is a splendid nerve tonic, and since taking it I have felt like a new man."
R. E. KNOW, Watertown, Dakota.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Proprs. Burlington, Vt.
LACTATED FOOD Infants using it sleep well. No Laxative. No Vomiting.

What is
CASTORIA
Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Stomach, Diarrhea, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

I recommend Castoria for children's ailments, as superior to any prescription known to me. H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

A Model Newspaper
THE NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS
The Advocate of the Best Interests of the Home—The Enemy of the Saloon. The Friend of American Labor. The Favorite Newspaper of People of Refined Tastes Everywhere.

The New York MAIL AND EXPRESS, the favorite American newspaper of many people of intelligent and cultivated tastes, has recently made some noteworthy improvements, materially increasing its general excellence. It is in the broadest sense

A National Newspaper,
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THE REPUBLICAN.

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WHAT WE MAKE IT. Let's hear talk of noble deeds, And rarer of the bad ones, And sing about our happy days, And not about the sad ones. We are not made to fret and sigh, And when grief sleeps to wake it, Right happiness is standing by— This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men, Or be believers in it; Alight there is in every soul That takes the pains to win it. And there's a slumbering good in all, And we purchase may wake it; Our hands contain the magic wand; This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts Shed light and joy about them! Thanks be to them for countless gems We never had known without them, And this should be a happy world To all who may partake it:— I send you mine, and it is not This life is what we make it.

Uncle Abe's Honest Man. The American Israelite, of Cincinnati, publishes an interesting lecture by Hon. A. S. Solomons, of Washington, C. C. delivered recently in the Shanty Tefila Synagogue, New York, which contains many patriotic thoughts and much good counsel to the people of his race in regard to their duties as American citizens. In the course of his remarks he related the following amusing incident:

Now that a new administration is coming into power I am reminded of a little story told me by the great and good President Lincoln, whom I am happy to say, I knew intimately, and whose confidence I was proud of and is a memory I shall always keep green. We had been talking about the pitfalls that beset the path of public men and the danger of their tumbling into them, when, as was his wont when an apt idea struck him, he suddenly brightened up and, grasping my arm with one of his long, bony hands, while he brushed back his shaggy black hair with the other said:

"When I first entered upon my duties as President I fully made up my mind to appoint to office those only whom I knew to be honest and who had suitable ability. In any event honesty should be the prerequisite, as the lack of a little ability might easily be made up by an honest man endeavoring to do his duty conscientiously. While this I have fresh upon me, there came to visit me one day a very old friend, a minister, who had traveled so far that he had not yet shaken the Illinois real estate oil on his capacious boots.

"Why, what brings you here, Mr. Chootsper?" said I (which was not his name, but it will do just as well).

"Well," he replied, "I came down here first to see you and get an old-fashioned shake of the hand, and secondly, to say that the folks of my congregation are so poor that they can hardly afford me a decent living, and I thought maybe you could give me some sort of an office that would pay me better."

"Certainly," I answered quickly, for I knew he was an honest man, and I was looking for stock of that kind. "Have you in view any particular office?"

"No," said the Rev. Mr. Chootsper, complacently; "I would not know what to select if you were to hand me a list to select from."

"Nor I what to give you; but I will tell you who will help you out. You know Col. Kiddish, of your county. He is now on duty in the Treasury Department. Go and see him; he is a man of resources and will get you out of your difficulty; come back to-morrow and report."

"The next day, according to promise, Chootsper put in an appearance, and said that the Colonel had recommended him to apply for a certain position in the revenue department."

"What is the salary?" said I, signing in a mechanical way a pile of commissions.

"Two thousand dollars a year."

"Well, do you think that is enough?" I answered: "I may be able to do better for you, for I knew that he was an honest man, and thought he might just as well as not get a place where he could earn more money."

"Oh, plenty, Uncle Abe, for that is more than double the amount I've been earning for years past."

"Now, I began to think," said my martyred President, "that I would have to force him into a place paying a larger salary, and where the government would have a corresponding return for his valuable services; for I was more than ever (if that were possible) convinced that he was an honest man, but I finally concluded to give him his own way, and he was appointed accordingly. Off he

went rejoicing, but I felt rather mean at my one-horse gift to my good, honest, reverend friend.

"Three years elapsed, and the anxieties attending the war had completely driven from my mind, for the time being, the incident just related, when my messenger brought me a card bearing the familiar name, 'Rev. Mr. Chootsper,' and immediately there flashed across my mind all the circumstances attending my appointing him to office. I directed him to be shown in, and in he walked with creaky boots, one of the finest and best dressed men I had seen in many a day. I recognized his countenance at a glance, but it was his marvellous clothes that troubled me. They sat easily enough upon his body. But somehow or other they did not sit so easily upon my mind, but wherefore, I could not for the life of me tell, if I had tried, which I didn't."

"Good morning, Mr. President," (no longer 'Uncle Abe,' as before,) said he in a grandiloquent manner; "I hope you are well and getting on nicely."

"Oh, yes," said I, "we poor folks eke out a living after a fashion," intending to give him the bit in his mouth, for I knew what an honest man he was, and how much—I couldn't tell then, exactly how much for I had lost the run of him—we, the people, were indebted to him."

"Mr. President, I have come to resign my office."

"Feeling somewhat as though I had been struck by lightning, I managed to exclaim, 'Indeed!'"

"Yes, I think that there are many others deserving of the place, and that it is my duty to make way for them."

"Was there ever such an honest man as that?" said I to myself, chuckling over my stupidity on the clothes surprise. "But," said I aloud, "I am afraid you are not considering yourself, friend Chootsper, and that when you go back to preaching you will be as hard up as when you came here three years ago. Hadn't you better hold on a little longer, say a year more, and let us both go out of office together?"

"No, thank you, I am going to Europe during that time, but I hope to see you as President here when I return," and after a few more kind expressions off went the Rev. Mr. Chootsper.

"About a month after one of the reverend gentlemen's neighbors paid me a visit, and among other things remarked casually that I had done a pretty good thing for Chootsper. 'Yes,' I replied, 'I gave him a \$2,000 position for three years.'

"Besides the balance," added my visitor. "Why, if he is worth a cent he is worth to-day \$200,000; and I can prove it if necessary, and every dollar made out of the government!"

"What could the idiot mean? To satisfy myself of the falsity of the charge I determined to send detectives to where he lived, and would you believe it, the prejudiced fellows brought back word that he had made his \$6,000 salary in the aggregate fully \$200,000 in crisp greenbacks; but then, knowing he was an honest man, I knew that there must be a mistake somewhere, but just how and in what manner I could not tell."

"By the way," added Mr. Lincoln, with one of his knowing winks, "we have plenty of Chootsper's left, but it is hard finding them out, and even if we do not trace them up they are invariably quite full now, like so many horse-leeches who have had their run among fat cattle, and if we appoint new ones who are empty the chances are that they, too, will have to get full, so I don't see where would be the gain in the swap. But Chootsper, in spite of the off-color, prejudiced stories about him, must have been an honest man—now don't you think he was?"

You will never have a friend if you must have one without failings. To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without it is power.

You may boast of your ancestry but your actions demonstrate what you are.

A man's own good breeding is his best security against other people's ill manners.

Dishonesty is like a man with a club foot—often makes good time, but is easily tracked.

There is no such thing as absolute perfection, and no one need fear ever becoming too well informed.

Do not make witicism at the expense of others which you would not wish to have made upon yourselves.

Is it Right to Play Cards? Is there any harm in a game of whist or eucher? "Well, I know good men who play whist and eucher, and other styles of game without any wagger. I had a friend who played cards with his wife and children, and then at the close, said, 'Come, now, let us have prayers.' I will not judge other men's consciences, but I tell you that cards are in my mind so associated with the temporal and eternal damnation of splendid young men, that I should no sooner say to my family, 'Come, let us have a game of cards,' than I would go into a menagerie, and say, 'Come, let us have a game of rattlesnakes,' or into a cemetery, and, sitting down to a marble slab, say to the grave-diggers, 'Come, let us have a game of skulls.'

Conscientious young ladies are silently saying to me while I speak, 'Do you think card playing will do us any harm?' Perhaps not, but how will you feel in the great day of eternity, when we are asked to give an account of our influence, if some man will say to you, 'I was introduced to games of chance in the year 1888, in Brooklyn, at your house, and I went on from that sport to something more exciting, and went on down till I lost my business, and morals, and lost my soul; and these chains that you see on my wrists and feet are the chains of a gambler's doom, and I am on my way to a gambler's hell? Honey at the start, and eternal catastrophe at the last!

Facts may be the same, but we may look at them with different hearts. The cowardly heart sees only the difficulties; the brave, trustful heart sees only God and the Catech brought Moses word again about the Holy Land, not only according to the facts, but also as it was "in his heart" (Josh. 14: 7). His brethren who went with him represented things according to their hearts and that made the heart of the people melt (v. 8). The heart-difference was that Caleb followed the Lord wholly, which they did not. We are to this day having reports brought to us from the Holy Land, according to the hearts of those who have gone up to see it. Those who are cowardly give a very discouraging account of things; but just listen to some Caleb awhile, and we all want to go up because we are well able. We are like the man who bid in his own property because the auctioneer gave such a glowing description of it. The auctioneer may have overstrained some points, but our Calebs cannot tell the half. Let us have more heart-talk, less head-talk.—Christian Standard.

Words of Wisdom. A good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven. The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.

Experience is the name men give to their follies or sorrows.

Men of character are the conscience of society to which they belong.

Of all the pleasures of life, sympathy is one of the sweetest and purest.

Laughing, if loud, ends in a deep sigh; and all pleasures have a sting in the tail, though they carry beauty on the face.

The man who goes quietly to work and attends strictly to business is worth several times as much as the man who makes a fuss over everything which he handles. Nervous, fidgety, and fussy men will almost always make a mess of things.

When there is any righteous deed to be done, any justice to establish, any kindness to express, any love to manifest, any joy to diffuse, let us hasten to give it form and voice, knowing that there is neither time to waste nor space to pause in the blessed work of doing good.

O weary man! It isn't the weight of the burden of which you complain after all; it's the material. Twelve pounds of baby make some men tired out death in less than two hours, whereas 130 pounds of sweetheart used to sit in the same lap from 8 P. M. to 12:15 A. M., without a murmur from the lapidary. Half a mile to church is a long walk, when ten miles' tramp around a billiard table is recreation. I tell you, brother, a pound of lead is heavier than a pound of feathers.

Two little boys were shut up in a garret. They were very much afraid, and Johnny said: "I think we had better pray." Jimmy said, "Well you pray, and I'll go down to the door and kick." Faith and works go well together.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A TREASURED KEEPSAKE.

While turning some old keepsakes over in a sorrowful mood and forlorn, The gem of them all I discovered. In a child's sampler, faded and torn, With faintly worked letters unfolding An incomplete motto, a verse, And the time yellowed canvas still holding A ringlet of pale golden hair.

"I Love My Dear Papa Forever," Runs the legend, the rest being blurred, While the last of the childish endeavor Fritters out in a half-brothered word; Though all that was meant is completed In the word that my memory recalls, Ever since the small worker's soul fled To the giver and taker of souls.

Only a child's sampler, faded, With poor straggling letters inought; But, ah! how distinct and unadorned, It emblazons its beautiful thought!

Only a yellowed and faded page, In the limp, filmy, may-creased platina, But distinct with affection unmeasured By earth's feeble standards, or fate's?

Oh! again and again do I kiss it, With her image still fresh in my mind; And that artless child's love, how I miss it, Runs so more with my life's combined Gossamer of death, the light-footed purveyor, By Love is run down in the end, And as faith still abides to reprieve her, In those bright days she was first to see.

Once again with my mates I return you, Dear Keepsake! more precious than all, And again in the Past I immerse you, As life's shadows, deepening, fall, Once more in the caress I set you, And, turning the key, I depart, With no fear that I'll slight or forget you, Since your motto is worked in my heart.

—Nathan D. Unger, in Once a Week.

A VISITING CARD.

Embarrassing Results of a Slight Mistake.

It was a rainy day in January. Large drops were beating monotonously against the windows of a red brick house, whose white stone trimmings and heavy architectural ornamentations were that air of having been manufactured by the thousand which characterizes the dwellings of these poor people who have gained wealth without gaining taste.

Behind the guipure curtains on the first floor sat a handsome blonde looking out with a bored expression in her cold blue eyes. This was Solange Tarvenue, the only daughter of a respectable bourgeois, who, having made his money in trade, now lived a comfortable life in this fine new house.

"Heaven!" exclaimed Mlle Tarvenue, "how tiresome this rain is! One can't go out to make any calls, and no one comes to see one. It's enough to give one the spleen!"

"The spleen? What's that?" asked M. Tarvenue from the depths of his paper. "Something you don't understand, papa," said the young lady, impatiently.

"Suppose you practice a little, my daughter," suggested Mlle Tarvenue, putting up some stockings she had been darning. "That piece, you know, you are to play at the Puchler tomorrow."

"Yes, it would be worth while, would it not?" sneered Solange. "People who don't know one note from another! As if there was any one in the Villa-Abbe, anyway, who did. What is the use of having any talent for anything when one lives in the provinces?"

"O, the provinces again! Solange is in a bad humor. I'll get out of the way," remarked M. Tarvenue, with a sigh.

"Leave the child alone. The temperature affects her. It is psychological," said Mlle Tarvenue, who flattered herself that she understood her daughter, and was upon the same intellectual level, albeit the latter had been educated in Paris.

She went down stairs with the girl, and there Solange, with one must be a good deal of more digital brilliancy, began to practice one of those showy and utterly hollow musical pieces, and in a few minutes she was in the midst of those trills and chromatic scales the bell rang.

"There!" cried Solange, stopping short, "I'm sure that is a call. You see, mamma, you were very wrong to say that you were not at home to visitors. Every one is not as much afraid of bad weather as you are."

"My dear child, what are you saying? Such a day as this! Why, the parlor furniture would have been ruined by people's wet clothes!"

"People's wet clothes! It is to be hoped the people we know would wear water-proof, as long as they come on foot," added the young lady, bitterly.

She rang the bell. A young servant girl came in.

"Bring the cards that were left just now." The servant returned. Solange threw an indifferent glance on the bit of pasteboard. Suddenly her face lighted up; she exclaimed quickly:

"Mamma! It was M. de Prevaret! And you didn't receive him!"

"M. de Prevaret?" wailed Madame Tarvenue.

"Dear me! What a pity, now!" cried Solange, sourly.

M. de Prevaret was considered the very best catch in Ville-Abbe! Young and handsome and clever, and the possessor of a large fortune, he lived with his mother, the dowager countess, in one of the most sumptuous residences in the town. And this young man, on whom every woman of rank with a marriageable daughter smiled, had rung the doorbell of the Tarvenues, and left his cards for them! He bowed to them, because they bowed to his mother, but he had never been introduced to the ladies.

"What can it mean?" asked Mlle Tarvenue, anxiously.

Solange was standing before the glass. "Why, it seems to me that it is very clever," she replied, with deep complacency. "Haven't you noticed, my dear mamma, that every time we go to hear the band play M. de Prevaret is there, too?"

"What!—why do you think—?" Mlle Tarvenue did not dare finish, so audacious did her thought seem to her.

joined to a most extraordinary amount of beauty and vanity. She had played, in childhood, behind the paternal counter, but she had been educated in a fashionable Parisian school, from which she had brought away all manner of ambitions. In her dreams for the future she saw noblemen at her feet and she would not have thought a crown misplaced had it been made to rest on her magnificent yellow hair. It was, therefore, no wonder, that the Comte de Prevaret's visit had not much surprised her. She saw that simply the natural result of her beauty. She received her father, when he returned, with a superior smile of calm fatuousness, while Mlle Tarvenue, who was most unsophisticated in her new grandeur, exclaimed agitatedly: "If you only knew whom we have just missed!"

"Oh! You think I don't know," replied the good man, trying to look very subtle. "So he has come to make his proposal, has he?"

"To make his proposal?" quavered Mlle Tarvenue. "You know, then?"

re-marked M. Tarvenue with importance. "He said to me only this morning: 'It is time we came to an understanding. Eusebe is fairly wasting away; he is so much in love with Solange.'"

"Of whom are you talking?"

"Of my friend Ramillat, who is most anxious that Solange should marry his son."

"M. Ramillat did not call. But the Comte de Prevaret rang the doorbell while you were away."

And Solange, having pronounced these words, majestically left the room.

"M. de Prevaret!" exclaimed M. Tarvenue. "Why, yes," said Madame, initiating her daughter's self-possessed and indifferent mien. "Solange is not to be married. She has been noticing her a great deal of late. And if he should want to marry her there would be nothing surprising in that either. She is handsome enough to make a messalina possible."

A discussion then arose between Mlle Tarvenue and her husband as to whether they should call, in their turn, on the dowager countess—a discussion which was thus concluded by the young lady:

"On general principles it should be papa who returned the call. But he would not know how to appear in a way that would do justice. Now, if it were I, having the habit of the world, I should know how to manage perfectly. So, it is best that mamma and I should go to call on the countess. By doing so we will make her understand that we are very willing to know her, but not willing to accept the attentions of her son against her wishes."

"The plan was very cleverly conceived, and a week later was carried out."

On the same day the dowager Countess de Prevaret was chatting with her son in a large saloon filled with fine old furniture. He, who was the most touchingly devoted of sons, had been asking his mother how she had passed the afternoon. She had been too tired to receive, she said. But there had been several calls. "Among others," she took up a card.

"Mlle Tarvenue," and immediately she said: "Do you know these people?"

"I was surprised to get their card."

"I know them and I don't. He used to be a linen draper, I think. He is out of business now. They sit near you in church; the father is a little man with spectacles; the mother very stout and rubicund; the daughter a superb creature, a blonde, who dresses very well. You must have seen them."

"O, yes, I remember now. I believe they come to me. They are good souls. I should think they go to church very regularly."

"Good souls, perhaps," laughed her son, "but frightfully ordinary. The mother is impossible. As for the daughter, we call her the countess. I see you the name suits her. She is a tremendous coquette."

"But why should they come to see me?" asked the countess.

"Perhaps to solicit subscriptions for some charity. The mother and daughter belong to different church organizations, I think."

"Perhaps," said the dowager, "but I want to be polite. I might leave my card some day at their house. That would not commit me to anything."

"Of course not, especially with the Tarvenues."

The lady little dreamed what a commotion the square of her head, abandoned to the dowager Countess, would cause in that household.

When Solange, who was at the window, recognized the dowager Countess, she called all her assumption of indifference, and rushed down to the kitchen to tell the servant that the ladies would receive. Then she threw a hasty glance into the drawing-room to assure herself that all things were in order there, and, still running, returned to her room and began to make an appropriate toilet. What was not her despair when she heard the carriage drive away again.

"Idiot!" she said to the servant, who had banister. "Why didn't you say we were at home as I told you?"

"But, mademoiselle, the footman didn't say. He gave me the card and I sent it."

"Madame is at home." Then he said, "Well, give her that, then."

"But you might at least have refrained from saying that we were at home, since you hadn't been asked."

"Not to mention the sight of the countess card somewhat appeared her. That a grande dame, of the countess's age, too, should have taken the trouble to drive out in the cold in order to leave her card at their house proved conclusively that she wished to sanction her son's course. Thus did Mlle Tarvenue think likewise, and the two ladies resolved that the least they could do would be to call once more upon the countess without delay.

This had been arranged when M. Tarvenue, who spent an hour at his club every day, came in with a very clouded brow.

"Something very serious has happened," said the retired linen draper. "Then I have no secrets from you, my daughter, and you know already that my friend Ramillat had spoken to me of his desire of making a match between you and his son. I expected an official proposal from him three weeks ago. I did not receive it, and since then he has seemed to avoid me. I did not like to call upon him because that would have been undignified under the circumstances. Finally, I met him today on the street, and although he pretended not to see me, I accented him: 'What's the reason you never see me any more, Ramillat? It seems to me, sir,' he answered stily, 'that it is scarcely my place to call upon you again after the step I took three weeks ago, and which you failed to recognize in any way.' And now it turns out that he came here, left his card, as I was not at home, and thought, of course, as we had had a conversation on the subject the previous day, that I would understand the visit as a formal demand on his and his son's part for Solange's hand. Here we are at long last, and all because you did not give me his card."

"But he never came, he never left a card," cried Mlle Tarvenue.

"In any case there's a good match off," grumbled M. Tarvenue.

"Do not deplore it, I beg," remarked Solange, with her most superior mien. "I should not have accepted M. Eusebe Ramillat in any event. I hope before long to present to you a son-in-law of quite another stamp."

In less than eight days Mlle Tarvenue and her daughter repaired anew to the dowager countess. Solange was enchantingly handsome in a suit of dark blue with astrakhan trimmings, and a toque of the same color.

Mlle Tarvenue, in plush and jets, had assumed an indifferent and contemptuous air, which she thought in the best possible form. When the countess saw the two ladies enter her drawing-room she suppressed a movement of surprise, but she received her guests with that gracious amiability which so successfully keeps people at a distance.

"I was sorry," she said, in her slow, nasal voice, "not to have been at home when you came some little time ago to see me."

"The loss was entirely ours, madame," said Solange, with emphasis.

"Certainly, certainly," said Mlle Tarvenue, who was very and very ill at ease. "I regretted the coincidence all the more that I thought you might have wished to see me with regard to some church charity."

Solange understood the allusion, and her eyes flashed fire.

"No, madame, I am interested in church work, but I do not solicit aid from others," she announced triumphantly. "We have simply to prove our recognition of the aid by which you were pleased to show us that you approved of our son's visit to us."

"It was now the countess's turn to be agitated. Had Gerard really gone to see these people? The daughter was pretty, very pretty."

"I did not know that my son had called upon you," she said with her grand air.

"But his friends are mine. Ah! There is now Gerard," addressing the young man, who had entered with a smile, "and I do not introduce me to Mlle and M. Tarvenue."

"It seems to me that it is you who are to introduce me," remarked the young man, bowing low before his mother's guests.

"It is true, Monsieur," said Solange, while her mother wished that if earth might open and swallow her up, "we regretted not being at home when you called some time ago."

The young man bowed again and looked embarrassed, and said nothing.

"My daughter alludes to the visit you made us at the beginning of January," here threw in Mlle Tarvenue.

"I wish that I, too, might allude to it, madame, but I am afraid here it is a misunderstanding. I would never have permitted myself, at having the honor of knowing you, to present myself at your door. Now, however, I shall be content with a profound bow, 'certainly' for the pleasure of seeing you."

"Mlle Tarvenue, I am very sorry to see you," she said, looking at the room. When Gerard had returned from seeing them to the door, he said to his mother: "Tell me truly, my son, did you call on these people?"

"Never in the world, my dear mother, and I don't in the least know what all this means!"

The street meanwhile Solange was biting her lips till the blood started.

"What idiots we were! We have spoiled everything! He had come to the house with a book in his hand, and we have let the cat out of the bag!" she raged.

"What a pity! If he only comes back again, I will tell him the whole story. The next day there occurred Mlle Tarvenue's small weekly reception. The lamps were lighted and Solange was setting out dominoes nonchalantly on the balustrade."

"Is every thing ready?" demanded M. Tarvenue.

"Well, because I had a good deal to do this evening in the week, when I can gather my old friends around me," said the old fellow. "I miss one, though, Ramillat, he is absent."

His guests soon began to arrive. Solange, with a book in her hand, abandoned to the golden-tinted reveries. That very evening the Count Gerard had bowed to her, and she had begun to erect a visionary scaffolding of dreams. Suddenly the door opened again and M. Ramillat was ushered in.

M. Tarvenue hurried forth to meet him. "My dear friend, at last!"

"Why yes, here I am again! But let me tell you, all of you, the most extraordinary and laughable occurrence imaginable. You know, Tarvenue that I was offended because of my having failed to take any notice of a certain visit paid you three weeks ago. You said that I had not heard of it. I was sure that I had left cards. Well, left cards I did, but they were not received."

"He broke out with a loud laugh. "Tell me, Tarvenue, do you know the Comte de Prevaret?"

"Yes, I know him very well. He came here on the 6th of January, eh? Well, I left his card!"

"Solange, who had raised her head from her book, now approached.

"And this is the way of it: It's all the fault of that good-for-nothing engraver, Ramillat. I ordered some cards for January 1. Probably the Count Gerard did the same. Now what do you suppose I discovered three weeks later? That the cards were mixed inadvertently—half of them were mine and half those of the Count Prevaret. That is how it happened that you, Mlle Tarvenue, and I, both received them."

Solange, white as a sheet, had risen with difficulty and retreated into the embrasure of a window. Her mother followed her.

"Courage, Solange! Be kind to M. Ramillat. After all, Eusebe is not such a very bad match."

"What! When one thought one was going to be a countess?"

"Excuse Solange," said Mlle Tarvenue. "She is feeling indisposed."

Three months later Gerard de Prevaret was married to one of his cousins, and the same day M. Eusebe Ramillat, disdained by Solange, conducted to the altar the daughter of his father's partner.

They say that Solange Tarvenue will not marry at all.—From the French.

—Amber Pudding: Line a dish with plums and fill with this mixture: Six tart apples stewed (covered) three-fourths of an hour, the juice and rind of one lemon, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-fourth of a cupful of water. Rub through a colander and add one cupful of sugar, the yolks of three beaten eggs. Bake one-half hour, and cover with meringue, the stiff whites of three eggs, one-half of a cupful of sugar and brown.—Good Housekeeping.

"Bobby," said his mother, "did you give half of your orange to your little sister?" "O, yes, ma, I gave her more than that," replied Bobby with a generous air. "Did you, indeed, Bobby? Why that was very nice of you." "Yes, ma, I sucked the juice out and gave her all the rest."—N. Y. Sun.

—Soaking rains on the manure heap take out all the soluble portions, leaving but little food for plants.

HAZING IN COLLEGES.

It is as Bad in Female Colleges as One Could Well Imagine.

Human nature is very much the same in all institutions of learning, and first-year students who venture to be too presumptuous are usually disciplined by their upper classmates. It makes no difference whether they are attending a college for the development of foot-ball players and crass ovens, or are cultivating the graces of dancing, music and needlework in an institution where the sterner sex is not admitted. The fresh girl is treated very much the same as the freshman. When a young miss enters a boarding-school she generally thinks she owns the hall of the world which does not belong to her stinging brother who is just matriculating at college. He sports a high hat and carries a bag and cane, and the same spirit prompts her to climb into high-heeled shoes and don a sealskin sacque and wear a bustle.

In such a case the youth is put through a course of sprouts by the maturing sophomore, and the same thing must be done to her of the bustle to mold the girly girl into something like womanhood.

This is how it works. The young lady of fifteen determines to wear a sealskin coat, although such articles are prohibited by the sophomore girls of the college. A sealskin fight follows just as naturally as a cane rush. It would not do to tone up a freshman promiscuously, so when the young lady wants to appear defiant she dons an imitation sealskin, sometimes made of cheese-cloth, and parades before her irate elders. Then the fun commences. Half a hundred young Amazons pounce on her, screaming and shouting, and the way that the freshman seal-skin is ripped and torn would shame a flock of vultures. Within two minutes the sacque has lost all resemblance to a neat fitting garment, and the victorious sophomore girls go on parade, each decked with a sort of imitation sealskin bouquet-de-courage.

High-heeled shoes meet with much the same treatment. But the glory of the female college shines brightest in the bustle fight. It's a bold, first-class girl that will wear a bustle before she has aged a year in college. But now and then some warlike Bonadica determines to take to herself that article which has been likened to "manufactured-to-back-her." She purchases one of abnormal size, and once arrayed in it, starts forth to onset. The bag fight, the hat fight, the cane fight, are nothing to the slaughter that follows. She's torn by finger nails, crushed, scratched and pinched until the bustle yields and is made into a football. As the girl draws off for a breathing spell, there goes floating off in the breeze tresses of hair shaded all the way from Auburn to Schenectady. But the result of this harsh treatment is that the fresh girl is no longer fresh. She gives up her lien on a large section of the globe, and is not thereafter head and shoulders above her mates. Sometimes, fresh girls receive a different kind of treatment. One method is for the sophomores to summon them to a feast, the viands of which are cooked by sophomore hands. Imagine the misery of such dining. But the civilization of the nineteenth century is driving out those middle age horrors.—Philadelphia Record.

FATHER NICHOLAS.

A Russian Artist's Description of a Unique Chinese Rite.

I watched this prior as he was going the rounds of the peasants' houses, collecting sour cream and eggs, on the last day of the Lent preceding St. Peter and St. Paul's day.

I could not understand at first what he was doing. Clad in an old ussack, the white underwear plainly exposed beneath it, the old man carried a pail in one hand and a wooden bowl in the other; going from house to house, he would knock at the door of each, and peep in at the windows. At first I thought he had been kept out late and was asking for a night's lodging. But no; after knocking vainly at one peasant's house, he passed on to another, and then still to a third. Eventually women carrying trifling donations began to come out from the back yards, some making gestures which seemed to explain why it was that the donation was so small; some to kiss the priest's hand; some others to simply bow to him and pour their sour cream into his pail, laying down a couple of eggs in the bowl. The priest did not once lose patience, and such peasants as did not answer his summons at his first knock brought out their offerings to him on his return trip. In place of sour cream he sent him out a ruble of money; and the good man put down his pail, and taking off his hat, crossed himself thrice at the church.

Father Nicholas did not complain of the peasants, but remarked to me that they were much weighed down by poverty. "No little money is spent on drink, and that is a truth," he would say; "but then, if we let the holidays out of the count—the only days when one has to take a drop too much is that they only live upon. Poorly, very poorly off are our peasants!"—Vassili Verestchagin, in Harper's Magazine.

—Raising flowers for the manufacture of perfumery is becoming a new industry in Florida under the encouragement of Northern capital. The two varieties of roses grown are the musk and the damask, and other flowers that are used for distillation, such as the geranium, violets, lilacs and jonquils, are hardy and yield rich harvests under cultivation.

PARENTAL PIN-MONEY.

How the Daughters of New York Millionaires Dispose of Their Allowances.

"I have only an allowance of \$10 a week for pocket money," said the daughter of a millionaire in a confidential moment the other day. "Papa has such an idea of money, you know, and he thinks I am wildly extravagant to spend that small amount on candies, flowers, novels and theater tickets. Mamma orders all my clothing, you know, and so, of course, I do not have to buy anything that I really need."

To many a young girl \$10 a week would seem sufficient for pocket money, and, indeed, how many hundreds of pretty and clever girls are there who can not earn more than that amount even by working hard each day of the week? But the average fashionable society girl has so many demands on her purse that \$10 does not go far.

It is said that Jay Gould very generously allows his daughter \$25, and with this she not only supports her own little wallet, but gives to most of the small charities.

Cornelius Vanderbilt and Elliot F. Shepard allow each of their six children a certain amount of pocket money each month, and they are all required to keep cash accounts and present them to their fathers the first of each month. The amounts are not large, and are given more to make the little millionaires understand the value of money than to assist.

Willie K. Vanderbilt's three children are allowed plenty of money, but are fined heavily for all misdemeanors. They dine in a pretty little room adjacent to the great dining-saloon, and if a tiny drop of any coffee, milk or wine is spilled on the snowy cloth the offender is fined 25 cents for each offense. A glass of water knocked over or a dish left fall on the floor brings a fine of 50 cents to the culprit, and all the fines go to the Foreign and Home Mission societies.

"What do I do with my \$20 a week?" asked an only daughter of a Fifth Avenue millionaire, when asked the question. "Well, not always the same thing. Last week I spent every cent of it on a lovely new parasol, to carry at a coaching parade, and then after all my trouble it poured rain. I generally purchase my flowers—you know I must have a fresh corsage cluster of violets every day—and they cost a dollar a cluster."

"Then bonbons, soda, chocolate and those little trifles come to about \$5, and a couple of matinee tickets, tea for my old women at the Home for the Aged, new music and papers eat up the rest. I am fearfully short sometimes, and I draw in advance and forget to pay back, don't you know? Papa used to allow me so much every quarter for my wardrobe and maid, but I was always in deep water. Now I order what I want and have the bills sent to him."

"I do not think that the wealthiest New Yorkers are more than liberal in allowing pocket money to their daughters," said the principal of a fashionable up-town school. "My pupils are, most of them, daughters of millionaires, and yet they have seldom enough for their many little wants. It is wisdom, not magnanimity, on the part of the parents, I think."—N. Y. Sun.

SELECTING AN EMPRESS.

The Peculiar Method in Vogue in the Celestial Empire.

An edict from the Dowager Empress of China has been published announcing that Yeh-hoh-na-la, the daughter of the Manchur brigadier general, Kwei-siang (younger brother of the Dowager empress), has been selected as the consort of the youthful Emperor of China, and that two girls named Ta-ta-la, daughter of Chang-shuh, a Manchur vice president of the Peking Board, aged fifteen and thirteen years respectively, have been chosen for the harem.

The process of selecting the Emperor's consort is interesting. After two inspections, at considerable intervals, the number of candidates was reduced to twenty-three. These were the daughters of mandarins of above the fourth rank, and, of course, of Manchur extraction. These thirty-two young ladies were conveyed in carts to the palace in the early morning at two o'clock. They entered by the "Gate of the Southern Sea," which they crossed in six boats, and were conducted to the palace, which they reached at three a. m. A splendid banquet was then spread before them, after which they were ushered into the presence of her Majesty, the Empress Dowager, by groups of four or five. It may interest the ladies to know that her Majesty was seated on a throne of ivory, and that the ladies to be selected were to stand before her. Each girl carried a tablet bearing her name and age, also the name of her father, banner, etc., which was presented to the Empress while the girls stood before her. After some interrogations, and in no few cases even monitory words for having continued to shave the forehead, her Majesty formed her opinion of the candidates, which, when unfavorable, was signified by handing the girl's tablet to one of the eunuchs, with the order to present the rejected aspirant with a roll of silk. The girl with the silk was then taken back to her cart, never more to participate in the imperial matrimonial competition. The selection of a new Empress signifies a serious burden on many poor men whose daughters are eligible and must be presented, but who have little means to defray the expenses incident to journeying to Peking and frequent visits to the palace. Most of them pray to be put out of their misery at the first inspection, and those who survive to the last and are then rejected are really to be pitied.—North China News.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The nettle is cultivated in Germany, its fiber having proven valuable for a variety of textile fabrics.

Assuming the average depth of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans to be 21 miles, it is calculated that there is 312,850,000 tons of salt in the water under each square mile of surface.

The microscopist of the Department of Agriculture, Prof. Thomas Taylor, has discovered that pepper is adulterated often as much as fifty per cent. with the seed or stone of the olive, which are obtained in large quantities from the olive oil factories.

The statement is made that aluminum has been successfully manufactured from Kentucky clay. A plant was erected at Newport capable of turning out a ton a day at an approximate cost of \$44. The price of aluminum is now \$6 per pound of surface.

A German electrician has devised an ingenious scheme for the regulation of dynamos. The field magnet cores, instead of being solid, are made of tubes, in which a solid core is inserted. This core can be withdrawn by hand or automatically, and the strength of current thus regulated.

In a paper recently read before the Medical Society of Virginia, Dr. C. E. Bussey, of Lynchburg, stated that the people of those nations which are given to the general cultivation of vocal music have broad, expansive chests, and are much less afflicted by consumption and other lung diseases than nations which do not cultivate vocal music. The doctor said that these facts are well known to the medical fraternity.

At the royal powder factory of Wetteren, in Belgium, a new gunpowder is being made. They call it "poudre imperiale," or paper powder, and it is said that a charge of 21 grammes (39 grains) gives, in a rifle of small caliber, an initial velocity of 650 yards to the ball. This is equal to, if it does not beat, the Lebel powder. The additional advantages are attributed to it of not smearing the barrel, of producing no smoke and causing little recoil.

Investigation has shown that porous terra-cotta bricks and blocks best resist the action of fire, water and rust. Next to these are fire-resisting materials come concrete and burnt clay work. For buildings intended to be fire-proof, the best materials are iron work encased in porous terra-cotta, with tile or brick work in roof and floor, and tile construction. The hollow tiles are faced with vitreous tiles, slabs or any good weather-proof coating, or with a single thickness of brick.

In regard to the injurious consequences upon the nervous system caused by residence in cities amid continuous noise, the London Invention society has made a discovery. It is said that if any nervous system ever becomes so indurated to this incessant strain as to feel no harm. The yelling of steam whistles, the hiss of steam pipes, the rattle and clash of wheels on stone covered streets, the rumble of street cars, the clangor of bells, the howling of hucksters, keep up a condition in which a healthy nervous system of natural strength and sensitiveness is impossible.

THE ADJUTANT BIRD.

His Swallowing Capacity Illustrated by a New and Curious Anecdote.

Talking of adjutant birds, I heard a good story from Mr. Richards, of the Baptist Mission at Lukolela. It seems that Mr. Comber of the same mission used to keep a tame adjutant at Lutete (or Wathen) Station, which was about the station yard, with clipped wings, in company with monkeys, parrots, and other pets, among them a kitten belonging to Mr. Comber. One day this kitten was heard mewing piteously, though it was nowhere to be seen. At last, noticing that the sounds appeared to be proceeding from the station yard, who was standing with his back wide open, as though engaged in swallowing something with an effort, Mr. Comber walked up to him, and looking down his throat saw the end of the kitten's tail about to disappear. Thereupon he grasped the tail and hauled the kitten out still alive. Mr. Richards told me that the truth of this story had been doubted in England; for my part I see no reason to disbelieve it, and would recommend those who do to pay a visit to the Zoo and inspect the adjutant there. Those I have seen on the Congo held their heads

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SATURDAY, FEB. 23, 1889.

The Republican certificates for members of the next House of Representatives already filed in Washington number 163—a majority of one. The Democrats have 158 certificates, and expect two more from West Virginia, making 160 in all. Evans, of Tennessee, will give the Republicans 164, and they hope to gain one in Missouri, where there is an election this week to fill a vacancy in the Fourth District. The Washington count is Republicans 165, Democrats 160, with one of the 165 uncertain on some questions—a majority of three, at least, for the Administration.

The St. Louis Globe Democrat says editorially of affairs in Arkansas:

"There is good reason to believe that the assassins of Colonel Clayton are within easy reach if the officers of the law cared to seek them out and bring them to punishment. They must be known to the people of the community in which their infamous crime was committed. The murder was evidently planned in such a way and under such conditions that it should not be difficult to identify the guilty parties. It is foolish to say that it was the act of a single desperado, influenced by strictly personal considerations. Colonel Clayton was killed for political reasons and to prevent the disclosure of the frauds by which he was robbed of his rights as a candidate for Congress. There was no other motive in the case."

The Baltimore Sun says: The recent speech of Representative McComas on the South Carolina contested election case has been generally discussed among Southern Democrats and the impression prevails that the Maryland member has in conservative but not less unmistakable terms sounded the keynote of the proposed policy of revising the Federal election laws, a policy which has been broadly hinted at for some months past. The speech gave evidence of careful preparation, and, it is said, was submitted to a number of leading Republicans prior to its delivery. Prominent Democrats announce their willingness to join Mr. Sherman or Mr. McComas in enacting a law that will prevent bribery and intimidation in elections, North and South, East and West. The conservative manner in which Mr. McComas treated the subject excites favorable comment among Democratic Congressmen generally.

General Butler always stoutly maintained that many of his votes in New York city were counted in for Cleveland, thereby electing the latter. He has been quietly investigating the fraud for four years and claims that he has the facts "dead to rights." A Washington dispatch, speaking of the matter, says:

The evidence exists and is now attainable that Mr. Blaine, and not Mr. Cleveland, was elected President in 1884. It is a late hour to discover the fact, but it is none the less important or startling. The case is in a nutshell. It has been often vaguely charged that votes for General Butler were counted in large numbers for Mr. Cleveland. These alone, without going further, would have overcome the Democratic majority, and have given the electoral vote of New York to Mr. Blaine. It will be remembered that Cleveland's plurality in New York State was only 1,047. The friends of General Butler have been looking into this matter for some time. They declare that they now have absolute proof. What method they will take to make this grave matter known is not determined, but it is not a matter which they are likely to let sleep for any length of time.

In the Supreme Court of Tennessee Saturday Judge Caldwell delivered an able, interesting and exhaustive opinion, finally deciding the Evans-Clay certificate contest, holding that the courts can not interfere with the governor in the exercise of his official duties, whether ministerial or executive; that, therefore, there is no power either to compel the governor by mandamus to issue a certificate to Bates nor to restrain him by injunction from issuing it to Evans. The opinion was unanimous, all the

judges, including Chief Justice Peter Turner, concurring. The case was carried to the court as the last resort in an effort to keep the seat from Evans, Republican, elected by 287 majority.

The Democrats have made a desperate struggle to count him out, having managed small frauds in heavy Republican towns to arrange a plea to throw out the whole vote. The Governor has the authority to give the certificate to Evans, and resolved to do it, as he could not do otherwise without personal participation in a fraud. The scramble in the court was the final struggle of those who sought to swindle the Republicans. Evans will get his certificate. The decision of the court honors the Judiciary of Tennessee.

A Stingy Letter.

Judge A. P. Edgerton, who was recently removed from the office of civil-service commissioner, has written an open letter to the President, from which we make the following extracts:

I was indebted to you for the only appointive office I ever held. You now declare by your action that you regret the appointment. I, with equal right, can say that I regret the acceptance. Your regret was never made known to me by you in any way or utterance or action until now, at the close of your administration, and on the day before my removal. If you had any just or unjust cause of complaint against me, you had not before that time made it known to me. You have never asked from me any explanation of newspaper or other statements and charges reflecting upon me which may have come to your knowledge. If any of these were ever made known to you, such knowledge was withheld from me. No intimation was ever made to me by you, or by any one acting for you, that my opinions or actions were not approved by you. I certainly could not be expected to make inquiry of you concerning charges, or of your opinions, which were never disclosed to me.

Of course, if you believed me unfit for the position or neglectful of duty, you should have removed me long ago, but I presume there were prudential political reasons why you did not make the removal until after the election. In this regard it would almost seem as if you were willing to play false with the mugwumps to enable you to win with the Democrats. And here permit me to define the term "mugwump" as referring to a class of political reformers who have the spirit of reformation without the common sense and good judgment to reform, as reforms are not effected by unjust personal denunciation, but by reason. The result of the election placed you in a dilemma from which few people would have known how to extricate themselves. You found a man on your hands whom the mugwumps had declared war upon, an enemy to their civil-service reform theories, and your plan of becoming their representative in the future would be weakened or defeated if some assurance of your fidelity to their cause could not be secured. Accordingly it appears that you decided upon the removal of the head of the commission, and deeming Mr. Thompson, a good enough mugwump for them, you therefore demanded my resignation, that you might appoint him, apparently as an atonement for your previous inaction.

Mr. President, with due courtesy to the high office you hold, allow me to say that you are a very peculiar man, a positive man, positively wrong or positively right, and, therefore, an unsafe man to trust; and that element in your character, I believe, led to your defeat.

Pope says: "The most positive men are the most intolerant, since they most believe themselves, and advise most with their fellow-flatterers and worst enemies." Being one of that kind of positive men yourself, you have kept some men of like character around you who are positive only in their malice and conceit. They flatter you and have the conceit that would magnify themselves and the malignity that would detract from others. Juvenal says: "There is nothing a man will not believe in his own favor."

"Removed" is a word of far-reaching potency, especially when a record does not explain it. I am conscious of this, and deeply pained by the consciousness. The people have the right to know the truth in all matters of this kind, and for this reason only do I address you. I cannot, like you, make a prayer for relief to the public such as the article seems to be in the Baltimore Sun of the 14th instant. This is the first time in the history of the government that an outgoing President has found it necessary to advertise through the newspapers his particular work during his term of office, and his claims upon his party and the country for approval.

But the cause of the removal, which must become an important part of the history of the country, I was on the floor of the House of Representatives during the time the votes of the electoral college were counted, and heard the announcement of the result—that Benjamin Harrison was duly elected President of the United States—but the words that burned deep through the empty boxes of the administration could not be officially added, then known to be true, "in place of Grover Cleveland, removed." By whom and for what cause removed? The answer is now being asked in every home, in every business in the land, and history will inscribe it upon all its records.

In the belief that you were false to

your trust to both parties, you were removed by the action of both. Your own party had the power to retain you, but united with his opponents to make certain your defeat. You have been taught that great men with destinies are not always wise, except in their own conceit.

Grover Cleveland and Democracy.

The President has complacently submitted his views on himself to a correspondent of the Baltimore Sun. He has turned about and addressed the American people who have notified him that they have had enough of him, telling them that they have made a grievous error, and that he ought to have been re-elected. This interview, which is a semi-official message to the country—a sort of valedictory—is one of the gravest and most serious brays in modern history. At the same time we are glad, on general principles, that Mr. Cleveland retires in a happy frame of mind. He has not been an ideal, or even an average President, and all of us, including even the Democratic Sun, are glad that he is leaving us. There is no reason why our loyalty should be tempered by the vain regret of the defeated, even if those regrets should be caused by the President's recognition of his failure.

No one who has worked so hard over the routine duties of his office could possibly be an acceptable President. Mr. Cleveland put it out of his power to properly perform his larger duties by looking too closely after details which should have been left to the charge of clerks. He struck the true explanation of the necessity for his to leave four years when he said to the reporter of the Sun: "It may be because I am awkward at it that I have a work so hard." He was awkward at it because he had not been trained in national affairs, and his four years' career as President demonstrates that no man, however generally intelligent he may be, can cope successfully with the larger classes of questions which present themselves to the President. His tariff policy is an indication of Mr. Cleveland's lack of special fitness for the office which he has held for four years without giving satisfaction to anybody. He started with the theory that free trade is a Democratic principle, and that he ought to be a free trader. But he did not know how to be until he was instructed in the art by Mr. Carlisle, and then he burst upon his astonished countrymen with all the zeal of a new convert.

But Mr. Cleveland is satisfied with his performances, notwithstanding the labor to which his awkwardness has put him, and he believes that at some time, even if not immediately his fellow-countrymen will appreciate him at his own valuation. He still thinks that his conduct of the civil service has been in the direction of reform and has strengthened the competitive system. He meets a little at the idealists among whom, four years ago, he was the chief. He is sure that he has steered cleverly between the impractical theorists and the spoilsmen. In a word, he is as inaccurate and as wrong-headed as he can be, as the Civil Service Reformers will doubtless inform him when they meet in convention in the city in which the valedictory appears. With all his zeal for Civil Service Reform, and in despite of Gov. Hill's success, Mr. Cleveland still clings to the Democratic party, and says that it is a grand party, a party that has accomplished much and will accomplish more whenever the people give it another chance. He points to its present solidity in favor of free trade as evidence of the grandeur of its principle and of its sincerity, a solidity which a wise minority, we fancy, would be very happy to dissolve. Nevertheless he is right in saying that the Democratic party must hereafter stand for what he calls tariff reform, but which people who believe in calling things by their right names call free trade. The party has been forced into its proper place by Mr. Cleveland's own obstinacy, and represents something at last. It may be wrong, but it is better to be settled than to drift, and it is better to be honest than double-faced.

It is strange, in the face of this boastful interview, this self-gratulatory valedictory, that, in the very issue in which it appears, one of the leading organs of the party published in this city should declare that "Mr. Cleveland's administration has arrived at the very end of its demise, and the general sentiment of the Democracy is one of relief and thankfulness." So great are differences of opinion on such a subject. Mr. Cleveland loves the Democratic party because he has made it like him, and yet the Democratic party turns from him as the author of its defeat—although it and Grover Cleveland were both beaten on their merits.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Colton: Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it, die for it or anything but live for it.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, February 18, 1889.—Sam Randall and chairman Mills have locked horns for a fight in the House that bids fair to make the last two weeks of the Fiftyth Congress long remembered. The question at issue between these two eminent Democrats is the seemingly never-to-be-disposed-of tariff. Mr. Mills, from the Committee on Ways and Means, has reported the Senate substitute for his tariff bill to the House, accompanying it with a resolution declaring that the Senate bill is unconstitutional, and directing the clerk of the House to return it to the Senate. This course is just so much gammon, and only means that the committee will oppose the Senate bill in every way possible.

Here is where the real fight begins: A bill which purports to be an entirely new tariff measure has been reported from the House Ways and Means committee by Mr. McMillin. In reality it is only the Mills bill with the cotton, metal and chemical schedule left out. Another bill has been reported from the same committee by Mr. Breckinridge, which is claimed by its authors to be a compromise. It provides for free wool, the repeal of the tobacco tax, and contains the woolen and worsted schedules of the original Mills bill. All this is from the free trade wing of the Democratic party. Now for the other side: Mr. Randall has reported, from the appropriations committee, the Cowles internal revenue bill, which repeals all tobacco taxes and modifies some of the internal revenue laws relating to manufacture and sale of liquors. All of these bills have been referred to the committee of the whole, and the question is which, if either of them will be passed by the House. The Democrats of the House will hold a caucus to-night to endeavor to settle this question, but owing to the large number of "kickers" it is not thought probable that the caucus will try to force members into supporting any measure but will rather try the power of persuasion in the name of party harmony. The first gun will be fired to-morrow, when Mr. Mills calls up his resolution declaring the Senate bill unconstitutional. The Republicans will make a determined fight against it, and they may receive the support of some Democrats, although none is expected. With only eleven working days after to-day, there is small prospect of any tariff legislation being accomplished.

The progressive element of the Democratic party, under the leadership of "Sunset Cox," joined with the Republicans and instructed the House conferees on the Springer "Omni-bus" bill, to accept the Senate amendments dropping New Mexico and striking out the provision providing for another election in Dakota. This will make the bill provide for the admission, by Presidential proclamation, of North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington, and unless something now unforeseen shall prevent, the day is not far distant when four new stars will have to be added to our national flag, and the Senate chamber will have eight new desks, used by good Republicans.

The new Secretary of Agriculture, Norman J. Colman, was promptly confirmed by the Senate, and took the oath of office Friday. Mr. Colman says he contemplates no changes; he will leave that to the Secretary that Gen. Harrison shall select to preside over the destinies of the new department. It is a fortunate thing that we have had no war since Mr. Endicott has been at the head of the War Department. He is entirely too fast for this slow going age. For instance, sometime previous to the Presidential election, the Senate passed a resolution calling on the Secretary of War for information as to a circular order sent out prohibiting the employment of Republicans under that department. He has just answered that resolution. He says the department issued the order; and that his only reason therefor was to give the places to Democrats. And yet some Democrats call Mr. Endicott a mugwump. Senator Spooner has introduced a bill providing for a system of farmers' institutes, in various sections of the country, under the control of the Agricultural department. The institutes are to give instruction, furnish illustrations by lectures and discussions, make experiments and in fact, to endeavor in every manner to enhance the value of the farmers' land and products. If properly conducted, these institutes would be of great benefit to the farmers of the country. Senator Teller says he will not be a member of the Cabinet; that he has no desire to leave the Senate, nor has he been asked to do so. This is plain language from a plain man, and effectually removes Mr. Teller's name from the slate.

Death and Disaster.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17.—Dispatches from San Jose, Costa Rica, say:

The Capital of the Republic has been completely destroyed by a series of earthquakes beginning on the evening of December 29, and latest of which passed over us yesterday. Further shocks are expected every moment, and the horrors of the hour are increased by the probability of an eruption of the volcanoes of Razu and Boas, showering down fire and molten lava in the valley, in which a population of 80,000 is centered.

A nearly as can be ascertained about 200 lives have been lost thus far, and the injured number nearly 1,000. The homeless multitude of terror-stricken survivors wander about in a state of demoralized consternation, easier imagined than described. At every point one is met by scenes of convulsion, ruin, destruction, desolation and death. To find one's self living seems marvelous. Every land mark, every feature of the topography is obliterated. Dead earth rises into a hill where a few hours ago the eyes looked away over a plain.

In all Central America there is no more picturesque and delightful city than this city of Costa Rica, upon which has come this sudden and terrible devastation.

Occupying a plateau about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, the town is the home of a population of nearly 20,000 souls, a center of advanced progress and culture. Visitors from all parts of the continent during the recent session of the Central American Diet here agreed in pronouncing San Jose "the Paris of Central America."

The city's destruction is as complete as that of Pompeii.

At 8 o'clock on the evening of December 29 the inhabitants were in the midst of the celebration of the civic and religious feasts. A concert by the excellent military band was in progress in the beautiful little Plaza Central.

Suddenly, as a clap of thunder out of a clear sky, a tremendous shock of earthquake put the city into a state of wild-est alarm. During the early days of the month there had been a few quick, barely perceptible motions, apparently more atmospheric than seismic. These had been passed unregarded save by the older residents who recalled the beginnings of the last great earthquake in September, 1841. Now, seized by a common impulse, people rushed to their homes to provide, as far as possible, for the safety of the children and the aged.

The dread words: "Vienen temblores terribles!" ("A terrible earthquake is coming!") was heard on all lips.

The first shock was repeated, with even greater force, at 11 P. M. For the first time a fear that the low, solid adobe structures, traditionally regarded as capable of withstanding any possible shock, and veritable havens of refuge, were unsafe, rushed among the inhabitants. People rushed out of the houses and assembled in fear and trembling in the Plaza del Merced, the Plaza del Carmen—opposite the churches of the same name—or in the plaza del Merced, between the market and the hospital.

Three hours of anxious expectancy passed without a recurrence of the vibration. At last came a hopeful feeling of relief. "Es acabo!" ("It is all over!") said the black-robed priests. The people returned to their dwellings and sought repose after the weariness and excitement of the night.

At 4:30 o'clock A. M., on the 30th, a third shock, more awful than the preceding ones, awoke the sleepers, rudely dispelling their new-born confidence. The city was violently shaken from end to end, and words fail to picture the terror that ensued. Down went the houses in a deafening din, wall crashing upon wall, with the roofs of heavy tile sagging and sinking between the inextricable confusion. Women's fierce shrieks, the screaming of strong men, and the piteous wail of little children, mingled with the dust, darkness and din, was a scene of demoralization frightful to witness.

The soldiers and police displayed praiseworthy activity in helping the wounded and helpless. Many thoroughly frightened and superstitious people took the roads leading out of the city to the westward, away from the dread volcano, and fled until daylight, reaching Alajuela, thirty miles away, only to find that town suffering from a similar disaster. Others kept on running southwards until they reached Carillo, near the Atlantic coast.

Scarcely a building above one story on the ground floor remains intact to-day. The beautiful dome of the Cathedral, with its wide Corinthian portico, looks like a house of cards crushed in a giant's grasp. Every church in the city—and there were about twenty lofty structures, many

with ambitious cupolas and belfries, though steeples are unknown—is more or less damaged, and they have been consequently closed to public worship.

The casualties number nearly 1,000 but not more than 100 people were killed within the city limits. Those who met death at other points, especially at San Vincente and San Isidro de Abajuela, will bring the mortality up to 200 at least.

During the first night at least 500 houses were entirely destroyed, with their contents, or made unsafe for habitation, making 3,000 people shelterless. Three more shocks, one on the 6th, another on the 8th and another yesterday, have reduced the remaining houses to ruins. Army tents have been put up in plazas and parks or in the fields outside the town, where rations are supplied to the homeless multitude by the military authorities.

Colonel George H. Lathan and Don Lesmes Jimenez have appointed a commission of engineers to provide for the public safety by examining bridges and condemning those found unsafe. A brigade of laborers are at work clearing the streets of the debris, and the more hopeful are already talking in a half-hearted way about plans for rebuilding. One thing is certain—there will be no more two or three story buildings erected in San Jose. It is said that the capital may be removed further north, to a site adjacent to the line of the proposed canal.

Fifty People Crushed.

HARTFORD, CON., Feb. 18.—A few minutes before 5 o'clock this morning the entire city was shaken by a tremendous explosion, soon followed by an alarm of fire.

The Park Central Hotel, a five-story brick building with stone trimmings, on the corner of High and Allyn streets, had practically disappeared, and in its place was a huge pile of masonry, timbers and debris, from which issued steam and smoke. A portion of the tier of rooms at the rear of the main building remained standing, but the partitions had been torn away and the rooms were opened to the air, the floors of many of them partly giving away and tumbling out the occupants and furniture upon the confused heap below.

A few shrieks and moans were heard, and then all was silent. And yet within that mass of debris were imprisoned probably 50 human beings, some of them alive, but many undoubtedly killed instantly. The fire department responded promptly to the alarm, and the tongues of flame which had begun to show themselves were quickly subdued, although it required several hours work to thoroughly cool the ruins. Fortunately the building was heated by steam, greatly lessening the danger of fire.

The servants of the hotel occupied rooms in an annex at the rear. The explosion demolished the staircase, but the frightened employees were safely taken out by the aerial ladder, two or three excited ones, however, jumping and receiving slight injuries.

As soon as possible willing hands set about the herculean task of removing the immense mass of masonry. The first person rescued was George Gaines, the colored porter. He was badly injured, and died soon after being taken out. At about 7 o'clock Superintendent Lawrence, of the street department, appeared upon the scene with a large gang of laborers and the search was prosecuted with renewed activity. Helen Leport, of New Britain, and Jennie Decker, of Unionville, were soon rescued comparatively uninjured, and sent to the hospital. Jacob B. Turpin, colored barber, was also taken out early in the morning. Rachel Cramer jumped from a window, breaking her leg.

At 9 o'clock Harris Stiffie, of Philadelphia, traveler for the Barnes Safe and Lock Company, was liberated by raising the timbers which held him down. He was only slightly injured. At 10:30 the dead body of Dwight H. Buell, single, jeweler, of this city, was recovered. The body was not mangled, death having been caused by suffocation.

In the meantime the crowd of spectators had increased to such proportions as to greatly impede the work of the firemen and rescuers. Accordingly, at 10 o'clock, "two elevens" was sounded upon the fire bell, calling out the five companies of the First Regiment Connecticut National Guard, stationed in the city. The men responded with commendable alacrity, and a cordon of guards soon surrounded the vicinity of the explosion, doing excellent services throughout the day and night in keeping the crowd within bounds. Passes from commanding officers were required to get through the lines and that portion of the city decidedly reminded one of war times. Previous to the calling out of the military the police force had done good work but their number was inadequate to the emergency.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in Sturges' Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the same Hall Friday night of each week and Sunday afternoon.

SHEALTELL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Leage's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COINTEL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

NOTICE.

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—Thos. J. Peddicord, Esq., was at Morgantown, Va., Monday, on professional business.

The celebrated Noss Family will give an entertainment at Offutt's Hall Friday evening, March 8th.

—The ice houses at the Oakland and Deer Park hotels are being filled with ice from the Northern lakes.

—W. P. Townshend, Esq., left Monday for Washington, D. C., where he will remain until after the inauguration.

—Go to Garthright's for Oliver's Improved No. 48 Level Land and No. 55 Half-Side Plows, the best in use, and for cheap timothy seed.

—Messrs. Christian Leitch and Marion Green, cut a pine tree on the Swauger mill property, now owned by Mr. Jonas E. Gmager, that measured 12 feet in circumference at stump and 162 feet in length.

—The Noss Family gave two of their musical performances at the Opera House Saturday that were listened to with much pleasure by the audience in attendance. The family is a very interesting one.—*Wheeling (W. Va.) Daily Register.*

—T. McKendree Stuart, D. D., of Des Moines, Iowa, was in Oakland Sunday, and in the evening filled the M. E. Pulpit acceptably. Rev. Stuart's father was stationed here thirty years ago, and will be kindly remembered by a number of our older citizens.

—In answer to an inquiry we will say that the B. & O. R. Co. is not assessed for any property in this county used exclusively for railroad purposes—the road bed, siding, water stations, depots, etc. Their Hotels are assessed.

—Mr. L. G. Levy, of Relay, Md., was in Oakland last week looking for a business location. He did not fully determine to locate among us, but will consider the matter for a few days, when he will make a decision.

Mr. Levy would find many warm friends to greet him if he should decide to east his lot with the people of Oakland.

—Preston Neville and his wife, residing near Hinebaugh's saw mill, in this district, died of pneumonia, the wife on Saturday and the husband on Monday. They leave several children in the utmost destitution, three of which are quite young. Persons desiring to aid them should send their contributions to ex-Sheriff E. Jamison, Oakland, Md.

—Mr. Frank White left our office this week a copy of the *Log Cabin*, a campaign paper published in Dayton, Ohio, during the presidential campaign of 1840. The motto of the paper was "Fair prices for labor and protection of domestic manufactures." This was the campaign in which Gen. William H. Harrison, the grand-father of our President-elect, was the successful candidate.

Church Services—Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7 P. M., by Rev. C. J. Trippett.

Song service every Sunday evening at 8:30.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7 P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M., and 7 P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Matthew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Spring Styles.

We are now opening new Spring Millinery and fancy goods.

M. L. SCOTT,

Baltimore Store.

A Delicate Operation.

Wednesday of last week Mrs. Mary Chisholm, of Ryans Glade, this county, was taken to Baltimore by Dr. J. Lee McCosmo, to be operated upon for the removal of an ovarian tumor.

The operation was successfully performed at the Maryland University Hospital Saturday last, by Dr. Howard, assisted by four other eminent surgeons. The patient is doing well and all indications point to a speedy recovery.

Noss Family.

The entertainment given by the Noss Family was an immense success, and called together probably such an audience as never before assembled at a pay entertainment in Elizabeth. The sale of reserved seats disposed of nearly the entire house, and the small blocks left were wholly inadequate to accommodate the throng which gathered about the doors long before they were opened.—*Elizabeth (Pa.) Herald.*

The above excellent Company will appear, for one night only, in Offutt's Hall, Friday, March 8th, 1889.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending Feb. 23, 1889:

Hays & Reed, Schuch, Jno. A., Thompson, C. H., Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

These letters are chargeable with one cent due on delivery.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Obituary.

Died, on January 28th, 1889, of pneumonia, Annie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. West, near Deer Park, aged 7 years, 5 months and 11 days. Funeral service conducted by Rev. D. Cool, of the M. E. Church. Remains interred in the Deer Park cemetery. The parents extend their sincere thanks to the many kind friends who ministered to their wants in this sad bereavement.

A FRIEND.

Another Chance to Get Bargains in Specialties.

I have a very desirable line of winter weight ready-made clothing and boots and shoes, which I will offer for sale at reduced prices for the next ten days. Also a line of notions, such as gents' woolen underwear and hosiery; also a line of Ladies' and Misses' toboggans, etc., all of which are new, fresh and fashionable goods. Call and secure some of these bargains.

W. C. L. CORRELL.

A Boy Killed in a Mine.

Henry Haussman, aged thirteen years, was instantly killed Monday morning, about 9 o'clock, by a fall of coal in the new mine of the American Coal Company at Lonaconing.

A great mass of coal fell on him from the side of the room and crushed him to death. His neck lay over the car track and the head was almost severed from the body. The lad was the only support of a widowed mother and several sisters and brothers. His father, Ernest Haussman, was killed by the kick of a horse a few years ago. He was working with his uncle, Henry Haussman, when the accident occurred.

A Building Demolished.

An accident occurred at the B. & O. depot in Oakland Saturday, which caused considerable excitement for a time. A "running switch" was made of four cars loaded with ice, and the cars were run onto the lower switch, which extends to within a few feet of Mrs. Sineel's blacksmith-shop.

The cars were run in with such force as to carry the front one entirely through the back shop, which was used for the storing of wagons and wagon materials, utterly demolishing the building and crushing and destroying the contents. About half an hour after the occurrence, while parties were looking over the ruins, a faint cry was heard from beneath, and after removing a part of the debris, John Richardson, aged about 12 years, was found beneath, but, strange to say, was not injured in the least. He had been passing through Mrs. Sineel's yard and was caught and imprisoned by the wrecked building, with his head and face so imbedded in the snow that his cries for help could scarcely be heard.

California Excursions.

Excursions to Colorado and Pacific Coast Points will be run January 15th and 29th, and February 12th and 26th, via B. & O. R. R. Passengers purchasing second-class tickets will be furnished free accommodations in Reclining Chair Sleeping Car to Kansas City, and in Sleeping Car from thence to destination.

As the number of passengers for each excursion is limited, those who contemplate going should communicate at once with any of the following Agents, viz:

D. BRIDE, Passenger Agent, B. & O. Central Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

H. A. MILLER, Passenger Agent, B. & O. Depot, Wilmington, Del.

LYMAN McCARTY, Ticket Agent, 833 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

P. G. SMITH, Passenger Agent, 1351 Penna. Ave., Washington, D. C.

Fritchard's.

Photograph Gallery is now open permanently. Tin-types taken only on bright days. Cloudy weather no hindrance in making photographs.

Allegany Centennial.

All the newspapers of Allegany county were represented at a meeting of the Editorial Association of that county, held at the Review office in Lonaconing Monday morning, to take initial steps toward celebrating the centennial of the county's organization. An executive committee of eight, of which J. B. Order, editor of the *Frostburg Journal*, is chairman, was appointed, and will meet at Frostburg next Monday. This committee was instructed to prepare a memorial to the county commissioners and to the municipal authorities of Cumberland, Westernport and Frostburg, the incorporated towns of the county, requesting them to appoint committees to confer with the executive committee of the Editorial Association.

Killed in a Scuffle.

Sunday morning, about one o'clock, Barney Creenan was shot in the neck and left arm in a quarrel at Midland, a village five miles south of Frostburg, on the C. and P. R. R. Creenan died at 7 o'clock the same morning. McGady, a miner in the Consolidated Coal Company, is charged with the shooting. Creenan was a driver in the National mine of Hitchens Bros., at Midland. The quarrel was in front of Frank Ennis's saloon. It is stated that Creenan quarreled with a miner named Cunningham on Friday night. They were trying to settle the dispute in front of Ennis's on Saturday night, when McGady got into a scuffle with Creenan. The latter, supported by Cunningham, walked several hundred feet after the shooting and fainted in front of Daniel Staken's saloon. He died in Staken's saloon. No attempt, it seems, was made to arrest McGady, who was last seen walking the track towards Piedmont. Creenan was 21 years old and unmarried. He was the son of Patrick Creenan, a saloon-keeper at Midland. McGady is about 25 years old, and recently married. The sheriff and deputies are in pursuit of McGady.

Half Fare to Washington.

For the benefit of all who desire to visit Washington at the time of the inauguration of President-elect Harrison, the B. & O. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Washington and Baltimore at rate of one fare for the round trip from all points on its line. The tickets will be on sale February 26th to March 3rd inclusive, and will be valid for return passage until March 7th inclusive.

Excursion tickets to Baltimore will be good to stop over at Washington in either or both directions.

Excursion tickets from Washington to Baltimore, at rate of \$1.20 for the round trip will be on sale at all B. & O. Ticket offices in Washington, February 26th to March 4th, good until March 7th.

The Cookery Compromise.

The suits growing out of the Cookery Central and Baltimore and Ohio Railway Companies have been amicably settled upon a money and traffic bases satisfactory to both sides. The trial of these suits was to have come up on Tuesday of this week in the court at Frederick, Md., and prominent counsel were engaged. The controversy, as will be generally remembered, commenced when the West Virginia Central built its Piedmont and Cumberland Road. The issues were joined at the Cookery farm with the Baltimore and Ohio and the Consolidated Coal Company interests opposed to the West Virginia Central extension through that property. Damage suits were pending against the Baltimore and Ohio and the Cumberland and Pennsylvania against the West Virginia Central, the sums aggregating \$400,000. Negotiations for a compromise were commenced a few days ago, and it was agreed that Mr. James Sloan, Jr., on the part of the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Hon. S. B. Elkins for the West Virginia Central, should be the arbitrators. These gentlemen met in Baltimore last Friday night with president Henry G. Davis, of the West Virginia Central, and Mr. John K. Cowen, Baltimore and Ohio counsel also present. On Saturday it was authoritatively announced by both companies that a settlement had been agreed upon. A special dispatch last night from Cumberland says: "The basis of the compromise in the suit is that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company is to pay the plaintiff \$40,000, while all the parallel cases now in litigation in Cumberland between the two companies are to be dropped, each side paying its own costs." The policy of the B. & O. has shown a marked tendency recently in the direction of the liberal treatment of interests which have been rivals and can be made friends. The agreement with the Camden system of West Virginia railroads was a decided departure from former policy, and the settlement now with the Davis road will make more friends for the Baltimore and Ohio. It is said that strong men have aided President Mayer, of the Baltimore and Ohio in carrying out this policy, and that Mr. Sloan has proved a capable coadjutor.

Amish Spoke.

Madame Rumor spoke the truth this time. There was a wedding in the Amish-Mennonite church-house Sunday, Feb. 17th, 1889. The wedded couple were Noah Orendorf of Biddinger, Md., and Elizabeth Miller, of Keyser, Md. We wish them much happiness in their new relation.

Ice houses were stocked with ice in this community the first part of last week.

The good sledding which we had last week was well disposed of. Everybody seemed to make good use of it, especially the boys and girls, who so anxiously awaited its coming.

Measles have abated again, but scarlet fever is taking their stead.

Mr. Jonas E. Harshberger, the great apiarist of Garrett county, is now busily engaged in making bee hives. Bee keepers should patronize him as he puts up first class hives.

John Folk and G. D. Miller are still in Spruce Hollow turning out the lumber. They are now sawing a bill for the Mennonite Church which is to be erected near Levi Kinsinger's.

Misses Mary and Sarah Gnagey, who are now in California, write that they will come home as soon as the weather gets warm in this county. They also write that strawberries are ripe now.

Two more weeks and Cleveland will have to leave the White House. Amish Center is solidly Republican, except the school teacher, who is a staunch Democrat.

The meetings held in the Eagle school house by Rev. Dean were a success, that is, in attendance.

Mr. Jonas Harshberger, of Savage, pays our community a semi-monthly visit.

Half Fare to Washington.

For the benefit of all who desire to visit Washington at the time of the inauguration of President-elect Harrison, the B. & O. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Washington and Baltimore at rate of one fare for the round trip from all points on its line. The tickets will be on sale February 26th to March 3rd inclusive, and will be valid for return passage until March 7th inclusive.

Excursion tickets to Baltimore will be good to stop over at Washington in either or both directions.

Excursion tickets from Washington to Baltimore, at rate of \$1.20 for the round trip will be on sale at all B. & O. Ticket offices in Washington, February 26th to March 4th, good until March 7th.

Orchilla Guano.

We have just received a car load of Orchilla Guano. Persons who intend to use fertilizer would do well to give it a trial. We have been selling Orchilla for five seasons, and so far it has given excellent satisfaction. The good results are seen for several years. Those who have used Orchilla the longest are most enthusiastic in its praise.

J. M. DAVIS & SON.

Salvation in Society.

The Baltimore American's New York letter, of the 15th inst., says: Here is the Salvation Army, formerly ridiculed, now introducing itself into the best society in this city, bounding at a single leap from the street corner to the drawing-room, and giving up the satanic chase in lowly quarters to pursue it among the rich. For a long time it has been the fashion to stir the religious methods of the Salvationists.

How things change! Mrs. Ballington Booth is hunting the devil among the rich women of Fifth avenue at this day and hour, and preaching to the wives of our wicked millionaires. She has attacked the fortress of Ungodliness, behind which society hides itself, and we look for the day when to be a member of the Salvation Army is next in the social scale to being a member of McAllister's 400. Already the signs are visible of the eminence of the gray in the social world of New York. Why the exclusive society people should have taken in the Salvation Army after so long ridiculing it is a matter that is not easy to explain. But it is certain that Mrs. Ballington Booth has revolutionized things from the state in which it was popular to sneer at the army to a condition of things in which it is desirable to be a member of the army.

It may come to pass that society will take as firm a hold on the Salvationists as it took on theosophy, mind-reading, and a dozen other senseless fads, and if it does, there will be an end to the public ridicule of the methods of the Salvation Army as pursued in this city. In the meantime Harrison, the boy preacher, with his method of lightning conversion, is prospering here at a salary of \$100 a week and expenses.

Killed the Best Mule.

LITCHFIELD, ILL., Feb. 18.—This city was greatly excited Saturday over an occurrence that for a time was so inexplicable as to border on the supernatural. In boring for gas the heavy drill caught at a depth of 300 feet. After some work it was released and when brought to the surface it was covered with blood. The amazed drillers leaned over the hole,

They heard a dull, rumbling noise and presently heard a sepulchral voice calling up to them: "You have killed somebody down here." The horrorstricken men fled. They spread the news and the town was turned upside down in an hour. Hundreds of people went to the well and gazed open mouthed at the bloody drill and the mysterious cavity it had made.

Not until late in the evening was the mystery solved by the presentation of a bill for \$50 by the Litchfield Coal Company for one mule killed by a drill. The explanation was this, the coal company's mine extended under the gas company's territory, and their best mule had been in the way of the drill when it had pierced the roof of the mine and was killed.

Duels of Stupid Kams.

It may perhaps throw some light on the obscure causes of the stupidity of sheep to see them fight. To watch two rams engage in a duel, which they do in a most gentlemanly manner, as if it were as much a matter of etiquette as an engagement with swords in the environs of Paris, is better than most farces nowadays.

Perhaps there are some ten or twenty rams in a yard or corral, and presently two put their heads together. Probably they are having a conversation, and in it some debatable matter crops up, for one shakes his head impatiently as if doubting the word of his interlocutor. The insulted ram looks up, advances a step or two and they rattle their horns together. Instantly all the other gentlemen gather round as the two intending combatants march backward step by step with an admirable slowness and deliberation. They are the two knights at the ends of the lists. There is an instant's pause, and then they hurl themselves violently forward to meet forehead to forehead with a shock that ought to break their skulls. Then the solemn backward march re-commences, the pause is made, and the two belligerents leap at each other once more, and the terrible thud is heard again. Sometimes they run ten courses before one turns dizzy and declines the battle, but oftener five or six blows make the thinner skulled turn away, to be contemptuously hustled in the rear by the conqueror.

Occasionally the sight of one set of duellists inspires the unoccupied lookers-on with a noble ardor, and couple after couple join in to march backward-side by side and rush forward in line to meet the opposing forces. It seems to me that there is no more interest in this than in the mere farce of the display. However such a habit arose it can hardly now be advantageous to the species, and must tend to lower them in the scale of intellect, for while the thickest skulled remain lords, those with the most room for brains often get their craniums cracked with fatal results. This may help to explain the very uncommon idiocy of domesticated sheep, just as the duello among the Australian blackfelines may throw light on the dull, thick-headedness of some of the native humans in that country. For their favorite method of dueling—at least it was that of which I heard most—is to take two clubs, and, having drawn lots in some manner for the first blow, to strike the loser on the head as he bends down to the utmost force possible. If that blow is not decisive, and it is not always so, it is the turn of the other man to do his best, and so on until a skull is cracked.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

PRIVATE ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber, Henry Finzel, will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, in Equity, this 18th day of February, 1889, for a private road, not less than sixteen feet wide, from the residence of the said Henry Finzel, through the lands of Mrs. Catharine Miller, to the e-way road called the Warner road, at a point near the residence of Anna M. Finzel.

HENRY FINZEL.

FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell a farm of 250 acres, 125 acres of which are cleared, situated on the Oakland and Sang Run road, six miles from Oakland, and near the Youghiogheny river. This is a very desirable farm, and is underlaid with three veins of coal, one vein being 6 feet, another 3 feet and another 1 foot. Also an abundance of Fire Clay.

The improvements consist of two dwelling houses, a barn and other out-buildings. Also a good orchard, and a young orchard just coming into bearing.

The farm is well watered, and is in every way a very desirable property. One hundred and twenty-five acres of valuable timber. Call on or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

1589 Republican office, Oakland, Md.

ORDER NISI.

Morris M. Townsend vs. William A. and Mary E. Browning. No. 499 Equity.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity, this 18th day of February, 1889, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and returned by Robert E. Harrison, Trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 28th day of March next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 18th day of March next.

The report states the amount of sales to be \$890.

E. Z. TOWER,

Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 223.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President.
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.
All Prompt attention to collections. 11279

Estate of John W. Smith, Deceased.
THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

JOHN W. SMITH, late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor, legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 17th day of August next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 6th day of February 1889.

WILLIAM WHITE, Oakland, Md.

TRUSTEES' SALE

OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE

In Garrett County, Md.

Under and by virtue of the power of a decree of the Circuit Court for Allegany county, sitting in Equity, in a case, whose parties, when Philip Bergman, et al. are plaintiffs, and Mary Tasker et al. are defendants, being No. 102 in said court, the undersigned trustees, will on

Tuesday, February 26th, 1889, AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M., in front of the Glades Hotel, in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, offer for sale at public auction, all that tract or parcel of land lying and being in Garrett county, State of Maryland, and known as

GLENCOVE, and contained within the following metes and bounds: Beginning at the end of the seventh line of "Fox Pasture," a part of this tract being one of the originals, it being at a bounded spruce pine, standing near two white pines, marked with six notches each, and also marked J. A., and also with two notches, all said trees having been thus anciently marked, said spruce pine being the end of the first line of a tract of land, called "The Reserve," on part of the addition to Eden's Paradise Reclaimed, reserved for John Johnson, Esq., on the 10th day of August, 1861, and running thence, bearing north and west, to the beginning of the fourth line of "Fox Pasture," an original as aforesaid; also one of the original lines, with the second line of the reserve on part of the addition to "Eden's Paradise Reclaimed," as aforesaid. Then running south thirteen degrees. East three hundred and eighty-five perches to the end of the said second line, and also to the beginning of the fourth line, then reversing the third, second and first lines of "Inheritance," an original, as aforesaid; then north thirty-seven degrees, east one hundred and twenty perches; then north thirty-seven degrees, east one hundred and thirty-four perches to the beginning of this original, the said tract of land called "Inheritance," and also to the end of the first line of a tract of land called "The Reserve," patented to John Kietie the sixteenth day of September, 1838, reversed on part of said last mentioned line; thence south thirty degrees, east one hundred and twenty perches, to the second line of "Fox Pasture," and reversing a part of said second line, then north twenty-six degrees and one-half a degree, east thirty-eight perches; then north eighty degrees, east two hundred and seventy perches to a bounded white oak, standing in a grove of this original; then reversing part of the given line of this original, thence due north one hundred and one perches to the end of the second line of a tract of land called "The Reserve," reserved for Morton and Temperance, the twenty-fourth day of January, 1842, and with the third line of this original, and with the line thereof north twenty-eight degrees, east three hundred and twenty perches. Then leaving this tract, due north twenty-five perches, to the twenty-fifth line of a tract of land called "Pink of Allegany," reserved for Robert Hughes, the fifteenth day of August, 1781, and with said twenty-fifth line, north eighty degrees, west five hundred and seventy perches, to the fourth line and the line of a tract of land called "Fox Pasture," a part of which is one of the originals, and with part of said line, north sixty-three degrees, east, two hundred and fifty-two perches, to the southwest corner of Nelson Fitzwater's part of "Fox Pasture," then with the division line across this tract, thence twenty-eight degrees, west, one hundred and twenty perches, to the end of one of the original lines of a tract of land called "Fox Pasture," and reversing it and with the first line of "Fox Pasture," north thirty-five degrees, east one perch to a stake; thence north sixty degrees, east thirty-two perches to the twenty-seventh line of the "Pink of Allegany," and with the line thereof north thirty degrees, west eighteen perches to a stake; thence south sixty degrees, west fifty perches, then south thirty-five degrees, west fifty perches, thence south twenty degrees, west sixty perches to a stake; then north thirty degrees, east forty perches to a stake; then north seventy-three degrees, west eighty perches to a stake; then north thirty degrees, east thirty perches to a stake and stone, then with part of the thirty-six line of this tract, thence due north six hundred and ninety perches; then leaving the line of this tract due west thirty-eight perches, to the northeast corner of Lot No. 178, and with the eastern range of lots numbered 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, and 191, then due south six hundred and forty perches to the end of the fifth line of "Fox Pasture," one of the originals as aforesaid, reversing the line thereof as corrected, still due south eighty perches; then due west twenty-six perches, then south one hundred and twenty perches to the first line of the reserve on part of the addition to "Eden's Paradise Reclaimed," with this line and also reversing the twelfth line of "Fox Pasture," to the north fifty-five degrees, east one hundred perches to the beginning.

Containing Fourteen Hundred and Thirteen and One-Half Acres,

Except therefrom one hundred acres, being that portion of "Glencove" described in a deed from Thomas Devenant, trustee, to John Beckman, recorded in Liber H. R. No. 21, folio 108, one of the Land Records of Allegany county, and also one hundred and a thirty-three and three-quarters acres of said tract, described in a deed from William Devenant, trustee, to Richard Palmer, and recorded in Liber H. R. No. 25, folio 201, etc., one of said land records, and also two hundred and eighty-seven acres and 19½ perches said tract conveyed by William Devenant, trustee, to A. W. Boyd, recorded in Liber No. 25, folio 201, one of the aforesaid land records.

This tract is well-known as the "Glen Dale Farm," the residence for many years of the late Benjamin Tasker. It is situated about four miles from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad depot at Swanton. The whole tract is well watered and is delightfully situated in one of the healthiest portions of the famous Oakland region, and is one of the most valuable and desirable pieces of property for a farm in Garrett county.

TERMS OF SALE:
One-third cash on the day of sale or on the ratification of the same by the court, and the balance in two equal installments of one and two years from the day of sale: the deferred payments to bear interest, and the payments thereof to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser with surety or sureties to be approved by the Trustees.

W. C. DEVENANT,
D. J. BLACKBURN,
Trustees.

THE SONGS MY MOTHER SANG.

Hear the songs that sang to-day,
But never one is sweet
As those my mother sang to me
When sitting at her feet.
My thoughts go back to childhood years,
When hope and I were young,
And as of old I hear to-day
The songs my mother sang.

At twilight's hour I often dream
I am a child once more;
I seek the house where I was born,
I pass the open door.
There mother rocks beside the hearth,
Her little ones among,
And life forgets its cares to hear
The songs my mother sang.

O, long the grass has grown above
That loving mother's face,
But still in faithful hearts she keeps
Her old, her dear old place.
No other songs can be so sweet
As those we heard when young.
When sitting at our mother's knee—
The songs our mother sang.

—Eben E. Rexford, in Detroit Free Press.

SLEEPING ALL WINTER.

Problem of Hibernation in the Animal Kingdom.

Subsisting for Months Without Food or Air—Curious Instances of Suspension of Nature's Functions—The Explanation.

We are apt to forget how large a part of the animal creation goes to sleep for the whole winter. The dead season of the year is obviously an appropriate name so far as regards the trees and plants, but it is just as correct a term for numerous species of living creatures. Nearly all the insects, crustaceans, worms, snails and the like, go into winter quarters; frogs, and all the reptile kind, bury themselves in the mud, or under stones, and even a few animals of man's own class spend several months of the year in a state of unbroken sleep. This is the problem of hibernation—a great deal more debated in former times than now. Aristotle began the speculations about it, and extended his inquiry to certain of the fishes of the Aegean Sea. Hardly any naturalist of note missed writing about it towards the end of the last century, or in the early part of the present one. The curiosity has always been greatest in reference to those few of the higher animals who lose the faculty of cooling themselves up in a hole in the ground, and going to sleep for months together. The water vole is one of these:

"Down into his burrow he cozily creeps,
And quietly through the long winter time sleeps."

Gilbert White was told by a farmer in the parish of Selborne that his plow had turned up a vole's winter nest in a field some hundred yards from the water, with a gallon of potatoes stored at the end of it. Our other common winter sleepers are the hedgehog, the dormouse and the bat. Otters, badgers and squirrels seem to have the faculty of lying peris for days at a time in a very hard season; but they do not count among the winter-sleepers proper. In Alpine countries the various species of marmots are well-known hibernators; in Russia and Siberia there are several such species, and all over North America the most familiar instance is a curious animal, called the hamster, something between a large rat and a rabbit. In Canada an interesting observation was made by General Davies on the profound winter sleep of the jumping mouse, and published, with a picture in the "Littles of Transactions" for 1797. The little animal, which was a curiosity in the summer time for its flying leaps through the long grass, was lost sight of about the month of October, and was not seen again until the month of May. General Davies solved the problem of what became of it all these months. A laborer, digging the foundations of a garden-house near Quebec in the spring, turned up with his spade a lump of clay like a cricket ball; on breaking the clod he found a nicely-molded round space inside, within which lay a jumping-mouse, with its long hind legs folded against its breast and its head sunk deeply between them. It was placed in a chip box in a warm room until it should awake; but the change of atmosphere was too abrupt for it, and it never awoke. The jumping mouse coiled sleeping in a smooth nest of clay two feet below the ground brings us face to face with the whole problem of winter sleep. The animal had neither food nor air for some six months of the year, and yet it was alive, and would resume all its old agility with the warmth of summer.

It is clear that winter-sleepers subsist for months without food, but it is not so easy to understand how they can do without air. There is, however, no doubt about the fact; their breathing becomes gradually slower during the first week or two of their hibernation, and soon ceases altogether. Nearly all their manifold functions come to rest. Taking no food, they have nothing to digest; their senses are lost for the time, and they are insensible to pricks or pinches of the skin. A sleeping marmot has been trundled along the ground like an inanimate ball. The only organ that keeps working all the time without a moment's rest is the heart, and even the heart is brought down to less than half of its usual working force. All these facts have been confirmed, it is needless to say, by the most minute observations. Learned Germans, Italians and others have kept bats, hedgehogs, marmots and hamsters in their bedrooms and back kitchens, and have watched and investigated the creatures in all sorts of ways. There is no doubt at all that, unless when they are unusually disturbed, they do not breathe, do not feel, do not exercise any of the ordinary functions of their waking state, except the great and indispensable function of the heart. Their in-

ternal heat is kept a little higher than the temperature of the air. It is far below the ordinary blood heat, but it is just high enough to prevent their being frozen. The water of their tissues is mostly dried up, and even the blood is thicker than usual. Their muscles, both the voluntary and the involuntary, are in a state of rigid contraction—all except the heart, of course; and even the heart's action becomes of the slow and massive kind, as in the muscles of a snail or of a cold-blooded vertebrate. It is certainly a very marvelous adaptation to the animal's circumstances. All its fires burn lower; there is a surprising economy of the living fuel, and, consequently, little or no waste. Its "establishment" is reduced, its scale of living contracted, its expensiveness made to suit its income, or rather its want of income. The astonishing thing is that an animal, with all the organs and functions of man's own class, can do this and still keep alive and ready to begin its active summer existence, none the worse for its long, death-like trance.

The explanation is that the winter-sleepers have resources within themselves. The stores that some of them, like the vole and the hamster, lay up in their holes underground are not intended as food during the winter; nor is it probable that the honey stored by bees is ordinarily so intended. In those cases where an external store is provided it seems rather to serve as a supply for the first days or weeks after waking, when the creatures would not have the strength, even if they had the opportunity of going in search of their food. The real winter store is within them. A winter-sleeper, such as the bat, or the dormouse, or the marmot, feeds upon itself. The case is not the same as in a sheep buried in a snow-drift, or as in the famous case of Martell's fat pig. These animals also feed upon themselves, but their life goes on at full blast, their breathing and their other functions being hardly less active than usual. The hibernator makes fewer calls upon his husbanded resources. The great and necessary active muscle of the heart is the only tissue that needs to be supplied with force-producing material, although all the muscles get a share of the muscle-food that is in the blood, and are in a peculiarly overcharged or irritable state in consequence of having nothing to spend their force upon. The grand resource of the winter-sleeper is its store of fat. It accumulates a quite unusual amount of fat in the summer and autumn, and disposes of it mostly in certain interior deposits, which are abundantly provided with blood vessels. Now, in ordinary circumstances, fat is of no use for living force and heat unless there be plenty of fresh oxygen constantly carried to it by the blood to burn it; it is like the combustion of a candle, which can not go on except in the presence of air. But the sleeper does not breathe; the blood carries no fresh oxygen from the air to the fat or to any other tissue. We require another kind of process to convert the fat into force, or into muscle-food for the heart. The explanation of this is found in the vegetable kingdom. Many seeds, and in a lesser degree, some bulbs and tubers, have their winter store partly in the form of oil or fat; when they begin to sprout in spring, the first change in order to make the fat available for the materials of growth is to have it converted into sugar and starch. That is done by means of a ferment-action, or change of state, the ferments being various. The same subtle transformation takes place in the winter-sleeper's store of fat; if it depended upon burning its fat in the usual way, by constant supplies of fresh oxygen, it would be in the fatal position of having abundant assets, but no means of realizing them. The liquidation of its resources is effected by a subtle ferment action, which not only requires no oxygen, but is actually most effective when oxygen is excluded.

And now comes the strangest thing in the whole problem of winter sleep. The animal goes into winter quarters with its fat tissues all wasted, shriveled and used up. On the other hand it comes out of its sleep having lost little or nothing in weight, and with an abundant store of another kind, which has accumulated entirely while it was asleep. The new store has accumulated at the expense of the fat, or the store of the latter has been slowly changed into another store of a substance specially suited to feed the heart all through the winter and to feed the organism generally in the first days after its awakening. This store is the so-called hibernating gland. It follows the same main lines of disposition as the fat store, being a store tissue in the proper sense of the term. It is of the color of liver and is mostly packed upon the back, between the shoulder-blades, sending extensions under the collar-bones, and down into the chest around the heart and the great vessels, and among the muscles of the neck and shoulders. It is as closely in contact with the blood-vessels as the fat store itself; the blood takes up the liquidated assets from the latter and deposits them in the former, whence they are carried as they are wanted to feed the heart during the long winter, and the organism generally in the first days of its waking. No one has yet chemically examined that derived or secondary store into which the fat is changed. But there is no doubt that it is animal starch or sugar, just as in seeds the oil changes into vegetable starch and sugar. Animal starch or sugar is the proper food of muscle; it is the food that the heart has required the whole winter long to keep going as an unquenching muscular

force-pump, and what remains of the store (a large quantity) is quickly used up by the other muscles when the hibernator begins to be lively, and in producing the sudden increase of internal heat which the waking state demands. All the hibernators have that peculiar gland or store of animal starch, and some animals have it which are not winter sleepers in the strict sense. The animals that have it are those that live in holes underground, with little air, and go abroad at night. A special provision suited to their habits has been turned to account by some of them so as to enable them to pass the whole winter in profound sleep, without food and without air. It is one of the strangest chapters in the economy of nature. Oddly enough it has been so much disregarded by naturalists and physiologists during the last forty years that hardly one modern text-book gives a dozen lines to it, and even Darwin has made hardly any use of this general habit of the lower animals, and of some of the higher, among his charming illustrations of the animal economy.—London Standard.

HOME GOVERNMENT.

Some Regrettable Features of the Parent's Last Years.

A few years ago Frank R. Stockton wrote an essay on "The Training of Parents," which, although semi-scientific, had in it a substratum of wholesome truth. Briefly stated, his argument was that a great change had taken place in the constitution of the family, especially in the United States; that the child had usurped the former prerogative of the parent, and, therefore, that it was time for us to recognize the altered condition and to give to the children of the present day assistance and counsel in the judicious training of their parents.

Among the rules suggested for the government of parents the primary proposition was that filial control should begin in the first years of parental life, when the minds of the parents would be in a pliant and moldable condition. If it should become necessary to punish a parent the child must not forget the importance of tempering severity with mercy; that once having taken the reins of government in hand it must never resign them, but carefully keep a guiding and controlling power over both the father and the mother. In fact, all the old-fashioned rules that were supposed to be applicable to the training of children were used as illustrations, the sum of advice to children being: Train up a parent in the way he should go, and when you are old you will know how to go that way yourself.

Allowing for the humorous exaggeration of Mr. Stockton, it can not be denied that the deference paid to-day by many parents to the wishes and opinions of their children has often a serious effect upon their mental and moral growth, and is directly responsible not only for much of the idleness, but also for the heavy sorrow, the Puritan sternness at one time in vogue, the loveless and repellent character of the creed, the constant iteration of duty and the curbing of every innocent and joyous emotion, simply is a longing to break such irksome bonds; and when the opportunity to do so offered itself the other extreme was reached, and license took the place of repression. And yet it may be questioned if this "keep-off-the-grass" method of training was more hurtful than that which either looks upon a child as a delicate exotic, too refined and tender to be brought into contact with the less favored mortals, or else abandons all efforts at control, consigning itself with the well-worn reflection that the child can take care of itself.

Of these two methods the latter seems to be the most popular. The feeling of independence and self-assertiveness that is characteristic of the average American child is too much relied upon. It is presumed that the let-alone policy will stimulate this spirit; whereas, on the contrary, the natural result is to bring into existence a feeling of disregard for the rights of others and an obtrusiveness and a hardness which speedily degenerate into the worst type of selfishness. In the streets, in stores and hotels, on ships and in railroad cars and steamboats, there can be daily seen the outcome of such pernicious training, the most regrettable feature of the matter being that the parents seem completely indifferent, or else lend a tacit approval to that which thoughtful people look upon with alarm. Rudeness is constantly to be precociously rudeness is simply youthful exuberance, while selfishness is held to be nothing but an indication of a progressive business spirit which will hold its own and not allow itself to be cheated out of its just due. Never has the cultivation of the graces of obedience, respect, reverence, manliness and womanliness been more profoundly needed than now. These graces lie at the root of all good social intercourse. Like mercy, they are twice blessed; wherever they radiate they illumine and beautify. Let us try to cultivate such virtues in our children.—Philadelphia Record.

—Jeweler.—"The inscription you wish to have engraved on the inside of this ring, if I understood you, is 'Marcellus to Irene.'" Young man (with some embarrassment).—"Yes, that's right. But—er—don't cut the 'Irene' deep."—Chicago Tribune.

—The slightest stain of iron or steel can readily be detected by the application of aquafortis to the surface. On steel it leaves a black mark; on iron the metal remains clean.

—The American currant is largely cultivated in France, where its bright red juice is used to color wines.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

A Pleasant Picture of Genuine New England Country Life.

If people can appreciate and enjoy the "Merchandise of Venice" and the "Gammerkore of Moscow" without having sojourned in Italy or Russia, it is fair to assume that the Italians and Russians who have never been in New England would go wild with delight over the "Old Homestead." But to people who have visited and are familiar with that corner of the United States, the play is something not to be forgotten. The chief beauty of it is its truthfulness to life and character in New England; and it is doubtful if the New Englander can look at it without becoming so enthusiastic that his actions will betray the place of his birth.

We all have been there. We remember the old hog-shead out of which we dipped water, and sometimes ice, in the old tin hand-basin; and how we put it on a bench, and washed our hands with common soap that took off the dirt, skin and all.

And we remember the long, sloping meadow—full of bobolinks—that filled the air with joy and which many a perfumery manufacturer has tried in vain to catch, for you can't bottle the spirit of a New England meadow. Under the haystack was a jar of switchel, that made labor sweeter—sweeter than it would have been without it. And, looking at old Joshua Whitcomb, we fancy we again hear the dinner-bell, and in response head for the old farm-house for a dinner of roast apples, apple sauce and apple pie, washed down with tea that tasted as though painted green.

Those were dear old days that Joshua Whitcomb brings back to us, when we sat and watched our old grandfather sharpen his razor on the same palm that he used when performing that office for the syphilis. His hand was so hard that he could crush walnuts by closing it on them, and he could hold a red-hot plate longer than any woman in the land. We remember how he kept one eye on his face when he shaved, and his hand the other to see that the razor didn't wander into the orchard opposite. It is a long time since we have seen him; but he comes back to us with his peaceful old smile, and we see him at table wanting a piece of pie, and fearing to take it on account of his dyspepsia, yet wanting a piece all the same.

We see the old sitting-room, with the hair-covered sofa that no one would dare fall asleep upon for fear of falling off. It was so slippery that when you burst into a hearty laugh you had to take a firm hold to keep from sliding off on the floor. It would be impossible to remain on it during a chill, unless tied to it.

The frames around this room contained pictures, but the pictures were not works of art, either in spirit or execution. The chromo of the bald-headed infant sucking the muzzle of a revolver, and "Washington at Home," still hang in our memory. And the nights of corn-popping before the open fire! How we kept one hand over our face to keep off the intense heat, and held the old spider over the logs with the other, is a thing never to be forgotten. Our hair almost singed, and our knuckles popped like the corn, for the corn actually popped.

Then there were the hourly trips over the snow for a drink of water. The wood was always so thickly crusted with ice and snow that it almost put the fire out, and froze our fingers so stiff that we were afraid to warm them at the fire for fear they would melt.

The rag carpet is still on the floor, and every member of the family can wander back for years in it, because it is made up of wedding dresses, army uniforms, Sunday clothes, overcoats and shawls. It is a carpet of biographies, and every strip represents a memory. We still see the old hole in it near the door, in which the visitor's foot might catch and toss him into the bottom of the family headrest.

We again climb up the rickety old stairs to the garret bedrooms with the green paper curtains, the corn-husk bed, and the chest of drawers, filled with apples. The room is so cold that we jump under the comfortable covers of our clothes on, and undress in bed after we have warmed it. And when the wind shakes the house in the night, it comes in through the broken pane and plays weird melodies in the bunches of sage and red peppers suspended over our heads.

Again we go head-first into the swimming hole and drift about among the lily pads in quest of pickers. And in the green and fragrant spring we climb among the blossoms to rob birds' nests; and we make very faces as we gulp the unpleasant pica. All the green fields, and shady orchards we ever knew come back, and seem brighter than ever with sunshine, and lovelier by song, as we watch those shifting scenes of the "Old Homestead"; and the squeaking of the fiddle and the patter of happy feet make us think ourselves back in the heart of New England, and not in the hurly-burly of Fourteenth street.—Puck.

—Col. Plunger (patronizingly).—"Ah, Miss Grace, you handle the ribbon wonderfully. Quite a woman after my own heart. I inherit a love of horribleness, you know. My father, the General, was a superb tandem driver in his time." Miss Grace (calmly).—"Yes, I have heard of the General's early efforts in driving."—"Ah!—may I ask—how you go?" Miss Grace.—"Well, you see, grandma told me of it. She was often a passenger in the canal-boat drawn by the first tandem driven by your father."

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

ANY ONE KNOW SUCH A BOY?

Out of the street, after ringing a bell or two, into the house, with a rush and a yell or two, Kitchener, turned by a savory smell or two—Dinner inspires him with joy! Of goes his hat, with a dexterous fling to it; Off goes the cat, with a mischievous string to it; Up starts the baby, because he will sing to it.

Any one know such a boy?

Up stairs and down stairs, a very cyclone is he; Deep into mischief whenever alone is he; Terror of sisters—to tease them quite prone is he; Doing his best to annoy.

Grandmother shoulders—with shouts he will frighten her.

Though quite as often his fond kisses brighten her.

Then, by sweet coaxing, of goodies he'll lighten her.

Any one know such a boy?

Wild with his comrades as any Comanche is; Rough as a steer on a far western ranch he is; Surely of mischief the root and the branch he is.

Yet there's pure gold in alloy.

Tender and true at the heart's core, though smothered.

Brave and chivalric, whatever befall, he is; Mother's own torment and blessing through all he is.

Any one know such a boy?

—Geo. Cooper, in Golden Days.

EVERY DAY.

The Things That Seem Hardest for the Young to Bear Often Prove Their Greatest Help in Later Years.

There comes a time in every boy's and girl's life when the duties required of them seem irksome, unnecessary and even cruel. They get out of all sympathy with their lives at home, and feel themselves ill-used or unappreciated. This feeling comes generally when marbles, top and velocipedes, dolls and childish books and amusements, have lost all attractions. The father and mother feel that it is quite time that at least a limited amount of work and responsibility take the place and time of the outgrown toys. Here and there we find a boy or girl who cheerfully accepts the change, who puts on the new duties and responsibilities as they would the old ones in place of the short one, or the long trousers in place of the knickerbockers; but the majority of boys and girls feel themselves martyrs if they are compelled to do certain things that minister to the family life and comfort. They go to school every day willingly, and perform their duties there more or less faithfully. If they were asked "Why?" they would be surprised at the question. "Eh? I was necessary. A man or woman could not amount to anything if they did not have an education of some sort. Of course they would go to school, to prepare for being men and women in the world!"

The education out of school is sometimes far more valuable for living than any acquired in school. Miss Alcott, just before she died, wrote "Recollections of My Childhood" for the Youth's Companion. Many of you, no doubt, have read it. She tells, in her own delightful way, of the naughty pranks of her childhood, the thoughts and feelings of her girlhood. In describing the family life after the return to Boston, she says:

"Anna soon found little pupils, and trudged away each morning to her daily task, pausing at the corner to wave her hand to me in answer to my salute with the duster. My father went his classes at his room down town, mother to her all-absorbing poor, the little girls to school, and I was left to keep house, feeling like a caged sea-gull as I washed dishes and cooked in the basement kitchen, where my prospect was limited to a procession of muddy boots."

Could any girl live a life that caused more self-sacrifice than this? With Miss Alcott's intense love for all things beautiful, love of the freedom of outdoor life, every minute must have been a trial. What does she say of it? "Good drill, but very hard." It was that very experience, no doubt, that enabled Miss Alcott to write "Polly," a story that has made little economies noble to hundreds of girls. It is so hard for us to learn that every day is just a preparation for the day to follow, that we can not separate our lives into pigeon-holes numbered from one to three hundred and sixty-five, or into groups of twelve, or separate years from each other. Life is like a building having several parts but all under one roof, and to be symmetrical, sound, and beautiful, every part must bear its right relation to every other part.

Sometimes the things that seemed hardest for us to bear will prove our greatest help when we become men or women.

The writer, when twelve years old, wanted a dress of a certain kind. The woman who acted the part of mother to her told her she could have it if she would make it. Such a proposition staggered her, and all thought of the dress was given up. During the week she was sitting under a tree making a polonaise for her doll, she thought: "If I can make clothes for my doll that fit and look pretty, why should I not make clothes for myself?" She ran into the house at once and announced that she would make the dress if she could have the materials. They were brought and carried to her room, and there was fought a tremendous battle. The skirt of the dress was sewed on and ripped off thirteen times before it was pronounced right. During the week the little girl cried oceans of tears, it seemed to her, and she felt that all kindness and goodness had gone out of life. Years after, when she was a woman, it became necessary for her to earn money, and the first money she earned was for making a dress for a rich, kind woman. If she had not learned to work for herself, depend on herself, she would have been helpless when necessity came. Like Miss Al-

cott, she says: "Good drill, but very hard."

Men testify again and again that it is the learning to do things that seemed hard and unnecessary that fitted them to be men in the business world. Doing drudgery is the best way to master any business, any profession. A. T. Stewart knew how to sell goods over a counter before he built up a business that supported hundreds. The founder of one of the largest publishing houses in this country learned to set type. There is an apprenticeship that must be lived and studied before there is a mastery that commands respect. Not the boy or girl who scorns the period becomes master, but the one who sees in it the stepping-stone to higher things. How you would laugh at the little child who, crying, protesting, or scornfully refused to learn how to add because he wanted to work problems in algebra! There are first steps out of school as well as in school.

Ability to work algebra depends on the quickness and accuracy in addition.—Christian Union.

THIEVISH RATS.

They Even Steal Things of Which They Can Make No Practical Use—Cunning Animals.

Rats are not only very wise creatures, but they are also notorious thieves. They constantly steal things, especially bright and glittering articles, that are not of the slightest use to them. A wood rat once formed a hoard in a stove in a house in California which had not been occupied for a couple of years. During some repairs the nest was found, and a curious sight it presented. The outside of it was entirely made up of nails, and neatly arranged, points outward. In the middle lay the nest, composed of fibers, finely divided, of hemp packing. Then, mingled with more nails, were two dozen knives, forks and spoons; three butcher's knives, a large carving-knife, fork and steel; several plugs of tobacco; an old purse containing some silver; matches; nearly all the small tools from the tool-chest, but some large augers among them; the case of a silver watch in one part of the heap, the glass face in another part, and the "works" in another. Here, therefore, you have an instance of rats taking the trouble to bring together from all quarters of a house a variety of things they did not and could not make use of. This seems to show that rats have a real mania for hoarding, simply for the sake of stealing.

But they are also very cunning animals. How do you think a rat managed to transport a big potato to his home? Lying on his back, he placed the potato on his breast and held it there with his paws, while his mate dragged him along by the tail like a sledge until they came to a hole in the floor. Down this hole the potato was rolled, and the rats went tumbling after!

However, we must not do the rats an injustice. There is no doubt that in many cases they behave very kindly to one another. Here is a pleasing example of such affection. A poor blind old rat had acquired a great liking for cod-liver oil (doesn't this prove that they are sensible beings as well as thieves, and cunning and kind?)—a fondness which had probably grown upon him before he lost his sight. Of course he was unable without help to gratify this taste of his, but a young rat, pitying his forlorn state, used to lead him to the oil-flasks. Now, when a rat wants any thing out of a bottle, he does not knock the vessel over and break it; that would be clumsy and wasteful. No; he slips his tail into the liquid and then licks his tail. Well, when the young conductor arrived at the cod-liver oil, he dipped his tail into the bottle, and allowed his venerable friend to lick the oil off. This done, the guardian carefully conveyed his charge back to his lodging. Was not this young rat really a good Samaritan? Little Folks.

A Little Girl's Story.

A little girl aged three, informed her mother that she knew a beautiful story about a giant. "Would you like to hear it, mamma?" asked she.

"Well, then," she continued, "once there was a great big ugly giant, and he was very fond of eating little girls. One day as he was walking alone through the woods he met two little girls—one very good little girl and one very naughty one. "First he took a bite out of the good little girl, and he made up a horrid face, and said she tasted awful nasty; then he took a taste of the bad little girl, and she tasted awful nice, 'cause you see, mamma, she had eaten nuts and raisins and candy when her mother told her not to, and that made her taste sweet." Then the old giant said: 'I'll never again eat a good little girl; I'll always eat the bad ones.'"—"A Listener," in Wide Awake.

—Counsel for the defense (to his wife).—My dear, I want you to look up everything that is moveable in the house. Wife.—Why so? Counsel.—The thief who was acquitted this morning without a stain upon his character, owing to my brilliant defense, is coming, I am told, this afternoon, to thank me.

—There are 4,000,000 collars made in this country every year, and yet the young husband can never find one that will fit comfortably on a home-made shirt.—Somerville Journal.

—At the Club.—Novelist.—I hope you have read my last novel, Mr. Hall? Hastings Hall.—I sincerely hope I have, sir.—Harvard Lampoon.

TEMPERANCE READING.

THE WINE GLASS.

There's danger in the glass, beware
lest it ensnare thee. They who have
drained it find, alas! Too often
graves. It spurs to slumber. With
its rich, ruddy light! There is no
sadder or sorer. Only its course
to death. Makes women bow
their heads; fills homes
with anguish, want, dis-
putes. And takes from
children bread. Then
dash the glass away,
and from the
serpent flee:
Drink pure cold
water day by
day.
And
walk
God's
FOOTSTOOL FREE! —Tid-Bite.

LABOR UNIONS.

Fortnight and Practical Suggestions to
Working-Men's Associations—Why the
Drinking Man Should Be Excluded.

It is urged that employers should
give preference, in obtaining work-
men, to those who are members of
labor organizations, on the ground
that by so doing they get the best class
of workmen in that particular line,
whatever it may be. We have no in-
tention of disputing this. But is it not
true that these unions and associations
should see to it that their membership
is made up only of first-class workmen
in that particular line, whatever it
may be? Is it not proper that they
should maintain the standard of ex-
cellence in their membership? If an
employer surrenders his privilege of
employing whomever he will, and con-
fines his selection to the membership
of a particular organization of work-
ing-men (or, as is sometimes the case,
is practically compelled to), is it not
just and right that the men among
whom his choice must be made shall be
really first-class workmen in that line?

Now, it is a fact no one can suc-
cessfully dispute, that a man who is the
slave of rum is not a first-class work-
man. He may be able, when he is sober,
to do first-class work; but when he
is flushed with drink he loses to a
degree that defies muscular action,
that accuracy of eye, that steady-
ness of hand, which are essential in
any occupation requiring any manual
dexterity. The body's actions are con-
trolled by the nerves, which receive
their mandate from the brain; and
when the brain is dazed with drink it
is incapable of the best work. It is a
fact, proved numerously by post-mortem
examinations of the bodies of men
who have died while drunk, that the
brain becomes saturated with alcohol.
A teaspoonful has been taken from the
fissures of the brain of a man killed
while intoxicated. This, if continued
for any time, permanently injures the
brain by hardening its substances, as
the white of an egg is coagulated by
alcohol. It is not possible that a brain,
soaked in alcoholic liquor, can be as
capable as when it is not. The eye,
the hand, the muscles of the body all
share in the brain's incapacity to ex-
ercise its full powers. And the work-
man is to a greater or lesser extent
incapacitated for good, honest work,
in full quota.

Nor is it true that when the habitual
drinker becomes sober, after his de-
bauch, he is again in as good condi-
tion as if he had not poured rum into
his system. It is a law of nature, and
a law without exception, that the ex-
citement of the brain or nervous sys-
tem is followed by a corresponding re-
action, which is as deep as the excess
has been. Hence the workman, when
the excess of brain and nerve due
to the stimulus of that poison, rum,
has died out, is in bad physical con-
dition. Every muscle is relaxed and
weak, and the system is enervated.
The brain is weak and irritable from
the effects of the poison that has been
carried in the blood to its every fiber,
and the nerves are all unstrung. His
hands and limbs are tremulous. He is
cross, sulky, suffers from blues; his
fellow-workmen regard him as a
"drunkard," because of the relaxation
of his nervous system consequent upon
the unnatural tension that has been
put upon it. He does not feel like
work, and only the spur of necessity
impels him to labor. It requires a
strong effort constantly on his part to
enable him to go through his round
of daily duty in even a perfunctory
manner.

It is also unfortunately true that the
drinking workman is usually an an-
noyance to his fellows, and to every
one with whom he comes in contact.
While under the influence of rum, he
is hilarious and noisy, a bother to men
engaged in earnest labor, and too of-
ten grows profane and foul-mouthed
in speech; he is a vile-smelling nuisance
to his respectable fellows, a disgrace
to himself and to the establishment.
And when he is suffering from the re-
action of his debauch—when he is
"getting over a drunk"—he is equally
unpleasant, for he is either silent and
sullen, or else gives vent to his irri-
tability in being quarrelsome and in-
sulting in his treatment of those with
whom he comes in contact.

Now, we ask in all seriousness, is
such a man worthy to be upheld by the
labor organization to which he may
happen to belong as a first-class work-
man, who is to have the preference
over all other men engaged in the
same work who do not belong to the
organization? Are such men, because
they hold membership, to be upheld
by their decent brethren? It would be
a glad day for this country if every
labor organization would make the
use of rum not only a bar to mem-
bership, but put the penalty of ex-
pulsion upon drunkenness. It would do
more to build up the labor orders in
the estimation of the people than any
thing else that could be done, if they

would adopt the policy of accepting
only first-class workmen as members,
and making their continuance in mem-
bership dependent upon sobriety and
proper conduct.

It is, however, a painful fact that,
in the hot struggle to bring, if possi-
ble, all the working-men of the coun-
try under the control of organized
labor, the qualifications of the man
himself is not taken into account.
Any body is accepted, or nearly so, in
order to increase the element con-
trolled by labor organizations. It is
also true that many, very many, young
men become drunkards after they have
been admitted into membership. But
would it not be wise on the part of
these labor societies, under whatever
name they may be known, to exert
their powerful influence for the up-
building of sobriety among their mem-
bers by crushing out the manufacture
and sale of rum?—Toledo Blade.

ITS POISONOUS EFFECTS.

Extracts from an Address by Joseph
Frank Payne, M. D., Before the Patho-
logical Society of London.

It is quite clear that alcohol is a
functional poison of the narcotic class.
Its action on the brain shows the
gradations of stimulation, overaction,
inhibition and actual narcosis.
These effects, unless positively fatal,
are transitory. But it is also clear
that this is not the whole of its in-
jurious effect; since, if the functional
disturbance be often repeated, the
brain itself will come in the end to be
damaged. But it may be supposed
this damage is caused by the excess
or repetition of the functional distur-
bance. Such an explanation will not,
however, apply. Some organs, such
as peripheral nerves, are damaged, in
which no functional disturbance from
the immediate action of alcohol can
be traced. Hence we conclude that
alcohol is also a tissue poison damag-
ing the structure of the tissue ele-
ments. This effect is not seen after a
single dose, even a fatal dose, at least
so far as is known, but only after re-
peated action of the poison. When its
action is perceptible it is quite com-
parable to that of the so-called irritant,
especially metallic, poisons,
such as lead, arsenic, antimony, etc.,
with phosphorus, and even mineral
acids. It is now recognized that these
substances, if absorbed, act on all or
most tissues of the body which they
reach in proportion to the degree of
concentration in which they may be
present, and to the susceptibility of
the different parts of the tissue ele-
ments. This is also true of alcohol.
It is carried by the blood to all parts
(having been detected in the brain and
various organs), and acts most powerfully
in the first instance on the parts which
it reaches with the least amount of dilution,
that is, the stomach and liver. In the
second place, it acts on the nervous
tissues as being more vulnerable than
the rest. Again, the influence of con-
centration in relation to the tissue
damage is seen in the fact that alcohol
in a dilute form injures the tissues
much less than the same amount in a
concentrated form, though the narcotic
effect may be the same.

Another law of tissue poisons is,
that they all have, within certain
limits, the same action, or at least
there are certain modes of action com-
mon to all. These common modes of
action belonging to all tissue poisons
I will endeavor to state, and then see
whether alcohol acts in the same way.

The first effect of such poisons is
seen on the more vulnerable or paren-
chymatous elements, namely, nerve,
epithelium, muscle fiber. On these
parts, their action is essentially necro-
tizing, producing, if in a low degree, pa-
renchymatous degeneration; in a high-
er degree, actual necrosis, though if
the injury be not too severe, repair is
possible. This is true of arsenic, anti-
mony, sulphuric acid; and, with some
modification, of phosphorus. I would
submit that this is also true of alcohol,
which produces degeneration, or, in
ultimate necrosis, of mucous mem-
brane of stomach, liver-cells, nerve-
fibers, nerve-cells and muscle-fibers.

Another effect of all tissue poisons,
if sufficiently concentrated, is to injure
the blood-vessels, causing exudation
and cell migration—that is, inflamma-
tion as generally understood. It is
obvious that this is true of all irritant
poisons. If chronic, this inflammation
sometimes results in hyperplasia of
connective tissue. I submit that con-
centrated alcohol acts on the stomach,
for instance, to which it is directly ap-
plied, in the same way, setting up
acute inflammation. The action of
alcohol, however, is never quite so in-
tense as that of some metallic poisons,
since it never produces suppuration, nor
has it an actually corrosive action. Its
continuous or chronic action is to pro-
duce connective tissue hyperplasia,
fibroid changes or cirrhosis.

Besides these two modes of action,
alcohol has one almost peculiar to it-
self, that of causing accumulation or
infiltration of fat, in various parts of
the body, especially where such accu-
mulation naturally takes place, as in
liver, omentum, subcutaneous tissue.
Phosphorus is like alcohol in this re-
spect, and so is, to some extent, ar-
senic. This change may be called
"steatosis." It is explained, appar-
ently with reason, as due to deficient
oxidation, or impeded cell-respiration,
the alcohol or phosphorus being oxidi-
zed in place of the fat, which should
be burnt up in the cell.

To sum up. The action of alcohol
on tissues or tissue elements is three-
fold: 1. As a functional poison. 2.
As a tissue poison or destructive. 3.
As a checker of oxidation. And in
these respects it may be paralleled by
other substances called poisons, and
by others which are generally consid-
ered innocuous.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Scientists agree that it is a cold
day when fecian summer gets left.

—During the year 1888 nearly 700
persons disappeared in Philadelphia,
a large percentage of whom was never
heard of.

—Anybody can tell you what to take
for a cough. The man who can cure
one has not yet appeared.—N. O.
Picayune.

—It detracts something from the in-
terest of the report that a man has
been found with two hearts to learn
that they were both up his sleeve.—
Binghamton Republican.

—One of the largest private land-
holdings in the world is the Haggis &
Carr ranch in California. It contains
400,000 acres, covers 640 square miles,
and is over twenty-five miles square.

—A little girl living in Moon town-
ship, Pa., died from eating too many
chestnuts. Shortly after eating them
she complained of severe pains about
the heart, and before medical aid could
reach her she was dead.

—A Maine historian says that in old
times the fine ladies of Exeter—then
a very gay, flourishing town—used to
acquire beautiful complexions by sleep-
ing with their heads out of the win-
dows in foggy weather.

—Mrs. A. L. Tell—"I have something
terrible to tell you. But can you keep
silent about it?" Mrs. Frank Candor
—"I assure you nobody ever learns a
secret from me. Mrs. Speedy told me
yesterday that her husband was just
going to fail in business, and begg-
me not to mention it, and I haven't yet
breathed it."—S. F. Wasp.

—A Hartford dog has been taught to
wait at the gate for the postman and
carry the mail into the house. The
other morning there were no letters,
and, as the carrier passed without stop-
ping, the dog jumped from his place
and got in the carrier's way. The man
said a kindly word to the brute and
then started to walk off, but the dog
barked as if for a letter, and when the
letter was not handed over, bit the
carrier.

—A down-town restaurant has three
young women in its employ. One is
cashier, the other is bookkeeper, and
the other is in charge of the cake and
confectionary department. Last Christ-
mas these young ladies thought to sur-
prise the proprietor by giving him
their photographs in a group. The
proprietor gave the group to an artist,
who made a lithograph of the same,
and this was attached to a neat calen-
dar which the lunch-house gives to
each of its patrons. It takes a Chicago
man to get there. Hundreds of young
men are trying the bakery for the pur-
pose of getting a calendar. Not a bad
dog, and the young women seem as
proud over the scheme of the proprie-
tor as he.—Chicago Mail.

—Trees of the palm family have
larger leaves than any others. The
Inaja palm, which grows on the banks
of the Amazon, from leaves which
reach a length of from thirty to fifty
feet, and are ten or twelve feet in
breadth. Specimens of the leaves of
the Talipot palm, a native of Ceylon,
have been met with that are twenty
feet long and eighteen feet broad.
These leaves are used by the natives
to make tents, and form very efficient
shelters from the rain. The leaves of
the double coconut palm are often
thirty feet long and several feet wide.
When the wind is strong they clasp to-
gether with a noise that may be heard
at a great distance. Only one leaf is
produced each year, and they are so
firmly set in themselves that a man
may sit on the end of one and rock to
and fro in perfect safety.

SOMEWHAT UNPLEASANT.

A Detective Sent to a Penitentiary to
Worm a Secret Out of a Convict.

One of Pinkerton's men told me of a
little experience in Ohio which has a
humorous side.

"I was called into the office about a
month ago," he said, "and told to re-
port to Akron, where I would receive
instructions. No details were given. I
arrived at Akron and was told my
business, which was to be sent to the
penitentiary, where I would be confined
in a cell with a man who was doing ten
years. I was to find out the name of
the convict's accomplice. Though I
didn't half like the job, my hair was
cut and my mustache shaved off, and I
was put in a cell with the legend
'Four years and a Half' over the door.
The second day a prisoner came along
and marched me out to the stone-break-
ing pile, and I was given a hammer to
pound up rock. I was kept at work,
too, and treated just the same as the
others. This lasted two days, and
then another keeper watched me for a
time, and at last broke out to one of
the guards. 'That man is too big and
burly to work on that small rock. Take
him up where some of the big ones are.'
I wanted to refuse, but I couldn't.
I had to go up and wield a ten pound
breaker, and that night I was almost
fit for a hospital. I was at the big
stones for five days, and was nearly
dead. The man I was to pump was
almost dumb about himself, and I be-
gan to believe that I would really have
to confess myself beaten; but on the tenth
night he gave me my information. You
can bet I was thankful and left the pen-
itentiary as joyful as if I had been a
real convict pardoned out. Being an-
noyed because I hadn't been warned of
the nature of the job, when I reached
the office I laid down my report and
my resignation. Was it accepted? Well,
no. Every body thought it was
laughable, but I don't want another
experience of the kind."—N. Y. Sun.

VERY COSTLY VOLUMES.

A Set of Motley's "Dutch Republic" That
is Worth \$50,000.

Probably the most costly set of books
in this city is a twenty-nine volume
edition of Motley's "Rise of the Dutch
Republic," owned by Clarence H.
Clark, the banker. These volumes are
said to have cost their owner \$50,000.
Originally the set consisted of nine
handsomely printed volumes, which
have been extended by the insertion of
some 2,500 portraits, engravings, auto-
graphs and maps, making the present
elaborate and costly work. The illus-
trations were inserted in appropriate
places opposite the text, so that the
scenes of the battles and persons figur-
ing in them could be better represented
and appreciated than by the type
alone. The set is not quite filled with
illustrations, however, and Mr. Clark
is still diligently seeking after more
material.

Every famous General or diplomat
of the time of the Netherlands war
against Philip II. of Spain, is repre-
sented by portraits engraved by ex-
perts of great reputation. The set con-
tains valuable autographs, remarkable
scenes of battles and sieges, of mar-
riage and funeral processions, of de-
clarations of peace and of victories, and
the illustrations from a wonderful gal-
lery of contemporaneous pictures bear-
ing out and confirming Motley's mas-
terly narrative of the great men and
events of successive generations of
Dutch history. Among the most beau-
tiful of the engravings are "Egmont in
Flanders," "Horn at Tournay," "The
Investment of the City of Valenciennes"
by Noircarmes, "The Alarm at Brus-
sels," "The Three Days' Tumult at
Antwerp," "Execution of La Grange
De Bray," "Interview Between
Orange and Emout at Willebroek,"
"Breda's Death," "The Council of
Blood," "Arrest of Orange," "The
Grande Place at Brussels," and "The
Death of the Prince of Orange."

The twenty-nine volumes are hand-
somely bound in levant morocco, and
the set is not the least of those con-
tributing to the cost of the books. The
volumes are of the imperial folio size,
and necessary for such an elaborate work.
The set is considered to be the finest,
most complete, and costly edition of
Motley's "History of the Rise of the
Dutch Republic" in the world. Besides
this great literary treasure Mr. Clark
possesses in his library about 5,000
volumes, a rare collection of old and
new works and manuscripts, and re-
presenting in their selection the judg-
ment and taste of a true bibliophile.

Among his rare treasures are twenty-
five volumes of Dibdin's biographical
works, Gramont's "Memoirs of Hamil-
ton" in four folio volumes, a large
folio edition of the Nuremberg Chron-
icle, and an Aristotle, printed in 1542,
with its original binding of stamped
velum and metal clasps.—Philadel-
phia Record.

STURDY ECONOMY.

This Example Set to His Countrymen by
Benjamin Franklin.

Time was when the life of Dr. Frank-
lin was considered a stock book to pre-
sent to young men starting out in life,
whatever their business. But of late
years I suppose it has been conside-
red as rather behind the age. Indeed,
it was very familiar with the subject
are apt to think of him something in
the light of that public speaker, who
spoke of him as "the incarnation of the
New England character—hard, calcu-
lating, singular, incapable of conces-
sion of any higher object than the ac-
cumulation of money."

So often, impulsive, generous-hearted
youth is apt to look upon thirty max-
ims of close economy and steady in-
dustry as something "old fog" in their
days, as rather narrow and hard-
hearted to nature.

It is true that Franklin's teachings
in this line impressed themselves
deeply on the age in which he lived,
and they have come down to us in a
straight line these hundred years, and
become no unimportant part of the
war and peace of the nation's history.
No doubt the "pattern" would be
greatly marred, if not the very fabric
itself, if his influence, direct or in-
direct, could be wholly eliminated.
Yet his careful "taking care of pence"
did not make him hard or unsympa-
thizing, or deaf to appeals on his gen-
erosity. Indeed, his very care of the
pence enabled him to dispense with a
pence upon him. It was not very mer-
cenary in him to buy a house in Boston
for a poor old sister Jane, and send
her very full enough money to lay in a
plentiful store of fuel and food. And
yet from the midst of the gay French
court he took time to write her such
fervent, cheery letters that she said the
pleasure they gave her "made even his
great presents but a secondary
joy." His thrift and economy had not
soured his disposition; but, despite his
homemade blue stockings, his genial
spirit made him a welcome in the
highest court circles. Indeed, his thrift-
fulness to a friend often exceeded what
we should esteem a wise prudence,
giving even half of the year's income
to help a poor fellow who was his com-
panion in London, whom he loved with
all his faults. It did not show a very
mercenary spirit to give his three
years' salary of six thousand pounds to
works for the public good; nor would
a very stingy man have taken the in-
explicit statement and that the railroad
company would not press for any
further payment. Obviously they have
time to do things in England which
they have not time to do here. If this
story did not come from a thoroughly
responsible and reliable source one
would be inclined to doubt its truth,
but without doubt it is a simple state-
ment of fact.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

THE DIVORCE QUESTION.

How to Remove One of the Most Profit-
able Causes of Marital Trouble.

Any one who has given the subject
any attention knows that the multi-
tude of applications for divorce largely
grows out of the permission which the
statutes give divorced parties to marry
immediately. In practice divorces are
unconditional and in the majority of
cases the application is made for the
purpose of marrying again.

The operation of the system is fa-
miliar enough. A man who has be-
come a little tired of his wife meets
another woman, it may be a girl or
another married woman, whom he
likes better. He begins a flirtation
with her. He knows he can not obtain
her without a divorce. They talk the
matter over together. The man com-
plains he has been misunderstood. They
soon discover they are affinities and
there can be no happiness for them un-
less they are married. The man begins
his work systematically. He grows
cold and petulant towards his wife. He
gradually alienates her affection for
him. Quarrels ensue. He becomes
actually cruel and disgusts her with his
treatment. Finally he abandons her or
commits some offense which will war-
rant her in applying for a divorce un-
der the statutes. Driven to desperation
by his treatment, she at last applies
and under our lax laws the decree is
at once given her. Then the released
husband, as soon as decency will per-
mit and sometimes sooner, marries the
other woman. The reverse of the case
is equally true. A wife tired of her
husband, having found a better-look-
ing or a richer or smarter man. She
has little difficulty in convincing him
they are affinities. Then she com-
mences her systematic method of get-
ting rid of her husband by tantalizing
or neglecting him, by extravagant
habits of life, and by a thousand and
one ways of forcing him to apply for
a divorce or of provoking retaliatory con-
duct on his part which will allow her
to apply, and she goes off and marries
the other. Sometimes both parties are
married persons, but the game is the
same. Every one knows the modus
operandi. It is going on all the time
in society.

If there were a definite time fixed by
the statutes within which divorced per-
sons could marry again—say, three or,
better still, five years, it would un-
doubtedly have the effect of largely
preventing many of the divorce cases
which now crowd our court calendars.
If the party applying for a divorce
were not allowed to marry again within
that period it is likely the first step
would not be taken. He or she would
not be so fond of new affinities and they
would not regard matrimony as a mere
preliminary to see whether they liked
it instead of a binding contract. The
law as it stands encourages free love.
It says to the contracting parties: "If
you think you can do better you are at
liberty to try, and to repeat it as often
as possible." This is the essence of
free love. And then the divorce pro-
ceedings are commenced, and the parties
are incompatible and encourage divorce.
People would find the old husbands and
wives would do it if the law itself did
not encourage them to get new ones.—
Chicago Tribune.

BRITONS HAVE TIME.

Old Experiences of an American Who
Lost His Railway Ticket.

An American gentleman recently had
an amusing experience on an English
railroad which demonstrates the Brit-
on's fondness for red tape. He had
bought an excursion ticket to some
point a few miles outside of London,
the fare being about three shillings for
both ways, and in getting on the train
carrying back to town he found that his
return ticket was missing. When the
guard came around for his ticket he
told him that he had lost it, whereupon
the guard demanded fare from the sta-
tion at which the train had been made
up, amounting to seven shillings and
sixpence. The passenger, of course,
protested against this and mentioned
the station at which he had boarded
the train, and the guard replied that
he had no assurance that the passen-
ger had gotten on at that point. Then
the passenger refused to pay at all and
stuck his card into the guard's hand.
Two or three days subsequently the
passenger received a letter from the
railroad company saying that a report
had been made to them of the loss of his
ticket, and hoping that the affair "might
be amicably adjusted." To this com-
munication he paid no attention what-
ever. Three or four days afterward he
received a formidable envelope, with
the name of the railroad printed in full
in one corner, and the document with-
in protested against the shillings with
which the previous note had been
treated, and after going over the whole
details of the matter ended by declar-
ing that some settlement would have
to be arrived at. Then the passenger
sat down, very much amused over the
amount of stationary and postage the
railway was expending about railway
tickets worth, perhaps, a shilling, and
wrote out a long and humorous account
of how he had determined on this
suburban excursion and exactly what
his movements were from the time he
took the cab to drive to the London
station on his outward journey until he
missed his ticket after he had started
to return home. This contribution was
received in all seriousness at the rail-
road office and in a few days he had an
answer to it stating that they were
much obliged for the careful and ex-
plicit statement and that the railroad
company would not press for any
further payment. Obviously they have
time to do things in England which
they have not time to do here. If this
story did not come from a thoroughly
responsible and reliable source one
would be inclined to doubt its truth,
but without doubt it is a simple state-
ment of fact.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

WASTE OF WATER.

A Matter Which should be Investigated
by Farmers Everywhere.

The value of irrigation for crops is
never fully appreciated, nor the vari-
ous modes fairly understood, until
one has experience in them. Profes-
sional treatises on the subject are help-
ful, and a study of them necessary to
best results, but a little practice, with
a good judgment and some genius, are
of much more value; besides, one never
comprehends the usefulness nor the
practicability of it under the many and
various circumstances where it might
be practiced, until he has gone and
done it himself. I remember many
places in the Eastern States where
not only irrigation of gardens and
lawns, as well as great fields, is prac-
ticable, easy and cheap, but I call to
mind many a household where they
pump and draw all their lives every
drop of water used, and for all that
stock, and where the "dry spell" cut
off their garden stuff and the grass
dies in brown patches and the shrub-
bery suffers in the front yard, all be-
cause they never had attention called
to a source of supply of water, abun-
dant, clear and excellent, so near as
located that a few days' work would
bring it to the very door; where a
beautiful spouting fountain and a re-
freshing pool with pretty fish playing
in it and bordered with magnificent
water plants might take the place of
the dusty chicken-wallow, and grass,
green and fresh all summer, and the
unsightly weeds. I know many a
place where a lovely brook might be
brought to the farm buildings, and
after supplying, by pipes or troughs,
every other need could be so turned as
to carry every particle of useless slop
and refuse and offensive matter away
to the fields and meadows, where it
would be useful; contributing at the
same time to the cleanliness and health-
fulness of the surroundings and to the
cultivation of refined habits in the
growing family. If every farmer who
may chance to read this, all over the
Middle and Eastern States, and es-
pecially the southern part of the coun-
try, where almost all of them assume,
without thought that their only de-
pendence for watered fields is the
clouds—if they would look over the
geography of all the land around for a
mile or two, and take a water level
along to examine the grades of the
surface, the majority of them would be
surprised to find that a living brook
might have been flowing for an age
past through their fields and by the
house and barns and to the lawn and
gardens, and even to furnishing an
abundant and refreshing drench of
water to whole fields of crops strug-
gling through protracted drought.

The commonest error is to presume
that irrigation is not needed to any im-
portant degree, and therefore not prac-
ticable, in those regions subject to regu-
lar rains; to suppose that the practice
is costly and, therefore, it would not
pay, is also not necessarily true. I
could find dozens of places in almost
every community where, if several
farmers would join, water might be
had for all future time for a few days'
work with plow and scraper on the
supply ditch, and the irrigating ditches
made in a few hours with the plow
done. And then when the "dry spell"
is at hand, one man with judgment
could turn the water into three, five, or
even ten and across every day, to the
joy and gladness of his heart in
watching the thirsty soil drink it in,
and to behold the grateful countenance
of the parched crops as they put on
holiday attire and start afresh toward
the goal of a bountiful fruition. I am
well acquainted with the regions of
Ohio, Indiana and Illinois where tile
drainage has almost redeemed the land
and made it habitable, and I do
not hesitate to say that even in
those very regions, at least a partial
system of irrigation, in the
most practicable places, would
as great a profit on the cost as the
drainage, and even in the more un-
promising sections, the advantage of
water in every field, added to the
other, would in time make the practice
generally popular. There is many a
village and town could have a pretty,
babbling brook flowing in every yard
if they only knew it, and it is sur-
prising to me, now that I look back, to see
how people and places are blind to
their advantages. One needs to spend
a season where water is appreciated,
and its value and various uses discov-
ered, to get his eyes opened to the
blessing of having plenty of it every-
where—under control. Take the aver-
age farm of the Middle, Western and
Southern States where house and barns
water is pumped for every purpose,
add where only the best of them are
provided with ponds in the fields, and
the owner, if he could have a brook
where he could want it, would place a
value on it of \$500 to \$2,000 or more
and the selling price of the farm would
be increased to that extent by provid-
ing that almost priceless boon—"living
water for stock in every field." The
possibilities almost everywhere are
great; the practicability in thousands
and thousands of cases would astonish
all who would investigate the matter.
—J. G. Irwin, in N. Y. Tribune.

—The Kennebec Journal says it hap-
pened to one of Colby's professors
when a young teacher to "board
around" one winter. His arrival at
one rural home took place just at din-
ner time, and he at once sat down with
the family to enjoy the repast. The
professor doesn't remember that his
appetite was particularly sharp that
day, but at the close of the meal the
mistress of the house looked across at
her husband and remarked, "Well,
John, I guess you might as well kill
that heifer."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

A BOON to Housewives.



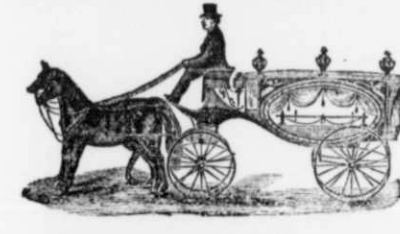
The farmer and working man who have been out in the mud all day can wash their boots clean before entering the house. They will be Soft, Polished and Dry, if dressed with

Wolff's ACME Blacking

Makes housekeeping easier. Saves Sweeping and Scrubbing. The boots will wear a great deal longer, will not get stiff and hard in snow water or rain, and will be WATERPROOF. Ladies, try it, and you will find that your husband soon uses it. Once used for Gentle Shoes and once a month for Ladies' Dress Shoes. It is sold by all shoe stores, grocers, druggists, etc. Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, etc. WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.

UNDERTAKERS



AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS, OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE.

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds.

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

—Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 18th, 1887:

GOING EAST.	
No. 1	7:41 A. M.
No. 3	10:31 A. M.
No. 5	1:21 P. M.
No. 7	4:11 P. M.
No. 9	7:01 P. M.
GOING WEST.	
No. 2	5:51 A. M.
No. 4	8:41 A. M.
No. 6	11:31 A. M.
No. 8	2:21 P. M.
No. 10	5:11 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS, Manager.

C. K. LORD, General Passenger Agent.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hopwood Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 281, as for feloniously stealing goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ

TRESPASS NOTICE.

I have frequently warned persons from putting crosties on my land, along the railroad, and hereby notify all persons who have neglected this warning to immediately remove any crosties that may now be on my land, and in the future to respect this notice and save themselves trouble. I do not intend to be trifled with.

JOHN BRADLEY, Cincinnati, O. Nov. 26, 1888.

Wanted! Reliable Men!

To canvass for a full line of Nursery Stock. Permanent employment guaranteed. Previous experience not required. Outfit free.

SALARY WITH EXPENSES PAID.

None under 25 years of age need apply. Ad. dress (enclosing stamp) the old and reliable, MAPLE GROVE NURSERY.

E. C. PIERSON & CO., 120 St. Established 1868. Waterloo, N. Y.

Inauguration Day.

A Washington special to the New York Commercial Advertiser gives the following vivid account of what may be expected at Harrison and Morton's inauguration on March 4:

The arrangements for the coming inauguration, now nearly completed, have required the constant attention of Chairman Britton, an executive committee composed of thirty-two of the leading citizens of the District of Columbia, twenty-one sub-committees—the aggregate membership of which is 1600—and a corps of clerks continuously occupied since last November with the letters and other communications received daily from all parts of the country. The expense of the inauguration will be at least \$50,000. Some of the biggest bills which the committee will have to settle are \$10,000 for decorating and illuminating the great hall of the pension building, in which the inaugural ball will be held; \$3,500 for the music for that occasion; \$6,600 for the supper; \$7,000 for engraving and printing the inaugural souvenir; \$3,000 for miscellaneous printing; \$5,000 for fireworks and street illumination; \$1,000 for carriages; \$1,500 to be awarded to members of the various flambeau clubs participating in the prize drill, and \$5,000 for clerk hire and stationery.

It is expected that the expenses of the ball will be more than met by the sale of tickets for that event. There have been but two instances in the past when the inaugural ball was not a source of revenue. The first was on the occasion of the inauguration of President Polk in 1845, when the tickets were placed at \$10, and the second inaugural ball given in honor of President Grant in 1873, when the tickets sold for \$20 each. In the latter case the committee was obliged to make up a deficit of \$70,000. It is said that President Harrison and Vice-President Morton will be the only persons present at the next inaugural ball who will not have paid \$5 for a ticket.

Perhaps the greatest feature of inauguration day will be the parade. There will be nearly 50,000 men in line. Thus for the largest representation of militia promises to be from Pennsylvania. Some of the civic organizations will bring with them 1,500 men and others 1,000. The number from New York State will be more than 5,000. Pennsylvania will probably send the next largest civic delegation, and New Jersey will rank third.

Governor Beaver, the Grand Marshal of the parade, has decided to divide the line into six divisions, as follows: First Division, United States troops and the National Guard of the District of Columbia, numbering about five hundred men; Second Division, 800 Pennsylvania troops, under the command of ex-Governor Hartranft; Third Division, the remaining military organizations, represented by 10,000 men; Fourth Division, veterans of the Grand Army and their sons, marshaled by General William Warner, of Missouri, the Commander-in-Chief of the Order, and Fifth and Sixth Divisions, civic organizations.

General Harrison and Vice-President Morton will stop at the Arlington, within sight of the White House. If President Cleveland follows the precedent which has been established, he will send his carriage for General Harrison, and escort him from the White House to the Capitol. The journey from the executive Mansion to the Capitol is the first ceremony of the day. General Harrison will be accompanied in this journey by his old regiment, the Seventh Indiana, two companies of cavalry, two batteries of artillery and two companies of militia of the District of Columbia. After the oath of office has been administered on the steps of the Capitol, President Harrison will be driven back to the White House, occupying a place in the procession directly behind the grand marshal and his staff, and will thus be able to reach the grand stand erected for him in front of the Executive Mansion in time to review the parade. The committee on street decorations reports that the stores and houses will be elaborately and elegantly decorated.

The events of the evening will be inaugural ball, the display of fireworks and the prize drill of flambeau clubs. The ball will be given in the vast hall of the new pension building. In the decorations the American colors will be the prevailing feature. Silk flags, satin bunting, gilt and silver ornaments will be used. The fronts of the three galleries which completely encircle the hall, one above the other, will be festooned with flags and the coats-of-arms of the States. The great columns which support the roof of the hall, will be almost hidden by projecting flags. Their bases will have plush dados, eight feet in height, with shields above them. Bunting will be suspended from the ceiling, running in all directions and forming an intricate network of brilliant colors. The most picturesque feature of the decorations will be a Chinese pagoda, to be erected in the centre of the main directly over the fountain. It will be artistically decorated, the dome being composed of gas jets, arranged in the form of stars, shields and crescents. The first story will be four feet above the base of the fountain, filled in with evergreens and flowers, making a delightful grove or retreat for promenaders. On the next, or second floor, will be an orchestra of 100 performers, and on the third floor, fourteen feet above them, the full marine band. Twenty calcium lights are to be placed in the top gallery and 2,000 incandescent electric lights along the sides of the ball room.

The floral decorations are to be on a scale never before attempted. The same New York florist who furnished flowers for President Cleveland's inauguration will supply them on this occasion. It will take 5,000 yards of laurel festoons, six inches thick, to cover the ceiling. When the Presidential party enters the hall at the west end of the building it will pass under a floral ball 100 feet in diameter. Somebody will pull a string and the ball will open and a shower of cut flowers will descend upon the party. At the same time a flock of canary birds and parrots will be released from the ball. A ship of state, thirty feet long—by the largest design in cut flowers ever made—will be suspended from the ceiling. The galleries and supporting columns will be decorated with garlands of laurel and smilax. Laurel and palm leaves will be used to ornament the large centre columns. From the lower gallery seven panels of cut flowers, each ten by fifteen feet, and bearing a floral bas relief of each of the executive departments of the Government will depend. At one end of the hall will be a conservatory of tropical plants surmounted by gas jets, surmounted as to present pictures of the new President and Vice-President and the words "Inaugural Ball, 1889."

The arrangements for the management of the supper room are well planned to insure prompt service and prevent confusion. A temporary kitchen will be erected at a cost of \$1,100 on the north side of the building. All communication between it and the supper room will be by way of the windows on this side of the building. A long buffet will extend through all the different apartments parallel with the north wall and about four feet from it. Behind this will stand a corps of attendants whose duty will be simply to carry on the communication between the supper-room and the kitchen. On the other side will be a corps of waiters to serve the guests.

The music for the promenade concert will be furnished by the Marine band, under the direction of Professor Sousa. The dance music will be furnished by Beck's orchestra, of Philadelphia. The opening selection will be Professor Sousa's "The Presidential Polonaise," written for the occasion. It will be performed by the entire band and orchestra. This will be the first time anything of the kind has been attempted at an inaugural ball, and will, without doubt, be the grandest musical combination ever heard in Washington. There will be seven concert pieces, one more than were rendered four years ago, including the grand fantasia from Wagner's "Lohengrin," selections from "Lohengrin," and the march "Aux Flambeaux," by Meyerbeer. The order of dances consists of twenty three numbers, including the promenade waltz, quadrille, lancers, polka, York and galop.

The pyrotechnical promises to be the grandest and most costly display of fireworks ever seen in this country. It will begin at 7:45 o'clock with a Presidential salute of aerial terrors, exploding at a height of 300 feet. An hour and a half later the exhibition will close with a simultaneous discharge of 5,500 rockets, the largest flight of rockets ever fired in the United States. Fire portraits of Washington, Lincoln, Harrison and Morton and representations of the Capitol and White House are to be given. Altogether ten tons of material will be burned. Before the display Pennsylvania avenue will be illuminated with auralian fires, ignited simultaneously by electricity.

Flush Times in Frisco.

The California Bancroft in his history of the Golden State gives the following specimens of prices in "the days of '49': A man would pay \$300 for a horse worth \$6 a month before, ride it to the next camp, turn it loose and buy another when he needed one, provided he could scrape from the ground the cost of the animal more easily than he could pay for the feed of one for a week or two. Again, it is related that on the tule plains an emigrant sold his cart and a pair of oxen to a Frenchman for \$600. The gold was weighed in improvised scales and the emigrant

fancied the Frenchman was cheating him, but said nothing. On reaching Sutter's Fort he weighed the gold again and found it worth \$2,000.

Of articles in continual request sales reported of flour at \$800 a barrel and of sugar, coffee and pork at \$400 for the same bulk. A pick, shovel, tin pan, pair of boots, blankets and a gallon of whiskey brought \$100 each. Eggs were \$3 each; drugs in liquid form \$1 a drop; pills \$1 each; a doctor's visit, \$100, or \$50 or nothing; a cook's wages \$25 a day; the hire of a wagon and team, \$50 a day; the hire of a rocker, \$150 a day. A box of sardines in 1848 cost at a Colima store \$16; a pound of hard bread, \$1; a bottle of ale, \$8; a total, \$26 for a moderate luncheon.

Now for the resultant prices even in the great market and port of entry, San Francisco—this, too, although food was abundant at the source of supply, the cost accruing mainly from the difficulty of conveying it. At the City Hotel you paid \$1 for a meal consisting of a small slice of boiled beef, indifferent bread, and worse coffee. Now and then a guest could buy a potato for 25 cents. At Ward's Hotel a plate of Julienne soup cost \$1, an omelet \$1. At Ward's the price of a room, without board, was \$2 a week; for one of a dozen or fifty bunks in a lodging-room you might have to pay \$50 a week.

Offices and stores were leased for sums ranging as high as \$6,000 a month. A collar twelve feet square could be had for a law office at \$250 a month; for desk room of five feet at the end of the counter the price was \$100. A moderate charge for board and lodging of the humblest kind was \$50 a month. On the other hand the prices of wine were low compared with those of food and malt liquors, owing to large importations. Thus, although ale, porter and cider were quoted at \$2 a bottle, claret, sherry and Madeira stood at \$2, \$3, and \$4 respectively, while champagne and port could be had in pint bottles at \$1.50 and \$1.75. Whiskey and brandy were very low, so were raisins and cigars.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Opinions of Thinkers.

Dobstein: Charity is not an action it is life.

Luther: To do so no more is the truest repentance.

Magoun: Truth is like a torch—when shaken it shines.

London: There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words.

Bartol: Character is a diamond that scratches every other stone.

Bonnard: Silence is the wit of fools and one of the virtues of the wise.

Thomas A. Kempis: All is not lost when anything goes contrary to you.

Diderot: Few persons live to-day but are preparing to do so to-morrow.

Epictetus: What we ought not to we should never think of doing.

Lessing: A single grateful thought towards Heaven is the most effective prayer.

George Macdonald: Some people only understand enough of a truth to reject it.

Countess de Gasparin: The saddest thing under the sky is a soul incapable of sadness.

Schiller: A merely fallen enemy may rise again, but the reconciled one is truly vanquished.

Felthan: Comparison, more than reality, makes men happy, and cannot make them wretched.

Froude: You cannot dream yourself into character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

Matthew Henry: No great characters are formed in this world without suffering and self-denial.

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.

Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Choler Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Pile!

Roger's Specific Ointment Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of itching, protruding, bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Specific Worm Syrup

A Pleasant, Safe and efficient! Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.

Use the Frenchman's Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Blisters and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturges' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

ANY ONE CAN DYE

A Dress, or a Coat, Ribbons, Feathers, Yarns, Rags, etc.

ANY COLOR FOR TEN CENTS. Save Money, and make things look like NEW, by using DIAMOND DYES. The work is easy, simple, quick; the colors are BEST and FASTEST known. Ask for DIAMOND DYES and take no other.

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Baby Portraits.

A Portfolio of beautiful baby pictures from life, printed on fine plate paper by recent photo process, sent free to Mother of every Baby born within a year. Every Mother wants these pictures; send at once. Give Baby's name and age. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

Cleanse the System

With that most reliable medicine—Paine's Celery Compound. It purifies the blood, cures Constipation, and regulates the liver and kidneys, effectually cleansing the system of all waste and dead matters.

DO IT NOW. Paine's Celery Compound. With that most reliable medicine—Paine's Celery Compound. It purifies the blood, cures Constipation, and regulates the liver and kidneys, effectually cleansing the system of all waste and dead matters.

"I have been troubled for some years with a complication of difficulties. After trying various remedies, and not finding relief, I tried Paine's Celery Compound. Before taking one full bottle the long troublesome symptoms had gone to outside, and I can truly say now, that I feel like a new man. Pileston has improved, and I have gained ten pounds in weight since I have commenced taking the Compound."

HONESTUS STEARNS, Pelville, Vt.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Croup, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Acheson, M.D., 11 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

A Model Newspaper

THE NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS

The Advocate of the Best Interests of the Home—The Enemy of the Slave, The Friend of American Labor, The Favorite Newspaper of People of Refined Tastes Everywhere.

The New York MAIL AND EXPRESS, the favorite American newspaper of many people of intelligent and cultivated tastes, has recently made some noteworthy improvements, materially increasing its general excellence. It is in the broadest sense

A National Newspaper.

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OUR POLITICS.

We believe the Republican party to be the true instrument of the POLITICAL PROGRESS of the American people; and holding that the honest enforcement of its principles is the best guarantee of the national welfare, we shall support them with all our might; but we shall always treat opposing parties with consideration and fair play.

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The MAIL AND EXPRESS is the recognized National organ of the great Anti-Saloon movement. It believes that the liquor traffic as it exists to-day in the United States is the enemy of society, a fruitful source of corruption in politics, the ally of anarchy, a school of crime, and, with its avowed purpose of seeking to corruptly control elections and legislation, is a menace to the public welfare and deserves the condemnation of all good men.

Send for Sample Copy

They are sent free to all who apply. SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—WEEKLY, per year, \$1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. DAILY, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.00; three months, \$1.50; one month, 50 cents.

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FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, E. & O. R. R. About 20 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms, apply to or address RICHARD CUSTER, Swanton, Md.

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Daily, Semi-Weekly and Weekly.

One Dollar a Year!

\$1.00 The Very Best. \$1.00

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THE WEST VIRGINIA HOME.

It appeals particularly to West Virginians because it tells what is going on at home; discusses State matters; is the leader of the State Development movement; advocates the policy of Protection, which means new law, new saw mills, new railroads, new towns, more population, more money; gives the best agricultural matter and the most reliable market reports; prints the best stories; in every respect leads the procession.

The year 1889 marks a decided change in the National policy. In the State a new senatorial election takes hold. A United States Senator is to be elected.

The year will be one of unusual importance. The INTELLIGENCER will record every event with entire fairness. Send your names at once and get up clubs.

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VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 65 acres. About 20 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of a

Large Dwelling House, Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings and a young orchard. There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for \$10,000, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Oakland, Md.

ROAD NOTICE.

This is to give notice that the undersigned will after 30 days from the date of this notice petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county to appoint examiners to change the location of the public County Road from Selkysport to Gourd bridge along the West side of the river. Beginning at a point along the Morgantown road west of Edward Frazer's and running thence over the lands of George Frazer North 8 degrees West North 8 degrees West to the Northwest corner of George Frazer's meadow thence over Kim Frazer's lands along the line to a stake, thence to the upper end of the graveyard, thence to the County Road, thence over the lands of George Frazer and other Spectman along the hill side at a reasonable distance from the location of said road to the river bank to the West end of Guard's Bridge.

GEORGE FRAZER, H. M. FRAZER, OTTO SPELMAN.

TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

NUMBER 1.

ONE WOMAN'S WAY.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE TELEGRAM.

"Is this the telegram office?"
Asked a childlike voice one day,
And asked the clerk of the instrument
With its message from far away.
As it came, it turned, at my elbow,
Stood the merest scrap of a boy,
Whose childish face was all a row
With the light of a hidden joy.

The golden curls on his forehead,
Shaded eyes of the deepest blue,
As if a bit of the summer sky
Had lent him them its hue.
They seemed my office reply,
From end a down to four,
Then turned on him their eager gaze,
As he asked the question of:

"Is this the telegram office?"
"It is, my little man."
I said, "I'll tell you what you want
And I'll tell you if I can."
Then the two eyes grew more eager,
And the breath came thick and fast;
And I saw within the chubby hands,
A faded paper grayed.

"Nurse told me," he said, "that the lightning
Came down on the wire, some day;
And my mamma has a letter from Heaven,
And I'm sure she's waiting for me."
For my papa is very busy,
And he can't find time for me,
So I thought I'd write her a letter,
And I've brought it for you to see.

"I've printed it big, so the angels
Could read out loud the name,
And carry it straight to my mamma,
And tell her how it came."
And now, won't you please to take it,
And show it up to the air-god,
Against the wires in a funder shower,
And the lightning will take it along."

And what could I tell the darling?
For my eyes were fixed on his face,
And his face was slowly turned away,
And his eyes were slowly turned away,
And his face was slowly turned away,
And his eyes were slowly turned away,
And his face was slowly turned away,
And his eyes were slowly turned away.

But the boy smiled in answer,
And his face was slowly turned away,
And his eyes were slowly turned away,
And his face was slowly turned away,
And his eyes were slowly turned away,
And his face was slowly turned away,
And his eyes were slowly turned away,
And his face was slowly turned away.

THE "CLAIM-JUMPER."

How He Got Even with the Two "Partners."

"What's that over there, Bill?" asked Joe Peasage, pointing towards an object that had made its appearance on the prairie, a mile to the south. Bill Barnum looked in the direction indicated.

"A house, or is it a live-in?" exclaimed Bill, with emphasis. "An' on Dick Barber's claim, too?" he continued, with a gesture of excitement.

"Do you suppose he's got a ter jump Dick's claim?" asked Joe.

"I dunno," answered Bill. "I guess he's not stumped out that far yet. If he is, I'm thinkin' he'll soon go 'way on the same arvant, won't he, Joe?"

"You bet!" sanctioned Joe. "But the way ter find out is ter go over an' see; an' while ye air cootin' supper, I'll ride over an' interview the stranger."

With this, he walked from the door of the half-board, half-dugout, shanty where the two had been standing, and approached a small barbed-wire corral near by, where he mounted a powerful cayuse, and galloped away across the stretch of wild-sweet prairie that separated him from the distant shanty on the prairie to the south.

A few moments' ride brought him to the front of a little dugout shanty that nestled in the side of a little hill at the edge of a small ravine. Just around the slight elevation in the prairie stood a covered wagon, or "prairie-schooner," as they are familiarly termed in the West.

A pair of corral mules, tied to the rear end of the wagon, were busily engaged in eating their evening meal of corn and dry grass out of the wagon-box. A man came out of the shanty with a frying pan in his hand, and held it over a fire in front of the dwelling.

"Hello, thar!" exclaimed Joe, angrily. "What in the blazes air ye doin' thar?" The stranger turned and looked at the visitor a moment, and then said, quietly: "You're a stranger."

"You're a stranger," said Joe, "an' I want to know where claim ye air squatin' on?" "I reckon I kin," he said, "an' I'll tell ye."

"That's the way it looks ter me," said Joe, "an' I want to know where claim ye air squatin' on?" "I reckon I kin," he said, "an' I'll tell ye."

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"That's the way it looks ter me," said Joe, "an' I want to know where claim ye air squatin' on?" "I reckon I kin," he said, "an' I'll tell ye."

"Thought mebbe ye'd have trouble," he explained, "an' that I'd come over an' see ye out."

"Bill," said Joe, gaining courage at the arrival of reinforcements, "he says he 'air't a-goin' ter leave."

"Won't he?" Bill answered, bringing his Winchester down on the stranger. "Now, ye load up yer traps an' git."

"You've got ter advantage o' me. I'll go, but I'll git even with ye sometime, see if I don't," and he began tumbling his effects together.

Bill and Joe watched him while he piled his traps into the wagon.

"Stranger," said Bill, "we don't want ter be hard on yer, an' we don't mind payin' ye fer yer little shanty, aced, as ye can't take it 'long."

"No, it ain't worth nothin'," was the answer. "I don't mind givin' a good neighbor a little thing like that."

"Wal, Bill," said Joe, "it's gittin' late, an' we'd better be gittin' ter the shanty and lookin' after our supper."

"Supper?" exclaimed Bill. "Thar ain't nothin' for supper, nor breakfast either, unless that onery cuss gits back from Attie ter-night."

"Don't say that," answered Joe. "Hitt makes me hungry, an' he didn't have nothin' to eat over thar—an' Ike Dover, his dooty ter help—No—no—they wuz ter run me off—It can't be much later—O, if I could only sleep a littletime, it ain't cold now."

Joe took hold of his hands and held them in his own. They were frozen as he looked at Bill, and Bill, looking at Joe, looked at the ground.

"He can't live," Bill, he said, "an' he's dead."

"Partners," he said, his voice husky with emotion, "you've throw'd away yefter fer us that didn't deserve nothin' but a hake. You've froze them pore hands fer onery wolves that would 'a' driv' ye away from yer claim. O, if ye could only ter tell me how mean an' onery I've ben ter ye."

"Here Bill broke down as wept like a child."

Presently the dying man muttered: "It's all right—I see it's now thar's the cabin, right ahead—And with this words his spirit fled."

"For a long time the only sound that broke the stillness of that desolate prairie home was the sobbing of the twain and the hissing of the winter wind—Will Lisenben, in Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper."

MASTERS OF SIANG.
Good Illustrations of the Development It Has Attained To in America.

Some men speak slang instead of English. I remember paying whilst one day coming up from New Orleans in a Pullman car with three other men, a South American ranchman, a British consul and a Chicago drummer.

A preacher with a large old flabby family entered the car and took a section opposite ours. They made remarks about card playing for awhile and then raising their voices began to sing hymns at us with a schismatous earnestness that was almost beyond belief. It was such an abominably discordant and unpleasant performance that it finally grew unbearable. The man from Chicago laid down his cards in the middle of a verse, and looking across at the preacher, said:

"Say! You air your family air making the hull car fatigued. Droy it! See! Drop it, and don't take it to agin. Life's too shor. This here place ain't a barracks nor a church. It's a sleeper, and we're not paying extra fare to hear your performance."

It is in the Fourth ward, however, that slang reaches its highest point. Some time ago I was coming out of Harper's building, when the voice of a boy, who seemed scarcely five years old, arrested my attention. He was a ragged little urchin, and he was pulling his mother's dress with one hand, while he pointed at the driver of a passing hearse with the other. The driver had a rich burgundy color, and it was concentrated at the end of his nose. It was this that attracted the child's attention.

"Hey, mudder," he said, excitedly, "pipe his jaws wid de rosy beak on the morgue wagon!"

It was akin in accent and intonation to another man, whom I heard as I walked up the Bowery. He was a barker in front of a cheap museum, and I stopped for a moment to listen to him. He wore a huge cigar in the corner of his mouth, and displayed an ever-varying smile. Just as I was passing his place he raised his voice and exclaimed:

"My Gawd! can these things be! Every body stopped."

"Here I yam," continued the barker in a state of excitement, "shootin' off me mouth like a wild man, an' for what purpose?"

Here he turned and addressed the crowd:

"Gents," he said, solemnly, "yer lookin' at the chance of a lifetime—yer lookin' at a winner, boy, or I'll kick yer lung—an' whose 't blame? Am I? No! Walk in! Walk in! Look at th' unrivaled collection of U-ro-pe-an an' native novelties from the courts of Tokio, Mokio, Bokio and WHANG GOOK!"

The barker then lowered his voice to a whisper and added, confidentially: "All fer th' small and giddy sum of one dime or ten cents, includin' a troop of wild-eyed children of Borneo, a living skeleton minus of flies, a Cork girl who writes wid her nose, the dog-faced mudder of four be-ootiful telephons."

At this point he lost all control of himself, and yelled wildly:

"Not for get-tin' Munseer Ping-gull-hinkle, France's fav-or-ite son, who can put on his pants over his head, bent backed as champion agin th' world by us for the chom-mous sum of one hundred TOBACCO DOLLIES CASIL."

shoulders of the unfortunate became detached and rolled over on the floor, displacing a small bag of flour and a cask of bacon.

"Hitt John Biggs come back!" exclaimed Joe; "an' he's brought enough persians ter carry us through, thank God! but pore feller, he's almost done fer."

"All right," he answered, doggedly. "You've got ter advantage o' me. I'll go, but I'll git even with ye sometime, see if I don't," and he began tumbling his effects together.

Bill and Joe watched him while he piled his traps into the wagon.

"Stranger," said Bill, "we don't want ter be hard on yer, an' we don't mind payin' ye fer yer little shanty, aced, as ye can't take it 'long."

"No, it ain't worth nothin'," was the answer. "I don't mind givin' a good neighbor a little thing like that."

"Wal, Bill," said Joe, "it's gittin' late, an' we'd better be gittin' ter the shanty and lookin' after our supper."

"Supper?" exclaimed Bill. "Thar ain't nothin' for supper, nor breakfast either, unless that onery cuss gits back from Attie ter-night."

"Don't say that," answered Joe. "Hitt makes me hungry, an' he didn't have nothin' to eat over thar—an' Ike Dover, his dooty ter help—No—no—they wuz ter run me off—It can't be much later—O, if I could only sleep a littletime, it ain't cold now."

Joe took hold of his hands and held them in his own. They were frozen as he looked at Bill, and Bill, looking at Joe, looked at the ground.

"He can't live," Bill, he said, "an' he's dead."

"Partners," he said, his voice husky with emotion, "you've throw'd away yefter fer us that didn't deserve nothin' but a hake. You've froze them pore hands fer onery wolves that would 'a' driv' ye away from yer claim. O, if ye could only ter tell me how mean an' onery I've ben ter ye."

"Here Bill broke down as wept like a child."

Presently the dying man muttered: "It's all right—I see it's now thar's the cabin, right ahead—And with this words his spirit fled."

"For a long time the only sound that broke the stillness of that desolate prairie home was the sobbing of the twain and the hissing of the winter wind—Will Lisenben, in Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper."

MASTERS OF SIANG.
Good Illustrations of the Development It Has Attained To in America.

Some men speak slang instead of English. I remember paying whilst one day coming up from New Orleans in a Pullman car with three other men, a South American ranchman, a British consul and a Chicago drummer.

A preacher with a large old flabby family entered the car and took a section opposite ours. They made remarks about card playing for awhile and then raising their voices began to sing hymns at us with a schismatous earnestness that was almost beyond belief. It was such an abominably discordant and unpleasant performance that it finally grew unbearable. The man from Chicago laid down his cards in the middle of a verse, and looking across at the preacher, said:

"Say! You air your family air making the hull car fatigued. Droy it! See! Drop it, and don't take it to agin. Life's too shor. This here place ain't a barracks nor a church. It's a sleeper, and we're not paying extra fare to hear your performance."

It is in the Fourth ward, however, that slang reaches its highest point. Some time ago I was coming out of Harper's building, when the voice of a boy, who seemed scarcely five years old, arrested my attention. He was a ragged little urchin, and he was pulling his mother's dress with one hand, while he pointed at the driver of a passing hearse with the other. The driver had a rich burgundy color, and it was concentrated at the end of his nose. It was this that attracted the child's attention.

"Hey, mudder," he said, excitedly, "pipe his jaws wid de rosy beak on the morgue wagon!"

It was akin in accent and intonation to another man, whom I heard as I walked up the Bowery. He was a barker in front of a cheap museum, and I stopped for a moment to listen to him. He wore a huge cigar in the corner of his mouth, and displayed an ever-varying smile. Just as I was passing his place he raised his voice and exclaimed:

"My Gawd! can these things be! Every body stopped."

"Here I yam," continued the barker in a state of excitement, "shootin' off me mouth like a wild man, an' for what purpose?"

Here he turned and addressed the crowd:

"Gents," he said, solemnly, "yer lookin' at the chance of a lifetime—yer lookin' at a winner, boy, or I'll kick yer lung—an' whose 't blame? Am I? No! Walk in! Walk in! Look at th' unrivaled collection of U-ro-pe-an an' native novelties from the courts of Tokio, Mokio, Bokio and WHANG GOOK!"

The barker then lowered his voice to a whisper and added, confidentially: "All fer th' small and giddy sum of one dime or ten cents, includin' a troop of wild-eyed children of Borneo, a living skeleton minus of flies, a Cork girl who writes wid her nose, the dog-faced mudder of four be-ootiful telephons."

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PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"So-and-tho' (grandiloquently) —
"Yes; it pays to do right. Honestly is the best policy after all." Frankley.
"Why don't you have it renewed?" —
Time.

"I am opposed to all games of chance," said Rawson. "And yet you got married?" said Lawson. "Yes, and that's why I am so strongly opposed to 'em—Drako's Magazine."

The Kansas Legislature contains ten newspaper men, who at once elevate its standard of intelligence and reduce its average percentage of wealth. —Kansas City Star.

"I know my defects," said Benjamin pompously; and as the bystanders looked at him admiringly, one of them whispered to another softly: "What an awful lot that man must know!" —Somerville Journal.

Mr. Garrulous—"Why do people think the Sphinx typical of wisdom, George?" George (who is still suffering from the effects of certain lecture) —"I guess it is because the Sphinx always keeps its mouth shut." —Harper's Bazar.

She—"I must show you my new clock before you go." He (facetiously) —"Some of my friends tell me I am homely enough to stop a clock." She —"O, that won't matter! It can be started again." —Life.

"Can't you spare me a little money, papa?" "How much, dear?" "Well, I want to buy enough material to make one of the new-fashioned bathing suits." "All right, my dear. Get what you want. Here is half a dollar." —Richfield News.

"What shall we do if the price of flour goes any further?" exclaimed Mrs. Kneadum to her husband. "I can suggest a simple remedy my dear," responded Mr. Kneadum, quietly. "Just continue your home baking and we need not anticipate any rise in bread." —Montreal Star.

—Young author—"Doctor, if I can't get some relief from writer's cramp I shall have to give up my literary work. I have come to you for advice, Doctor (who has read some of his literary work) —"My young friend, quit writing entirely, and relief not only instantaneous but widespread will follow." —Chicago Tribune.

"You used to think a little more of me and not quite so much of yourself in the days when you were courting me," exclaimed Mrs. Brown, tearfully, during the course of a little conjugal conflict. "You never said a truer thing than that," replied the brute. "I forgot myself entirely at that time, or I never would have proposed." —Terro Haute Express.

Editor great magazine—"Here is a fine article on 'Modern Art,' but it is written by some unknown jay who lives in Pumpkinville." Assistant—"All right! I'll go out and find some great artist willing to put his name to it. Guess one will do it for \$100." "Very well; I'll send the jay fifty cents and tell him to keep quiet, and that maybe we'll take another article from him some day and let him use his own name." —Philadelphia Record.

—Blosson—"Ha, ha! Here's an article which says that before the close of the nineteenth century we shall see women running locomotive engines on our railroads." Mrs. Blosson—"Well, why not? Don't you think they would make good ones?" Mr. Blosson—"In some respects, perhaps. They would keep a good lookout ahead, anyway." Mrs. Blosson—"Why so?" Mr. Blosson—"Because they have their heads out of the cab window all the time to show their own bonnets." —Burlington Free Press.

A PECULIAR STONE.
It Possesses the Flexibility of a Piece of India Rubber.

The Washington Star gives an interesting account of a stone belonging to the chief clerk of the War Department. It weighed about a pound, and was 13 inches in length, 3 in width, and 1 of an inch thick. On picking it up from the desk, when his attention was called to it, a reporter noticed that it bent slightly at the ends, and had the feeling of an elastic bag, however, it was soon to be a hard, compact piece of sandstone, of a light yellow color, with the ends cut to points. The texture of the stone was fine, and presented no evidence of stratification, and was smooth over the entire surface. A knife-blade made no impression on the surface. There was no doubt as to the being a genuine stone, but it nevertheless possessed the flexibility of a piece of India rubber. When taken in the hand and shaken in the direction of its flat surface it would bend back and forth with a dull, muffled sound. The movement was more of a laxity in the adhesion, apparently, than an elasticity. When held horizontally by one end the other would drop and remain in that position. With the two ends supported on rests the free center could be pressed half an inch below the middle line. When one end held firmly on the desk, the other could be bent upward over an inch. The movement was not confined to the one direction—in the plane of the flat surfaces—but the entire stone seemed to be constructed on the principle of a universal joint, with a movement perceptible in all directions under pressure.

Where to Draw the Line.
"In the case of my unfortunate client, gentlemen," said the eloquent attorney for the defense in a murder case, "it is for you to draw the line between murderous rage and emotional insanity."

And the jury rendered a verdict that they thought the safest place to draw it was between the head and shoulders. —Chicago Tribune.



A PROMINENT MERCHANT IN TROUBLE.

Old moneybags mopes in his office all day,
As snappish and cross as a bear;
The clerks know enough to keep out of his way,
Least the merchant should grumble and swear.
Even Tabby, the cat, is in fear of a cuff,
Or kick, if she ventures too near;
They all know the master is apt to be rough,
And his freaks unexpected and queer.

To correct a sluggish or disordered liver, and to cleanse and purify the blood and thereby sweeten the temper, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal. It improves digestion, builds up the flesh, invigorates the system, dispels melancholy, and makes life worth living.

IT IS GUARANTEED to benefit or cure, if taken in time and given a fair trial, in all diseases for which it is recommended, or the money paid for it will be refunded.

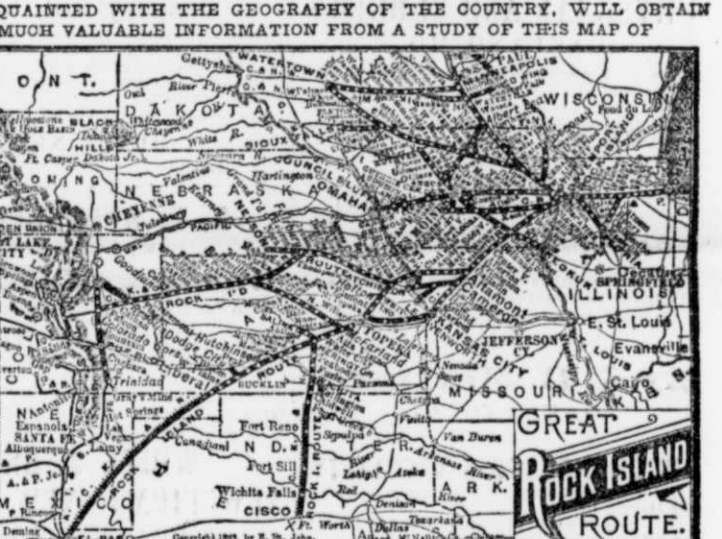
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CATARRRH IN THE HEAD.

no matter of how long standing, is permanently cured by DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY. 50 cents, by druggists.

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.

(Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific and Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska Ryas.)
Its main lines, branches and extensions west, northwest and southwest include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Knoxville, Windsor, Atlantic, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie, Centre, and Council Bluffs in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul in MINNESOTA—Chicago and Kansas City in MISSOURI—Beatrice, Fairbury, and Nelosia in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Norfolk, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. Traverses new and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to older States and to all towns and cities in Southern Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, Indian Territory, Texas, Arizona, Idaho, California, and Pacific coast and trans-oceanic seaports.

SOLID FAST VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS
Of Palace Coaches—leading all competitors in splendor of equipment and luxury of accommodations—run through daily between Chicago and St. Paul and St. Paul and Minneapolis. Similar MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE TRAIN SERVICES daily between Chicago and Council Bluffs (Omaha), and between Chicago and Kansas City. Elegant Day Coaches, Dining Cars, Reclining Chair Cars (P.R.R.), and Palace Sleeping Cars. California Excursionists daily. Choice of routes to and from St. Lake City, Portland, Oregon, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, and intervening localities. Quick time, prompt connections and transfers in Union Depots.

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Runs superbly equipped Express Trains daily each way between Chicago, Adair, Leavenworth, St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Kansas City and Minneapolis and St. Paul. The Favorite Tourist Line to the scenic resorts, and hunting and fishing grounds of the Northwest. Its waterborne branch courses through the most productive lands of Northern Iowa, Southwestern Minnesota, and East Southern Dakota.

THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul. For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Coupon Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address
E. ST. JOHN, General Manager, CHICAGO, ILL. E. A. HOLBROOK, Gen'l Ticket & Pass Agent.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1889.

With this issue we commence the
13th year in the life of THE REPUBLICAN,
thankful for past success and
confident as to the future.

Mr. Kenna was re-elected to the
United States Senate from West Vir-
ginia, on Thursday last week.

The New York Evening Sun alleges
that President Cleveland is a Spirit-
alist and has consulted a medium in
regard to public questions connected
with his duties in the several stations
held by him from Mayor of Buffalo
to President of the United States.
His defeat has not shaken his faith
and he is still a firm believer in Spirit-
ualism. The story hardly seems
credible, but it is asserted with em-
phasis.

There is a great deal of gabble about
the United States Senate being "made
up of millionaires." It is not true.
The New York Sun declares that a
majority of the Senators are poor
men, comparatively speaking. There
are rich Senators, just as there are
rich Representatives; but in the case
of either House it is undoubtedly true
that nine out of ten of the statesmen
who possess great fortunes have
earned their money themselves by
the exercise of those qualities of en-
ergy, industry and enterprise which
have likewise made them prominent
in politics.

Referring to the assassination of
Hon. John M. Clayton, at Plummer-
ville, Arkansas, the Little Rock
Gazette, a Democratic paper, says:
"The men who stole the ballot-box
murdered John M. Clayton to pre-
vent detection of the crime of No-
vember. Some poor devil may have
been hired to fire the fatal shot, but
that is unlikely. The authors of
that deed are men who live in that
community, who wear the badges of
respectability, who still daily mingle
with their fellow-citizens. * * *
They are there every man of them.
Not one has left. Not one has de-
parted from his daily pursuits. * * *
No personal enemy killed Clayton.
He fell a victim to the necessities of
public life to use your own words,
a patriotic purpose to promote the
true glory of our country and the
highest good of our people."

West Virginia Governorship.
The joint committee of the two
houses of the Legislature to investi-
gate and report on the contest be-
tween Fleming and Goff for Govern-
or met Saturday and organized by
electing Delegate W. L. Kee chair-
man. The committee is composed of
three Democrats and two Republi-
cans. After organization the com-
mittee adjourned to meet in Charle-
stown on April 10 at the call of the
chairman. The time for this com-
mittee to investigate was extended
by the Legislature till May 10, at
which time, or soon thereafter, it is
expected a special session of the Leg-
islature will be called to act upon the
report. Gov. Wilson and General
Nathan Goff had an interview Fri-
day, and although each strongly
maintained his right to the govern-
orship after the 4th of March, yet, in
order that no conflict may occur and
that the contest may end peacefully,
thus preserving the good name of the
State, they agreed between them-
selves to leave for the Supreme Court
to decide who shall occupy the Gov-
ernor's chair in the interim between
the 4th of March and such time as
the contest between Goff and Flem-
ing for Governor shall have been
settled.

There is not in human nature a
more odious disposition than a propen-
sity to contempt, which is a mixture
of pride and ill-nature. Nor is there
any which more certainly denotes a
bad mind, for in a good and benign
temper there can be no room for this
sensation. That which constitutes an
object of contempt to the malevolent
becomes the object of other passions
to a worthy and good-natured man;
for in such a person wickedness and
vice must raise hatred and abhor-
rence, and weakness and folly will
sure to excite compassion; so that he
will find no object of his contempt
in all the actions of men.

A Memorable Scene.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 24.—General
Harrison's last Sabbath at home be-
fore his departure to assume the
Presidency was a notable day to the
pastor and the members of his church
the First Presbyterian. When the
hour for beginning the services ar-
rived not a seat was vacant in the
large temple and the aisles were
crowded with visitors, chairs having
been brought in from the Sunday-
School rooms.

General Harrison, accompanied by
Mrs. Harrison and Mr. and Mrs.
McKee, were among the early arri-
vals. A special musical programme
had been arranged for the occasion.
At the conclusion of his sermon pro-
per, the Rev. M. L. Haine spoke as
follows, addressing himself to the
distinguished member of his congre-
gation: "Before these services
close, I cannot but bear in mind that
which to-day is prominent in the
thoughts of us all—the fact that this
is the last service prior to the de-
parture from among us of one who
for more than the third of a century
has been identified with this Chris-
tian church as a member and an of-
ficer. Our sense of personal esteem
and of gratification over your elec-
tion to the chief magistracy of the
Nation is to-day overshadowed by the
necessity of separation, and espe-
cially of the sense of the serious,
solemn responsibilities which no
man on earth is qualified to meet in
his own wisdom and strength. For
unto you in no small degree will it
be given to influence for weal or for
woe the interests of sixty millions of
people. You go forth to meet these
responsibilities carrying with you,
as you well know, the unwavering
confidence as well as the warm per-
sonal regard of your fellow Chris-
tians. We have learned to believe in
you—in your personal integrity, in
your tested, established Christian
character. Character is superior to
achievement. It is in itself the high-
est achievement. Office without
character is nothing. We joy in the
anticipation that you will exhibit to
the people of this Nation that crown-
ing glory of magistrates and sov-
ereigns, a genuine, broad, Christian
manhood, pure in its purpose, catho-
lic in its spirit, undeviating in its
loyalty to duty and to God. In the
stormy days of our civil war we re-
call that in the charge on the field
of battle once and again you led the
ranks forward and planted the flag
of our country upon the ramparts gal-
lantly won. Now as the leader and
commander of three score millions of
people we pray Almighty God to
grant unto you strength and cour-
age and wisdom to lead these hosts
forward in the paths of justice and
truth until our standard shall be
planted on the height of a God hon-
oring and therefore enduring pros-
perity. We know that you have set
before you as the 'poor star of your
public life' to use your own words,
a patriotic purpose to promote the
true glory of our country and the
highest good of our people."

"I speak for all the members of
this church when I say that we hold
you and yours tenderly in our hearts
and we will remember you at the
throne of grace in our prayers, ever
beseeching that God of nations unto
whom our fathers looked and were
righted to guide you by his counsels,
to shield you by his providence, to
enrich you with heavenly wisdom,
and to make you perfect in every
good work and to do His will."
Dr. Haines, during the delivery of
his farewell tribute, spoke with much
feeling, and had the rapt attention
of his large audience.

General Harrison sat with head
slightly bowed as though greatly af-
fected by the solemnity of the oc-
casion, as Mrs. Harrison and Mrs.
McKee.

Just before dismissing the congre-
gation Dr. Haines asked them all to
raise and join in singing "Our Native
Home" to the tune of "America,"
and the words of the hymn were ren-
dered with so much pathos that hun-
dreds of the audience were affected to
tears and both General and Mrs.
Harrison were visibly affected. As
the congregation passed out all the
members of the church and many
who were not members flocked over
to where General and Mrs. Harri-
son were standing near the side en-
trance and bid them good bye. The
occasion was one that called forth all
the feelings of the General and his
old associates, and many of the fare-
wells were extended in a silent hand
clasp. During the afternoon many
neighbors and friends called to bid
them farewell and "God speed."

Arrival in Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 26.—
In anticipation of General Harrison's
arrival, the city is crowded with
strangers and every hour adds to the
number. It is estimated that over
50,000 strangers were in the city when
he arrived this afternoon. Though
expected here about 2 o'clock, he
did not reach Washington for some
time afterwards, as the train was de-

layed by detentions en route through
persistent interruptions at stations.
The committee of arrangements were
at the depot to receive the new Chief
Magistrate of the Nation, and while
no organized bodies formally saluted
him, it being the intention that his
arrival should be as private as possi-
ble, there were thousands upon thou-
sands of the populace at hand to
get a glimpse of the next occupant
of the White House. Immediately
upon arrival Gen. Harrison was
escorted by the reception committee
to the Arlington hotel where luxuri-
ously furnished rooms have been
prepared for him, and where, to-
morrow, he will receive the party
leaders for consultation. Vice-presi-
dent-elect Morton is also stopping at
the same hotel.

The rooms occupied by General
and Mrs. Harrison are conveniently
located on the second floor overlook-
ing Thomas circle, and are altogether
charming. Everything is new,
bright and fresh. There is an abun-
dant of warm coloring and a great
deal of silk, velvet and plush. There
are four rooms in the suite—a large
parlor, a dining-room, a bedroom
and a small smoking-room. The
parlor is furnished in several colors,
plush and rich lace drapings giving
the room a comfortable and cheerful
effect. A mahogany piano con-
structed especially for this purpose,
so it is said, stands in one corner, and
the room is fitted with ear chairs
and pretty tables.

The smoking-room is but large
enough for two or perhaps three, if
the third man is not very large, and
the apartment is provided with leath-
er arm-chairs to give perfect ease and
comfort. The dining-room is bright
and cheerful, the furniture being of
oak. The bed-room pieces are great
solid affairs that harmonize beauti-
fully with the dark tones of the car-
pet and window hangings.

The entire trip from Indianapolis
to Washington was a continued ova-
tion, save through the midnight
hours, orders having been given to
run the train without stops after the
General and his family had retired.
The departure from Indianapolis was
made the occasion of such display
on the part of the citizens, irrespec-
tive of politics, and early this morn-
ing all the business houses and many
of the private residences on the prin-
cipal streets were decked with bun-
tings.

How Sheridan Punished Rosser.

Gen. T. L. Rosser's silly speech at
the Southern banquet has brought
him into fresh notoriety and trouble.
It is at least a quarter of a century
too late for anybody to say anywhere
that "one Southern gentleman can
whip half a dozen Partisan Yankees."
The men who were thereal
fighters in the last Confederate Army
are men who feel and express the
greatest respect for Yankee valor.
Even Rosser ought to have remem-
bered that Lee's hardest fighter,
"Stonewall" Jackson, was the most
"Partisan" of men.

But Rosser has peculiar personal
reasons for not provoking public dis-
cussion as to Northern and Southern
fighting qualities. He happens to be
the one ex-rebel general who is im-
mortalized by ridicule in the abso-
lutely accurate "Memoirs" of that
unsurpassed fighter, Phil Sheridan,
who never failed to treat his gallant
foes with firmness and respect. Now
that Rosser has invited a review of
his war record we give him the ben-
efit of part of Sheridan's story of the
manner in which he administered
exemplary punishment to the "vain-
glorious rebel traitor."

We quote from Sheridan's "Memo-
irs" as follows:
During the 6th and 7th of October
the enemy's horse followed us, al-
though at a respectful distance. This
cavalry was now under command of
Gen. J. L. Rosser, who on October 5
had joined Early with an additional
brigade from Richmond. As we pre-
ceded the Confederates gained confi-
dence, probably on account of the
reputation with which his new com-
mander had been heralded, and on the
third day's march had the temerity
to annoy my rear guard consider-
ably. Tired of these annoyances, I
concluded to open the enemy's eyes
in earnest, so that night I told Tor-
bert I expected him either to give
Rosser a drubbing next morning or
get whipped himself, and that the
infantry would be halted until the
affair was over; I also informed him
that I proposed to ride out to Round
Top Mountain to see the fight.

The engagement soon became gen-
eral across the valley, both sides
fighting, mainly mounted. For about
two hours the contending lines strug-
gled with each other along Tom's
Brook, the charges and counter
charges at many points being plainly
visible from the summit of Round
Top, where I had my headquarters
for the time.

The open country permitting a
saber fight, both sides seemed bent
on using that arm. In the center the
Confederates maintained their posi-
tion with much stubbornness, and for
a time seemed to have recovered their
former spirit; but at last they began
to give way on both flanks, and as
these receded, Merritt and Custer
went at the wavering ranks in a
charge along the whole front. The
result was a general smash-up of the

entire Confederate line, the retreat
quickly degenerating into a rout the
like of which was never before seen.
For twenty-six miles this wild stamp-
ede kept up, with our troopers close
at the enemy's heels; and the ludic-
rious incidents of the chase never
ceased to be amusing topics among
the camp-fires of Merritt and Custer.
In the fight and pursuit Torbert took
eleven pieces of artillery, with their
caissons, all the wagons and ambu-
lances the enemy had on the ground,
and three hundred prisoners. Some
of Rosser's troopers fled to the moun-
tains by way of Columbia Furnace,
and some up the Valley pike and
into the Massanutten Range, appar-
ently not discovering that the chase
had been discontinued till south of
Mount Jackson they rallied on
Early's infantry.

After this catastrophe Early re-
ported to Gen. Lee that his cavalry
was so badly demoralized that it
should be disbanded; and the citi-
zens of the valley, intensely disgust-
ed with the boasting and swagger-
ing that had characterized the arrival
of the "Laurel Brigade" in that sec-
tion, baptized the action (known to
us as Tom's Brook) the "Woodstock
Races," and never tired of poking
fun at Gen. Rosser about his precipi-
tate and in glorious flight.

When Rosser arrived from Rich-
mond with his brigade he was pro-
claimed as the savior of the Valley,
and his men came all bedecked with
hazel branches.

That interesting bit of history, and
Rosser's own recent foolish talk,
ought to make him court obscurity
and oblivion for a season, at least.—
Exchange.

Four More Republican States.

On and after the Fourth of July
next our national standard will bear
forty-two stars in its Union. The
stripes never increase—they are for
our enemies' backs, and are enough;
they were enough on two occasions
for England, and sufficient to ally
the great Democratic rebellion, and
will ever be adequate for the punish-
ment of any future enemies, domestic
or foreign. But there is no limit
to the stars which may appear upon
that azure field, either in number or
brilliance. We want increasing light,
and fortunately we are obtaining it
continually.

Thirteen years have passed since
we last had the pleasure of announc-
ing a new State, a new star—one year
for each one of the stripes on our flag.
The centennial State of Colorado has
justified the expectations which were
then formed for her at her birth.

So may Washington, Montana,
North Dakota and South Dakota.
God bless them!

These names stand for patriotism,
soaring land, and fruitful regions.
In Dakota is preserved, for the eight-
eenth time in our statal names,
something of the poetry of the abo-
riginal Indians whom we have dis-
placed.

The prompt admission of these four
States is one of the effects of Gen.
Harrison's election.

The energy of the Republican party
has compelled a Democratic House
and a Democratic President to ac-
cede to the national demand that the
North should have a representation
in both houses of Congress which
should in some measure compensate
for the suppression of Republican
votes in the South; and the outgoing
President has felt the majesty of the
national will altering and drying up
his plans and intentions, and he has
whipped around, deserted the S. S.,
and shows some desire to leave office
in good order, so that he may not be
overwhelmed with the phantoms of
his defeated conspiracy to extend the
power of the "ruling class" in the
Solid South, and may be able to stand
fairly well with the Northeast,
among whose citizens, much to his
disappointment, he finds himself
again compelled to live.

If these States are true to their
colors, the Senate Republican ma-
jority will be raised from two to ten,
and in the House of Representatives
the Republican majority will become
unassailable.

Undoubtedly one reason why Presi-
dent Cleveland signed this admis-
sion bill was to remove, if possible,
the necessity for Gen. Harrison to
call an extra session of Congress; and
the same reason may operate to in-
duce him to sign the Reduction of
Internal Tax bill.

With these two reasons out of the
way; with two objects of the Republi-
can national platform accomplished,
to-wit, the admission of four Republi-
can States and the abolition of the
tobacco tax, Mr. Cleveland may hope
that Gen. Harrison will not have the
courage to call Congress at once to
regulate and protect the exercise of
the elective franchise in the South.

But we shall see.
The more the Democrats do of Re-
publican work the better, and the
more truly and rapidly may we con-
centrate the efforts of the Republi-
cans upon the herculean task assign-
ed them of putting the S. S. into
harmony with the Republican prin-
ciples of the national constitution.—
Mail and Express.

The Providence of God.

It has been said that an honest
atheist does not exist. We might go
farther and say that it is impossible

for one to be a serious student of hu-
man life and not recognize the sus-
taining, guiding, governing hand of
the God of providence, as well as the
hand of the Creator. We see the
providence of God in its direct appli-
cation to men and their affairs. How-
ever confused the currents of human
affairs may seem in their present
state, however tangled the web of
life may appear from our standpoint,
yet in the review of a long period of
human history, equally confused and
opposing currents appear blended and
directed in one channel and for one
purpose, and the providence of God
is distinctly seen shaping and guid-
ing the varied streams through all
their course.

So, too, of individual life it is true
that "Man's goings are of the Lord."
He does not start in life alone; it is
not of his own design that he starts
at all. He is placed in this world
and led through it by an unseen
hand. His early training, his edu-
cation, his whole course of life from
the cradle to the grave is passed un-
der the providential care and guid-
ance of his Creator. This becomes
more evident when we see how few
men carry out that plan of life which
has been marked out for them by
their parents or by themselves.

How different, too, are the results
of effort from that which was con-
templated at the outset of a career!
A humble, unknown, friendless or-
phan is raised to the highest point of
distinction and prosperity. Another
man, with every advantage which
wealth and position and friends could
afford, sinks into obscurity and ne-
glect. Much is doubtless due to in-
dividual character, but yet how great
the diversity in the success of per-
sons who are similar in their char-
acters, attainments, and advantages!
Some men are born great, some
achieve greatness, and some have
greatness thrust upon them. The
race is not always to the swift, nor
the battle to the strong, nor riches to
men of understanding. So univer-
sally it is acknowledged to be true,
even by those who are irreligious and
even profane, that "It is not in man
that walketh to direct his steps,"
that it has become a proverb that
"man is the creature of circumstances."

We need not go beyond personal
experience to find abundant illustra-
tion of this providential care of God.
They are few who have not been led
in a way that they knew not; few
who if piously inclined, cannot, in
looking back over their past lives,
see that the finger of God plainly
pointed out the path in which they
were to walk; who have not felt the
strong grasp of God's hand holding
them back from evil, his words of
love drawing them to himself, and
his light shining into their hearts,
and on that road which he had made
straight and plain for their weak and
stumbling feet, or thorny or difficult
to test their self-confidence, and bring
them to a humble and patient reli-
ance upon the only true strength.

How often have those plans that
seemed the best, been frustrated;
prospects which were bright with the
rainbow of hope been darkened by
clouds of misfortune, purposes form-
ed for life been blown away like chaff
before the tempest, ways of sorrow
opened before us wherein our feet
were forced to tread, and avenues
closed forever, in which we had
deemed that he might walk joyful
without interruption! So, too, the
blessings which have brightened our
lives have come from the most un-
expected quarters, and often through
our greatest and sorest trials. Our
success has been the most complete
when we despaired of accomplishing
anything, and an enterprise which
we were almost ready to abandon has
been productive of sudden profit and
advantage. Every one who reviews
his life with religious reflection is
surprised to see how little influence
his own plans have exerted upon
that life, and how evident it is that
"there's a divinity that shapes our
ends." In spite of our conscious free-
dom our firmest decisions have been
overruled, we have done the very
things that we pledged ourselves not
to do, and have neglected or forgot-
ten those things which were once
foremost in our thoughts. God has
directed all our efforts, marked our
course, and introduced us to new and
unthought-of scenes. Infinite call this
directing power "chance," the irreligi-
ous call it "fate" or "accident,"
but the Christian humbly agrees with
the Kink of Israel, "A man's heart
deviseth his way, but the Lord direct-
eth his steps."

A boy of eleven years of age, in the
State of New York, has become
crazed by smoking cigarettes and
has been taken to an insane asylum
in Orange county. He is considered
a violent and dangerous maniac, and
displays some of the symptoms pec-
uliar to hydrophobia. The cigarette
habit is unquestionably dangerous
whether indulged by men or boys,
and a law forbidding the manufac-
ture and sale of the health destroy-
ing articles would be advantageous
to the public.

The Washington correspondent of
the New York Herald tells this story
of a social romance and misadventure
which, it is asserted, has just
leaked out: "Mr. George Barclay,
of the British legation, has of late
been sufficiently *oppressed* by Miss Lenter,
the beautiful Western heiress, who
has turned all Washington heads
this winter. Mr. Barclay is the at-
tractive young gentleman who won
fame and money at the Knicker-
bocker Club in New York by backing
himself to drive to the Brunswick
Hotel, dress for dinner and return
inside of ten minutes. He did actual-
ly accomplish this feat inside of seven
minutes. It is undoubtedly owing
to this nervous haste, abnormally
developed by an otherwise rather
slow nature, that Mr. Barclay has
now to accept his present mortifica-
tion. It seems that on Wednesday
night Mr. Barclay felt the "proach
of the cold wave and purchased some
of those warm woolen garments
which stick closer than a brother to a
cold man's legs. The same after-
noon he ordered a box of roses to be
sent to his lodgings. Late for dinner,
as usual, he rushed home, dashed off
a pretty note to Miss Lenter, saying:
"Wear these this evening for my
sake," and handed the note and the
box containing the woolen goods to
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LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in Sturge's Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the same Hall Friday night of each week and Sunday afternoon.

SHEALITE LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legee's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

NOTICE!

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—The Mrs. Israel cottage, in Catonsville is for rent. Apply at its office.

—Mr. C. S. Funk, of New Stanton, Pa., was in Oakland on business Tuesday.

—Don't forget the Nos Family, at Offutt's Hall, Friday evening, March 8th.

—Mrs. Julia Shaffer, of Oakland, started for Minnesota Monday, to visit her parents.

—G. M. Mason will receive a car load of Shelled Corn about Tuesday or Wednesday of next week. 52 cents at the car.

—An eighteen months' old daughter of Mr. John Carney, of Huttons Switch, in this county, died Tuesday of last week.

—A postoffice has been established at Elder, this county, the neighborhood being heretofore known as Elder Hill.

—Mr. E. D. Kepner went to Baltimore Tuesday to represent Patmos Council No. 386, A. L. of H., in the Grand Council, that met in that city this week.

—Married, at Assembly Hall, Mt. Lake Park, by Rev. C. J. Trippett, Wednesday evening, Feb. 27th, 1889, Mr. Charles Smouse and Miss Maggie Loughridge.

—Married, by Rev. John M. Davis, Feb. 15th, 1889, at the Glades Hotel, Oakland, Mr. Adelbert A. Lang and Miss Mollie I. Roy, both of Harrison county, W. Va.

—Married, Thursday evening, Feb. 21st, 1889, at the residence of the bride's parents, about a mile south of Oakland, by Rev. John M. Davis, Mr. Thomas M. Junkins and Miss Mollie E. Spiker.

—Mr. W. W. Ferguson, of Dobbin, W. Va., and Miss M. M. Glatfelter, of Accident, Md., were married at the Windsor Hotel, Cumberland, Tuesday evening, Feb. 26th, by Rev. Richard Norris.

—State Fish Commissioner Delawder has under construction a small steamer for the convenience of fishing parties at Lake Cleveland. It will be about 16 feet long and 5 feet wide, and will be propelled by a one-horse power engine, using coal oil as fuel.

—Mayor D. M. Mason and Miss Sallie Chisholm were united in marriage at the residence of Capt. A. C. Chisholm, in Oakland, on Thursday evening last, by Rev. J. S. Foulk, of the Presbyterian Church. The bride was the recipient of a large number of useful and valuable presents.

—The most wonderful entertainment of its kind ever given in Beltsfonte, Delightful from beginning to end. We consider the Nos Family 100 per cent. superior to any musical family we ever heard. They must be seen to be appreciated.—*Beltfonte (Pa.) Daily News.*

At Offutt's Hall Friday evening, March 8th.

Church Services—Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M., and 7 P. M., by Rev. C. J. Trippett.

Song service every Sunday evening at 6:30.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 A. M., and 7 P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 7 P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

A Good Entertainment.

A large audience was present at the musical entertainment given in the Opera House last night by the Nos Family. The entertainment was one of the finest of the kind ever given here, and the frequent applause given the performers showed the appreciation of the audience.—*Ohio State Journal.*

The above family will appear for one night only in Offutt's Hall, Friday evening, March 8th.

To Members of Lutheran Church. There will be a congregational meeting after services Sunday morning. A full attendance of membership is desired.

G. W. W. AMICK,
Pastor.

Institute Proceedings.

The Institute met at 10½ o'clock Saturday, February 23d. Prof. Enlow, President, in the chair.

Music by Miss Weber and pupils. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Music by Miss Weber and pupils.

Prof. Enlow delivered a very able and practical address, which was listened to with marked attention. He spoke of our public schools, their government and their effects in a way that was full of encouragement, and received the merited applause of the Institute.

Response by Prof. Lee, giving statistics and other information highly instructive.

Music by Mountain Echoes, of Deer Park. "God is Love."

1st Topic. Give a program for 40 pupils in six grades. This was cleverly and clearly done by Prof. Enlow by a blackboard illustration.

Music by the Oakland Glee Club.

2d Topic. School grading and examination by Prof. Lee.

Music by Mountain Echoes.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Music by the Oakland Glee Club.

The following resolutions were offered by Prof. Lee. After being read they were adopted:

Resolved, That we, the teachers of Garrett county assembled in Institute to-day, commend and corroborate the action of Examiner Wm. Hinebaugh and the School Board of Garrett county in calling the teachers of this county together at different places, and organizing district Teachers' Institutes.

Resolved, That we endorse the action of the County School Board in exchanging Smith's English Grammar for Harvey's.

Resolved, That we are in sympathy with our school administration, and that we will lend it our support.

Resolved, That we pray our County Commissioners at their next levy sitting to appropriate \$12,000 for public school purposes.

3rd Topic. How to decorate a school room—Miss Palmer and Prof. Lee.

4th Topic. Proper incentives to study. This topic was discussed at length by Prof. Newman and Mr. Lee.

Music by Misses Weber, Spedden and Johnson.

Essay by L. W. Nine.

Comic song by Miss Weimer and Mr. Lee.

Topics 5th and 6th were dispensed with for lack of time.

Speech by T. J. Peddicord, Esq., giving the teachers a list of legal information "gratis."

Music by Oakland Glee Club.

The following resolutions were then read and adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Institute be extended to Prof. E. Enlow, chairman, for his able and impartial manner of presiding over all our meetings. To Miss Lou A. Thayer, Secretary, for the obliging and patient discharge of all her duties as Secretary. To the Executive Committee for the efficient and satisfactory discharge of the duties assigned them.

To the Glee Club, of Oakland, and the "Mountain Echoes," of Deer Park, for their excellent music which cheered and enlivened our meetings. To the editors of our county papers, the *REPUBLICAN* and *Democrat*, for their courtesy and kindness in publishing our proceedings, especially those of the County Institute. To Prof. Newman, of Masses Hall, and T. J. Peddicord, Esq., for their presence and help. To the hospitable citizens of Oakland who have so kindly entertained us during the different sessions of District and County Institutes, we tender special thanks.

Music by the entire Institute.

On motion the Institute adjourned to meet the last Saturday of October to re-organize.

LOU A. THAYER,
Secretary.

Oakland District Quarterly Meetings.

March 30th, Rowlesburg; April 6th, Brandonville; April 13th, Pleasant Grove; April 20th, Cranesville and Greenville; April 27th, Evansville; May 4th, Hannasville and Friendsville; May 11th, Newburg and Albrightsville; May 18th, Aurora and Hamblenton; May 25th, Deer Park; June 1st, Davis; June 8th, Oakland and Randolph Mission; June 15th District Conference begins at Friendsville.

Old pastors and ministers are cordially invited to attend.

The revival influence continues in many of the charges. Bro. Arnett reports 80 conversions, Bro. D. A. Friend reports 70, Bro. Welch 44, Bro. Knotts 50. Bro. D. Cool is doing earnest work on Deer Park charge. Bro. Orr, Bro. Dean, Bro. Falkner, Bro. John Rexroad, Bro. J. C. Rexroad, Bro. C. E. Shaw, Bro. W. H. Shaw, Bro. Cross, all doing well, with good reports.

W. J. SHARPES, P. E.

Tailoring Establishment.

Do you want a nice Dress Suit or an Overcoat put up in elegant style and to fit you after Nature's own sweet model? Go to G. Felty's New Tailoring Establishment, formerly occupied by A. Lowenstein, and we will guarantee you entire satisfaction. Call and see us and we will show you what we can do in this line.

Centennial Anniversary.

The adjourned meeting of the newspaper representatives of Allegany county, was held in Frostburg Monday, in the Journal office, to take preliminary steps toward celebrating the county Centennial Anniversary in December next.

Chairman Oder, of the committee of memorial, read the paper prepared by the committee, the same being an address to the people of Allegany and Garrett counties, which, after being read, was adopted. On motion the committee was resolved into the Editorial Association with Capt. MacDonald, of the *Independent*, chairman, and H. W. Schaidt, of the *Review*, secretary. The secretary was instructed to forward a copy of the address to all benevolent, religious, clerical and all other organizations, and to the county commissioners of Allegany and Garrett counties. J. J. Robinson, of the *Lancaster Star*, was elected treasurer of the editorial fund.

On Motion, Capt. Hayden, of the *Republican*, and J. S. Combs, of the *Democrat*, Oakland, were admitted members of the Association.

The following is the committee's address in full:

"An Address to the People of Allegany and Garrett Counties:

"At the session of the General Assembly of Maryland, in the year 1780, an Act was passed, the title and preamble and second section of which reads as follows:

"An Act for the division of Washington county and for the erecting of a new one by the name of Allegany."

"WHEREAS, A number of the inhabitants of Washington county, by their petition to the General Assembly, have prayed that an act may be passed for the division of said county by Siding Hill Creek, and for erecting a new one out of the Western part thereof; and it appearing to this General Assembly, that the erecting of such a new county will conduce greatly to the due administration of justice, and the speedy settling and improving the Western part thereof, and the ease and convenience of the inhabitants thereof.

"Second—Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland: That all that part of Washington county which lies to the Westward of Siding Hill Creek shall be and is hereby erected into a new county, by the name of Allegany county, and the inhabitants thereof shall have, hold and enjoy all such rights and privileges as are held and enjoyed by the inhabitants of any other county in this state.

"The remaining seven sections of the act provide in detail for the establishment of courts, county seats and a routine substantially the same which rules civil operations to-day.

"The act was passed on the 25th day of December of that year and it has occurred to a fraternal body of your fellow citizens represented by the undersigned that it was an event of such importance that its centenary anniversary this year ought to be commemorated by those who now enjoy the continuing legacy bequeathed in these counties.

"The body whom we represent, therefore, having taken the initial step toward fulfilling the patriotic duty indicated, bids us make appeal generally to all persons and societies, and especially to all municipal and business corporations, and all citizens notable for public spirit and enterprise in Allegany and Garrett counties, to unite with us in formulating designs, plans and programme, and in obtaining means to promote and secure a due observance of our county's centennial day.

"We are instructed to emphasize this appeal by urging the suggestion that action to be operative, must be prompt, and aid to be effective, in many instances, must include both money and labor. The urgency of the occasion is particularly demanded by the needs of the orator, essayist, historian and poet, each of whom is entitled to the amplest time possible for preparation. It is hoped, therefore, that all organized bodies, civil, military and benevolent, will act at once and favorably, each by the appointment of a delegation to a convention representing all interests, to be held at the call of the president of our association.

"To the superior judgment of that convention we gladly remit all further suggestions.

"By a curious, though happy coincidence, our centennial falls upon the great festival day of Christendom, and in this circumstance it will be unique in an age noted for similar demonstrations. Our people will stand alone in enjoying a two-fold occasion for universal congratulation.

"It should be remembered also, that although the progressive spirit which has made Allegany a county as early as Washington's first year as President, yet all the original States had not ratified the instrument which conferred constitutional government upon the country. While one of the States was yet halting between two opinions concerning its own sovereignty—while yet the flag of our country, destined to carry a galaxy of stars, growing in number and lustre, had not earned its perfect title to float thirteen stripes for all time, Allegany, though only a county, had caught the proud spirit of the elder genius which animated the foremost States of the young republic, and was as swift to establish a distinct political division as she was to claim and obtain the right to do so.

"Let us add that all the antecedent history of the territory comprised within the boundaries of the original county, glows with events of thrilling interest, which it were well to recall in some special manner and enshrine in fadeless print. Let us make the argument commemorative by citing all the subsequent history of the wonderful development and growth of the county as a narration in itself worthy of vivid remembrance by the latest survivor of this generation.

"Let every organization and citizen join us, therefore, in perfecting an occasion to which we can invite and welcome every worthy son and friend of the county, wherever they live, to unite with us in our day of gladness.

"J. B. ODER, Journal, Chairman.
"J. J. ROBINSON, Review.
"J. J. SCHAEFER, Workman.
"E. HAMBRIGHT, Courier.
"H. W. SCHADT, Review.
"W. E. GRIFFITH, News.
"J. W. AVIRETT, Times.
"R. McDONALD, Independent."

After the adjournment of the association the members were delightedly entertained at dinner at the guests of C. B. Oder, of the *Journal*, at the St. Paul Hotel, Frostburg.

Decision in the School Board Case.

The Court of Appeals has settled the school board controversy by deciding that the Governor's appointees are the legally constituted school commissioners. The title of the case is *George W. Merrill and others vs. The Board of County School Commissioners of Garrett County*. Judge Robinson delivered the opinion, which is as follows:

"The order granting the injunction in this case must be reversed. The parties to this appeal are each claiming to be the legally constituted board of school commissioners of Garrett county. The appellees were appointed by the Circuit Court of the county under the act of 1872, chapter 377, and the appellants were appointed by the Governor under the act of 1888, chapter 58, which repeals so much of the act of 1872 as conferred the appointment upon the Circuit Court. The validity of the appointment of the appellants is assailed on the ground that the act of 1888 was passed after the expiration of fifty days from the commencement of the session of the Legislature. The question turns upon the construction of section 13, article 2, of the constitution, which provides that 'all civil officers appointed by the Governor and Senate shall be nominated to the Senate within fifty days from the commencement of each regular session of the Legislature.' The main object of this provision was to afford to the Senate full opportunity to ascertain and pass upon the fitness and qualifications of the several appointees nominated by the Governor for its confirmation, and which could not be done if the appointments were delayed till the last days of the session. But this, like all other provisions, must have a reasonable construction, keeping in view the object for which it was adopted. And thus construing it, we cannot suppose the framers of the constitution meant it to apply to appointments to be made by the Governor under laws passed during the sessions of the Legislature. If the construction insisted on by the appellees be correct, the Governor could not make appointments under laws passed after the expiration of fifty days from the commencement of the session until the meeting of the next Legislature. Such cannot be the meaning of the constitution.

"The objection to the validity of the appointment of the appellants on this ground cannot be sustained, nor in fact on any ground relied on by the appellees. The term of two years for which the appellees had been appointed by the Circuit Court had expired, and they were holding over merely till the appointment and qualification of their successors. And the appellants having been duly appointed by the Governor, and having qualified, they are in our opinion the legally constituted board of school commissioners of Garrett county. It may be proper to add that we are not to be understood as deciding that a bill in equity for an injunction is the proper mode of proceeding for the purpose of testing the validity of the appointments of school commissioners. Their title, however, to the office is a matter of public concern, relating to the public schools of the county, and we have deemed it proper to decide the question without stopping to consider the mode of proceeding by which it is presented. Order reversed and bill dismissed."

Photographs Enlarged.

Mr. Frank D. Brooke, of the Red Star Photograph Gallery, Oakland, is prepared to enlarge Photographs in India Ink, Crayon, water Color or Nonpareil (India Ink and water colors combined.) We were shown a number of specimens which were executed in the highest style of the art. All work guaranteed.

Spring Styles.

We are now opening new Spring Millinery and fancy goods.

M. L. SCOTT,
Baltimore Store.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending March 2, 1889:

Bohne, Lakyett,
Hayden, Charles,
Lindberg, J. J. E.,
McCrindle, L. M.,
Solters, Lewis,
Wilson, J. L. T.,
White, G. W.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

These letters are chargeable with one cent due on delivery.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Half Fare to Washington.

For the benefit of all who desire to visit Washington at the time of the inauguration of President-elect Harrison, the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Washington and Baltimore at rate of one fare for the round trip from all points on its line. The tickets will be on sale February 28th to March 3rd inclusive, and will be valid for return passage until March 7th inclusive.

Excursion tickets to Baltimore will be good to stop over at Washington in either or both directions.

Excursion tickets from Washington to Baltimore, at rate of \$1.20 for the round trip will be on sale at all B. & O. Ticket offices in Washington, February 28th to March 4th, good until March 7th.

CHAS. O. SCULL,
Gen'l Pass. Agent,
B. & O. R. R. Co.

Another Chance to Get Bargains in Specialties.

I have a very desirable line of winter weight ready-made clothing and boots and shoes, which I will offer for sale at reduced prices for the next ten days. Also a line of notions, such as gents' woolen underwear and hosiery; also a line of Ladies' and Misses' toboggans, etc., all of which are new, fresh and fashionable goods. Call and secure some of these bargains.

W. C. L. CORRELL.

President-elect Harrison maintains his unique reputation as the maker of short and pithy speeches that are models of good sense and good taste. His farewell to his old Indianapolis neighbors reminds us of the tone of the like little speech that Lincoln made in 1861 to his old neighbors. "Let me," said Gen. Harrison, "say farewell to all my Indiana friends. For the public honors that have come to me I am their grateful debtor. They have made the debt so large that I can never discharge it. There is a great sense of loneliness in the discharge of high public duties. The moment of decision is one of isolation. But there is One whose help comes even into the quiet chamber of judgment, and to His wise and unflinching guidance I will look for direction and safety. My family unite with me in grateful thanks for this cordial good-bye, and, with me, wish that these years of separation may be full of peace and happiness for each of you."

LONDON, Feb. 26.—The Berlin correspondent of the *Times* quotes from a speech given by Prince Bismarck in the lower house of the Prussian diet on Friday on the Samoan question. The chancellor, he says, regarded as impossible the interruption of Germany's friendly relations with the United States on account of the Samoan incident. The geographical situation of Samoa and the crude telegraphic facilities made it impossible for Germany to accept responsibility for all acts of its agents there. The parties to the dispute were animated by only the best spirit, and Germany's commercial interests would not materially suffer.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Estate of William Wass, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Testamentary on the personal estate of

WILLIAM WASS,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of September next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate, given under my hand this 26th day of February 1889.

JONAS WASS, Executor.
Mineral Springs, Md.

Estate of Barbara Weimer, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

BARBARA WEIMER.

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 10th day of September next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate, given under my hand this 26th day of February 1889.

SILAS WEIMER, Adm'r.
McHenry, Md.

FARM FOR SALE.

COAL & FIRE CLAY.

I am authorized to sell a farm of 200 acres, 125 acres of which are cleared, situated on the Oakland and Sang Run road, six miles from the Oakland, and near the Youghiogheny river. This is a very desirable farm, and is underlaid with three veins of Coal, one vein being 6 feet, another 3 feet and another 1 foot. Also an abundance of Fire Clay.

The improvements consist of two dwelling houses, a barn and other outbuildings. Also a good orchard, and a young orchard just coming into bearing.

The farm is well watered, and is in every way a very desirable property. One hundred and twenty-five acres of valuable timber. Call on or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
1589 Republican office, Oakland, Md.

ORDER NISI.

Morris M. Townsend }
William A. and Mary E. } No. 493 Equity.
Browning.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity, this 19th day of February, 1889, that the parties to the above named case, do appear before the court on the 22nd day of March next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 16th day of March next.

The report states the amount of sales to be \$500.

F. Z. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 2213.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.

G. S. HAMILL, V. President.

S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.

24 Prompt attention to collections. 112789

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding, Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of work.

MASSEY HALL

PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Easter Term begins

January 3rd, 1889.

Regular courses continued. Lectures on Commercial Law. Special attention to Collegiate and Business requirements. Classes in Literature and Free-hand Drawing. Number of Pupils Limited.

For terms, hours of study, etc., apply to

REV. J. NEWMAN,
77 td Principal.

Successful Treatment of Disease

A SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY!

NEEDS THE CURE OF DISEASE

NICHOLSON'S MICROBE KILLER

Successful Treatment. CURES: Catarrh, Bronchitis, Consumption, Malaria, Rheumatism.

Wonderful Tonic and Blood Purifier.

The efficacy of the Microbe Killer in cases of consumption has been so effectively demonstrated that we are justified in claiming for it a curative power over those of any medicine known. We do not claim for it a miraculous power in curing cases so far gone that cure is impossible, but we do claim that it will cure any case where the lungs are not more than half gone. Persons who have suffered for years with intractable chronic diseases, Microbes, or germs, are causes of disease. The medicine that will kill the

A LABOR SONG.

"I'm going home," the refrain came,
In joyous accents ringing.
I paused beside a window pane
Where sat a woman singing.
She, bending o'er her humble work,
New courage seemed to borrow.
Her voice rang through the twilight mirk;
"I'm going home to-morrow."
Then all about that dingy room,
Through all its grimy windows,
There shone a light that made the gloom
Pass with celestial brightness.
And from the singer's carol came
A word of comfort and of cheer,
Passed every line of sorrow.
As sung she in that gloomy place:
"I'm going home to-morrow."
O, shorter, of faith and hope,
In labor's by-paths lowly,
Why should I weary, doubting, grieve?
Your psalm of life is holy.
Why, then, need I, from day to day,
Much useless trouble borrow?
Why not sing your glad-song lay?
"I'm going home to-morrow."
—Mrs. M. L. Payne, in Detroit Free Press.

A BLACK CAT.

Their Tastes Were So Similar,
After All.

"It's a strange, dreary-looking place," said Mrs. Linfield. "I don't think I'm going to like it here, Dick." "I think you will, mother," said Dick, cheerily. "You see, the weather's sort of lowerin'. And this ain't the time of year for a country place to look pleasant. Besides, any house that hasn't been lived in for a year will smell a trifle musty. And when I've trimmed away the tree branches that hang down over the eaves, and sicked down the hollyhock stalks and high weeds, and got the old grape vines trained up a bit, and things in decent running order, why, you won't know the place."

Mrs. Linfield sighed. Hers was a sad nature, and had been from her youth up. Dick, her only son, looked at life from entirely a different point of view.

"Sit down, mother, dear," said Dick. "See how merrily the fire blazes up the chimney. Listen! As true as I live! (holding up his finger) there's a cricket on the hearth! Hear it chirp! There's luck for us, mother, all ready cut and dried. And look! a black cat!"

For, even as he spoke, a stealthy feline creature glided across the room, her yellow eyes flashing like a pair of Oriental topazes.

"A black cat eh?" repeated Mrs. Linfield, her dejected countenance brightening up a little. "Well, I do believe there's a good fortune in that! D'ye s'pose she'll stay here with us, Richard?"

"Stay here? Of course, she'll stay here. Why shouldn't she stay here, if we feed her and make her welcome? Now, mother, you're set up, aren't you, with a cat? And a black one into the bargain!"

"I seen a yellow dog a-squellin' round the premises," observed Mrs. Linfield, dubiously. "Dogs is always a-worryin' cats. It's their nature!" "I don't care what their nature is," said Dick, briskly. "If any dog attempts to harm this black cat, I'll kill it, sure as I live!"

He spoke the last seven words with his head out of the window, trying to fasten back a refractory blind, that flapped to and fro against the north siding of the house; and as he spoke them, the black cat sprang past him, clearing the window-sill with a bound, and vanished into the mimic wilderness of bushes that filled the door-yard with their neglected luxuriance.

Isabel Vennor, from the ragged little garden-patch, where she was gathering the few last tomatoes that hung like monster knots of coral from the vines, saw old Jet spring into the misty October air, and heard the voice and its utterance. She stood still, with the tomatoes in her apron, and her eyes flashing with indignation.

"Kill it!" she cried, under her breath. "Kill my Jet! So, that's the kind of neighbors we're going to have! That's the new engineer in the button factory, that Mr. Dilworth said was so nice and amiable! Oh! I'm glad I've found him out! He's been the very beginning!"

She dropped the burden of tomatoes, enfolded Jet in her apron, and hustled back into the house as if an avenging angel had been in full pursuit of her.

"Dear me, Bell!" said Mrs. Vennor, who was quietly knitting by the fire, "what's the matter?"

"It's the new neighbors, mother!" cried Isabel, breathing hard and quick. "I know all about them, and they're perfect y'horrid!"

Half an hour later, when the twilight had fallen darkly on the rocky New England pasture lots, and the sluggish course of the little river below, Richard Linfield knelt at the door of the Vennor house.

"Could I borrow a box of matches?" said he, his handsome face inclined, his hat in his hand. "It seems to be the one thing we're out of, and—"

"We have nothing to lend," said Isabel, hastily, as she closed the door in his face, with a furtive glance at the black cat, who was watching a mouse-hole in the kitchen closet beyond.

Richard Linfield went away, considerably surprised, and not a little hurt into the bargain.

"I supposed country neighbors were obliging," said he; "at least, that's what I've always heard say."

And for a moment he was almost inclined to agree with his mother, in her estimate of the new home—that he was not going to like it.

He walked all the way down to the Tavern Corner, where there was a general store, which included every thing from chalk to cheese.

"Well, I declare," said old Jonas Denl. "My brother's widder lives next door to ye—in the little red house

with the gambrel ruff. Sh'd hev' thought they'd a let ye hev a bunch of matches!"

"I tried it," said Linfield, with a smile, "but the young woman slammed the door in my face, and told me she had nothing to lend."

"Great Scott!" said Mr. Denl. "That don't sound at all like Isabel!"

As the weeks rolled by, and the first straggling snow flakes began to descend on the drifts of red and brown leaves in the cottage garden, Mrs. Linfield grew more reconciled to her new dwelling place. Dick had nailed down bright carpets in the dismal rooms and draped the staring windows with Turkey-red curtains. He had repainted the buttery shelves, and put up a row of pegs in the old little square entry, and all in the intervals of leisure which he contrived to snatch, before and after factory hours.

"Mother's a bit rheumatic, and her eyes aint as good as they were," he said, to excuse the originality of his proceedings, "and so I do these things to save her! There's nobody knows what a mother she's been to me all these years!"

Every one liked the bright-eyed, earnest-voiced young engineer. Every one took kindly to his quiet, domestic little mother, who had turned the neglected cottage rooms into such a comfortable, home-like spot, except Isabel Vennor.

"A man who would persecute a poor cat can't be worthy of the name," said she. "Don't tell me! Straws show what way the wind blows! The idea of his taking a class in Sunday-school! Some people are too hypocritical for any thing!"

And yet, in her innermost mind, she thought Richard Linfield the handsomest man she had ever seen, and secretly did homage to his chivalrous goodness to his mother.

"If only it had not been for Jet!" "You'll go to Squire Ogilvie's corn-husking to-night, Bell?" said Jonas Denl's black-eyed daughter. "Every one is to be there. Josie Ottlingden and Cyrus Dater, and the two Boone girls, and Mr. Linfield, the new engineer in Woodman's factory, and—"

"That's enough," said Bell, with a sudden straightening of her slim neck, and oblique flash of her gray eyes. "I've an ailing, I don't want to be there."

"La sakes, Bell!" cried her cousin, "how you do talk. What in creation can you mean?"

But to this Bell would return no definite answer, and Kitty Deal went away, more curious than ever.

Bell smiled to herself to think how she had managed to evade her cousin's curiosity; she frowned to think how foolish she had let her tongue loose in the heat of the moment, and she was just turning to enter the house, when a low, quiet voice, fell on her ear from the other side of the fence, where the arbor-vitae hedge made a tall and well nigh impenetrable screen between the two places.

"Miss Vennor," it said, quite composedly, "I want to know the meaning of all this."

Isabel reddened and started, as she saw Richard Linfield's eyes looking full into her own, through a sort of aperture formed by his two hands, holding back the arbor-vitae boughs. For a second she was almost inclined to run away, but she rallied herself just in time.

"I have a right to know the meaning of it—"

"Eavesdropping, eh?" said Isabel, scornfully. "Well, I might have known that that would be one of your accomplishments."

"Not eavesdropping," said Dick. "But I was setting out a young seedling plum tree for my mother—mother is dreadfully partial to plums—close to the hedge here, and I couldn't help hearing what you said."

"And I heard what you said once," flashed out Isabel, making a grasp at Jet, who just then scampered across the path. "You said that you would kill my cat—my poor, defenceless cat!"

"Yes, you said so."

In the same moment the ungrateful Jet scratched his way out from his mistress's grasp and ran to Dick, rubbing himself caressingly up against the young man, with a loud purr.

"I don't think I could have said that," said Dick, taking Jet up in his arms and kindly stroking his ink-black head. "I never killed a cat in my life. Cats are fond of me. Aren't they, Blackey?"

"To who? To who? Jet responded by rubbing his head enthusiastically against Dick's hand, and utterly ignoring his mistress's attempts to recapture him."

"But—but I heard you," exclaimed Isabel, incredulously, "with my own ears! It was the first day you came. You were leaning out of the window there. Jet jumped past you. And I heard you say: 'I'll kill it as sure as I live!'"

Dick's handsome black brows were contracted for a second—then he burst into a laugh.

"O, I see!" he cried. "I understand it all now. I did say so—but I never said it of this superb creature. We found the cat here when we first came to the house, and we were just rejoicing to think he had brought us good luck, when my mother told me of a dog she had seen prowling around, and expressed a fear that it might harm the cat. And I said, out and out, if it did I would kill it! And so I would have done! But the cat ran away, and there was an end of the thing. There! That's the whole history for you!"

Jet purred louder than ever. Isabel held out her hand, while her red lips

quivered and the tears sparkled into her eyes.

"I—I am very sorry," said she. "Will you forgive me?"

And then and there the feud was made up. Isabel went to the corn-husking that night with Dick Linfield, to Miss Deal's immense amazement—and just six months afterward they were married.

"Our tastes are so similar, you see," said Isabel to Miss Crutchett, the village gossip. "We are both so fond of flowers—and poetry—and—and—"

And when they returned home after their unpretentious little holiday trip they found Jet purring on the hearthstone.—N. Y. Ledger.

A CULTURED MONARCH.

King Oscar II. as a Gifted Poet, Orator and Musician.

A correspondent writing from Stockholm gives an interesting description of King Oscar II. of Sweden, and Norway. Being the third son, says the writer, he probably never dreamed that he one day would wear the crown of Sweden and Norway. In the year 1872, however, he succeeded his eldest brother, the beloved Charles XV. The second brother, Gustaf, had already been dead for many years. On his accession to the throne Oscar was already forty-three years old, and was not then very popular. The writer used to say about her two reigning sons, the polite, considerate Prince and the rather reckless King Charles: "Oscar does every thing in his power to gain popularity; Charles does all he can to lose it, and neither seems to succeed."

Judging from the interest shown of late in Oscar II., both at home and abroad, it would seem that the King had at last obtained what he Prince so long pursued in vain. Now, at the age of nearly fifty, and after a reign of sixteen years, he has become rather popular, especially in Sweden, though less so in Norway, and is widely praised throughout Europe as an accomplished gentleman, a cultivated student and an able orator.

Every body who has ever heard the King speak compliments his voice, style and manner. His speech from the throne resembles in no respect similar ones in other European capitals. When arrayed in snow white ermine, a red and gold mantle over his shoulders, a golden crown on his head and a scepter glistening with jewels in his hand, Oscar appears before both houses of the Legislature to deliver his address, his magnificent voice fills without an effort, the large Throne Hall, and his hearers hang delighted on his words. I have not had the pleasure of being present on one of those occasions, but I am assured that the King is no ordinary orator.

King Oscar is more than a gifted speaker. He is also a poet, as was his brother who preceded him to the throne. When, in 1862, he and his Queen celebrated their silver wedding, it was remarked that His Majesty also been faithful to the Muse for twenty-five years. For it was in 1837 that the Swedish Academy awarded its annual prize for poetry to a collection of verses which, when the sealed envelope containing the author's name was broken, was found to have come from a royal pen. Among his poetical productions are translations of Goethe's "Tasso" and Herder's "Cid." The best known of all his poems is a collection of many and euphonious songs about the Swedish navy. They have gone through four Swedish editions, two German and one Danish. All the poems of "Oscar Frederic"—his name in literature—have been published in Germany as well as in Sweden. King Oscar is furthermore a musician. His talents in this department of art were recently very highly praised by the renowned German critic, Hanslick, who visited this city a few months ago. The resident poet of the Swedish Academy of Music is in a large measure due to his activity when Crown Prince. He was then President of the Academy for several years.—Denver Republic.

A Model Philanthropist.

It was one of Joseph W. Drexel's greatest pleasures to secretly help the poor. His philanthropy was not warped by narrow prejudices, and he would not refuse to open his purse even to the appeal of an ex-convict. Indeed, he even went so far as to employ a man who was once a clergyman in this city to visit the police courts and take the addresses of those who had been sent to prison for stealing. Then he would have the case investigated, and if he found that poverty had been the means of driving a man to crime, or a woman to crime he would be especially generous and considerate. Many unfortunate families were debtors to his charity, and he has helped many, who would otherwise have been wholly destitute, to honest employment and comfortable homes. His pet philanthropy was his 200-acre farm at Plainfield, N. J. where he kept, fed and clothed a number of friendless and penniless tramps. If they turned out well he transferred them—"promoted them," as he would jocosely remark—to his fine Maryland estate, where he would put them in a way to acquire farms for themselves. He spent probably \$20,000, I am told, in his scheme to establish five-cent lunch-rooms.—N. Y. Star.

A bow-legged man was standing before the office stove warming himself. He gruffly refused to buy a paper from a boy who thrust his head in at the door. Indignant newsboy—"Say, mister, you're standing too near the fire, I guess; you're a-warmping!"

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SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—One stamping by electricity is considered the only sufficient economical system to permit of low-class ores being treated at a profit.

—In Greece, an industrial school for girls has been opened at Athens. Four hundred girls are employed there, with the happiest results.

—Since the telephone was established in Switzerland, in 1860, sixty-one towns have been provided with it, and there are now 6,944 telephone stations, 1,500 of which are in Geneva.

—In the new process of metal-plating the inventor does away with batteries and dynamo and depends upon a double electrical composition. In copper-plating cast-iron an alkaline bath is used in place of an acidulated one.

—Experiments in raising frogs artificially for market have not proved successful. There is considerable demand for frogs' legs in our large settled districts; they have become scarce in regions near our markets.

—The uses of the cotton plant are developing rapidly. Formerly the fiber of the blossom was only put utilized. The seed began to supply a large proportion of the "olive oil" and "lard" in the country, and now the hulls are found to be cheaper and better than the wood for paper pulp.

—Sunflower seed is coming to the front as an article of commercial value. As an admixture to chicken food its merits are indisputable. Veterinarians use it in a medicinal way in the treatment of horses. Its growth is considered of use in the prevention of malaria, and the extraction of a valuable oil from it is a looked-for result.

—Many entomologists are of the opinion that the antennae of insects are organs of hearing, though it is probable that the auditory apparatus in many insects is not confined to the antennae. Thus grasshoppers and crickets appear to have ears in their legs, and the crustacean genus Mysis is provided with auditory organs in its tail. Equally curious arrangements have been observed in other insects.

—If anything is needed to convince men that gas is the fuel of the future it is found in the recent scientific experiments which show that by the very best method known of burning coal not more than 8 to 10 per cent. of the heat is used, the remainder being wasted by imperfect combustion, or carried off through the chimney. When the coal is turned into gas and the gas burned, nearly 50 per cent. of the heat can be utilized.

—The fact that the elementary substances now number, according to chemists, full seventy, shows an increase, with the last fifty years, of nearly one-fourth in the number known. The size of an atom of oxygen or nitrogen is said to have a diameter of one-tenth-millionth part of a centimeter; they are supposed to be in a state of constant motion, at the rate of seventy miles per minute, and to make them visible, the present highest known magnifying power of the microscope would have to be increased nearly a thousand fold.

—It is only about once in fifteen years that Mars comes as near as 36,000,000 miles. Its orbit is so eccentric that the interval between it and the orbit of the earth varies all the way from 36,000,000 miles to 61,000,000; and it is only now and then that, as the two planets circle round in their respective tracks, the passing point is where the tracks come nearest. The last instance of a very close approach was in 1377; the next will be in 1892. Mars is much smaller than the earth, its diameter being only about 4,200 miles. Its bulk, therefore, is only about one-seventh, and its surface about three-tenths of the earth's.

Divorces in England.

It is customary to throw stones at the United States for the numerous divorces which take place among its people, but statistics show that the percentage of divorces in England is growing with alarming rapidity. Since the Divorce act was adopted by Parliament, thirty years ago, there have been no fewer than 13,023 suits brought under it; and in 7,295—more than half—the court has put asunder those whom the church has joined together. The showing is worse still when the three decades of divorce are compared with each other. In the first, 1858 to 1867, there were 2,188 applications for divorce. In the second, 1868 to 1877, there were 3,272, an increase of 50 per cent. In the third, 1878 to 1887, there were 4,761, an increase of about 75 per cent. In the next decade the increase will, say the lawyers, fully 100 per cent.—Toronto Mail.

Kissing Under the Mistletoe.

Respecting the question of kissing under the mistletoe, a correspondent writes to London Notes and Queries: "One would suppose, from the part played by the mistletoe in Scandinavian mythology, that this custom was common to all northern peoples. Baldr was slain by a mistletoe dart at the instigation of Loki, and in reparation for the injury the plant was afterward dedicated to his mother, Frigg, so long as it did not touch earth, Loki's empire. On this account it is hung from the ceilings of houses, and the kiss given under it signifies that it is no longer an instrument of mischief. The fetes held in commemoration of the sacred mistletoe survived in some parts of France into the sixteenth century. The plant was credited with many talismanic properties, and its festival attracted immense gatherings of people."

TEMPERANCE READING.

A MOTHER'S REVERIE.

It seems but yesterday I sat
In my easy, old arm-chair;
The sunlight shone bright, and "arm"
Upon my dark brows lay;
No furrows yet upon my brow,
No tears had dimmed my eye,
For care and sorrow in their round
Had softly passed me by.

My home was just a quiet spot
Within a cozy nook;
No future high or stately walls
Would court a stranger's look.
But all these lowly cottage walls
Were the fairest I could see,
For the dearest friends God ever gave
Were gathered here with me.

My little boy, with bounding step—
So happy and so free—
Came home from school upon this day,
And came right straight to me.
With sweet caress and happy face,
At once he drew quite near,
To tell his chid an troubles o'er
In mother's willing ear.

He was not such a wondrous boy;
In going down the street
Perhaps a dozen fairer ones
You'd be sure sure to meet;
But, with his father's brave blue eyes,
And frank and manly ways,
I soon looked upon him as
And found full much to praise.

I looked upon that noble brow,
That forehead white and fair,
And saw, or fancied that I saw,
Traces of talent there;
And dreamed such sweet and happy dreams,
Not in the olden days,
Nor saw across my vision bright
One shade of trouble gleam.

I thought when silvered was my hair,
Upon a summer's day,
And footsteps all too weary grown,
I'd turn and lean on him;
I'd turn and lean on him;
I'd turn and lean on him;
I'd turn and lean on him;
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I'd turn and lean on him;
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I'd turn and lean on him;
I'd turn and lean on him;
I'd turn

MISCELLANEOUS.

A lazy genius in Maryland has invented an automatic fishing pole which, by the aid of stout spiral springs, yanks out the unwary denizens of the streams while the fisherman smokes and reads in peace.

A physician writing upon the care of the eyes says that it is important that the upper half of all types should be cut very clearly, as much depends on the upper portions of printed letters in reading.

It was from a quart or two of rice from Madagascar, which, first planted on a marsh on East Bay, Charleston, S. C., has since grown into one of the chief products of the South along the Gulf States and added so much to the food of the world.

The yield of corn in the United States for 1888 was 2,000,000,000 bushels, or 32 bushels per head for every man, woman and child in the country. One hundred years ago the United States did not more than barely supply her own demands for food; now she dominates the markets of the world.

Walking sticks are now being made that are useful as well as ornamental. From one a silk umbrella can be drawn and screwed to the cane; another has a receptacle for pencils and pens, and is convenient for those who ride on street cars and other city cars and cross ferries; another contains a measure for the height of horses, and has a spirit level attachment; and still another has a good little watch set in the crystal handle.

There was a poplar tree at Clyde Station, Haywood County, N. C., so large that it made plank enough to build a church fifty feet long and thirty-eight feet wide, twelve feet high, and supplied weatherboarding, ceiling and flooring. From the same tree a fence was built on three-quarters of an acre around the church, and there were three logs left over. The remaining three logs are enough to build another church of the same dimensions as above.

There is a deed on record in the Clerk's office at Gainesville, Ga., which conveys to the purchaser all the land south of the grantor's door. The grantor or maker lived near Clarke's Creek Church, and the deed covers all the surface of the earth south of that point. If the heirs of the purchaser could hold the premises conveyed, the Rothschilds, Vanderbilts and Goulds would be the richest beggars compared with them.

A distinguished foreigner came to America about thirty years ago and merely announced his intention to become an American citizen. Returning to Europe, he was arrested at a Mediterranean seaport, imprisoned, and his life endangered. A Yankee shipper, lying in harbor there restored that prospective American citizen to liberty by training his guns on the city and demanding the instant release of Kotsza. The American Congress voted the thanks of the republic to the Yankee shipper.—Washington Post.

A big leopard on exhibition in Boston acted queerly for several days, and as it seemed to be in great pain, an examination was made, which revealed a good-sized piece of wood wedged between two of the animal's teeth. The "silver" penetrated the gums, and Boston's dog executioner was called into service to remove it. He lassoed the beast, and after quite an effort succeeded, by the aid of a pair of forceps, in removing the wood. The leopard soon improved, and at last accounts was as well as ever.

DOCTOR SCHLEIMANN.

The Wonderful Linguistic Achievements of the Great Excavator.

Doctor Schleimann, whose chief claim to fame rests upon his excavations of the sites of classical Greek cities, possesses in a remarkable degree the "gift of tongues." In an interesting account of the struggles of his early life he was born of poor parents in a Mecklenburg village—recently given at a meeting held in his honor at Heidelberg, the explorer described the steps by which he became an accomplished linguist.

He conceived a strong desire to learn Greek from having, when a shop-boy, heard a drunken man, who had been well brought up, recite some lines of Homer. In 1841 Schleimann, who had betaken himself to a seafaring life, was wrecked on the coast of Holland, and barely escaped with his life.

He then obtained a situation in an office at Amsterdam, and immediately set himself, though having little time and less money to pay teachers, to master the languages he was bent on acquiring.

By his own efforts and by his own method—which was boldly to begin to write languages, and when possible to get a friend to correct his productions—he learned English in six months, French in another six months, and passed on to Dutch, Spanish, Italian and Portuguese.

Then he attacked Russian, which, of course, gave him more trouble, but brought his great reward, for it opened to him the road to Russian commerce, in which he attained wealth of which he had never dreamed.

After this he mastered Polish, Swedish, Greek ancient and modern, Latin and Arabic. Though some of these languages are, of course, scarcely more than dialects of an original stem, the list is portentous enough to challenge attention.

It is claimed for Cardinal Mezzofanti that he was master of about seventy languages, but by many the claim has been disputed. Incidentally Doctor Schleimann mentioned that he had not yet done with excavations. He next intends to make some experiments in Zete.—N. Y. Morning Journal.

FASHION NOVELTIES.

Evening and House Toilettes for Young Ladies and Misses.

In no other kind of toilette is the line so clearly drawn between what is suitable for matrons and maids as in evening gowns, in both the style of making and the choice of materials.

The rich stand-alone silks and satins, the stately brocades with their graceful Pompadour designs on pale Watteau tints, the heavy plushes and Lyon's velvets in rich and rare shades are for matrons only; for their daughters there is a wonderful variety of airy fairy fabrics essentially youthful in effect. Velvets are sometimes used in combination with lighter material for the costumes of young ladies.

Among the delicate fabrics for evening gowns, the striped and figured gauzes, the spangled and beaded tulle, nets, etc., nothing is more elegant than the embroidered India muslins.

These made up in conjunction with some of the soft shimmering corded silks, such as gros de Lyon and French falls, or with peau de soie of a corresponding shade are always charming.

When the embroidery of these beautiful sheer muslins is intermingled with beads, pearls, or self color, a more dressy effect is produced; the corsage is then decorated with passementeries embellished with beads to match. All of the delicate shades are worn for evening dresses, but white and yellow certainly predominate. All shades of yellow, from the palest primrose, maize and apricot to the deepest orange and copper yellows.

White and gold combined is extremely fashionable for all kinds of house gowns, whether of wool or silk, or of the finer fabrics for full dress.

There is sufficient variety in the style of making house and evening gowns, but all conform in some degree to the two prevailing fashions, the Directoire and Empire. All, however, are but modified imitations; and some might be called composite, as the gown shows a combination of both, while the sleeves are of the slashed Italian style or that of some remote era. Skirts should hang in plain, straight folds or be very slightly draped.

If, for a very slight figure an attempt at a bouffant effect is made it should be done by the hand of an artist only. The newest house gowns for young ladies are décolleté, falling on the floor three inches at the side and six at back; the full breadth of the princess back shirred or smocked to the pointed bodice. It is in the training and decoration of the corsage that ingenuity and love of variety find expression. Almost any style or arrangement of folds and trimming, almost any shade of sleeve or collar that is, at the same time, picturesque, graceful and becoming, may be readily adopted. The round-out bodice, just covering the tips of the shoulders, seems to be the favorite for evening gowns, but some of the newest gowns are cut square, with the personal modesty which is, so universally becoming, hence perennial. The sleeve worn with a décolleté corsage may reach to the elbow or be a mere strap across the shoulder under a knot of ribbon or bunch of flowers.

The short-waisted dresses which seem to have a struggle for popularity, are made to look so by the Empire sash which is carried twice around the waist; they are sometimes arranged to have a peaked effect back and front and are tied in a loose knot a little to the left of the front.

A beautiful evening dress for a young lady has a full skirt of white spangled tulle over a petticoat of white satin; over this fall two square panels of ivory white peau de soie embroidered in gold; the beautifully fitted princess back is of the peau de soie demi-trained; the front of bodice draped on one side with the spangled net, on the other with folds of the peau de soie embroidered with gold. A bunch of small ostrich tips frosted with gold on the right shoulder, the same in hair, which is done in the Recamier style, a fan of ostrich feathers, with gold sticks, and white satin shoes with gold heels, and long gloves of the palest tan complete this exquisite ensemble.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Schemes and Their Dupes.

The American public has had perhaps quite as extended experience with schemes, which have, after obtaining liberal contributions from over-confident and sanguinely prospective stockholders, proved to be nothing but a trap or catch-penny arrangement, as any other country, and still they seem slow in learning the lesson which has cost them or their fellow-men so much.

A notable instance of this is found in the recently defunct Electric Sugar Refining Company, which was to completely revolutionize the business, and the stock in which so many ambitious investors took shares. With such striking examples of the uncertainty of all things earthly, including Keely motors, Panama canals and electric sugar refining companies, it would seem that those who are anxious to increase their wealth would use a little more discretion and judgment. P. T. Barnum's statement that the American people were not happy unless humbugged, or words to that effect, seems to be literally true, and as long as they are thus, there are those who are willing to profit by their credulity.—Boston Budget.

A man applied at the Campbell County (Va.) clerk's office for a marriage certificate, but wanted it for a quaver. The clerk exacted \$1, the usual price. Next day the man returned and asked the clerk to refund, that the girl refused to marry a man that was so stingy as to try to beat down the price of a marriage license.

BASELY UNGRATEFUL.

How a Young Physician Violated the Ethics of His Profession.

An old fellow sat on a rail fence. His hat lay on the ground; his long hair was tangled and his face wore a rueful expression. A traveler, noticing the old fellow's hardness of countenance, stopped and thus addressed him:

"You seem to be worried."

"Am."

"What's the matter?"

"Got a duty to perform."

"It must be an unpleasant one."

"No, the duty is pleasant enough, but the waiting is tiresome."

"Why do you wait?"

"See that house up yonder?"

"Yes."

"Well, there's a fellow in there that I am going to larrup as soon as he comes out."

"He has done you an injury, I suppose."

"He has."

"What did he do?"

"Well, I'll tell you how it was. He came into this neighborhood about six months ago and began to practice medicine. I have been a practicing physician in this community for thirty years, yet I treated the upstart kindly. How did he repay me? With the basest ingratitude, sir. I'll tell you how it was. About two weeks ago old Peter Nolan was taken awfully sick. He was as sick a man as I ever saw in my life. Why, he had swamp fever, rheumatism, pleurisy, and a number of other diseases. I was called in. As soon as I looked at him I saw that he had no show, and I told him that it would not be honest for me to give him medicine and take his money when I knew that I could do him no good."

"That was surely commendable," said the traveler.

"Of course; but mark the difference. That young snipe was called in. What did he do? Act with corresponding honesty? No, sir, he pitched in and gave old Pete a lot of medicine."

"And killed him, eh?"

"Well, no; the scoundrel has about cured him."

"Yes, but that proves him to be a good physician."

"A good physician!" the old fellow exclaimed. "Why, blast him, he knew that I had said old Pete couldn't live. He knew that my professional reputation was at stake. Why didn't he let the old fool die? Why did he want to cure him and ruin me? It was an unprofessional act, sir, and just as soon as he comes out of that house I'm going to whack him. I am not going to be insulted in my old age. I am not going to allow a young popinjay to ruin the profession. Wait till he comes out and you'll hear something drop."—Arkansas Traveler.

AN EXCELLENT MAXIM.

Have a Time for Every Thing, and Do Every Thing in Its Time.

"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven."

Never was saying truer than this; never one of more universal application; never one the disregard of which would cause more dire confusion. "A time for every thing and every thing in its time" should be the companion maxim to "a place for every thing and every thing in its place;" and if it were made one of the rules for living how much more could be accomplished in a stated period than if duties were performed and various pursuits pleasurable or otherwise, followed without regard to the fact that there is "a time to every purpose under the heaven."

Such, however, is the perversity of human nature, that we are perpetually taken possession of by a demon of longing to do a certain task or enjoy a certain pleasure in the time that we are positive, beyond a doubt, should be devoted to some other purpose. Who has not been the victim of this strong desire to do at a certain time "that which he ought not to do, and to leave undone that which he ought to do?" It seems too, sometimes, that the more insignificant the duty of the moment the stronger the aversion to doing it just then, the more powerful the temptation to put it off until some other time. We have felt grieved beyond measure at the thought of putting two or three needed tasks in a carpet, and have actually permitted ourselves to defer doing it not only weeks but months. We fancy eyebrows lifted in horror at this frank confession; but to those who lift them we would say, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." Such ones, too, we would urge to give thanks three times daily that they "are not as other men are."—Christian at Work.

A Profit-Sharing Railroad.

There is one railroad in America, operated on a profit-sharing basis, and but two in the world. The American road is the Toledo, Ann Arbor & North Michigan, which with its prospective branches will cover the greater part of the State. The road pays to its officers and employees a dividend, the president alone being excepted. In order to obtain this dividend the employees or officials must have been five years in continuous service of the road. The way in which the matter is arranged is for the board of directors to declare dividends on the amount of salary received by each servant of the road as if that sum represented, not a salary, but an amount of stock of the road. There are also provisions made for employees who shall be injured in the service of the road and also for those who retire after twenty years continuous service. The plan has not been in operation two years yet, but it is regarded as successful. The employees favor it and the stockholders also. Such plans certainly closely identify the interests of capital with those of labor and thus serve a useful purpose.—New Haven Record.

ODD BOSTON WOMEN.

One Collected Watches and the Other Had a Weakness for Laces.

The death of Mrs. Gardner Brewer reminds me of an incident I heard of her several years ago in Washington, out for which I can not vouch. Like many wealthy ladies she had a fondness for gathering curios, and her beautiful home contained many quaint and unique articles of silver, rare old porcelains and china, collected in years of foreign residence. Her late "fad" was a costly one—watches. In a case of which she kept the key herself, was a choice array of time-pieces, ranging from big Dutch affairs, which can be peeled, layer after layer like an onion, to the daintiest of enameled, jeweled watches, used by French beauties of the empire. Some of these had once belonged to those whose names are famous in literature or society. Mrs. Brewer employed an expert to look up these things, but depended upon her own judgment as to their value. The agent reported that an old lady in Washington, indirectly connected with George Washington's family, had a silver watch once carried by the first President.

Mrs. Brewer found the old lady in the destined circumstances and quite willing to part with the watch for a trifle. After verifying the date of the watch, Mrs. Brewer told her it was worth many times the price she asked, and after consulting with other connoisseurs of antiques, she deposited the old lady every comfort, even if she lived to be a century old. I dare say many collectors, less noble, would have taken the watch at the old lady's valuation.

Another rich Boston lady has been collecting for years specimens of lace, until she has pieces of all the pillow laces, such as Mechlin, Valenciennes and the costly Honiton, with its delicate sprigs of sufficient variety and age to illustrate the manufacture. Some of her needle-made laces, like Italian and Venetian point, were wrought in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and others, besides their intrinsic worth, are doubly valuable as having once adorned royal ladies—the Empress Josephine, Napoleon's mother, and the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. This lady also has many "Cathedral" laces that formerly draped the altars of European convents, now suppressed. Most of the fashionable "fads" by which wealth amuses herself require a special training, long experience and the nicest discrimination. A New York lady, who indulged her passion for these rare products of the needle, was suddenly bereft of husband and fortune, and now earns a good salary by selecting laces in Europe for a large dry goods house.—Boston Letter.

DYING FOR PRINCIPLE.

Facts Showing That Making It Better Now Than It Ever Was.

It is true that in these earlier ages men died for faith, principle, ideas; but they die for them in this age. Every day throughout the world men are taking flying leaps at death because of their fidelity to ideas. The post-schism man that leaped on the railroad track in front of the rapidly moving train and flung two little children from it, but met his own death under the murderous wheels of the ponderous machine, died because of his idea of duty. It was not his duty to fling away his own life for the life of others, but he thought it was, and he did it. Self-sacrifice, unselfishness of the highest and noblest sort, is not of any particular age, but of all ages. The spirit of compromise is the spirit of selfishness, and it is not an exclusive growth of the present time. Indeed, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find any other period in the world's history in which the spirit of charity, of good will toward men, was more sentient or active than it is to-day. It is not only in this country, but in all countries, that benevolence flows in a steady stream from the rich to the poor. The land is thick with great charities. We need not look about any great city like this to recognize how strong, and broad and deep the stream of charity flows. It is alighted in scores of institutions kept alive at a most enormous cost for the helping of those who need help; there are hospitals, homes, asylums, refuge schools, numbers, which all represent the world's selfishness, its liberality and charity. This age is no worse, but better, than those which went before it, because there is ever a potent spirit abroad in it helping and improving it. Religion, education, social usages, are all employed in shaping the world to better ends, and they are doing it effectually. If there are great riches they are more equally divided than ever before, and if there is also selfishness in the world there is also charity, and if there is abroad the cowardly spirit of compromise there is also the noble one of heroic endeavor and self-sacrifice.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

"And so you think that you deserve an increase in salary, Mr. Bookkeeper," said old Whitcomb, as the clerk stood before him, pale with the courage of desperation. "Yes, sir," he replied; "and I have waited until the new year before speaking." "I'm glad you did," returned the merchant; "for it gives me an opportunity to meet your wishes. I will pay you the same amount for 365 days' work this year as you got for 365 days in 1888. Good morning."—Puck.

You can tell a merciful farmer as soon as he stops at a post. He takes the blanket off his wife's lap and spreads it over the poor horses.

MRS. LOGAN'S IDEA.

The Enterprising Woman Proposes to Establish a School of House-keeping.

It is said that Mrs. General Logan is busying herself abroad looking into a scheme which she thinks—if she finds it practicable—of carrying into execution when she returns to this country. In Germany there is a custom which imitates young ladies, who are given a year of training in housekeeping, who teaches them all the accomplishments which it is held fitting a house-mistress should acquire. Many women in Germany who are learned in all domestic matters, but who are left widowed and in need of money, keep their homes in this way. They take as inmates young ladies, who are given a year of training in housekeeping. They are taught all the mysteries of washing paint so that it will not peel; of sweeping carpets so that the nap is not taken away with the dust. They learn how floors should be waxed to look like glass, and old mahogany polished to resemble a mirror; how silver should be cleaned and china and glass properly washed; what will soonest cleanse and brighten mirrors and windows; how lamps are kept in order, and what is the secret of the satin gloss of properly laundered linen. They learn how to market, to choose the best meat, fish and vegetables, and how they should be cooked to be tender and well flavored. Their pastry falls into flakes at a touch, their bread and rolls are light and sweet. They know how to can, preserve and bottle all sorts of fruit and vegetables and just how tables should be set, dinette sprigs, of sufficient variety and age to illustrate the manufacture.

Some of her needle-made laces, like Italian and Venetian point, were wrought in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and others, besides their intrinsic worth, are doubly valuable as having once adorned royal ladies—the Empress Josephine, Napoleon's mother, and the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. This lady also has many "Cathedral" laces that formerly draped the altars of European convents, now suppressed. Most of the fashionable "fads" by which wealth amuses herself require a special training, long experience and the nicest discrimination. A New York lady, who indulged her passion for these rare products of the needle, was suddenly bereft of husband and fortune, and now earns a good salary by selecting laces in Europe for a large dry goods house.—Boston Letter.

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BALL-ROOM DUST.

Dangers That Are Encountered with a Light Heart by Gay Young People.

Words of prudent caution are apt to be regarded as indications of senility which can be laughed to scorn by the more youthful and robust. The dangers of sudden chills when heated are rashly brushed by those who have not learned wisdom from sad experience, until too many families have to mourn the loss of one whose initial troubles they date back to "exposure on leaving a dance." A correspondent seasonably draws our attention to another risk which can not be avoided by the most prudent until it has been generally recognized, viz., the probably deleterious action of the irritant particles of glass flux, known in commerce as "glittering frost," "frost powder," etc. These particles were formerly affixed to artificial flowers and fancy dresses by some adhesive material, but they are now employed extensively by merely being dusted on before attending places of amusement, and are hence readily shaken off and diffused through the atmosphere by any brisk movements. Our correspondent has experienced irritation of the throat, while he has known other persons who were affected in the eyes, or who suffered from irritation of the skin of the face and hands, doubtless to be traced in this cause. It is quite conceivable that the trouble may extend further. It is well known that operatives working in an atmosphere charged with irritant particles, suffer from various forms of chronic pulmonary disease. In his admirable report upon the mortality in England and Wales during the ten years 1871-80, Dr. William Ogilvie devoted considerable space to the consideration of the mortality from phthisis and diseases of the respiratory organs in what he terms "dust-inhalation occupations." His figures bear a heavy record against the dust of stone and the dust of metal. Hitherto the dust of glass has escaped observation; indeed, the circumstances under which it is likely to be inhaled render it probable that subsequent bronchial affections are more likely to be attributed to some other cause; still it can scarcely be supposed that these insoluble sharp particles can be inhaled with impunity.—London Lancet.

The surest way of preventing milk from scorching is to seal it in a double boiler or one placed in a kettle of boiling water. Wetting a kettle with cold water and allowing it to remain a few minutes before putting the milk in will lessen the danger of scorching the milk.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Feeding stock to gain a profit from is a nice point and requires study and close attention.

—Use carbolic acid in all the whitewash that may be applied, and whitewash the interior of the stables as often as it can be done, as it renders them light and cheerful.

—Should the cow's teats become cracked or sore from any cause, always before milking soften them with boiled linseed oil, and apply this again after milking until well.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—It impairs the growing qualities of seed potatoes to store them in salt barrels. Every potato which touches the side of the barrel will become soft at the point of contact, and the eyes will be destroyed.—American Agriculturist.

—To propagate the apple by seeds they should be sown in rich ground, in drills of about one foot in width and two feet between each drill, and so scattered that when they grow there will be one plant to every two inches. They must be covered with about one inch of earth and one inch of last-mold, tan-bark or sawdust. The usual time selected for planting is October or November, or even later.

—Orange sponge furnishes a delicate dessert. Dissolve three and a half sheets of Goussier's Isinglass in water and add to it one pound of sugar on which you have previously squeezed the juice of six good-sized oranges and one lemon and a half. Add the whites of three eggs well beaten, and beat all together till the mixture is thick and frothy. Turn into a mold and set on ice.

—Any young man not now on a farm who desires to become a farmer should hire out to the best farmer he can find and stay two or three years. He will then get trained for his work and be paid for his training. He can still further help himself by a course of judicious reading and study during the winter evenings. Such a course for a young man of common sense and energy will fit him to manage a farm wisely and well.

—There is a good deal of potash in corn cobs, as thrifty housewives long ago learned when making soap. It is here that a good deal of the mineral elements of the corn plant are concentrated. Perhaps it is for the potash as a corrective of acidity in the stomach than animals will often eat the cob. It is all the better for being charred or burned. Burn to a crisp the corn cobs from which fattening hogs have devoured the corn, and see how greedily the same animals will then eat them.

—Corn Oysters. With two cups of canned or freshly graded sweet corn mix three beaten eggs, a cup of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, enough flour for a thin batter, and a heaped teaspoonful of baking powder. Have ready some thin little squares of cold roast lamb or veal. Drop the batter in thin cakes on a buttered griddle, on each cake lay a bit of the gold roast, and cover it with a teaspoonful of the batter; bake the same as griddle cakes, and serve them nicely browned and hot. This makes a very palatable imitation of fried oysters.—American Agriculturist.

WORN-OUT ORCHARDS.

How to Renovate the Soil and Restore Fertility to the Trees.

We often meet with an orchard of apparently healthy trees, which is practically fruitless. The owner may tell us that it formerly bore abundant crops, but of late years the trees have "run out." Why have they "run out?" They formerly gave good crops of apples. All the other land on the farm was expected to give but one good crop, but this of the orchard was made to give a crop of grain, or a crop of grass or clover, to be taken off as hay. The soil soon became tired of doing this double duty. The trees "gave out" because they were robbed of food; the first thing they need is feeding. Of course, if the soil needs draining, lay the needed tiles at once, or as soon as the soil will allow. Such orchards are usually in grass; draw on a heavy dressing of manure and spread it, and, as soon as the soil is in proper condition, turn over the soil and manure with the plow; with the hot weather the soil will decay rapidly. When this is found to be well rotted give another plowing, and a deep one. If ashes can be had spread a heavy coating and harrow; in the absence of ashes harrow in a good dressing of lime. If the trunk and larger branches are covered with loose scales of old bark upon which Hensons and mosses have a foothold, scrape off the loose bark, using a blunt, short-handled hoe as a scraper. Then in a damp time or thaw wash the trees with soft soap thin enough to apply with a brush. Use home-made soft soap made with lye or potash. That sold at the stores is usually merely hard soap mixed with water and very deficient in strength and quite inferior to the home-made. Mix the soap with enough water to work readily, go over the scraped portions with it, and leave the spring rain to finish the work. In due time the bark will be found beautifully smooth and deprived of all foreign growth. The soap that has been washed into the soil will act as a useful fertilizer. Long neglected trees usually require pruning, and this must depend upon the condition of the tree. Never cut out a branch without good reason for it. If the top has become crowded, cut out enough branches to let light and air into the center; if grown one side, remove the branches needed to restore the balance. If large woody limbs are made smooth the sap and paint them over with some dark colored paint.—American Agriculturist.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS



Wolff's ACME Blacking
BEATS the World. It is the Best
HARNES DRESSING
The BEST for Men's Boots
Ladies'
Children's
ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF.
SOFTENS and PRESERVES the Leather
Once a week for every boot and once a month for
saddles, as simple as brushing, it makes the
harness and most durable polish yet used. It
does not leave a greasy film, and gives a
brilliant shine. It is the only product of the
kind ever produced. It is so easy to use that
any one can use it. It is sold by
Sole by Grocers, Druggists, and Shoe Dealers.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,

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Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE.

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and

Window Blinds.

And everything usually kept in a First-

Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table

on the B. & O. R. R., which went into

effect November 18th, 1888:

GOING EAST

No. 1—Accommodation—7:41 A. M.

No. 3—Accommodation—10:31 A. M.

No. 5—Accommodation—1:31 P. M.

No. 7—Accommodation—4:31 P. M.

No. 9—Accommodation—7:31 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2—Accommodation—5:54 A. M.

No. 4—Accommodation—8:44 A. M.

No. 6—Accommodation—11:44 A. M.

No. 8—Accommodation—2:44 P. M.

No. 10—Accommodation—5:44 P. M.

The fast trains, with the excep-

tion of those mentioned, make stop-

pages only at the First Class Sta-

tions. Tickets should always be pro-

duced before taking the cars, pas-

sengers saving thereby from 10 to 25

cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,

Manager.

C. K. LORD,

General Passenger Agent.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting

down any of the timber on my land on the

Hopkins Road, adjoining the land of Bowie

Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park

and six miles from Oakland. The penalty

for cutting down timber in Garrett county

is, without permission of the owner of the

land, to be fined under the Act of 1880, ch

284, as for feloniously stealing goods or chat-

tels to the value of the tree or trees so cut

down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

Have frequently warned persons from put-

ting crosses on my land, along the railroad,

and hereby notify all persons who have re-

sented this warning to immediately remove

any crosses that may now be on my land,

and in the future to respect. This notice and

save themselves trouble. I do not intend to

be trifled with.

JOHN BRADLEY.

Cincinnati, O. Nov. 28, 1888.

Wanted! Reliable Men!

To canvass for a full line of Nursery Stock

Permanent employment guaranteed. Pre-

vious experience not required. Outfit free.

SALARY WITH EXPENSES PAID.

None under 25 years of age need apply. Ad-

dress enclosing stamp, for full and reliable

information, to

E. C. PIERSON & CO.,

1206 Established 1880. Waterloo, N. Y.

Clifton R. Breckinridge's Lonesome and Awful Position.

If Mr. Clifton R. Breckinridge does not speedily resign he may find himself out-lawed and friendless in his own State. While he still shows no evidence of a troubled conscience or of any anxiety for the capture of the assassins of his competitor, the people and newspapers of Arkansas, to a commendable degree, show that they realize the terrible significance of such a political murder and that so long as it is unpunished the whole State will suffer—morally, politically and materially—from the consequences of the justly enraged public sentiment of the country.

The fact that four Democratic members of the Arkansas Legislature have decided to resign because they are convinced that their certificates of election were due to frauds and the stealing of ballot boxes, is a fresh and fearful condemnation of Mr. Breckinridge's moral torpor and incapacity to realize the disgrace and horror of his own situation. Simultaneously we get from that intensely Southern Democratic newspaper, the St. Louis Republic, the most vigorous admonition to the people of Arkansas, and from the Democratic Little Rock Gazette the evidence that these admonitions were not needed. "The present duty of the citizens of Arkansas," says the Republic, "without regard to party, is to leave the discussion of politics severely alone in connection with this case and to join in bringing to bear on Sheriff Snelby, of Conway county, a pressure of public opinion that will nerve him up to his duty without regard to any danger he may incur in Plummerville in doing it."

The Little Rock Gazette brings the good news that "there is little doubt from the facts that have come to light within the last few days, that the assassins of Col. John M. Clayton are known, and that before long they will be in the clutches of the law."

It seems that after the arrest of certain citizens of Conway county for unlawful interference with a Federal election overture were made to the Republican State Committee for a compromise involving the withdrawal of an offer of \$1,000 for the arrest of certain ballot-box thieves and the letting off of five arrested persons, and the disclosure of frauds whose discovery would help Col. Clayton. In the course of the negotiations one of the representatives of the guilty parties said that the agreement would "save Clayton's life. But the agreement was not completed and there is strong circumstantial evidence that the assassination was due to the failure of the negotiation. The Little Rock paper comes to the conclusion that "it cannot be long until the good name of Conway will be vindicated by the swift punishment of the assassins and of the men who stole the ballot boxes on the night of November 6."

This is good news for Arkansas and for good citizens everywhere. Holding, however, the false and fatal position that he still does, it is bad news for Clinton R. Breckinridge and for the conspirators who set out to capture the next House for the Solid South by frauds, intimidation and violence. Breckinridge is the tool and victim of far stronger and worse men. He lost the chance to extricate himself from the terrible position in which he was placed by the assassination of his competitor by resigning a seat stained with blood and a certificate obtained largely by the frauds that were undoubtedly committed by the murderers of Clayton.

And, while the people of Arkansas have realized that this political murder was a calamity to the State, a foul blot on its history and a dire menace to its future growth and prosperity, what evidence has been given by the extreme Southern leaders in Congress that they regard the assassination as anything more or worse than political bad luck? "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," is an old and sacred truth, capable of extension to political martyrs. The blood of Clayton will be the seed of true Republicanism in Arkansas and in the adjoining regions. All the circumstances of his assassination were such as to make his blood "cry from the ground for vengeance," to reach the better nature and better sense of the people that feel most the shame of such a tragedy, and to open the eyes of good men, in all sections, to the demonic character and inevitable results of the prevalent Southern theory that Republicanism means "negro supremacy" and that fraud, intimidation and murder are justifiable methods of resisting that supremacy.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

The things which thy eyes have seen utter not hastily in a quarrel, lest afterward thou mayest not be able to make amends, when thou hast dishonored thy friend.

Excessive labor is wrong, but judicious labor is the safety valve of life.

Primitive Marriage Not so Easy.

In a recent essay on the "Philosophy of Marriage" a lady remarked that nothing could be easier and simpler than marriage in primitive society. Now one ventures to think that, as society advances, marriage becomes more instead of less simple. The consequences are to be found in what is called "surplus population." The savage makes things more difficult. Before a young brave of the Kurnai can even flirt he has to submit to having his little finger top joint cut off, to having his front teeth knocked out, to being rudely shaved with a sharp stone, to being daubed all over with mud, and to a number of other horrors neither simple nor easy. The young Red Indian in some tribes has to serve as a slave for a whole year in the cabin of his future father-in-law. Moreover, the rules about who might marry whom were so notoriously difficult and complex that often it must hardly have been possible to marry at all. Consider likewise, that the tribes in which a man can not marry unless he can buy a wife by offering a sister in exchange, and recollect that the older men were wont to snap up all available young women and that sisters who seemed "too many if not two" were slain when they were babies. Without entering into the question of difficulties that surrounded the bride, it is evident enough that marriage was not in primitive, or at least in backward society, such plain sailing as Mrs. Lynn Linton appears to believe. To be sure it was easy enough in India, where the Gandharva ceremony consisted merely in a lady and her lover exchanging their wreaths of flowers, while the Miniature rite of shooting arrows over the heads of the happy pair was picturesquely simple. But the difficulties before they came to the ceremony were much greater than in civilized society, or so late had to suppose. In fact, if people set conscientiously to work to make marriage difficult and unattractive they could hardly have succeeded any better. Apparently "the course of true love never did run smooth," especially among the Zulus, whom, as we all remember, Cetyway kept in a state of military celebrity—Longman's Magazine.

And He Still Has Hops.

"I have been shipwrecked, been baked in a railroad accident and find out of a foundry window by a boiler explosion. I was shot in the neck at Gettysburg, suffered starvation in Libby prison, fell overboard from a transport off Charleston, and lost my fingers in the mouth of a shark. I had my right arm broken in two places in a New York riot, and stood on a barrel with a halberd on the outbreak of the great rebellion from sunrise to sunset. I was buried under the ruins of a building in San Francisco during an earthquake, and dug out after fifty hours of imprisonment. I have been shot at three times, twice by lunatics and once by a highwayman. I was buried two days by a gas explosion in a mine, and narrowly escaped lynching last year in Arizona, through mistaken identity. And though I am over fifty, and have nearly lost the use of my right leg, have just had, as you understand, all my property destroyed by fire in a Western town; and the doctor in New York to whom I went last week for an examination, assures me that I will soon be ridden from rheumatism, nevertheless," he added cheerfully, "while I undoubtedly have met some obstacles in the past, I still refuse to believe that luck is against me."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

He gazed around the cheerful and comfortable looking apartment, then addressing the widow, he said:

"Your husband's been dead over a year now?"

"Yes," she answered, with a sigh, "over a year."

"I remember reading his obituary," he said, "and I thought it contained a misstatement of facts."

"Yes, it said that he had gone to a better home. In my opinion it would be impossible for him to find a more cheerful, more comfortable and, with you in it, a more charming and desirable home than this."

The widow smiled sweetly, then he was accepted.—Boston Courier.

No one can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.

Always on Time.

The boy who is prompt in his engagements has a grand, good habit, and one which will go far toward making a man of him. John Quincy Adams did long and valuable services in both Houses of Congress, as well as in the Presidential chair. One day when he was a member of the House, a fellow-member said to the Speaker, "It is time to call the House together." "No," said the speaker; "Mr. Adams is not in his seat yet." In that moment the door opened, and Mr. Adams walked in. The clock was three minutes ahead, but Mr. Adams was on time. In all his service he was never once late. What a record was this, and how much it speaks for the man! By-y, form the habit of punctuality, and then commend your example to the girls.

Has a photographer any right to sell photographs of one of his customers without the consent of the customer? That is an interesting question which has just been decided for the first time in England by the High Court of Justice. Mrs. Pollard sat for her photograph at the gallery of the Photographic Company. Subsequently she learned that the company had prepared copies for Christmas cards and were offering them for sale. She thereupon applied for an injunction to restrain this liberty. The company contended that the negative was their property and that they had a right to print copies from it for sale. Mr. Justice North decided that a photographer has no such right unless he is expressly or by clear implication authorized to do so by the sitter. He accordingly granted the injunction.

In order to be of practical service in this world, a man must have love for some truth, or cause, or party, or personal leader, and must be loyal to the object of his devotion. No man can compass any real good merely by being a hater, a seceder, or a sneerer. A man may do harm to one side, or to both sides, in any great contest, by his hostility to one or both of the contestants; but he would be of little worth to either side through simply disliking the other side. You may think that it shows your superiority for you to say that you care little who succeeds in a conflict which arouses the deepest feelings of your fellows on every side of you; but the history of the race shows that men who are worth imitating have never had that spirit as observers of the struggles of humanity in their day.—Sunday School Times.

Wise Words.

Live within your income.
Never try to outshine, but to please.
There is no rainbow without a cloud and a storm.

There is no virtue in a promise until it is redeemed.
Turn from the irreparable past to the available future.

A guilty weight upon the heart takes the sun out of the sky.
Women never weep more bitterly than when they weep with spite.

Give because you love to give as the flower puts forth its perfume.
Some men are as covetous as if they were to live forever, and others as profuse as if they were to die the next moment.

Usefulness, not happiness should be the chief aim of life, but usefulness and happiness are apt to ride in the same saddle.

A good character when established should not be rested in as an end, but only employed as a means of doing still further good.

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use Rogers' Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.

Use Rogers' Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Chorea Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Pile!

Rogers' Specific Cocaine Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of itching, protruding, bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Rogers' Sp. Life Wound Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and Efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.

Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Itch, Pimples, Blisters and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

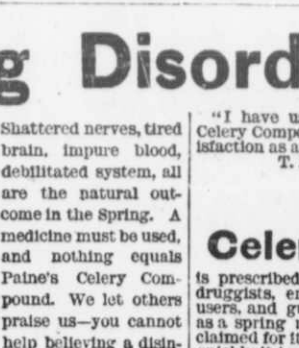
All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturgis' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FREE
Bos Gold Watch.
But \$10 worth in the world.
Proven trustworthy.
Wanted, Heavy Gold and Silver Watches, with work and cases of equal value. One Person in each locality can secure me first together with our large and valuable list of Household Appliances. These samples, sent to you free, will tell you all about it. We will send you a full and complete list of our goods, and you can see for yourself that we are not making any mistake. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address: **Gilman & Co., Box 514, Portland, Maine.**

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Spring Disorders



Shattered nerves, tired brain, impure blood, debilitated system, all are the natural outcome in the Spring. A medicine must be used, and nothing equals Paine's Celery Compound. We let others praise us—you cannot help believing a distinguished party.

Brigadier-General W. L. Greenhalgh, Burlington, Vt., writes: "I have used Paine's Celery Compound on several occasions, and always with benefit. Last spring, being very much run down and debilitated, I commenced taking it. Two bottles made me feel like a new man. As a general tonic and spring medicine I do not know of its equal."

Other Anything any Older, Sweeter, Purer, Economical, IT IS EASY TO DYE WITH DIAMOND DYES. 35 Cents, 10 cents each.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Mothers of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colds, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

A Model Newspaper

THE NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS

The Advocate of the Best Interests of the Home—The Enemy of the Saloon. The Friend of American Labor. The Favorite Newspaper of People of National Tastes Everywhere.

The New York MAIL AND EXPRESS, the favorite American newspaper of many people at home and abroad, has recently made some noteworthy improvements, materially increasing its general excellence. It is in the broadest sense

A National Newspaper,

most carefully edited, and adapted to the wants and tastes of intelligent readers throughout the entire country—North, South, East and West. It is a thoroughly clean paper, free from the corrupting, sensational and demoralizing trash, mislabeled news, which defiles the pages of too many city papers.

OUR POLITICS.

We believe the Republican party to be the true instrument of the POLITICAL REFORMATION of the American people; and holding that the honest enforcement of its principles is the best guarantee of the national welfare, we shall support them with all our might; but we shall always treat opposing parties with consideration and fair play.

AGAINST THE SALOON.

The MAIL AND EXPRESS is the recognized National organ of the great Anti-Saloon Republican movement. It believes that the liquor traffic as it exists to-day in the United States is the enemy of society, a fruitful source of corruption in politics, the ally of anarchy, a school of crime, and, with its avowed purpose of seeking to corruptly control elections and legislation, is a menace to the public welfare and deserves the condemnation of all good men.

Send for Sample Copy

They are sent free to all who apply. SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—WEEKLY, per year, \$1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. DAILY, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.00; three months, \$1.50; one month, 50 cents.

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—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought anywhere else in the State for the same price.

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FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables

and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 200 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms, apply to or address **RICHARD CUSTER,** Swanton, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

"I have used two bottles of your Paine's Celery Compound, and it has given entire satisfaction as an appetizer and blood purifier." T. L. BARNES, Watertown, Dakota.

Paine's Celery Compound

is prescribed by physicians, recommended by druggists, endorsed by ministers, praised by users and guaranteed by the manufacturers, as a spring medicine which will do all that is claimed for it. Use it this spring, and see how quickly it does you up.

Purifies the Blood.

Full accounts of wonderful cures made by Paine's Celery Compound after other medicines and the best physicians had failed, sent free. There's nothing like it.

50 cts. Six for \$2.00. Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

1852. --\$1.00-- 1889.

THE WHEELING INTELLIGENCER,

Daily, Semi-Weekly and Weekly.

One Dollar a Year!

\$1.00 The Very Best. \$1.00

THE WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER

is ahead of all other newspapers because it comes closer than any other to

THE WEST VIRGINIA HOME.

It appeals particularly to West Virginians because it tells what is going on at home; discusses State matters; is the leader of the State Development movement; advocates the policy of Protection, which means new mines, new saw mills, new railroads, new towns, more population, more money; gives the best agricultural matter and the most reliable market reports; prints the best stories; in every respect leads the procession.

The year 1889 marks a decided change in the National policy. In the State a new administration takes hold. A United States

BACHELOR'S WALK.
How jolly it was when the summer was high,
And the moon-silvered nights saw no cloud in
the sky.
To stroll with my friends for a smoke or a talk
'neath the breeze-rustling boughs along Bach-
elor's Walk!
My friends were the merriest fellows in town;
We laughed and sang, and we laughed and
sang.
There was never a break, there was never a
talk.
In the pleasure we took along Bachelor's Walk.
Alone! and alas!—what a glance will undo!
There's a mischief in eyes or of brow or of lip,
It tells—oh, we know how—all the laughter and
talk.
In silence unbroken on Bachelor's Walk.
A truck of dark cloud o'er the heaven is blown:
How mournful it is to be walking alone!
There is the bough and there is the stalk;
'Tis time that I bled me from Bachelor's Walk!
—Hazel Clinton, in Harper's Bazar.

AMUSING ANSWERS.

A Collection of Odd Things from
Children.

Which illustrates What Queer Notions
They Sometimes Form of Simple
Things About Which They
Should Be Better Informed.

An examiner in elementary schools
often hears many amusing answers in
reply to his questions. The following
are examples of written composition
from children in the upper standards.
It must not be assumed, however, that
in giving these quaint specimens, any
slur is being cast upon the general
character of the work in elementary
schools; these are taken from many
thousands of papers, a great number of
which are of undoubted excellence,
and it often happens that where the
majority of the pupils in a class acquit
themselves satisfactorily, one child
will be found who is quite "at sea."

Here is a description of a plum-pudding
by a boy whose knowledge is evi-
dently theoretical, and, like his pud-
ding, somewhat mixed: "When they
have put all these in, they make it into
a batter and then mix it up; and when
they have finished battering it, they
put it on the fire for about an hour and
a half, to get it to be enough, so that
it will be better to eat and softer to chew."

From cooking we come to natural
history, and have the following: "Guinea-pigs are very pretty little
creatures, and people generally have
them as a joint for dinner." The guinea-
pig and the sucking-pig were evidently
one and the same in the mind of this
ingenious youth.

Here is another in the same depart-
ment of learning: "Boas live chiefly
on worms and snakes, and are search-
ing for them nearly every hour of the
day. Besides this they also live on
little insects, which when they are not
so very busy, they go down into the
ground and have a very nice feast. It
is very pleasant indeed in the summer
time to watch them making their hive
and weaving their honey."

A pupil was asked to name and de-
scribe four kinds of fruit, with this re-
sult: "The four kinds is apples, pears,
rubus and carrots and many others." He
was a town boy, whose garden of
nature was evidently a grocer's cart.

Here is some light on another branch
of knowledge: "Whale ships are large,
and have an hold in which a lubber is
stored." Seamen will agree that the
hold is the best place for the lubber.

The following on "feathers" was
very difficult to interpret, but at last it
proved that the writer had mistaken
features for feathers: "The feathers of
any thing is the looking of you; some
people have diseases and cause them to
have an unpleasant look. Sometimes
when people go to apply for a situation
they don't get it owing to their feathers
and bad faces; the master who they ask
generally says that he takes beer and
won't do for a job of that kind. People
who is not ill so much generally has
good feathers, they are obtained from
keeping yourself clean."

Dr. Charles Wilson, in his general
Report on the Scottish Training Col-
leges, gives several curious answers
which have been received from candi-
dates and pupil-teachers. A young
lady answering a question on insurance,
writes: "The money is provided by the
Company to defray the expenses of the
birth of members in pecuniary dis-
tress." A second, demolishing in com-
menting upon the proverb, "Penny
wise and pound foolish," wrote in a
mathematical sort of way, and it is
fanned with some degree of misan-
thropy: "This proverb clearly shows
that for every wise and good action a
man does, he will commit two hundred
and forty foolish bad ones."

One pupil brought Julius Caesar be-
fore the public in the light of a won-
derful inventor: "Julius Caesar in-
vented Great Britain, 55 B. C."—by
writing that, a suspicion exists that
copying is still in vogue. What a dis-
tortion a single mistaken letter occasions
to the young plagiarist! "Ethelred
the Unready was called that because he
was never ready for the Danes. He
used to entice them away from England
by bidding them, but they used to
come again and demand a larger
bribe."

Poor William Rufus was sadder
than we wish, if we are to believe a
youth, who says that "William Rufus
was gorged to death by a stag in the
forest his father had made to hunt the
deer." Another writes: "Prince Wil-
liam was drowned in a butt of Malmsey
wine; he never laughed again."—A
small biographer of the Maid of On-
leas writes: "Joan of Arc was the
daughter of a French rustic peasant
which lived in the forest... She did
not like to leave her peasant home,
but after awhile she went away."
"In the rainy season," said a little
pedant, "the barren desert becomes
animated with torrents of luxuriant

vegetations." Before leaving the
humors of boys, an oral question
and answer may be given. "What do
you mean by a temperate region?"
asked an inspector, with a due em-
phasis on the word temperate. A lit-
tle boy replied: "The region where
they drink only temperate drinks,
sir."

Physical science is a dreadful stum-
bling-block to most youths. Asked to
give the causes of sound, a sufferer
wrote: "Sound is caused by the motions
of the air, and is carried about by the
German band." A curious dogmatist,
in "explaining" the origin of a draught,
says: "A draught would be felt near
the broken window of a warm room,
because if you stood near it, you would
feel it."—A boy, who appeared to be-
lieve friction as something tangible,
perhaps a sort of newfangled fire-
lighter, scribbled: "Friction is caused
by the rubbing together of two sticks;
it is very useful if you have not any
matches."—"What is a member?" asked
an official. "A man on the School
Board," was the answer.—A surname
was thought to mean "the name of a
person you say sir to."

In giving the names of the ten
plagues, a respondent unduly enlarged
the fourth, "Plague of flies, beetles and
mosquitoes," whilst the murmur among
beasts was written by another, "Miriam
among beasts."

The following two were lately re-
corded in the Schoolmaster. A class
had been asked to use the word dozen
in a sentence of their own construction.
One of the answers ran: "I dozen know
what to do."—"Stability" was ingeniously
defined, perhaps by an unstable
memory, as being "the cleaning-up of
a stable."

As the science subjects of Physi-
ology and Hygiene are making rapid
 strides in the elementary schools of
this country, the following answers
will illustrate to some extent the crum-
bling system prevalent in these sub-
jects. Here is what a young physiolo-
gist says: "The food is nourished in
the stomach. If you were to eat any
thing hard, you would not be able to
digest it, and in consequence you would
have what is called indigestion. Food
is digested by the lungs; digestion is
brought on by the lungs having some-
thing the matter with them. The food
then passes through your windpipe to
the pores, and then passes off your
body by evaporation, through a
lot of holes in your skin, called
capillaries. The gall bladder throws
off juice from the food, which passes
through it. We call the kidneys the
bread-basket, because it is where all
the bread goes to. They lay up con-
cealed by the head."

In reply to a question, "Why do we
cook our food?" one child replied:
"There are five ways of cooking pota-
toes. We should die if we eat our food
raw." A second pupil wrote: "Food
digested is when we put it into our
mouths, our teeth chews it, and our
mouth drops it down into our body.
We should not eat so much bone mak-
ing food as flesh making and warmth
giving foods, for, if we did, we should
have too many bones, and that would
make us look funny."

Dealing with ventilation, one stu-
dent informs us that "the thermometer
is an instrument used to let out the
heat when it is going to be cold." A
girl remarks: "When roasting a
piece of meat, put it in front of a
fire, so as to congratulate it." Here is
a very learned reply: "Sugar is an
amalgam; if you was to eat much sugar
and nothing else, you would not live,
because sugar has not got no carbon,
hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen. Potatoes
is another amalgam."

In answer to the question, "Mention
any occupations that are injurious to
health?" one reply was: "Occupations
which are injurious to health are car-
bonic acid gas, which is impure blood."
Another says: "A stone-mason's work
is injurious, because when he is chip-
ping he breathes in all the little chips,
and they are taken into the lungs." A
third says: "A bootmaker's trade is
very injurious, because they press the
boots against the thorax, and therefore
it presses the thorax in, and it touches
the heart, and if they do not die they
are crippled for life."

In reply to a question on digestion,
one child wrote: "The food is swal-
lowed by the windpipe, and the chyle
passes up the middle of the backbone,
and reaches the heart, when it meets
with oxygen and is purified." Another
wrote: "We should never eat fat, be-
cause the food does not digest." A
third says: "The work of the heart is
to repair the different organs, in about
half a minute." A fourth child says:
"We have an upper and a lower skin;
the lower skin moves at its will; and
the upper skin moves when we do." A
Fifth Standard child says: "The
heart is a conical shaped bag." An-
other in that class writes: "The upper
skin is called epidermy, and the lower
is called dermy." While a third, giv-
ing the organs of digestion, writes,
stomach, uterus (intestines), liver
and spleen.—Chamber's Journal.

A Just and Even Divide.
"This world is pretty evenly divided,
after all," said the butcher as he
scrapped away at his block.
"How?"
"Lady in the diamonds and senile
gets out of her carriage and comes in
here and inquires for 'sassage'"
"Well?"
"Well, other folks have the money
and us butchers have the edecassun.
Makes me feel more content."—Detroit
Free Press.

DRY FORK JOTTINGS.

Society Doing in a Progressive and Pro-
sperous Arkansas Community.
The following correspondence from
that most progressive of communities,
Dry Fork, appeared last week in the
county paper:

Ye correspondent would have writ-
ten last week, but there was no news
to communicate, and, in fact, there is
no news this week worthy of note. I
only write because it is a rainy day
and I have nothing else to do.

Every thing is quiet.
Jeff Filpot is dead.

A good many hogs have been killed
during the past year.

Uncle Bob Joyner fell off his horse
day before yesterday and broke one of
his hips. Ye correspondent did not
learn which one.

Wind.
More rain.
Shindig at Patterson's night before
last.

Uncle Jesse Galt stuck a thorn in his
eye Wednesday.

Job Balsh is a liar. So is Bill Hatt.
Sim Mayfield's gun went off ac-
cidentally the other day and killed a
mule colt.

More rain.
Saw mills are doing a good business.
Lytt Hendricks sawed off his leg
last Friday.

Revel at Round Pond church. The
Rev. Jack Hoyte, who conducts it, is a
pretty good fellow, but is a liar.

Old Mat Morgan killed a wolf last
Monday.

Tobe McCracken has run away with
Ad Harprier's horse. Harprier's
wife also accompanied him.

Still more rain.
A good many farmers are breaking
up land.

Till Alexander is a thief. So is Mose
Hightower.

Aunt Betsey Blue died night before
last. She will be sadly missed at the
mourner's bench. She was a great
hand to make apple pies and was
seventy-six years old. She could also
make a fine kettle of soft soap. Peace
to her ashes. I shall never forget her
kindness of heart, for she knit me the
best pair of socks I ever had.

Ye correspondents under many ob-
ligations to Bob Hensley for a mess
of squirrels. He is a man right
and the best shot in our neighborhood.
We regret to say that his gun went off
accidentally day before yesterday and
killed him.

Uncle Billy Phelps broke one of his
legs yesterday.

We look for a change in the weather
soon.

Bob Taylor professed religion last
Friday, and none too soon either, for
he was killed by a saw-log Saturday.

We saw a large number of sheds in
the woods.

Aunt Betsy Janson poisoned Trot
Mayfield's dog day before yesterday.
Trot got ahead of some of the poison
and is also dead.

Cloudy weather.
Squirrels are scarce.

Back Truitt is dead.

Zeb Faucher and Miss Tallie Toore
were married last week. The happy
pair were congratulated by a large
number of friends. Zeb was shot and
killed shortly after the ceremony was
performed.

I hope to send you some news next
week.

Uncle Cad Metford is dead.

Aunt Lizzie Lucas will be dead by
the time this reaches you.

Bill Henly shot his uncle yesterday.
Bill has been killed.

More rain.
Clouds everywhere.

Look out for falling weather.

William Buck killed Bob Patridge
yesterday.

I will send you some news soon.

Babbitt Malone killed his uncle yes-
terday.

More rain.—Arkansas Traveler.

FIGS AS FOOD.
The Most Nutritious of All Fruits Except
the Olive.

One of the Persian kings caused the
celebrated Attic figs to be set before
him whenever he dined, for one reason,
to remind him that the land where
they grew was not yet his, and that in-
stead of receiving the fruit as a tribute,
he was obliged to buy it from abroad;
and, for another, that it was not only
the emblem of health, but the most
wholesome fruit grown. The fig is
now pretty well known to be, especially
at certain seasons, almost the com-
mon food of the Italian people; and for
months they may be said to live en-
tirely upon it. As Dr. Nichols says,
it is not only possible for a man to live
upon figs, but sitting under his own
vine and fig tree, a man has plenty of
food and no landlord. When eaten
fresh the fig is a medicine as well as
food; and they who eat freely need no
poisons and no aperients. Full of nu-
trition and all those properties that
make it valuable as an article of diet,
we are confident that the fig will take
a prominent position in the estimation
of all who work for and believe in food
reform. For myself, I would simply
add that, again and again, without
liquid of any kind, the luscious green
fig, eaten with whole-meal bread, has
formed a dish at once simple but rich,
and like the Spaniard's salad, fit for a
king. The fig is not only very popular,
but it is the most ancient fruit we cul-
tivate. In many countries the failure
of this crop also means starvation and
famine. Travelers in Asia Minor and
southern Europe provide themselves
with figs and olives as provisions for
long journeys, and not only live, but
grow fat on the diet. The fig has more
medicinal properties and more nutri-
ment than any other fruit with the ex-
ception of the olive.—Interior.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"I used to be said that there is no
fool like an old fool, but that was be-
fore there were so many young ones."
—A Russian novelist was recently
arrested on suspicion of being im-
plicated in a plot. They read his works.
He was discharged.—Puck.

Teacher—"Why do you not punctu-
ate your compositions?" Pupil—"Be-
cause you told us the other day it was
vulgar to point."—Boston Gazette.

Utah can not come into the Union
because of too much marrying. Some
States ought to go out because of too
much divorcing.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

First Critic—"They say that when
Hamlet plays Macbeth he is not satis-
fied with killing Duncan. Second
Critic—"No, he murders Shakespeare."
—America.

Dalbey—"I am proud to say I never
had an enemy that I didn't get square
with." Wagfall—"If you would only
pursue the same plan with your friends,
Dalbey, several of the boys would be
sporting new spring overcoats."—Terre
Haute Express.

"Darling," he said, "I can not
show my great love for you by rich
diamonds and jewels, but you know the
strong, manly heart is a gem of no in-
significant worth." "Yes, I know
that," she said, "but you wear that on
your sleeve."—Life.

"My dear," said the good wife, as
she looked over to where her husband
was counting up his losses on the elec-
tion, "who is the fool killer the papers
are always talking about?" "How do
I know?" he queried, savagely; "I
never met him." "No, James," she
responded, softly, "I didn't suppose
you had."

Miss Blight—"I met Jennie Cash-
croft to-day. She told me, by the way,
that she never allowed Cashcroft to
kiss her until after they were married."
Miss Spite—"So he married her out of
curiosity, I suppose. If you had only
tried that plan last summer, perhaps
you might have been Mrs. Cashcroft
yourself, dear."—Terre Haute Express.

Catching a Tartar.—Physician
(arousing a tramp one morning from a
nap on his doorstep)—"Here, what is
the matter with you? Can't you move
more lively?" Tramp—"I'm feeling
pretty bad, boss, and can't be expected
to move in a hurry." P.—"What's
the matter?" T.—"I've been at death's
door all night."—Boston Budget.

Most wall-papers nowadays con-
tain arsenic, some of them in such
quantities as to justify the sensational
headline, "Death on Paper Walls";
but you might set that line in letters
sixteen inches long and explain the
danger in column after column of
double-leaded brevier, and yet you can
not frighten the young men away be-
fore the half-hour clock has struck one
thrice.—Somerville Journal.

"You look tired, Miss Brown; too
much dancing?" "O, dear, no; but we
gave what is called an 'organized din-
ner,' last week, where eight betrothed
couples were invited, and afterwards
they each retired to eight different
corners of the two rooms and whispered
all the evening, and it reminded papa
and mamma so much of their courtship
that they went out and sat on their
benches, and left me alone. Do you
wonder I still look tired?"—Time.

A public dinner.—Brown is seated
next to Smith, whose shirt-front is de-
corated with three magnificent diamond
(?) studs. Brown—"Excuse me, Smith,
but I can't help admiring those studs
of yours." Smith—"Yes; I think they
are pretty good." Brown—"Don't you
think you run a great risk with them?
I suppose you have them insured?"
Smith—"Insured? No, I should be glad
to do so, but there isn't a company in
existence that will take a risk of that
sort." Brown—"My dear fellow, I beg
your pardon—there are several plate-
glass insurance offices in New York."

CHINESE MEDICINES.
The Efficacy of Precious Stones in Curing
Desperate Diseases.

The medical art in China is mysteri-
ous and empirical. The medical pro-
fession is regulated by rules almost the
opposite of those which prevail in
England. In China the doctor re-
ceives a fixed salary as long as his
patient is in good health. If the
patient falls ill the doctor's pay is
stopped until a cure is effected. In
England a sick person usually tries to
assist the doctor by explaining the
symptoms of his case. In China this
would be considered an insult to the
doctor. The doctor may feel the pa-
tient's pulse, examine his skin and
look at his tongue; but he may ask no
questions. He is then expected to
diagnose the disease from which the
man is ailing, and to prescribe a
remedy. The medicine prescribed is
usually cheap and very nasty; but
some drugs are of high price; and there
are certain precious stones which are
believed to be of wonderful efficacy in
curing diseases. One of these expen-
sive prescriptions consists of very
costly ingredients. White and red
coral, rubies or jacinth, pearls, em-
eralds, musk, with one or two earths in
special quantities, are crushed into
powder, rolled into pills with gum and
rose water, and coated with gold leaf.
This unique medicine is reported to be
an infallible cure for small-pox, mea-
sles, scarlet fever, and diseases
which arise from blood poisoning and
break out in cutaneous eruptions.
The strengthening qualities of this
preparation are said to be quite re-
markable. The Jesuits, who flour-
ished in China in the early part of the
present imperial dynasty, affirm that
they have seen men snatched from the
last convulsions of death by its judi-
cious use.—Chambers' Journal.



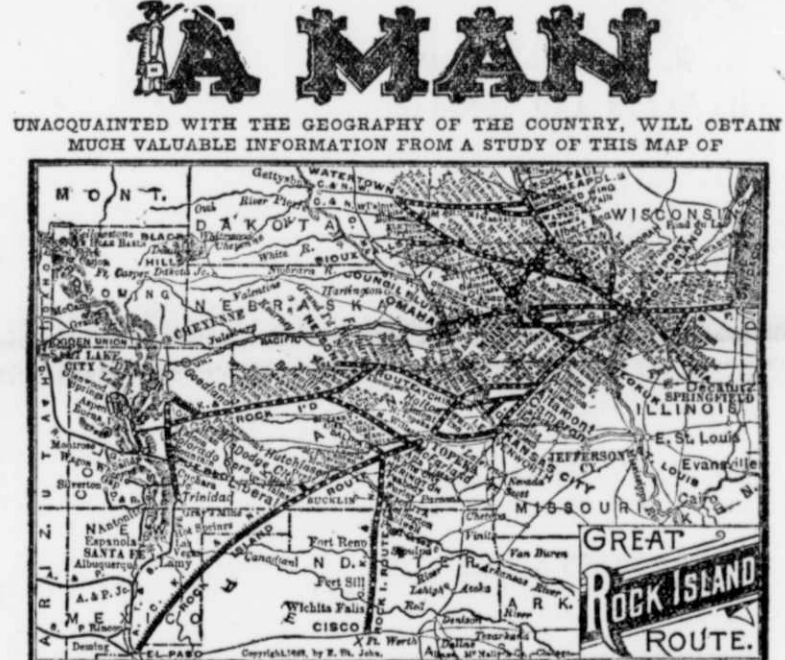
LONGFELLOW'S MAIDEN.

who is—
"Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood meet!"

Is a type of thousands of young girls who are emerging from the chrysalis stage
of their existence, as they enter upon their "teens." Nervous, excitable, irri-
table, stirred by strange, unknowable forces within them, each a mystery unto
herself, our girls need the tenderest care, the most loving, patient oversight, and
the aid of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, to safely carry them through this
critical period, during which, in too many lives, alas, are sown the seeds of dis-
tressing forms of diseases peculiar to the female sex. But this boon to woman-
kind will prevent all such diseases, or cure them if they have already seized a
victim. Woman owes it to herself, to her family, and to her social station, to be
well and strong. Let her then not neglect the sure means of cure. "Favorite
Prescription" is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced
and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is
purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any
condition of the system. Sold by druggists; \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

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Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One tiny, Sugar-coated
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Attacks, and all Derangements of the Stomach and Bowels. 25 cents, by druggists.



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City, Des Moines, Knoxville, Winteret, Atlantic, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie
Centre, and Council Bluffs in IOWA; Minneapolis and St. Paul in MINN-
SOTA; Watertown and Sioux Falls in DAKOTA; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron,
St. Joseph, and Kansas City in MISSOURI; Beatrice, Nebraska, and Nel-
son, Nebraska in NEBRASKA; Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Norton,
Athens, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLOR-
ADO; travel new and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands,
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A. N. K. - C. 1228.
SINGERS who have used Pisto's
Cure for Consumption
say it is the BEST OF ALL.
Sold everywhere. See

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in Sturges' Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 374, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the same Hall Friday night of each week and Sunday afternoon.

SHEALTEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Large Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

NOTICE.

W. H. HAGANS, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—Bushrod Burley died suddenly at the residence of his uncle, near Bridgeport, W. Va., Monday last.

—Jacob H. Walters will sell his personal property, one mile south of McHenry, Friday, March 15th, 1889, commencing 9 o'clock A. M.

—Mrs. Mary Tasker is now lying seriously ill. She is under treatment with Drs. Grattigny and Bush, of Cincinnati, for a cancer.

—Married, in the Clerk's office, Oakland, by Rev. G. W. W. Amick, March 4th, Mr. Lee Kidd and Miss Nora M. Monroe, both of Clarksburg, W. Va.

—Married, at the bride's home, near Oakland, Wednesday evening, by Rev. G. W. W. Amick, Mr. P. H. Simmons and Miss Ida C. Wensell.

—In the notice in our last issue of quarterly meetings, it was stated that the "District Conference begins at Friendsville." It should have read Friendsville, instead of Friendsville.

—Esquire Gonder has fully recovered from his late indisposition, and will be found in his office during business hours. His office is over Boyer's store.

—Married, in St. Matthew's Catholic church, Oakland, Monday by Rev. Father Mattingly, Mr. John Maroney of Oakland, and Miss Kate Faherty, of Huttons Switch.

—Died, suddenly Tuesday morning, at the residence of her husband, in Oakland, Mrs. Mary Fairall, wife of Mr. W. W. Fairall. She leaves four small children, the youngest only two weeks old.

—At the Oakland Mills G. M. Mason will receive inside of ten days a car of Middlings, at about \$1.05 per 100 lbs, and keeps on hand all kinds of chop, feed, meal, flour, &c., &c., at bottom prices.

—Stamping done to order for all kinds of embroidery; Kensington, ribbon work, outline, satin stitch, tinned work, &c. Orders promptly executed. Fancy work done to order by Mrs. K. T. CRANE.

—The carriage which conveyed General Harrison from Willard's Hotel to the White House was the same vehicle which President Cleveland used to drive around Deer Park and Oakland during his honeymoon trip.

—Rev. G. W. W. Amick has resigned the pastorate of the Oakland Lutheran church, and will accept a mission work in Johnston, Pa. His congregation here are loth to part with him, and our citizens generally would like to have him remain among us.

—We are informed that Prof. J. E. Michaels prepared an operation on Chas. E. Kimmell, son of Chauncey Kimmell, who was injured several months ago by being caught under a falling tree. The operation was performed Saturday last, in Baltimore, and he is now doing well.

Church Services—Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M., by Rev. C. J. Trippett. Song service every Sunday evening at 6:30.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick. Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M., and 7½ P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Matthew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Auctioneer.

Mr. L. E. Ehard, an experienced auctioneer, offers his services in that line at moderate prices. All orders promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Address McHenry, Md.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending March 9, 1889:

Conner, P. T. Goodwin, James, Deemans, P. A. Race, Edward.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

These letters are chargeable with one cent due on delivery.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

For Sale or Rent.

A very desirable, new and well built cottage on one of the principal avenues in Mountain Lake Park, containing nine good-sized rooms; necessary outbuildings; fine view; double lot and a well of excellent water on the premises. Also,

For Rent.

A very desirable cottage, in Mountain Lake Park, delightfully situated, containing eleven well furnished rooms, extensive grounds, stable and all other necessary out-buildings.

Apply to

F. A. THAYER, Oakland, Md.

Benevolent Association.

An association for the improvement of the condition of the Poor in Oakland was partly organized last Friday, and in order to complete the organization, there will be another meeting Saturday, the 9th inst., at 4 P. M., at the residence of Mr. Hipkins. All who are willing to co-operate with the Association are invited to be present. The object of the Association is to do in a systematic and regular way that which is being done irregularly. An organization can accomplish more good among the poor and needy than any unorganized effort, and the Association being no discriminator of persons, creed, condition or color, seeks only those who will be most benefited by its aid. There is no reason for any one in this community to suffer for the want of food and clothing or medical attendance. It is presumed that any physician in Oakland will gladly give his services to the sick who are unable to pay, and the Poor Association is ready to supply food and clothing whenever needed. At the meeting next Saturday, the 9th inst., officers of the Association will be elected, and the regular committees appointed.

Died.

Near Hutton, Garrett county, Md., March 24, 1889, in the 19th year of her age, Ida May, youngest daughter of Samuel B. and Ruth A. Crane, after a short and painful illness. She was surrounded with every attention and care that loving friends could bestow until her life waned away, and then, on the 3d a very impressive funeral service was conducted by Rev. Starkey, of Terra Alta, after which her remains were committed to her last resting-place, in the family burial place on the farm. She was always kind, obliging and respected by all who knew her. Though we find it hard to part with her, we must give her up. While the grief stricken father, mother, brother and sister are left behind, they have our sympathy in their sad bereavement, but

You have a hope to cheer your breast,
That your dear Ida's soul is at rest;
For as her dying lips did move,
She spoke of seeing us above.

Then why should we thus shed a tear,
For we may soon be with her there;
Yes, we may soon in glory dwell,
And be with those we love so well.

A FRIEND.

(Preston Co. Journal please copy.)

State Sunday School Convention.

The Sixteenth Annual State Sunday School Convention of Maryland will be held in Baltimore City, in the old First Church, on Wednesday and Thursday, March 20th and 21st, 1889, immediately following the 33d Anniversary of the Maryland Sunday School Union, to be held Tuesday evening, March 19.

The object of the Convention is to arouse an enthusiasm in Sunday-school efforts, and quicken the energies which are so much needed to carry forward successfully our ever increasing work. Speakers well qualified to present the subjects on the programme have been secured.

Sunday Schools are entitled to be represented in the Convention by two delegates, and it is earnestly requested that they, with two alternates, be elected, at the earliest opportunity, and their names forwarded as directed below. It is hoped that the delegates will be present at the opening session. Arrangements have been made with the railroad and steamboat companies for reduced fares to delegates, who will be provided with entertainment in the homes of our people. It is important that the address of the delegates who purpose to attend the convention be forwarded at once so that the order entitling them to reduced fare can be sent to them in time.

All communication relative to the convention should be addressed to WM. A. BAKER, State Superintendent of the Maryland Sunday School Union, cor. Charles and Saratoga streets, Baltimore, Md.

It is said that the supply of canned goods increases much faster than the demand, notably in case of tomatoes, of which there were packed last year 79,600,000 cans, whose cost to producers was \$6,000,000, and which will take from consumers a little more than \$8,000,000.

Going to Elkins.

Rumor has been in circulation for some time past to the effect that John G. Hoffman & Son contemplated removing their extensive tannery establishment to Elkins, W. Va., on the West Virginia Central and Pittsburgh railroad, about forty miles from Piedmont. To ascertain whether this was true or not, a Wheeling Register reporter Thursday called upon Mr. Hoffman, Sr., and asked if the rumor was true.

"I have purchased a pretty big piece of property in the vicinity of Elkins," said the gentleman, "and we intend to erect a tannery upon a part of it, and I expect it will be a rather big establishment. The erection of the buildings will be commenced as soon as the weather will permit in the spring, and they will be pushed to rapid completion."

"Do you intend to abandon your establishment here?"

"No, sir; we will continue to run this concern, but not to its fullest capacity. A large part of our concern will be turned out at the new concern after it is started."

"What is your idea for locating at Elkins?"

"Well, we have several very good reasons. One is that the bark which the leather is tanned can be secured very much cheaper, because there is an unlimited amount of it in the country. We save the freight, the cost of unloading and of piling, which amounts to a big sum in a year, and as we have to sell on very close margins, the item is quite an important one. The cost of transporting skins to that point will not be three cents additional on the hundred. Then everything else is as cheap out there, if not cheaper."

"Now, there is another reason. About a year ago I had plans made for a building on Main street, of 80x120 feet, an addition to our present establishment. We would have put at least \$25,000 into that addition, but when I found what an immense amount of trouble we had in getting the Standard Axle works buildings completed, and through no fault of ours, I came to the conclusion that we could not run the risk of repeating that experience, so we gave up the addition to the tannery, and that money will now go to Elkins. It is not likely that the works there will be ready to begin operations before some time next fall."

Great Upper Yough Project.

The Times account in Thursday's issue of the development of "Yough Manor" in Garrett county in this State and of the valuable tracts of land lying between there and Confluence, Pa., by a company of Philadelphia and Baltimore gentlemen, headed by Col. Joseph U. Crawford, of the first named city, having elicited so much attention, a general and more particular description is here given.

This immense virgin tract of timber, coal, iron ore and other mineral lands of the upper Yough region lying south of Somerset, in Fayette and Somerset counties, Pa., and in Garrett county, this State, is soon to be developed and its product placed on the market through the medium of a railroad to be built from Confluence on the north to near Oakland on the south.

The road as located will leave the Pittsburgh division of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at a point near Confluence, crossing the Youghiogheny river below Sloan's Ford and continuing along the river on the Fayette county side to Somerset.

From there its course to Garrett county will be practically direct. After crossing the Maryland line the road passes on through Selbyport, Friendsville and the "Singing Grounds;" thence, probably by way of Deer Park, to Oakland, at which point it will connect with the main stem of the Baltimore and Ohio road at some future day. The new road is being constructed by a company of Philadelphia and Baltimore capitalists, who own the valuable tract touched by the road.

All along the proposed route, from the commencement to the terminus, there are dense forests of magnificent timber, rich deposits of iron ore and coal, an inexhaustible supply of superior quality of white sand for the manufacture of glass; and, it is claimed by some of the older inhabitants, that there are also deposits of lead. A large part of the timber land is owned by the company building the road, and it is for the purpose of conveying this timber to market and developing the mineral wealth of the territory that the road is about to be built. A large portion of the property has been in the hands of the present owners for a number of years, but its development has been prevented by the fact that the title to some parts of the tract being in dispute. All litigation growing out of these faulty titles is now at an end and the work of developing the territory will be prosecuted with vigor.

Somerset will be the first station on the new road south of Confluence.

The village now numbers about one hundred inhabitants. The old National road, once the great thoroughfare of the country, passes through this quaint, old village. From both East and West the products of the many well-to-do farmers will be conveyed along the National road to that place, thereby making it a market place for all agricultural products and the principal point for shipping lumber on the new line. Standing on the Yough bridge at Somerset, one can easily count several dark-mouthed coal mines leading into the hills, where men are constantly mining the fine quality of soft bituminous coal which is found in such abundant deposits. With the new road completed the mining industry will at once assume large proportions.

From Somerset the road follows the west side of the Yough, between the mountains, to Selbyport, Md., which will be an important lumber shipping point. From this point it will extend to the south between Berry Mountain and Winding Ridge to Friendsville, which place is situated in the midst of a good farming and timber country. It is between the two named points and Oakland that the principal timber lands are situated. The sound of the woodman's axe has never been heard in some of those vast forests, where the finest qualities of oak, chestnut, poplar, hickory, walnut and pine timber abound. Although the company owns extensive tracts of land all along the route, their chief tract lies in this locality, embracing, as it does, over sixteen thousand acres of the finest timber in the United States.

The length of the line from Confluence to Oakland will be from forty to fifty miles. The work of constructing the bridge across the Yough near Confluence and also that of grading will commence as soon as the weather permits. The company intends to have trains running from Confluence to Somerset by the last of July next.

The Garrett people are to be congratulated upon the bright future soon to open to them. They should lose no opportunity that this great enterprise will bring to them.

The incorporators of the two companies, the Yough Manor Land company of Garrett county, and the other the Oakland and State Line railroad are: Joseph U. Crawford and James Bayard Henry, of Philadelphia, and E. J. D. Cross, Edward J. Silkman and George D. Pennington, of Baltimore, and the following named persons will constitute the board of directors during the first year: Joseph U. Crawford, James Bayard Henry, Charles W. Henry, of Philadelphia, and John B. Donald, John A. Cowen, E. J. D. Cross, George D. Pennington, of Baltimore.—Cumberland Times, Monday.

Gorman.

The Tannery Company have not begun operations very extensively yet, owing to the bad weather. They are building an office, ditching, getting out timbers and preparing to open up lively as soon as the weather will admit. They will build a bridge across the river as soon as possible and lay a track so as to ship lumber and material on the grounds.

Mr. J. W. Shillingburg is preparing to build an addition to his house so as to accommodate more boarders.

Mr. J. W. Croo, of Oakland, will locate in our town the first of April. He has rented the Bain property of Mr. Hull, and will keep boarders.

Judge Whitmer & Co. has purchased the Pennington lands, a large tract of timber and coal lands adjoining our town on the north, and has commenced prospecting for coal, and will probably mine extensively in the near future. They will begin getting out staves and saw-timber at an early date.

Mr. John Armentrout, of Petersburg, has purchased Mr. J. E. Shrou's store and will be on to take charge of it this week.

There has been considerable sickness here lately. Mrs. G. W. Moon has been seriously ill but is now better. Mrs. A. King is still very poorly. There are also several cases of whooping cough. Fortunately, we trust, we are now well supplied with doctors.

Dr. Arthur Loerby, of Chicago, has just arrived here from the city, and is stopping at the Elkins House. No doubt Dr. Loerby will build up a large practice here. Dr. Hansford, of Egton, W. Va., has also located with us. Dr. Drinkwater, of Cincinnati, is stopping at Nealtown or Barrett's two miles south of here.

The Postoffice question has been exciting considerable attention lately. Mr. W. B. Neville has tendered his resignation as P. M. and unexpectedly there are three candidates for the position.

Mr. L. L. McCrum departed last Saturday to witness the inauguration.

Rev. D. Cool commenced a series of meetings at White Oak Grove last Sunday night.

Mr. A. J. Michaels, teacher of the

Fort Pendleton school, will have an exhibition Friday night, March 15.

Swanton.

The B. & O. R. R. Co. have just replaced the old 81 bridge, one fourth mile east of this place, with a new substantial malleable iron bridge, and have repaired bridges 82 and 83.

Mr. Joseph Foster and Richard J. West were in Cumberland on business last week.

One of Mr. C. T. Sweet's oxen died a short time ago. He has just purchased another.

Rev. W. E. George, of Deer Park, spent last Sunday with his son, A. F. George, of this place.

Mrs. Joseph Foster, who has been very unwell for some time is a great deal better.

Mr. Samuel Thorp, who has been ill for over a month is still very unwell.

Dr. West and wife, of Keyser, were visiting relatives here last week.

Mrs. Henry Shank is visiting friends at Mt. Lake Park and Oakland.

Mr. Richard Tasker's family are very ill with the measles.

Mr. F. C. Browning, of Deer Park, was in town on Saturday evening.

Mrs. George Hill, of Frostburg, is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Roadman.

Examiner Hinebaugh paid our school a visit Tuesday of this week.

Spring Styles.

We are now opening new Spring Millinery and fancy goods.

M. L. SCOTT, Baltimore Store.

Tailoring Establishment.

Do you want a nice Dress Suit or an Overcoat put up in elegant style and to fit you after Nature's own sweet model? Go to G. Feltz's New Tailoring Establishment, formerly occupied by A. Lowenstein, and we will guarantee you entire satisfaction. Call and see us and we will show you what we can do in this line.

Photographs Enlarged.

Mr. Frank D. Brooke, of the Red Star Photograph Gallery, Oakland, is prepared to enlarge Photographs in India Ink, Crayon, water Color or Nonpareil (India Ink and water colors combined). We were shown a number of specimens which were executed in the highest style of the art. All work guaranteed.

Another Chance to Get Bargains in Specialties.

I have a very desirable line of winter weight ready-made clothing and boots and shoes, which I will offer for sale at reduced prices for the next ten days. Also a line of notions, such as gents woolen underwear and hosiery; also a line of Ladies' and Misses' toboggans, &c., all of which are new, fresh and fashionable goods. Call and secure some of these bargains.

W. C. L. CORRELL.

Successful Poultry Raising.

A successful raiser of poultry writes as follows: "In raising poultry or stock of any kind it should be the aim of every one to keep it healthy and improve it. You can do it very easily by adopting some systematic rule." These may be summed up in brief as follows:

1. Construct your house good and warm, so as to avoid damp floors and afford a flood of sunlight. Sunshine is better than medicine.

2. Provide a dusting and scratching place where you can bury wheat and corn and thus induce the fowls to take the needed exercise.

3. Provide yourself with some good healthy chickens, none to be over one to two years, giving one cock to every twelve hens in the Asiatic and one to every thirty or forty in the smaller kind.

4. Give plenty of fresh air at all times, especially in the summer.

5. Give plenty of fresh water and never allow the fowls to go thirsty.

6. Feed them systematically two or three times a day; scatter the food so that they can't eat too fast, or without proper exercise. Do not feed them more than they will eat up clean, or they will get tired of that kind of feed.

7. Give them a variety of both dry and cooked feed; a mixture of cooked meat and vegetables is an excellent thing for their morning meal.

8. Give soft feed in the morning and the whole grain at night, except a little wheat or cracked corn placed in the scratching places to give them exercise during the day.

9. Above all things keep the hen house clean and ventilated.

10. Do not crowd to many in one house. If you do, look out for disease.

11. Use carbolic powder occasionally in the dusting bins to destroy lice.

12. Wash your roosts and bottom of laying nests, and whitewash once

a week in summer and once a month in winter.

13. Let the old and young hays as large a range as possible—the larger the better.

14. Don't breed too many kinds of fowls at the same time, unless you are going into business. Three or four will give you your hands full.

15. Introduce new blood into your stock every year or so, by either buying a cockerel or setting of eggs from some reliable breeder.

16. In buying birds or eggs, go to some reliable breeder who has his reputation at stake. You may have to pay a little more for birds, but you can depend on what you get. Cull are not cheap at any price.

17. Save the best birds for next year's breeding and send the others to market.

In shipping fowls poultry to market set dressed.

The Manufacturers' Record, of Baltimore, is pleased to think that "everything seems to indicate that the whole South has entered upon what must be called a 'boom' in the absence of any better name for it. Enterprises are being organized, we might almost say, by the hundreds, and no one need be surprised at any amount of industrial activity during the next few months."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., March 4th, 1889. The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Tuesday, April 9th, 1889,

for the purpose of making the Annual Levy of Taxes. All persons having claims against said County, are hereby notified to file the same with the clerk of said Commissioners on or before the above date, otherwise they may be deprived of the benefit of said Levy.

By order W. H. HAGANS, Clerk.

39 1d

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That thirty days from the first publication of this notice the undersigned citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and relocate a public road as follows: Beginning at Pennsylvanian line and running through lands of Joseph Maust, Abraham Maust and John S. Combs' estate, to intersect National road at Little Glade road.

P. DORSEY, C. J. OTTY, ISAIAH BOUCHER.

395

Estate of William Wass, Deceased. THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

WILLIAM WASS, late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of September next; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of said estate, given under my hand this 26th day of February, 1889.

JONAS WASS, Executor. Mineral Springs, Md.

323

Estate of Barbara Weimer, Deceased. THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

BARBARA WEIMER, late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of September next; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of said estate, given under my hand this 26th day of February, 1889.

SILAS WEIMER, Acmt., McHenry, Md.

323

FARM FOR SALE.

COAL & FIRE CLAY.

I am authorized to sell a farm of 250 acres, 125 acres of which are cleared, situated on Oakland and Sang Run road, six miles from Oakland, and near the Youghiogheny river. This is a very desirable farm, and is underlaid with three veins of Coal, one vein being 4 feet, another 3 feet and another 1 foot. An abundance of Fire Clay.

The improvements consist of two dwelling houses, a barn and other outbuildings. Also a good orchard, and a young orchard just coming into bearing. The farm is well watered, and is in every way a very desirable property. One hundred and twenty-five acres of valuable timber. Call on or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN, 1539 Republican office, Oakland, Md.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President. G. S. HAMILL, V. President. S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted. Prompt attention to collections. 11729

PRIVATE ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber, Henry Finzel, will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint commissioners to lay out a private road, not less than sixteen feet wide, from the residence of the said Henry Finzel, through the lands of Mrs. Catherine Miller, to intersect with the county road called the Warner road, at a point near the residence of Ann M. Finzel.

23 2d HENRY FINZEL.

ROAD APPLICATION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That in thirty days from the first publication of this notice the undersigned citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at or near the Gregg Bridge on the Grantsville and Barton road, running through the lands of E. Merrill, Lochiel Lumber Company, Amos Broadwater, John Broadwater, Henry Weitzel, D. S. Wampler and Jacob Bernans, intersecting the road leading from Grantsville to Lonaconing, at the foot of Savage Mountain, a distance of four miles.

AMOS BROADWATER, JOHN WILKEL, ELIAS MERRILL.

826

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

WHAT THOU DOEST, DO WELL.

If thou hast but one song to sing,
A little song, may be,
O, sing it then the best thou canst,
All little and earnestly.
Think not it is not worth thy while
To let thy voice be heard;
Some weary one may hear thy song
With joy for every word.

If thou hast but a task to do,
Perchance a little one,
O, slight it not because 'tis small,
But let it be well done.
It may be one will see thy work,
And, reading thy desire,
Say: "He who doeth small things well
Is worthy, come up higher."

If thou hast but one hour to spend,
Don't think it matters naught to thee,
How it is spent, but spend it well,
And give thy earnest thought
To the demands of that one hour.
The story of our life
Of wasted time, so count thy hours
And spend thy moments well.

Who doeth small things well will prove
To higher trusts most true;
Therefore be sure thou doest well
Where'er thou hast to do.
And if thou hast a task to do,
Or just a tale to tell,
Remember, if 'tis worth thy time,
'Tis worth thy doing well.
—Annie Wall, in Farm and Fireside.

MURDER WILL OUT.

The Private Counselor's Story of
the Mark in the Bible.

"Of a verity, Herr Magistrate," said the Private Counselor, "you have just given a striking proof of the possession of those powers of induction and deduction that characterize the born judicial investigator. If this infinitesimally small detail, so easily overlooked by a mind less keen, had escaped your attention, there is little doubt that the culprit would have remained forever undetected. But who knows? Since we are on this subject, I could tell you a strange story, stranger even than the one you have just related, in which I chanced to play a role that is your duty to assume officially. I, too, once discovered a culprit, and under circumstances so extraordinary, by means of a clue so slender and improbable, that the more I think of it the more the whole affair seems to me like a genuine miracle. I don't refer to it to exalt myself, for I should have discovered nothing without the direct interposition of Chance—or Providence, if you prefer the term."

"Your preamble," replied the Magistrate, "has already greatly excited my curiosity. I hope you will relate the incident."

"Willingly. But let us first adjourn to the library. I know you are an admirer of rare tomes, and I must show you mine. Don't be afraid that they will take me away from my tale; on the contrary, they will lead us directly to it, and in the most natural manner possible."

The two men passed from the dining-room where the above conversation had taken place into a well-filled library—four walls of shelves bristling with formidable folios. Every collector of books has his specialities, and that of Private Counselor Otto Grotius was Bibles. He boasted of being the possessor of several editions not owned by the richest theological libraries in Germany—that of "Georgii Augusti," in the ancient university of Göttingen. The Magistrate, anxious to get to the story, did not, perhaps, admire as they deserved to be admired, the venerable illustrated edition of the Holy Scriptures issued about 1466, by Gutenberg and Faust; Luther's first Bible; the famous edition of Plantin; that of Aldus Manucius, and many others. At last the Private Counselor took from his shelves two shabby, though modern-looking volumes, and said with a sarcastic smile:

"I have kept these for the last; they are the bright, particular jewels of my collection."

"What? Call this cheap reprint of the last century a jewel?"

"Just so, my dear guest, and for a double reason. In the first place, the edition was given to my father by the great Frederick himself, who has condescended to ornament one of the two volumes with marginal notes, more witty, indeed, than reasonable, as might be expected from the illustrious friend of Voltaire. In the second place—and to this, Herr Magistrate, may I draw your especial attention—because the other volume bears between its leaves, as a mark, this bit of yellow paper, commonplace looking enough, by itself, but with which nothing would induce me to part, since it gave me the clue to the terrible and mysterious tragedy to which I have referred."

"This time," interrupted the Magistrate, "I trust you will not keep me longer in suspense."

The Private Counselor sat down and thus began:

In the spring of 1791 I married, and the Frau Private Counselor, my beloved departed wife, brought me as her dowry this little estate of S—, which, as you readily know, our house, seeing that it is equally distant from the capital and the summer residence of his highness, the Grand Duke. You have been kind enough to admit our old guests, laid out after French models, with its box-bordered walks, its yew-trimmed pyramids, and its marble deities pretentiously clothed in operatic costumes; but I have not ventured to lead you further afield to show you the useful after the beautiful—the commonplace vegetable garden after the ornamental park! I now regret it, for it is probable that I have never seen a haunted house, and I could have shown you one there, or, at least, one reputed to be such.

There is nothing forbidding in the aspect of this insignificant structure where my valet assures me that he meets souls in pain. It is a one-story cottage whose thatched roof is starred with stone-crops, and whose front is entirely hidden by honey-suckle, jasmines and Bengol roses. If one happens to enter one of the windows, there are no longer glassed, that the fire-place is filled with false plaster, that the inside partitions are no wren as to show the lath, and that the walls are crumbling under the combined action of silt and salt-peter. This queer structure was, for a long time only used as a convenient storage place for potted plants and garden implements. None of my servants would consent to live in it, or even to go near it after nightfall.

When we moved to S— this cottage was occupied by the gardener and his wife. His name was Josias. He was an old Pomernian cobbler whom my father-in-law had taken into his service, and whom we retained in ours. Should I live a thousand years, Josias' features would never fade from my memory. He was about fifty, tall, with a strong muscular body, and with what is called a "square" head. His heavy eye-brows met, making a straight line across his face. He was no

beard, but had thick red hair. If there is any truth in physiognomy he was ambitious, obstinate, and not at all sensitive. It seems that he had several times tried to improve his worldly condition, but had always failed—a circumstance of which he was accustomed to complain bitterly.

"Still I am bound to be rich," he would add; "I can't tell how, or when, but some day fortune will come—it will come!"

He was a hard master to those employed about the place, and seemed to take delight in tormenting animals, beating the dog, for example, not apparently out of anger, but because it gave him pleasure. On two occasions, when interlopers had climbed over the garden wall, he had broken their legs with his gun. The servants hated him, and the peasants declared that he cast spells on the cattle, and that if he looked at a young girl in a certain way she would from that moment fall under his diabolical influence. Josias had married late in life. His wife was younger than he, and, without being aware of it, increased his unsavory reputation. Not that she was suspected of doing any thing wrong, but she was believed to be a victim of her husband's occult practices. Josias, pale, with light blue eyes and soft cheeks, she trembled before her spouse as a poor bird trembles that has been fascinated by a serpent. Besides, she was subject to epileptic fits. Sometimes she would remain for days wrapped in a strange slumber so closely resembling death that when she was first attacked they came near burying her alive.

Such were husband and wife. Not having any special charge to make against Josias, who was active and honest, we never thought of discharging him, and attached but slight importance to the reports that had gained currency concerning him.

Josias, besides his work in the garden, had certain tasks assigned him in the house. One Saturday, the day of the week he was usually devoted to waxing the floor of my library, I happened to enter the room suddenly, and surprised him standing near these shelves in the act of reading this Bible. On hearing my coming, he closed it hastily, but as the passage seemed to interest him greatly, not before marking the place with a bit of paper he had in his hand. The piece of paper was a small scrap, which has on it an expense account for the first week of the month of July, 1791.

I said nothing, seeing from his agitation that he thought he was in a "rogue" if he put the volume back in its place, and as it was not this one that had been annotated by the great Frederick, I never thought of asking him about the mark.

And it is just here, Herr Magistrate, that the mystery begins. The next day being Sunday—take notice of the date—the cook did not have seen any thing of Josias, and, becoming alarmed, went over to the cottage in the kitchen garden. She found the unfortunate woman stretched on her bed, white and rigid, her eyes wide open and the pupils dilated.

"A lethargic attack," remarked Josias, without the least emotion.

The advisability of calling in a physician was suggested, but Josias would not hear of it.

"No, no! I haven't any money to throw away. She'll come to all right, as usual."

Three days later, when the body began to decompose, he at last consented that a doctor should be sent for. The latter said at once that the woman was dead, which did not seem remarkable considering the precarious condition of her health.

A month before, note this fact also—Fran Josias had fallen heir to quite a nice little sum of money and had at once willed it to her husband.

You will no doubt ask, Herr Magistrate, what connection there is between these events and the mark in the Bible. Have patience.

The Counselor stopped a moment to enjoy the interest manifested by his auditor in the narrative, and then proceeded:

After the death of his wife, Josias, rich to the amount of several thousand thalers, left us and set up on his own account in the District of F—. We subsequently learned that Josias, who had been a burgomaster of his village.

He was never seen again at S—, and never visited the burying-ground where the body of his wife rested.

In fact, the burying-ground itself soon disappeared. It was so damp that masses of moss from it, invading the walls of neighboring houses, and feeding the wandering fires that after dusk misled and frightened the latest travelers. It was first ordered to be closed, and ten years later was altogether obliterated, a new strategic road having been surveyed across it.

In the month of July, 18—, the matriarch was first used, and some bones brought to the surface. One morning when the diggers were about getting to work they noticed an old beggar woman who had got into the graveyard through a hole in the wall, and was engaged in picking up the dead branches of trees, or worn eaten pieces of the wooden crosses that marked the graves. Suddenly she sprang backward in fright and gave a terrible scream. They ran up to and questioned her. She could give no answer, but they understood by gestures and a few disjointed sentences, that she had seen a skull moving along the ground.

"Look, it moves!" cried the terror-stricken woman.

Every one started back instinctively. True enough, on a heap of human remains and stones a skull came bounding along, propelled by some strange energy.

One workman was of the opinion that the corpse should be notified. Another—a more virile intellect—ran for a doctor. I was also sent for, and reached the spot as soon as the physician.

He first ridiculed the cowardly superstitions of the bystanders, then stooped down, picked up the skull, and inside it found a toad, that, having got into the cerebral cavity through a narrow opening, was vainly trying to get out in letters of fire.

"You see," he said, laughing, "the—"

But he did not finish the sentence. A checked discovery checked the words on his lips, and from the smile on his face a long steel spike, slender as an upholsterer's needle, was imbedded in the occiput, and must at some time have passed entirely through the brain.

"Hoh! hoh!" he exclaimed, "a clever assassin! Death instantaneous, no effusion of blood, and, thanks to the hair, no visible trace. My predecessor no doubt attributed it to the rapture of an asceticism!"

How to find out the name of the murderer and that of his victim?

In this portion of the cemetery the laborers had demolished four graves and thrown the remains in a single heap. The tombstones were the only means of identification left. One of them bore the inscription:

"Here lies Cornelia Josias."

How to find out, for find out I was resolved I should!

Suddenly a thought flashed through my brain like lightning. Two names stood before me as if printed in letters of fire. It was only a personal conviction; proofs were necessary.

law presented them selves at the residence of Josias, whom they found alone eating his supper.

A police officer accosted him, placed his hand on his head, on the very spot, in fact, in which the nail had been driven through his victim's brain, and said:

"Josias, you have killed your wife!"

The wretch shuddered, and with clattering teeth replied:

"Yes, yes, God has avenged her—the book—the book—I am choking!" and fell dead, struck by apoplexy.

And now, Herr Magistrate, open the Bible at the place where I opened it on my return from the cemetery—to the page that Josias himself marked the day before the crime. Here—Judges, Chapter IV, verse 21; read.

The Magistrate took the volume and read as follows:

"Then Jael, Heber's wife, took a nail of the tent, and took an hammer in her hand, and went softly unto him, and smote the nail into his temples, and fastened him to the ground, for he was fast asleep, and weary. So he died."—From the French of A. Dorevian by J. Henry Hager, in the Cosmopolitan.

SECURE GOOD SEEDS.

If You Neglect to Do So, You Need Not Expect Profitable Harvest.

It is folly to expect that the corn at harvest will be better than the seed that was put into the ground at the planting. It is a waste of labor and manure to expend them on poor seeds. Farmers do not give this matter of seeds sufficient thought and care. There are some seeds, if he will take proper care, that the farmer can properly raise himself, while others can be better raised by the seedsmen. One of the most important differences between the seeds raised by the skilled seed-grower and the ordinary farmer is this: The former carefully "rogues" the crop. Suppose both are raising dwarf peas of some kind for seed. The farmer will take a pecking or two for his table, "just to try," thus removing all the early seeds; the seed-grower will allow none to be taken and he will also "rogue" the crop, which means that he will go along the rows and if there is a plant disposed to run up and be no longer dwarf this plant is pulled up and thrown away as a "rogue." If a plant shows a difference in the color of the flowers, in the size, shape and abundance of the crop, or presents any other marked peculiarities that show it to be different from the average of the crop, those plants are regarded as rogues and treated as such. If an Indian corn at harvest shows that it is mixed—that some of the grains are on a "silk" until the other from which it differs shows a difference in the color of the flowers, in the size, shape and abundance of the crop, or presents any other marked peculiarities that show it to be different from the average of the crop, those plants are regarded as rogues and treated as such. If an Indian corn at harvest shows that it is mixed—that some of the grains are on a "silk" until the other from which it differs shows a difference in the color of the flowers, in the size, shape and abundance of the crop, or presents any other marked peculiarities that show it to be different from the average of the crop, those plants are regarded as rogues and treated as such.

—A still body of water at a temperature of from 75 degrees to 80 degrees, which is about the ordinary summer temperature, will evaporate about three-eighths of an inch in 24 hours if there be no wind. With the wind blowing at 20 miles an hour the evaporation will be about an inch. The amount will vary considerably with the variations in moisture of the air.

The application of electricity to the production of brilliant effects on the dramatic and operatic stage opens a new era in scenic representation. The sun, moon and stars, clouds, hail, rain and snow, sandstorms of the desert, flower gardens, fire-floes and almost everything involving color, light or shade, are represented with a verisimilitude which has never before been equaled.

THE TOBACCO HABIT.

Well-Known United States Senators Who Are Addicted to It.

Senator Coke, of Texas, has conceded to taste what he never would to style. He smokes cigarettes. Last somebody might say he was cultivating fashionable habits he enjoys cigarettes only in the privacy of his own room.

Senator Eustis smokes cigarettes almost exclusively. They are of the finest Turkish tobacco, and each cigarette is provided with a holder. They are expensive, but those Senator Coke affords are the plainest and cheapest of American-made five-cent-a-box.

Senator Kennan has his cigars made in West Virginia of a select quality of the natural leaf. He prefers them to imported cigars.

Senator McPherson chews cigars in preference to tobacco. He takes a cigar from his pocket, bites off a comfortable chew, and replaces the remainder for future use of tobacco.

Senator Gorman chews in a delicate and sparing manner. He prefers the natural tobacco without flavoring or sweetening, and pinches off for a chew a small piece not larger than a velvet tip.

Senator Edmunds chews strong tobacco and is rarely ever without a supply in his mouth; as a matter of fact he does not chew it, but simply keeps it securely resting in his mouth.

Senator Daniel keeps an unlighted cigar in his mouth almost continually. He never lights it, but chews vigorously on the end, and when he is busy saving a small stream of amber-colored saliva, steams down from each side of his mouth. In his seat on the floor he matches at his unlighted cigar.

Senator Vance chews as he does every thing, with earnest vigor. He likes the plain North Carolina leaf best, but even chews any thing called tobacco.

Senator Hampton takes his tobacco in the shape of snuff, or rather he lets it dry thoroughly, pulverizes it with his fingers, and then snuffs it.

When Senator Cockrell gets his feet into a pair of carpet slippers and puts on his working coat he takes down one of those cob pipes, of which hundreds of thousands are turned out by a Missouri factory, and looks the intense satisfaction he feels. The Senator would not exchange his cob pipe and Chariot County leaf for the finest thing in a Washington tobaccoist's stock.—Washington Letter.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Four negatives were recently taken of a cannon ball that occupied only one-third of a second in passing a given space.

The tensile strength and elastic limit of certain classes of iron increase during rest after stress beyond the elastic limit.

Experiments carried on at Astrakhan show that the culture of the silk worm could be carried on as far south as the mouth of the Volga.

Prof. Rife, the entomologist, has discovered an insect which preys upon boots and shoes. It can be destroyed by a vapor of bisulphide of carbon.

"Speryllite," a new discovery, is said to be the first mineral yet found containing platinum as an important constituent other than the natural alloys with various metals of the platinum group.

When nearest to the earth the planet Mars is about 36,000,000 miles away, a distance "which is," says Prof. Young, in Popular Science News, "about 150 times that of the moon, and a century's journey for a 'celestial limited' running forty miles an hour, without stops."

Brick is, as ever, the favorite building material. A trade paper says: "There is no material that can be used for construction equal to brick. Every brick bears its own weight. Bricks have already passed the fiery ordeal before they are used in buildings, and are tempered."

In the new method for obtaining gas for balloons the hydrogen is gotten by heating slaked lime and powdered zinc, to be enclosed in the cartridges for safe transportation; by heating this cartridge in an apparatus provided for the purpose, hydrogen gas is obtained in sufficient quantities to inflate an ordinary military balloon in three hours.

A Swedish scientist claims to have discovered the secret of artificially petrifying wood, by which means he believes edifices may be built of wood and converted into stone. At present the cost is about \$500 per cubic inch, so that the discovery does not promise an immediate revolution in building.

—Thomas A. Edison says he is now experimenting on an invention whereby electricity would be produced direct from coal, dispensing with boilers, engines, dynamos, etc. Besides, he said, this would use nearly the entire heat of coal, instead of only about five per cent, as done by the present system of burning.

—A still body of water at a temperature of from 75 degrees to 80 degrees, which is about the ordinary summer temperature, will evaporate about three-eighths of an inch in 24 hours if there be no wind. With the wind blowing at 20 miles an hour the evaporation will be about an inch. The amount will vary considerably with the variations in moisture of the air.

The application of electricity to the production of brilliant effects on the dramatic and operatic stage opens a new era in scenic representation. The sun, moon and stars, clouds, hail, rain and snow, sandstorms of the desert, flower gardens, fire-floes and almost everything involving color, light or shade, are represented with a verisimilitude which has never before been equaled.

Senator Coke, of Texas, has conceded to taste what he never would to style. He smokes cigarettes. Last somebody might say he was cultivating fashionable habits he enjoys cigarettes only in the privacy of his own room.

Senator Eustis smokes cigarettes almost exclusively. They are of the finest Turkish tobacco, and each cigarette is provided with a holder. They are expensive, but those Senator Coke affords are the plainest and cheapest of American-made five-cent-a-box.

Senator Kennan has his cigars made in West Virginia of a select quality of the natural leaf. He prefers them to imported cigars.

Senator McPherson chews cigars in preference to tobacco. He takes a cigar from his pocket, bites off a comfortable chew, and replaces the remainder for future use of tobacco.

Senator Gorman chews in a delicate and sparing manner. He prefers the natural tobacco without flavoring or sweetening, and pinches off for a chew a small piece not larger than a velvet tip.

Senator Edmunds chews strong tobacco and is rarely ever without a supply in his mouth; as a matter of fact he does not chew it, but simply keeps it securely resting in his mouth.

Senator Daniel keeps an unlighted cigar in his mouth almost continually. He never lights it, but chews vigorously on the end, and when he is busy saving a small stream of amber-colored saliva, steams down from each side of his mouth. In his seat on the floor he matches at his unlighted cigar.

Senator Vance chews as he does every thing, with earnest vigor. He likes the plain North Carolina leaf best, but even chews any thing called tobacco.

Senator Hampton takes his tobacco in the shape of snuff, or rather he lets it dry thoroughly, pulverizes it with his fingers, and then snuffs it.

When Senator Cockrell gets his feet into a pair of carpet slippers and puts on his working coat he takes down one of those cob pipes, of which hundreds of thousands are turned out by a Missouri factory, and looks the intense satisfaction he feels. The Senator would not exchange his cob pipe and Chariot County leaf for the finest thing in a Washington tobaccoist's stock.—Washington Letter.

TEMPERANCE.

THE "HOME-MADE" ARTICLE.
A Timely Rebuke and a Fearful Warning—A Woman Who Was True to Her Principles.

Mrs. A. Elmore relates the following experience in the Union Signal:

"Some years ago I was visiting relatives in a Western city, and with them was invited to attend, at the home of a wealthy widow, a grand dinner-party in honor of an only son's twenty-first birthday, and of his recovery from a terrible injury. Probably fifty guests sat at the bounteous table. Guests of renown, witty, educated, scientific, professional, the most popular of the lawyers, physicians and clergymen of the city were there, with a full complement of cultured ladies."

"Grace was said by one of the ministers as we stood about the table, and being seated, there began a veritable feast for the cultured mind. When the time arrived, according to fashionable custom, a glass of wine was poured out for each guest; I chanced to be the first one served, and as the service was wholly unexpected, I had not the opportunity to turn my glass, and as the glasses were large, I had not expected them to be used for wine."

"When all were served, the hostess said: 'I expect you all to praise my wine; I made it myself, and this is the first time the barrel has been opened.' Smiles and pleasant appreciative words of approval passed around the table as the guests sipped the sparkling beverage. I was a 'radical' by habit, and the protests and the 'crusade,' and I was a very young woman to brave criticism, but my glass sat unmolested."

"You seem to have nothing to say, and we expect a *bon mot* from you," said a neighbor.

"Yes, taste your wine and give us a couplet in its honor," said a physician at the table. Little did she dream of the sorrow which even then loomed up in her horizon and which came through strong drink."

"I took the glass and held it up to the light. 'It is a beautiful color; what a pity that any thing which so pleases the eye can so injure the soul! I cannot give you a couplet in its honor. I can only wonder that a mother can dare, with her own hands, to make wine, and set it before her son, and ask God's blessing upon her table.'"

"My hand and voice trembled, and silence fell on the guests, which was broken by the minister who had said, 'I am not so sure,' he said, 'that the reproach is unneeded to any of us; some day the question of wine-drinking will be the question before the American people. The abuse of it has become so great a source of wrong that the women are going to take it on as bravely as this young lady has to-night, and they will force the men into the fray with them.'"

"I hope not in my day," said the hostess, while her eyes flashed with vexation. Little did she dream of the sorrow which even then loomed up in her horizon and which came through strong drink."

"My relatives were indignant, and on our arrival at their home, upbraided me very plainly for my insult to the hostess."

"But," I said, "they forced me to declare my position. I would have kept silent if they had not insisted on my speaking."

"Ah! but you did not know that Mrs. Mercer's son had become fond of whisky while he was ill, and she made the wine purposely for his use to keep him from using stronger liquor."

"She thought a tiger was less dreaded than a lion; there she is mistaken; the tiger is the most respectable man-eater; the lion captures other game when he can."

"But she knows well that her son would have died except for the whisky the doctors gave him. He was in that awful railroad accident at West Bend, and laid for hours under the broken truck of his car, and he was so crushed that he begged of the men to kill him, and if he could have killed himself he would. He was unconscious when they got him out at last, and nearly frozen as well, for the wreck occurred just after a heavy snow-storm. He is only just beginning to walk about town now and it is nearly a year since he was hurt."

"The doctors, I suppose, fed him on whisky all that time?"

"It was necessary, don't you see?"

"I confess I do not see the necessity."

"You are a fanatic, and you have mortified us beyond forgiveness by showing the fact in a public way."

"I ask not forgiveness, I have done no wrong."

"You could have tasted the wine out of courtesy and have kept still."

"I could have violated my principles and have lost an opportunity to defend the right, and have lent my influence to the wrong."

"Fudge and nonsense, principle indeed, to upset the pleasure of the entire party in such a—I must say it—vulgar way."

"I might retort by saying that to all principles there are some who take exceptions; but it is useless to discuss the matter now; you are vexed, and we will drop the subject for the present."

A few days later I left the city, and in a year learned that young Mercer had died in a fit of delirium tremens, the third attack in three months. After the recovery from the first and second attacks, he had cursed the doctor for saving his life after the accident; had bitterly upbraided his mother, and preached such a crusade against liquors as frightened some mothers and sisters so that they banished the deceitful

friend from their homes; but his poor, abused, diseased body could not rally, even with the strong effort of his will, for he did not ask God's help, nor reach out his feeble hands to clasp that of the Ever Strong, Ever Willing."

Mrs. Elmore adds to the above statement that she does not know whether the widowed, childless mother yet lives, nor whether she joined in the movements against this arch enemy of all human progress and human happiness, but says she does know that the clergyman who invoked the Divine grace at that dinner is a strong and active worker in the cause of Temperance reform to-day, and that his sons and daughters walk in his footsteps, and he dates his conversion to the grand truth of which he is an able advocate, to her refusal to drink that glass of home-made wine.

PATHETIC INCIDENTS.

Two Illustrations of Inherited Appetite for Strong Drink.

The questions raised by the fact that there is an inherited appetite for intoxicating liquors transmitted to children from parents who are inebriates, furnish problems which confront the moral sense and conscience of the country, and demand a solution in conformity with Christian and humane principles.

It is below the figures which might be cited in proof to state that one hundred thousand infants are annually born in the United States with so strong an hereditary appetite for liquors that they are almost certain to become drunkards.

What Temperance lecture could be more eloquent and pathetic than an incident which happened recently at the New York City Tombs. A lawyer, well known in legal circles for his sometimes brilliant pleas, walked into Justice Kibbreth's court-room and asked to be committed for contempt in so doing.

"What?" said the Justice. "You wish to be committed? What kind of a joke is this, Mr.—?"

"It's no joke," answered the lawyer. "I want to be kept away from liquor. It has been my ruin, as it was my father's before me."

Yet after the poor man has been confined in prison a month, he will come out with the fatal appetite still strong upon him, to meet temptation on every side and to fall again.

At the Massachusetts Woman's Reformatory a visitor was talking with an unfortunate prisoner, whose time would be out in a few days.

"You will soon have your freedom," the visitor kindly said, "and a chance to try again, and make your new life so good that the past shall be forgotten."

"Taint no kind of use for me to try, ma'am," the woman said, despondently. "I shall be right back here again in a little while."

"Oh, no," the visitor said, "I'm sure you will try to do right, and that's half the battle."

"Yes, ma'am. I do mean to try, but I know how 'twill be with me. I shall do pretty well for a week or so after I'm out, an' I shall fight against myself. But it's rum will put me back. I shall have to go by bar-room every day to my work, an' the sight an' smell of it 'twill tantalize me till I'd rather die than live without it, an' then, after I've had it, the evil one gets in me, an' I shall be back here."

What could the visitor say to help this unfortunate woman?—Youth's Companion.

AN APPROPRIATE SIGN.

The Kind of Work Turned Out—One of our Most Experienced Editors—When ever I go to church or up-town on a shopping expedition I pass a corner where a gilded sign hangs over the door bearing the words: "Sample Room."

On the side of the building near the door is a large black and gold shield, and upon it again in gold letters we see "Sample Room."

Vary often we hear a piano and violin going within, and men singing; and sometimes we see some of the "samples" they make inside leaning against a tree-box, or staggering along the sidewalk, or even lying in the gutter. Now you know what I mean. They make drunkards inside that corner building, and then turn them out as "samples" of their work.

Not long ago a young man went into one of these "Sample Rooms" with three hundred dollars in his pocket. He had just sold a horse to a friend, and at his friend's urgency, he stepped in to take a glass of beer in honor of the trade. He had seldom entered such a place; but he went this time, took the one glass of beer, then a glass of whisky, and stopped to see a game of cards played. Next morning he awoke in jail, and presently found himself in court, sentenced to pay a fine of ten dollars or go to jail for ten days. He put his hand in his pocket—not a dime there! Yesterday three hundred dollars; to-day not a dime! That was another "sample" of the work done in the corner saloon. He could remember nothing, except that he went in there and took two drinks—beyond that his memory failed. Having no money he had to go to jail and bear the disgrace of having the story known at home, as well as the dreary imprisonment. Had he kept away from that place he might have gone gayly home with the money in his pocket. As it was, boys, did he gain or lose by going there?—Sunlight.

—Guest (at Saratoga hotel).—"Seems to me I have seen you before." Walter—"Yes, sir; I was a guest here last year."—"Ah! That accounts for it. I was a waiter here last year."—Philadelphia Record.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



Wolf's ACME Blacking
IS A GREAT LABOR SAVER.
SHINE LASTS A WEEK.
RAIN AND SNOW DON'T AFFECT IT.
NO BRUSHING REQUIRED.
MAKES A SHOE WATERPROOF.
USED BY MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.
 Can be washed like Oil Cloth, and absolutely softens and preserves all kinds of Leather.
 Ask for it, and do not give up till you get it, and you will be well rewarded.
 Sold by Shoe Store, Grocers, Druggists, &c.
 For Home use it is unequalled.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.
UNDERTAKERS

AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,
OAKLAND, MD.
 Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS
 —AND—
BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!
 —Also a full line of—
FURNITURE.
 Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,
 And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms
 SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
REPAIR WORK,
PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.
 Also make Furniture to order.
D. E. BOLDEN & CO.
 Feb. 25, '88.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table
 The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 18th, 1888:

GOING EAST.	
No. 38—Accommodation.	7.41 A. M.
No. 38—Express.	8.00 A. M.
No. 6—Accommodation.	3.04 P. M.
No. 6—Express.	3.23 P. M.
No. 39—Accommodation.	1.43 P. M.
No. 39—Express.	1.52 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3—Accommodation.	5.54 A. M.
No. 3—Express.	6.13 A. M.
No. 4—Accommodation.	9.30 A. M.
No. 4—Express.	9.49 A. M.
No. 5—Accommodation.	6.50 P. M.
No. 5—Express.	7.09 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
 Manager.
C. K. LORD,
 General Passenger Agent.

NOTICE.
 All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hopewell Road, adjoining the land of Bowles Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 29, as for feloniously stealing goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees so cut down.
THEOS. R. HORWITZ.

TRESPASS NOTICE.
 I have frequently warned persons from putting crosties on my land, along the railroad, and hereby notify all persons who have neglected this warning to immediately remove any crosties that may now be on my land, and in the future to respect this notice and save themselves trouble. I do not intend to be trifled with.
JOHN BRADLEY.
 Cincinnati, O. Nov. 28, 1888.

Wanted! Reliable Men!
 To canvass for a full line of Nursery Stock Permanent employment guaranteed. Previous experience not required. Quota free.
SALARY WITH EXPENSES PAID.
 None under 25 years of age need apply. Address (enclosing stamp) the old and reliable, **MAPLE GROVE NURSERY.**
E. C. PIERSON & CO.,
 120 St. Established, 1880. Waterloo, N. Y.

The Arizona Kicker.
 We extract the following from the last issue of the Arizona Kicker:
POOR SHOOTING.—As we were returning to our office from the Widow Smith's the other evening (we have been sparking the widow for several weeks past,) and just as we came opposite the old Indian fort, some person whose manners certainly need polishing up, fired four bullets at us from a revolver. The intent, no doubt, was to kill us. It took us about the millionth part of a second to realize this fact, and then we opened out for a run and made good our escape. We don't claim to be great shakes at shooting, but if we can't hit the editor and proprietor of a great and growing weekly at the distance of twenty feet once in four shots, we will leave Arizona. We don't claim to be a Chesterfield, but if our manners permitted us to hide away behind an old wall and begin popping at a gentleman without warning, we'd expect to be mentioned in the same line with a hyena.

TOO MUCH TALK.—There is altogether too much talk about that mistake of our popular young druggist of the Blue Front which sent Colonel Jim Jackson to his grave. Colonel Jim asked for quinine and got strychnine by mistake, but there are a good many redeeming features. The Colonel was old, lazy, and drunk half his time, and left no one to mourn his loss. The druggist is a young and energetic man, who sold out a coal-yard in Chicago to come here and go into the drug business, and it must be expected that he will make a few mistakes in the go off. We call attention to his liberal manner of advertising in the Kicker. He has assured us that such a mistake cannot occur again, as he has properly labeled the bottles.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED.—Our esteemed contemporary down the street charges us with bulldozing men of this town into advertising with us. We nail the statement as a lie, and every business man will nail it as a lie. Our methods of securing advertising have always been perfectly legitimate. If a man who fled from Ohio to escape State prison for arson opens a grocery here we drop around for a friendly chat with him, and we let him know that we are posted on him. Then we set forth our circulation and influence, give him rates, and if he says he doesn't want to advertise that ends it. We advise all to advertise, we never bulldoze, as all can testify. If bulldozing would secure advertising, the old clap-net on the street covered with mortgages would be apt to try it.

APOLGICAL.—During our absence last week an item crept into the local columns which has stirred up considerable feeling. It was in relation to the death of Judge Handy, and the writer of it supposing truth was demanded, said the deceased was an old loafer, bummer, drunkard and dead-beat, and that he was found dead beside a jug of whiskey. The friends of the deceased are justly indignant at the expose, although they do not dispute the charges. We are very sorry that anything of the sort should happen and are now preparing an article for next week in which the judge is complimented for his sobriety and love of cold water—praised for his honesty and integrity—complimented for his public charities, and referred to as one of the most upright men west of Chicago. While all know better, and while the whole thing will be falsehood, we shall be smoothing it over for his friends. Extra copies, done up ready for mailing, five cents each.

"Miss Laura," began the youth, with a flushed face and a tremor in his voice, "I came this evening to ask you—" "One moment, please," Mr. Hankinson, Willie, you are making too much noise with those blocks. You'd better take them into the other room." To ask you," resumed the young man, mopping his brow with a trembling hand, "if you—" "Willie, take those blocks instantly and go." "If you have tried that new headache remedy you said the other evening you were going to take, and if it did you any good, I am nearly wild with a headache to-night." "I have forgotten the circumstance to which you allude, Mr. Hankinson," said Miss Kojones, coldly. "Willie, you may remain if you wish."

The New York World bids farewell to the Democratic administration in the following pleasant language: "The myth of Mr. Cleveland's statesmanship, rudely exposed by the failure of his administration upon every important question of domestic concern, disappears altogether in the humiliating fiasco of his foreign policy." The New York Sun is no longer the only Democratic newspaper which finds defects in "the man of destiny."

Secret of Success in Advertising.
 East Sussex News.
 The value of an advertisement in exact proportion to the influence it exercises upon those who are thereby induced to purchase the articles to which it draws attention. For local purposes newspapers circulating among a good class of readers reading within easy distance of the advertiser should always be chosen. If the subject matter is of general interest, then the more widely circulated and more expensive mediums should be selected. The important thing is to ascertain what papers are read and likely to secure the object of the advertiser has in view. There are a few simple rules by which the veriest amateur may arrive at a fairly correct judgment for himself. It is pretty clear that the proprietor of every newspaper knows the value of his columns, and frames charges accordingly. It is also well understood that in these days every newspaper is sold to the agents at just about the price the unprinted paper costs. Hence all the working expenses and the profit have to come out of the money received for advertisements. To produce a paper cheaply it must be starved. It will not bear the cost of an army of reporters and correspondents with their attendant expenses, not only for salaries but the cost of telegrams and other charges for transmission, which run into big figures. The papers that are bought to be read are those which have something fresh in them to read. All papers having a ready sale have no difficulty in getting advertisements at a fair price, and advertisers should studiously avoid the "cheap man." True in this, as in every other walk of life, "cheap and nasty." Papers that insert announcements in big type, like small posting bills, or hideous blocks which it is frequently difficult to know what they are intended to mean, carry with them their own condemnation. The proprietors are willing to insert any thing at any price if they can only save expense in production, by filling up a given space in the sheet which they send forth as a newspaper. Look at the leading papers in London and the important towns of England. Do we find there that one advertiser is allowed to try to "kill" the other by having the ugliest contrivance to attract attention? Certainly not. All is neat and orderly, and then the advertisements are read. In the other cases, even when such motives are observed, they are invariably passed over with disgust. A simple way to estimate the value of an advertisement is to imagine a pile of paper with an announcement printed out of the entire heap and calculate what it would cost to produce a similar number of public notices in any other way. And it is also to be remembered that there is no further charge for distribution. Of course, in a paper printing only a few hundred the value is comparatively trifling, but where the circulation numbers many thousands at each issue, the advertiser has no cheaper or better means whereby he can make himself and his wares known. But if he wishes really to attain the object in view, he will only patronize thoroughly good, well printed and extensively read journals. "The best is the cheapest."

Amusing Acuteness.
 Nowadays acuteness is deemed essential to success in any direction, and a certain amount of it does materially aid in the accomplishment of a purpose. But of a person reputed "cute," it is advisable to beware, else one may find himself unexpectedly involved in difficulty of some kind. While, for the greater part, human acuteness is tinged with base elements, it may be exercised without injury to the agent or object; merely exemplifying a good-natured, though keen wit.

A young man, under examination for admission to the University of Edinburgh, was asked if he had studied logic, and replied affirmatively. "You understand the difference between cause and effect?" inquired the professor. "Of course." "Did you ever know an instance where the effect was in advance of the cause?" "Yes, sir." "Mention it," said the professor, in great amazement. "Well, when a man pushes a wheelbarrow ahead of him."

On a certain occasion, Rabelais desired to visit Paris, but was destitute of the means for so doing. He made up three packages, and marked them "Poison for the King," "Poison for the Dauphin," "Poison for Monsieur." His landlord saw them, reported the case to the authorities, and he was arrested and taken to Paris. The contents of the packages were analyzed, found to be brickbats and harmless. Then Rabelais explained matters, and the King was highly amused by the ruse.

In days gone by, few Southern lawyers were more distinguished than Luther Martin. He was one day riding to Annapolis in a stage-coach when his only companion—a young man who had just been admitted to the bar—addressing him said: "Mr. Martin, you have been wonderfully successful in your profession. Are you willing to acquiesce in the secret of your success?" "If you will pay my expenses during the few days that I shall remain in Annapolis."

"I will," was the earnest response. "It is in this advice: Deny every thing and insist upon proof." At Annapolis, Mr. Martin enjoyed all the luxuries that a fine hotel could furnish, regardless of expense, and, when the time for his departure arrived, passed the "bill"—of enormous proportions—to the young lawyer who was standing near. The latter merely glanced at it, and then returned it to Mr. Martin.

"Aren't you going to pay it?" Mr. Martin asked. "Pay what?" "This bill. Didn't you promise to defray my expenses while I was in Annapolis?" "My dear sir," was the quiet reply, "I deny every thing and insist upon proof."

The eminent lawyer paid his bill, and laughingly said to the young man: "You need no farther counsel from me."

If You Have a Trifling Cough
 Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 30 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.
 Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns, Bruises, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation
 Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Pile!
 Roger's Specific Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of itching, protruding, bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Sp. cific Worm Syrup
 Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.
 Use Fragrance Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Blisters and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturges' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

WAS SOLD GOLD WATCH
 sold for \$100, and later, for \$200. The watch was a fine one, and was sold to a man who was a great deal of money. The watch was a fine one, and was sold to a man who was a great deal of money.

ORDER NISI.
 Morris M. Townsend
 William A. and Mary E.
 No. 408 Equity.

ORDERED. By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity, this 18th day of February, 1888, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Robert R. H. Henson, Trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 28th day of March next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 18th day of March next.

The report states the amount of sales to be \$800.
E. Z. TOWER,
 Clerk Circuit Court.
 True copy—Test
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 223.

Send for Sample Copy
 They are sent free to all who apply.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Weekly, per year, \$1.00; six months, 50 cents; three months, 30 cents. DAILY, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.00; three months, \$1.50; one month, 50 cents.

VALUABLE PREMIUMS are given to all subscribers and agents. We want a good agent in every town and village where we have not one now at work. Send for our Special Circular to Agents and see our liberal offers.

You Can Make Money
 by accepting our Cash Commission offers or working for our valuable and popular premiums. Address the MAIL AND EXPRESS, New York City.

J. F. LEWIS,
 —MANUFACTURER OF—
LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!
SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.
J. F. LEWIS,
 33 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va.

FARM FOR SALE!
 For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a
Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 20 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.
 For particulars and terms, apply to or address
RICHARD CUSTER,
 Swanton, Md.

NEW ADVERTISMENTS.

It Makes You Hungry

"I have used Paine's Celery Compound and it has had a salutary effect. It invigorated the system and I feel like a new man. It improves the appetite and facilitates digestion." J. T. C. F. LAND, Primus, I. C.



Paine's Celery Compound
 is a unique tonic and appetizer. Pleasant to the taste, quick in its action, and without any injurious effect, it gives that rugged health which makes everything taste good. It cures dyspepsia and kindred disorders. Physicians prescribe it. \$1.00. Six for \$5.00. Druggists.

DIAMOND DYES Color anything any color. Never Fades! Always sure!

The Best Spring Medicine.
 "In the spring of 1887 I was all run down. I would get up in the morning with so tired a feeling, and was so weak that I could hardly get around. I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had taken it a week I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to all who need a building up and strengthening medicine." Mrs. B. A. Dow, Burlington, Vt.

LACTATED FOOD Nourishes babies perfectly. The Physician's Favorite.

What is

CASTORIA

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NUMBER 2

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

1993-1994

A BED-TIME SONG.

Sway to and fro in the twilight ray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown,
It always sails at the end of the day
Just as the darkness is closing down.
That little head on my shoulder, so,
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in the rocking-chair.
See—'re the fireflies glow and sparkle,
Glimmer the lights of the Shadow land;
The winter rains on the window, hark!
Are rippling lapping upon its strand.
There where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake is shimmering cool and still;
Bliss—ons are waving above its rim,
Those over there on the window sill.
Rock slow, more slow in the dusky light,
Slightly lower the anchor down;
Dear little passenger, say "Good night,"
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.
—Frederick (M.A.) News.

A WIFE'S DUTY.

Happy Results of a Friend's Kind Counsel.

"Is she not lovely, Rutherford?"
A lover's enthusiasm spoke in the earnest tones, shone in the handsome eyes, of the young man who asked the question in such manner as though he replied, "Very lovely," which caused him to start and turn to look in his companion's face.

The two friends were cemented by a bond of years, and as they were slowly sauntering up the carefully ordered lawn of Mr. Howard's country seat, it was of his betrothed daughter and the betrothed of the younger man, of whom they spoke. She stood awaiting their approach, a smile of welcome lighting her eyes, a vision of youth and happiness; and yet Percy Rutherford had betrayed, even in *secret* to Clarence Somers' eager question that he felt his choice might not have been a wise one.

"She is a mere child, Clarence, who, it seems to me," he continued, "is as yet scarcely fit to battle with the realities of life. It seems hard she should not yet be left amid her birds and flowers."

"Ah, but shall I not give her birds of brighter plumage, flowers of fairer hue? No shadow shall cross my darling's path; no chill winds pierce through the cloak of protecting love in which I shall envelop her."

But a merry laugh and musical tones interrupted him, as the young girl came forward to greet them and playfully chide them with their slow approach. Only seventeen summers have left their faint impress upon Fay Howard's brow, and that the new life on whose threshold she stands is to bring responsibilities and cares upon her young shoulders is a thought she has never harbored. In one more week she is to be the bride of the man on whose arm she leans.

So the week passed, the last week of the old life, and she stands at last, clad in white robes, with sunbeams crowning the fair waves of her hair and playing hide and seek, in the old church, by Clarence Somers' side, and uttered, with scarce a thought of their solemn meaning, the words which bind them together for aye. Into the home which Clarence has prepared for her she enters with happy feet, seeing only on every side evidence of her husband's indulgent love in the appointments, taste and wealth have combined to give her.

So a year passes, a bright, happy year, and she notes not that on her husband's brow are lines which a few months ago were not there, that he often avoids gay scenes, pleading some excuse, but never letting her share the solitary vigil, at which she sometimes dimly wonders, but ere her wonderment finds words it is forgotten. Then comes the crash, the knowledge, sudden and overwhelming, that her husband is a bankrupt. Pitying friends gather round his wife, and to their consoling promises that still her father's home is open to receive her, where she shall not miss the comforts which have grown necessities, she yields with unthinking assent.

It seems so hard that all should be swept from her, and so with self-pity only at her heart, Clarence resigns her will he can again win health and fortune. A small clockwork had been offered him in a Western town, with promise of ultimate partnership. Could he ask Fay to share such a life? So he goes alone, never shrinking from the daily trials which he meets, and treasuring with reverent care the short notes which Fay sends, filled with hopes that he soon may give her back her home, while he glances round the one, meagerly-furnished room which he dignifies by that sacred title, and thinks how incongruous would be her radiant presence there, yet, ah, how sweet to the heart, which sometimes shrinks dismayed at its own loneliness! It is like a gleam of sunshine when one day he finds himself discovered by Percy Rutherford, and his greeting of his old friend is frank and cordial.

"Unfortunately old fellow," he says with a half sigh, "I can only give you half welcome, since Fay can not share it. I could not, of course, ask her to go into my exile."

"Did she not wish to?"
"Poor little girl! I think she scarcely knew what she wished. The crash was so sudden and overwhelming, every body advised that she should stay; and I, too, could not be so selfish as to wish her with me."

"What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Solemn words, Clarence, solemnly spoken. They and you and she are wrong. Where is a woman's place if not by her husband's side? You said truly on that day, you may remember, that birds of brighter plumage and flowers of fairer hue should be her lot; and so when the

flowers faded, and the birds shed their radiant covering, you put her from you, and went forth alone. She is selfish only in her thoughtlessness. Show her that you miss and need her, and you will find the true woman-heart spring into life."

But Clarence shook his head, and Percy felt he could say no more. But when a month later he stood in Mr. Howard's brilliantly lighted parlors, everywhere round him evidences of luxurious wealth, and saw the fair daughter of the house with her smile as free, her laughter as joyous as though her heart had never known a care, he wondered if there were aught beneath that smiling surface which could turn from the altar of worldliness at which it seemed to offer itself a living sacrifice.

If there was no one else to do it, he would make one appeal to the wife and the woman. A half hour later he rose to find her and carry out his new-born resolution. He had not long to seek. Approaching him her graceful form and beauty everywhere conspicuous, he soon described her, and when he asked a few moments of her time, she gave them willingly. The wifery of youth and the counsels she had, perhaps, unwittingly followed made his voice loud and tender as he addressed her.

"Did you know I had seen Clarence lately, Mrs. Somers?"

A flush of eagerness passed over her face at mention of his name.

"I could but picture the contrast," he continued, "between the happiness on your face and the sad loneliness written upon his—"

"I am here by my husband's wish," Mr. Rutherford, she interrupted, "and I could hardly be so ungrateful to the kind friends who try to brighten my life, as to repay them with sorrowful looks or frowns. As soon as Clarence desires I will rejoice him."

"Will you let me tell you a little story, Mrs. Somers, a story of a man young and full of hope as Clarence was but little more than a year ago, on whose footsteps misfortune too quickly followed and overtook him, and laid her cruel mark upon his brow—who had stood, even as you have stood, before God's altar, with one who promised to cherish him until death, but who constructed that promise, as you have done, and when the smiles of the world were converted into frowns, when the sunshine was obscured by clouds, when his heart, sore and bruised, needed the tender touch of a woman's hand, lo, she had fled from the darkness and gloom which threatened to overshadow her, and he was too brave, too generous to call her back; but little by little life changed. Almost without his knowledge, his old faith in woman's love and constancy failed him; he grew cynical, his frank nature reserved, until, in desperation, he sought scenes and associations from which once he would have shrunk."

"Tell me no more," Fay interrupted. "I can catch the meaning of the story you have told. O, Mr. Rutherford, have I indeed been so cruel and so heartless! If Clarence would but let me, I would rather share his life than all else on earth!"

"Do you mean that?"
"Indeed, indeed I do! Only persuade my father to give his consent, and I will go to him."

"Show him you are earnest in your desire, and he will not withhold it; and as for Clarence, he will not ask his love shall go to him unthought; and see if his arms are not wide open to receive you."

A week later, and Fay Somers stood in the room which her husband called home. She had not expected elegance, but her heart shrank as she gazed round her. It seemed strange and new for the dainty fingers to busy themselves in the task of holding a look of comfort to the cheerless place, to place fresh flowers here and there, to rearrange and restore order; but when it was over, and she surveyed her work, she felt a thrill of pride and pleasure new and keen, and sat down with a flush of expectation to await his coming, who little knew what fairy sat by his hearthstone. At last she heard a key in the door below; but surely those steps, slow and half listless, were not his, and she sank back in the chair from which she had half-risen, chilled and disappointed. But at the door they pause; it opens, and Clarence stands upon the threshold with wide staring eyes at the apparition confronting him.

"Clarence," she exclaims, in glad, ringing tones, and springs into his arms, which open willingly to receive her, and into which she fled as a bird to its nest.

"Thank God! Thank God!" so the sentences fall from his white lips, while her little hand brushes back the hair from the brow, now so full of lines; and over and anon the young lips set their seal upon it. She bends again to kiss his mouth, but he holds her back as he says:

"I can not take your kiss, Fay, until I tell you from what you have saved me. I had grown hard and desperate. It seemed useless battling against Fate. I heard that you were gay and happy; that you were admired by others; and so Fay, I thought to put an end to all this misery, this wretchedness of living; no longer to hamper your young life with mine. I forgot there was a God, and lo! I found an angel sent by Him, waiting and watching for me, Fay, darling, can you forgive me? Can you kiss lips which thus have sinned?"

"Ah, Clarence, your every word but stabs my heart with its own unworthiness. Never, never again will we so wrong our marriage vow; and what'er

Fate has in store for us we will meet and brave it hand in hand."

So courage and hope came back to Clarence Somers' heart, and fortune was not long in following. But in the years which follow, when children's voices fill their happy homes, and bright, sunny-faced boy, the eldest of the three, seems somewhat dearer to the parents' hearts. They call him Percy, and with every utterance of the name is wafted the recollection of the man who, by his brave, out-spoken counsel, had restored happiness to two hearts.—Jenny Wren, in N. Y. Ledger.

DON'T CHEW GUM.

It is a silly habit, injurious to health and beauty.
"Girls, if you would have plump and rosy cheeks, don't chew gum," was the opening words of a lecture just issued by a distinguished professor on the evils of chewing gum, a habit which just now has taken a strong hold on the girls of the land.

The fashionable young lady considers a package of daintily-arranged chewing gum as a very necessary part of her wardrobe, and when the "swim young man" wants to make his best girl a present he gives her little gum tins, and from them she is pleased to hand around the gum to her afternoon callers.

A young lady and her tea are inseparable. On the beach and at the bath it is with her, and even in the folds of her scant evening dress it may always be found. The gum habit has spread over the entire land, and the California girl uses it, as does also the New York belle, for same fashion has decreed it.

The gum comes in attractive packages, tied in delicate ribbons, and contained in each bundle of one dozen pieces is a neat card setting forth the advantages of gum from a sanitary standpoint. It reads: "Glycerine, which is so prevalent in America, is caused solely by lack of saliva assimilated with the food, due to the fact that Americans eat too much and too rapidly. The act of chewing gum stimulates the salivary glands, and by giving to the food taken its proper quota of saliva, greatly aids digestion and positively prevents dyspepsia."

The lecture published by the eminent scientist quoted above refutes the statements of the chewing-gum makers, and asserts that the daily morsel is a dangerous enemy to womanhood, almost as great an evil as man is to mankind. Fair maidens are turned into human wrecks, and irreparable damage to the system is done by constant use of chewing gum. Rosy cheeks are made hollow and sallow, and cute dimples disappear from the face, while deep lines are drawn around the once beautiful eyes. The lecturer says: "The constant secretion of the masseter muscle hardens it, and removes the fatty substance which conduces to roundness. Not only the firmness of the cheek disappears, but there is a tendency to wrinkling of the skin, a natural result of the falling away of the parts beneath it."

The doctor uses many other arguments equally convincing, and when they are placed before the ladies properly the demand for gum will be cut off very materially.

The output of chewing gum is very large. One New York house turns out daily, in small parcels of one dozen pieces, a quantity that in bulk would make nearly three tons. This house makes the brand which meets with special favor in the eyes of society people. There are many smaller manufacturing, all located in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, and the entire daily production is between five and six tons.—Philadelphia Record.

AUSTRIA'S NEXT RULER.

The Russian who will probably inherit the throne of Austria is the Emperor's brother, is not likely to survive the present monarch as he is a man of very poor health. In that case, the next Emperor of Austria will be Archduke Joseph's son Otto. The latter is without exception the most offensive of all the twenty-eight Archdukes and Archduchesses who constitute the Imperial family of Austria. Wedded to a charming and beautiful Saxon Princess, she subjected her to such ill-treatment during the first year of their marriage, that she was obliged to leave him and to return for a while to her parents.

The crowning outrage which her husband inflicted on her was one night at Prague, when after carousing with dissolute women and dissipated men to the various haunts of ill-fame, he conveyed the entire party to his residence. After indulging in disgusting orgies he at length suggested to his companions, male and female, that they should accompany him upstairs and pay a visit to his wife, who was at the time within a few weeks only of her confinement. Fortunately one of the Prince's aide-de-camps had remained sober, and thoroughly alarmed at the prospect of the consequences of such inconceivable conduct, he rushed on ahead, and posted himself before the door of the Archduchess' bedroom, threatening to shoot like a dog any one, not excepting the Archduke, who should dare to approach within ten paces. Cowed by his determined attitude, the revellers slunk off.

The Emperor was deeply incensed when he heard of the incident, and ordered his nephew to undergo three months' arrest. The young aide-de-camp, however, received a well-merited promotion.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Husband—"I'm feeling awfully queer this morning, my dear." Wife—"Well, you needn't be alarmed. It's because you are sober."—Boston Budget.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—From the way society women start on the stage, it would appear that there is always room—at the top.—Puck.
—Mrs. Gabb (reading).—"Walkefield has a millionaire who sleeps in the barn with his horse." Mr. Gabb (bravely).—"Well, horses don't talk."—Philadelphia Record.

—One of the curiosities never seen in the dime museums is the man who is deaf, and knows he is deaf, and still is willing to admit it.—Somerville Journal.

—The valentine business was created to catch soft-heads, and it is the only day in the year that the old fool and the moon-struck youth can call their own.—Detroit Free Press.

—Only Half the Job.—Hobbs—"I understand that Dobson's wife is a German, and that he mastered the German language to win her." Jones—"Well, he must have expended all his energies on the language, then. He has never mastered her."—Burlington Free Press.

—Daughter, aged 33 (faintly).—"Papa, I found a dozen gray hairs in my head this morning and pulled them out. Don't you give me away, though." Father (sighing heavily).—"Give you away, Emily? I've abandoned all hope of that."

—It is asserted that nearly all the idols now worshipped in India are of English manufacture. John Bull's principle would seem to be, "Let me but make the idols of a country and I care not who makes its religion."—N. Y. Tribune.

—The term "gentleman horseman," which is now frequently used, is a curiosity worthy of a place in any museum. There has as yet appeared such a thing as a "lady horsewoman," but no one can tell what the future may bring forth in the way of syntactical horrors.—Chicago News.

—"Your honor," said a lawyer to the judge, "every man who knows me, knows that I am incapable of lending myself to a mean cause." "That's so," said his opponent; "the learned gentleman never lends himself to a cause; he always gets cash down."

—"What's the matter, Smithers—don't your books balance?" "No, the expense side, thanks to my wife's dressmaker's bills, completely outweighs the income side. I tell you, Jones, marriage isn't exactly a failure, but it comes mighty near bankruptcy."—Harper's Bazar.

—"Come home with me, and we'll have a little game of draw," said Cobwigger to his friend. "My wife will be away." "How do you know she will?" inquired Merrit. "Because," was the convincing reply, "her new bonnet came from the milliner's last night, and she's sure to be out all day."—N. Y. Sun.

—Receipts sent "from pure love of humanity" (on receipt of stamps) for cures of various diseases, generally contain ingredients not obtainable at drug stores, and a philanthropic bestower, in his solicitude for the afflicted, must himself put up and sell the bottle of medicine.—Abby Morton Diaz.

—"The editor down the street," writes a Kansas editor, with withering scorn, "should go to school during the winter months so that the teacher can leave him something about grammar. We have seen him writers before but we never seen one who could crowd so many grammatical erratum into a single sentence."—Kansas City Star.

A QUEER DISEASE.

What a Scrupulous Victim Has to Say About Kleptomania.
"The kleptomaniacs who confine their attention exclusively to jewelry stores are multiplying to an alarming extent. A few years ago we used to read about their exploits in dry goods houses and wonder how it was that they would be tolerated. We know now."

"I venture the assertion without fear of contradiction that nearly every retail jeweler in New York has his regular kleptomaniac customers. Well dressed women of respectable appearance generally seem to be afflicted with this disease. They attend church and have families. When caught walking off with some of our property we have to politely remind them that they have picked up something by mistake. To accuse them of theft, would result in an action for damages in most cases. Their pastors come to us and plead; their husbands also put in an appearance, and what can we do except withdraw our charges and keep quiet? If we don't, their friends travel elsewhere and denounce us as villains."

Why is it that men are not subject to this disease, and if they are, how is it that they are sent to prison? Possibly kleptomania attacks the gentle sex only; but I don't see why it should, nor how it is that there is not some disease by which the persons afflicted would have an insatiable habit of leaving their personal property in stores instead of taking out ours without paying for it."—Jeweler's Weekly.

Educate Them Together.

Experience clearly demonstrates that on the whole there is less danger of moral contamination in a well-managed school, where rich and poor, high and low, meet together on a common fraternal basis, than in schools founded on class distinctions; and certainly the hot-house system of education which many parents favor has never produced good results. Your healthy child is safer amid the rough and tumble of the public-school yard than in the society of the nursery. Sturdy morality is not secured by seclusion from the world, nor by continuous application to dry tomes concerning the haps and mishaps of the past ages.—Theological Journal.

SCROFULA.

Of all the ills that human flesh is heir to, Scrofula is most prevalent. Very few, indeed, are entirely free from some taint of Scrofula. Young people of delicate constitution are often afflicted by this disease, which manifests itself in various forms. The glands of the neck, groin, abdomen, etc., become enlarged, either persistently, or with slight impairment of health.

Swellings in the Neck
Frequently become so engorged with scrofulous matter that abscesses are formed. Painful running sores may also appear on the arms, legs and feet; sometimes continuous and sometimes of an intermittent character. Occasionally the sores appear in the ears and nose, and on or about the eyes, causing distress and blindness. Pimples, cancerous growths, swollen joints, etc., are other symptoms of the disease. It must be treated through the blood if a permanent cure is to be obtained.

What is more beautiful than a rich, soft complexion in man or woman? This can be obtained only by the eradication of all scrofulous taints from the blood by the persistent use of

Magee's Emulsion,

and health will follow. Be sure your Druggist sells you only that prepared by

J. A. MAGEE & CO., Lawrence, Mass.

JOSEPH H. HUNTER,

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ATTORNEY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PENSION without DELAY.



A DELIGHTED YOUNG WOMAN.

Look at my face and my hands—not a pimple, such as you saw there some time ago. See my fresh cheeks, and I'm getting a dimple. I don't look at all like I used to, I know.

My face was all blotches—complexion like talcum; no wonder they thought me and called me a fright; no one need have pimples and skin gray and sallow. If she'll take what I look, every morn, noon, and night.

I asked the delighted young woman what she referred to, and she answered, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the best beautifier in the world, because it purifies and enriches the blood, and pure rich blood gives good health, and good health—beauty.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is guaranteed to cure all Blood, Skin and Scalp Diseases, as Blotches, Eruptions, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

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CATARRH IN THE HEAD,

no matter how bad or of how long standing, is permanently cured by DR. GAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY. 50 cents, by druggist.

PERCHERON HORSES!

SAVAGE & FARNUM, ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM, Grose Lake, Wayne County, Michigan.

About 500 pure-bred animals on hand. Prices reasonable; terms easy. Horses guaranteed breeders. Large catalogue with history of the breed free by mail. Address SA VAGE & FARNUM, Grose Lake, Mich.



Definitely formed high-standing stallions and mares, each, action, bred for the French Government, and history of the breed.

SAVAGE & FARNUM, Detroit, Mich.

TO THE WOMEN.

WHEN we understand the anatomy and physiology of women and the diseases peculiar to their sex, there is a feeling of sympathy for their well being and the preservation of her health.

FEMALE WEAKNESS.

On account of the intimate connection of these diseases with the stomach, brain, heart and liver the diagnosis or locating of her diseases becomes the more difficult. Thus, as a symptom she may have neuralgic headache, dizziness, nausea and vomiting, oppression and faintness, pain in the back and kidneys.

IT NEVER FAILS.

Always in Season—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. Procure it for your druggist or send direct to us. Price, \$1.00; 50¢ bottles; 25¢ glass, 5¢.

HIBBARD'S RHEUMATIC SYRUP

Contains Podophyllum, Cascara Sagrada, Unicorn Root, Black Cohosh and Poke Root, with tonics and diuretics, with Salicylic Acid, Nerveine, etc., etc., scientifically combined and pleasant to take, all of them being specific in their action, as well as laxative and alternative, which will restore action and subdue inflammation. Hibbard's Rheumatic Plasters should be applied to the small of the back or loins, or to any parts that may be painful or weak.

TESTIMONIALS THAT CANNOT BE DOUBTED:

It has cured my indigestion, purified my blood and made me a well woman, and I cannot say too much in praise of both Syrup and Plaster. Mrs. S. L. BARKS, Whitehall, Mich.

Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup has no equal. We cannot be without it in our family. Mrs. MATTHEW WILBY, Muskegon, Mich.

Ten years I have been a great sufferer from dyspepsia, neuralgic headache and other diseases. Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup made me a well woman. Mrs. A. D. NORTON, Jackson, Mich.

Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup entirely cured me. I think it the best family medicine in the world. Miss LOUIS ELIZABETH, Wabash, Ind.

No remedy known so highly endorsed by its home people. Our Medical Pamphlet, treating on all diseases, sent free on application.

RHEUMATIC SYRUP COMPANY, Jackson, Michigan

GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

I CANNOT AND I CAN.

A BOX TURTLE

The young friend mentioned above is particularly fond of turtles, and on going to the country in the summer the first thing he does is to scour the neighborhood and set up a turtle pen. Last summer, out on Long Island, he had six or eight turtles in a pen which he filled every day with fresh water, and two box turtles, which were tied in the yard. The smaller of the two was only three inches long, and I was much interested in it. It ate the first I had noticed closely, for I must admit that almost any live creature is more attractive to me than the reptile. It is altogether too cool-blooded for my taste.

Charlie in the Swing.

A Western rancher hired a very experienced boy to help him about his farm. At told them to take some salt and salt the calf over in the pasture. The boy took about a quart of salt and rubbed over the calf, working it well into the hair. A gang of colts in the pasture scented the salt and got after the calf. They licked the hair all off the calf's hide and tried to lick the hide off, too. At tried to catch the calf to wash it, but the creature, thinking he wanted to lick, kept on, kept out of his reach. The boy and the calf and Farmer Al are all unhappy. The colts are the only ones that got any fun out of it—Astoria Ore.) Pioneer.

CORN-EARS COOKED.
 Wrinkle Which Is Becoming Quite Popular in the East.

Keep Your Cows Clean.
Nothing looks much worse than a cow covered with manure, a statement that we will all agree with. For looks sake the cow should be cleaned off. But that is not all of it by any means. Some of the filth is pretty apt to get

MISS ELIZABETH MORRIS was elected president of the Merris Refugo Association for Homeless and Suffering Animals at its recent annual meeting in Philadelphia. Last year the association received 2,549 dogs and 2,784 cats.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla
 Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only
 by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

of Mercury and Potash. S. S. S. not only cured the
of Poison, but relieved the Rheumatism which was
used by the poison.

GEORGE BOVELL, 3423 3d Avenue, N. Y.
Ten years ago Scrofula attacked two of my children,
they were badly afflicted with that disease, which
I stated the treatment of my family physician. I was
sounded to use S. S. S. as a relief. I did so, and
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SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1889.

The Indiana Legislature adjourned Monday, and after the adjournment it leaked out that all the bills vetoed by the Governor and re-passed by the Democratic majority lacked the signatures of the speaker of the House and president of the Senate, and will therefore fall. A bill to tax telephone companies was stolen on the way from the Senate to the House.

West Virginia's Governorship.

CHARLESTON, W. VA., March 12.—The Supreme Court this morning decided in the Goff-Wilson gubernatorial mandamus case that Governor Wilson is entitled to hold over until such time as the contest between Fleming and Goff shall have been settled, or, in other words, Goff is not entitled to the seat on the ground that the returns were not declared by the legislature. The fight will now be between Wilson and Carr on a quo warranto proceeding.

A Rush for Postoffices.

WASHINGTON, March 11.—The applications for appointment as fourth-class postmasters have been pouring in at the Postoffice Department on every mail since inauguration day, and the clerical force of the office is completely swamped. There are only about enough clerks in the office to keep up the current business, and as Congress made no provision for hiring extra clerks for this contingency it will be some weeks before the clerks can catch up with their work. Most of these applications come in by mail, but many of them have been left by members of Congress to whom they had been forwarded. Maryland, being so close to Washington, leads all other States in the number of applications already in, and the desk of the clerk in charge of that State is covered and surrounded by a great stack of applications, indorsements and letters of inquiry from almost every postoffice in the State, piled up in the greatest confusion. He is now busily engaged in sorting these out and classifying them, and until that is done it will be impossible for the appointing authorities to obtain the information required for making the appointments. The majority of the Maryland applications are believed to be in, and no Maryland people at all called at the Postoffice Department to-day in reference to places.

The only Presidential postoffices in Maryland in which vacancies exist at present are those at Ellicott City, Oakland, Rockville and Frostburg. President Cleveland sent nominations to the Senate for each of these places, but they were not confirmed. There is understood to be an abundance of applicants for these places, though no applications have yet been filed in the Postoffice Department. These offices will be filled at an early date.

Mr. Clifton R. Breckenridge has not resigned his blood-stained seat, but there is an uprising in Arkansas against the political system of which the assassination of Clayton was the natural outcome. And now Judge Bunningham has made a charge to the Grand Jury in Conway county, Arkansas, which sustains the language in President Harrison's inaugural. "Political assassinations," says the Judge, "do not originate from men in the humbler walks of life, but from some fine-haired gentlemen who pretend to be respectable, and they are the men we are after, and who ought to be hanged. They tell you it is politics—Democratic politics. I have been flattering myself I was a Democrat, but I must have been mistaken. I would just as lief punish a Democratic murderer as any other. I want to appeal to you as Democrats to punish crime whether the criminal be a Democrat or not; and if you always do that the Democracy will rule the country. There is no man who does not know that murder and assassination are the result, and will continue to be the result, of the methods that have been employed in Conway County. You must stop this ballot-box stealing and force and fraud, or your property will not be worth the paper the title is written on."

We take pleasure in publishing the following communication, and heartily endorse the recommendations therein. Mr. Wellington's many friends in Garrett would be pleased to hear of his appointment to the responsible position named:

CUMBERLAND, MD.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Now that the new administration has been duly installed into power—under the intelligent and discriminating judgment of the people—its first duties will be to select fit and suitable agents or officers to carry into practical effect a new line of policy, such as has been called for by the people at the late election. The Civil Service Law will be considered and applied where it properly belongs, and will aid in securing for the people fit and competent officials, but it will hardly be invoked to retain in office any who may have shown themselves unsuitable to their places.

Experience has shown that the vast appointing power of our government is one of great delicacy and discretion, and its exercise frequently detracts rather than adds strength to the dispensers of patronage. But President Harrison's extraordinary sagacity, coolness, patriotism and patience can be trusted in the present emergency—if there be one. What we wish to impress in this communication is that in making appointments character and merit, both of a personal and party nature, should be duly considered, so that justice and fairness may be done to those who conferred the great appointing trust.

The section of our State known as Western Maryland has a voting population of over 85,000, and has steadily and permanently become Republican, not merely by safe but handsome majorities. At the last election it was over 1300. This satisfactory political status has been gained by the advocacy and maintenance of sound American principles for the wants of the people, and clever management of party affairs. Now, in all fairness, is not this bright spot and intelligent and determined constituency entitled to at least one prominent appointment? A professional objector could hardly say no to it.

We would respectfully suggest the Assistant U. S. Treasuryship at Baltimore as such a place richly due us. The office is one of great trust and financial responsibility, but yet not of great surrounding difficulties—only an accounting office on a large scale. Have we a man in our District in every way fit, competent and worthy of this high place of trust and honor? Yes, George Louis Wellington, of Cumberland, is that man. He is not asking for it or any thing else, though there is much due him from party for long, faithful and efficient services, which have always been in readiness when needed. He is conceded to be the first political speaker in the upper end of the District, at least. So much and a great deal more could be said for his party or political merits. But it is with gratification even we speak of his personal worth and traits. Still young (37) but quite old enough for any of the demands or emergencies of the office named. His whole business experience, now of many years duration, has been in financial affairs—banks and other monetary concerns; always successful, clear and honorable. His mind naturally bright and acute, has a decided inclination for matters of finance, with unusual capacity to clarify and undo its complication. He, as much as any man in the State, can bring all the equipments and resources for the needs of such an office. During a recent political contest in which he was personally concerned, quite a tribute to his personal character was published. It is with pleasure the following extract is incorporated in this voluntary plea for recognized personal and political dues and merits:

"With parents respectable, but poor, George Wellington threw himself upon his own resources when a mere boy. He did not stop with self-support and aid to his parents, but resolved to secure an education, though it must come from time belonging to rest and recreation. He betook himself to books instead of school, and by dint of solitary study has acquired an education ample for any profession, station, or vocation in practical life. In his unaided progress he made easy and rapid conquest of illiteracy and other besetting obstacles. His stock of information is not only large, but wide and practical, with a talent to turn it to ready, useful account. It has been said truly of him, he is 'self-made,' and I add with pleasure well merited out of good raw material. An eloquent, chaste, and pleasing speaker upon any topic, whether practical or theoretical; always investing his subject with a high degree of intelligence and interest, so much so that he is now about the foremost man here in this species of literature; still he is by no means a mere specialist in the 'groves of literature,' but well trained for general practical affairs, whether public or private. It is only necessary to say to those who do not personally know him, that his character for morality, purity and integrity, is without a blemish."

This article comes from one who is

not a "practical politician" or professional partisan, but one thoroughly indoctrinated with the great national principles of the Republican party. For such reason we are of that party. It would be well for party managers to always bear in mind that it is the great thinking discriminating element of a party that gives it victory when merited, and disciplining defeat when deserved. The masses want persons put in office who are good as party price-pleas—not below them. Hence that element advise and ask for the recognition and appointment of Mr. Wellington, who is from, of, and with the thoughtful people.

MARCH 9th, 1889.

Interesting Washington Letter.

FROM LANSING, MICH.,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 9th, 1889.
What a pity that man, with all his science, art and invention, cannot control that little matter of the weather!

No doubt, was Congress now in session, a bill to change the Inaugural day from March 4th to August 1st. May would be carried by acclamation. Certainly there would not be a single dissenting voice from the hundreds of thousands of drugged, rain-soaked, mud-spattered, and who endured the discomforts of the dismal drizzle of the past few days.

It began the afternoon of March 2nd and continued without intermission day or night till the morning of the 5th.

Sixty thousand people came in on Friday, and probably twice as many on Saturday and Sunday. Monday by 11 o'clock it was impossible to hire a carriage or get aboard a street car on account of the crowds.

Thousands went hurrying by, splashing through the pools of mud and water; ladies clad in silk and velvet and lace costumes, with skirts soiled by stress of weather to their knees, their feathers damp, their boots soaked; men in silk hats and light overcoats with little rivulets of rain running down them; whole platoons without an umbrella among them. One large delegation made a very picturesque appearance marching under red, white and blue umbrellas. Another had on snow-white waterproof overcoats, but the majority of the line took their share of rain straight.

Pennsylvania Avenue seemed to be a moving sea of umbrellas, and all the open air stands a dripping panorama of the same. The seats were soaked; the miles of bunting and flags flung to the breeze, huge flimsy discouraged folds, with the red and blue blurring the purity of the white. Seats for viewing the parade which had been selling for \$3 and \$5 apiece were offered on the morning of the 4th for 50 and 25 cents. There were miles of them, some sheltered and many others not.

Windows were at a premium, some with privilege of a heated room attached renting from \$250 to \$500. Parties would take them, invite their friends, have a lunch spread and make a day of it.

The cheapest window I priced was \$40, and it was small and on the third floor.

The crowd in front of the Inaugural was simply a sea of upturned faces, jammed so tightly together that of a half dozen men who failed not one could fall; they just hung suspended by the shoulders—as it were—till the rain in their faces brought them to.

Although more systematic arrangements for caring for the crowds were made than ever before, yet many sleet in dining rooms, (180 here), in halls, in bath rooms, on billiard tables, on the floor, everywhere—and many—where.

12000 tickets at \$5 each were sold for the ball, and the crowd was so great that—there was no ball—at least no one could dance, and what is a ball without dancing? It's Thanksgiving turkey without cranberry sauce—or Hamlet without the Prince. 16,000 people attended the promenade concert the next day, at 50 cents a head.

The Committee were "on the make." They were selling the smilax and palm branches used in decorating and charging 25 cents apiece for the flowers of which the President's and Vice-President's chairs were composed.

The room in which Harrison held his levee the night of the ball, was sumptuously upholstered. The walls were covered with plush from ceiling to floor, royal purple with a dado of old gold.

Mrs. Harrison came near fainting several times during the evening. She can't "stand the racket" as well as her younger predecessor did.

In the words of the old song, "Times has changed since the dog's meat man." When Jefferson was crossing the Potomac from Alexandria his predecessor, Adams, was making a straight coat-tail for Massachusetts, and passing through Bladensburg without wetting to say

How-de-do or Good-bye to his successful rival. In the year of our Lord 1889 President Cleveland called on the President-elect and he and his wife were elegantly dined at the White House. Then Cleveland furnished his own carriage and four horses and escorted his successor to the Capitol on the morning of the inauguration. Both Harrison and his wife expressed unbounded admiration for Mrs. Cleveland, and Republicans and Democrats alike bewail her departure. All join in saying her like never has been seen in the White House and never will be again. So young and lovely; so gracious and graceful; so full of tact and kindness of heart, are a few of the many needs of praise awarded her. It seems a case where "Many greet the rising sun, but all worship one whose course is run," and this is not usually the way of this inconstant world.

Harrison did a graceful thing on Saturday last. While driving up the avenue he noticed some one, with more partisan zeal than good taste, had hung out a motto that reflected on Cleveland. He sent his son to request as a personal favor to himself that it be removed, and it was accordingly done. There is still hope for a country when political asperities are so softened down and social courtesies exchanged between party rivals.

The California contingent is "hop-ping mad" because the Pacific Coast is left out of the Cabinet.

Blaine has rented the historic old-fashioned Seward residence opposite Lafayette square and will fit it up handsomely for his official sojourn. It is the same house from which Philip Barton Key had just stepped when shot down by Gen. Sikes, and Seward was living there when stabbed on that "Black Friday" in 1865.

It seems ominous in view of the fact that people are predicting that history will repeat itself and Blaine be assassinated before his term expires. But let us hope they are false prophets and croakers, for no present or foreseen condition of this government can ever justify that barbarous resource of savage nations.

Cousin May.

From President Harrison's Message.

"Mill fires were lighted at the funeral pile of slavery. The Emancipation Proclamation was heard in the depths of the earth, as well as in the sky—men were made free, and material things become our better servants."

"Every new mine, furnace and factory is an extension of the productive capacity of the state, more real and valuable than added territory."

"It is not quite possible that the farmers and the promoters of the great mining and manufacturing enterprises, which have recently been established in the South, may yet find that the free ballot of the workman, without distinction of race, is needed for their defence as well as for his own."

"I have altogether rejected the suggestion of a special executive policy for any section of our country."

"As a citizen may not elect what laws he will obey, neither may the executive elect which he will enforce. The duty to obey and to execute embraces the Constitution in its entirety and the whole code of laws enacted under it."

"The community that by concert, open or secret, among its citizens denies to a portion of its members their plain rights under the law has severed the only safe bond of social order and prosperity."

"A community where law is the rule of conduct and where courts, not mobs, execute its penalties, is the only attractive field for business investments and honest labor."

"We should not cease to be hospitable to immigration, but we should cease to be careless as to the character of it."

"Our citizens, domiciled for purposes of trade in all countries and in many of the islands of the sea, demand and will have our adequate care in their personal and commercial rights."

"Honorable party service will certainly not be esteemed by me a disqualification for public office, but it will in no case be allowed to serve as a shield of official negligence, incompetency or delinquency."

"Heads of departments, bureaus and all other public officers having any duty connected therewith will be expected to enforce the Civil Service law fully and without evasion."

"It is quite possible, I am sure, to effect the necessary reduction in our revenues without breaking down our protective tariff or seriously injuring any domestic industry."

"We should encourage the establishment of American steamship lines."

"The freedom of the ballot is a condition of our national life, and no power vested in Congress or in the executive to secure or perpetuate it should remain unused upon occasion."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, March 11, 1889.—The President and his cabinet have spent the first week of their administration in receiving congratulations and appointments for office. Both of these are all right, when moderately indulged in at the proper time and place, but as shown here since Inauguration day, they are all wrong, to say nothing of their endangering the President's health. One man cannot stand everything, and Gen. Harrison plainly shows the effect of his first week in the White House; his right arm is lamed so badly that he can scarcely use it at all, and his face has the palor of death. He told a friend yesterday that he had not had ten minutes to himself since he came into the White House. Each day so far has been but a repetition of the one before. Crowds down in the East room to shake hands with the President, and upstairs in the executive offices swarms of Senators and Members pushing the claims of some of their constituents for office.

It seems as though every State in the Union has more than enough candidates to fill every prominent office under the Government. It is even worse than it was four years ago. Of course there will be many and bitter disappointments as soon as the plums are given out, but all well wishers of the President earnestly desire that the prominent positions be filled at the earliest possible moment, for no personal disappointments can affect the country as the death of a popular President would, and that Gen. Harrison's health is now in danger is plain to be seen.

The extra session of the Senate has so far done nothing except confirm the members of the Cabinet, but they are likely to be busier this week, as the announcement has been made, semi-officially, that all the nominations of the assistant Cabinet officials would be sent in, and Postmaster-General Wanamaker says he expects to select names for all the vacancies in Presidential Postoffices including all the Cleveland nominations which failed to be confirmed by the Senate.

Corporal Tanner is thought to have the best chance, as things stand now, to be appointed Commissioner of Pensions. He lost both legs in the war, and is very popular with G. A. R. men. The other candidates have by no means given up the fight, nor are they likely to do so until the appointment is officially announced.

The President announced early in the week that he would recognize no factions in any State and that in order to get applications considered it would be necessary to get the endorsement of the solid State delegations. This action has been generally commended as having a tendency to promote harmony.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker has bought ex-Secretary Whitney's House here, and proposes to go to housekeeping at once. Secretary Blaine's house, which he recently leased, will not be ready for occupancy before fall, and so he and his family will remain at the Normandie Hotel until that time. Secretary Windom is the owner of an elegant residence in this city but it is under lease at present, so that he is compelled to look for another. Secretary Proctor's family will not come here permanently until fall, though they are expected on a visit soon. Secretary Tracy's family will also wait until fall before taking up their abode in Washington. Secretary Noble's wife is in bad health at present and they have not decided yet what they will do. Attorney Miller's family is here and busily engaged in househunting. Secretary Rusk left home in such a hurry that he did not bring his family with him, but expects it in a few days. So after reading of the unsettled condition of the Cabinet ladies it will be readily understood that the social life of the administration will not begin until next winter.

Only two Cabinet meetings have yet been held, both of short duration. The rush has been so great that little or no business has been transacted by the new officials. But this week it is thought that some means will be devised whereby at least a portion of the time can be given to the work of the Departments.

Ex-Senator Platt saw the President by appointment on Saturday and it is generally understood that the New York appointments were discussed. Rumor says Mr. Platt will either take the position of Collector of the Port himself or name the man who does, and that ex-Senator Warner Miller had agreed to become assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

Capt. Merredith, of Chicago, is supposed to be a few lengths ahead in the race for the position of Public Printer. The principal reason for this belief is that when Mr. Rounds was appointed Gen. Harrison strongly urged the appointment of Capt. Merredith, who was in his old regi-

ment. There is also a rumor, however, that Capt. Merredith may be made superintendent of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, thus leaving the other office open to an army of applicants, too numerous to mention.

Admiral Porter's Views.

(Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.)
WASHINGTON, March 12.—Admiral Porter, who has made a very careful study of the Samoan situation from a naval standpoint ever since the existing complications arose, is quoted by the *Evening Star* as having said recently:

"I have carefully investigated the stories about the Nipic. It looks as if they were put out at the instigation of Bismarck to test the sentiment of his own and our people. He has never been a friend of the United States. He will find out very promptly the temper of the American people."

"Of course, we are weak at present on the ocean," he continued, "but there is a plan which will meet the emergency, and will badly cripple Germany while we are getting ready. No one supposes that the American people would give up the contest until Germany had received a sound drubbing. We have surplus and revenues enough, with taxes now at a minimum point, to carry on desultory war until we are in fighting trim. While we are getting ready we can prohibit the entry of German manufactures into the United States. That is an important item in the monetary activity of Germany. We send many millions there to pay for goods. If, for the time being, Germany should try to blockade our ports, in less than 60 days we would find an English fleet on our coasts involved in protecting her own trade with the United States. A hundred millions and more of British goods finding a market in the United States could not be cut off without ruining British industries. France would also have an interest. Meanwhile we could get along without their goods, if necessary. So that England and France would be forced, as a measure of industrial self-defense, to protect their vessels and their trade with the United States."

"As the country knows, I have been urging, in letters and reports, the importance of building up a powerful navy. We have the wealth and resources to lead the world in a navy. But taking matters as they are, the government should go to England and France, both countries being ahead of Germany in modern naval vessels and guns, and buy all the rifled guns we can find and bring them here. We will very soon make use of them."

"Here is a list of the entire strength of the German navy. It is more than we have, but we have the money and could easily spend \$250,000,000 in ships and appliances of war. There is League Island, at Philadelphia, the grandest place on the continent for a great navy-yard. If we can build one we can build fifty ships right there. It is inaccessible to a foreign fleet. The channel of the river could be lined with torpedoes if necessary, or they might be operated from the shore. Ships could be built there with all the materials at hand. Of course this would take time. In the meantime we would be compelled to resort to other modes of offensive war. With \$50,000,000 in sixty days I could put an improvised fleet in motion which would make short work with German commerce. There are 600 German steamers afloat. I know where they are. We have fleet ships; I could pick them out now. We could buy more. They would answer for privateers. About the time we would have this part of the work disposed of German industries affected by foreign trade would be paralyzed, while we would be at the height of prosperity. We are always prosperous in time of war. We would then be getting ready to begin fighting. It might be possible that Germany would seize Samoa for the time being. The European aspect of the question would prevent another complication."

The Baltimore Sun says: Although the Maryland representatives are not disposed to communicate any information as to their purposes, it is believed that three of the most important appointments have been practically decided upon when the time comes—Mr. Urner, of Frederick, for collector of the port of Baltimore, Mr. Wellington, of Allegany, for sub-treasurer at Baltimore, and ex-Representative Holton for naval officer or surveyor.

Watts is an aggressive citizen who seemed to think that his official duty required him to order the arrest of Republicans on the flimsiest charges, while Democratic frauds were allowed to go unscathed. His official head will grace the basket very well, indeed. Good for Harrison!

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in Sturges' Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the same Hall Friday night of each week and Sunday afternoon.

SHEALTELL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Leary's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 288, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

NOTICE.

W. H. Hagan, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—Take your Furs to Cheap John's and get the cash.

—Dr. J. Lee McComas was in Cumberland Tuesday and Wednesday.

—Cheap John sells a fine assortment of Cakes at 12c per lb.

—Attention is called to the card of Mr. Roehm, merchant tailor, in another column.

—Rev. W. E. Dean will preach at Mountain Lake Park Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

—Miss Mattie Porter will open a private school in the Oakland public school building Tuesday, March 19th.

—Judge Hamill is attending the General Conference of the M. E. Church South, in session in Alexandria, Va.

—Rev. W. E. Dean and wife, of Grantsville Circuit, are spending a short vacation at Oakland and Mountain Lake Park.

—Mrs. Dr. J. Lee McComas left Tuesday for Baltimore, where she will remain with relatives and friends for several weeks.

—Miss E. May Reinard, formerly of this place, but now of Cranestown, W. Va., was visiting her many friends in this place during the past week.

—Messrs. Jamieson & Shartzer have purchased the stock of goods from Mr. Wm. Hinebaugh, and will take possession of the store April 10th.

—The Noss Family played here on Friday night of last week to a large and appreciative audience. The house was filled to overflowing, and all enjoyed themselves.

—Mr. Will T. Ravenscraft, son of Dr. W. H. Ravenscraft, of this place, has gone to Fairmont, W. Va., where he will accept a position in the First National Bank of that place.

—Stamping done to order for all kinds of embroidery; Kensington ribbon work, outline, satin stitch, tinsel work, &c. Orders promptly executed. Fancy work done to order by

MRS. K. T. CRANE.

—Married, on Thursday, March 7, at the residence of Mr. M. White, in the presence of a respectable number of witnesses, by Rev. Wm. E. George, Mr. Benjamin F. Paugh and Miss Hester A. White, both of Garrett county.

—Capt. Samuel Guley, of the Salvation Army, who was in Oakland last summer, is not dead, as reported here a few weeks ago. He is still in the work in Pennsylvania, and is meeting with wonderful success in his meetings.

—Church Services—Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10 A. M. by Rev. C. J. Trippett, and 7 P. M. by Rev. W. E. Dean.

Song service every Sunday evening at 6:30.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

St. Matthew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Selling at Cost.

Having sold out to H. P. Jameson & Co., will sell for cash up to April 10th. Terms strictly cash.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to us will please call and settle their accounts by or before April 10, 1889.

3164t Very Respectfully,

WILLIAM HINEBAUGH.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me either on book account or by note will please call and settle same by the 15th of April, 1889.

S. P. SPECHT.

Auctioneer.

Mr. L. Echard, an experienced auctioneer, offers his services in that line at moderate prices. All orders promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Address McHenry, Md.

Spring Styles.

We are now opening new Spring Millinery and fancy goods.

M. L. SCOTT,

Baltimore Store.

—Following is the report of Sand Spring School, taught by Mr. J. A. Fike. We give the highest per cent in each grade: Orthography, Elijah Frantz, 100; Reading, Walter Savage and Joseph Thomas, 85 each; Arithmetic, Walter Savage, Hosea Thomas, Rhoda Thomas and Rachel Hoff, 100 each; History, Walter Savage, 90; Grammar, Walter Savage, 90; Physiology, Walter Savage, 98 each; Geography, Walter Savage, 100; Geometry, Walter Savage, 80; Natural philosophy, Walter Savage, 90; Book Keeping, Walter Savage, 95.

Tortured for Money.

PITTSBURGH, March 12.—McClellan, a district twelve miles from Uniontown, Pa., in Fayette county, was terrorized last night by a party of armed and masked robbers, who entered a number of houses and, after torturing the inmates until they gave up whatever money was in their possession, ransacked their houses from cellar to garret. The first house entered was that of a farmer named Anderson. There were five armed men in the party. They demanded Anderson's money, and upon protesting that he had none they placed hot coals to his feet and compelled him to give them thirty dollars—all the money he had. The next place visited was Farmer Lilly's, a short distance from Anderson's. The old man said he had no money, and the desperadoes tied him in the bed and set fire to it. Lilly begged for mercy, and finally gave the robbers \$130, which he had secreted. He was then unbound and the fire extinguished.

A fruitless search of the house for valuables followed, after which the robbers left and went to the house of a man named Grove. The latter was put through the same torture, but he had no money, and after thoroughly ransacking the various rooms the party left. The last place visited was the house of an old lady named Keeler, a widow. The robbers bound and gagged her and threatened all manner of torture until she gave them a pension check, which they returned. Finding nothing here, they rode off into the mountains. Armed searching parties will be organized.

The above is but one of a number of robberies committed recently in Fayette and Somerset counties, and in one case murder was added to the robbery. The practice of keeping money about the house is dangerous. Our farmers should send their money to bank, where it will be safe, and they relieved from the fear of being tortured or murdered and their money taken from them.

Deer Park Band of Hope.

Our Band of Hope met as is its custom, monthly, at the M. E. Church on Saturday evening, having been deferred from the first Saturday.

(2nd inst.) owing to the absence of the President, Col. E. C. Tillson, who was to deliver his annual address to the Band. After the usual routine of exercises, the President was introduced by the Vice-President, Dr. J. W. Laughlin, and was greeted with applause. He delivered one of the ablest addresses that it has been the pleasure of this organization ever to listen to from our worthy and venerable President. He prefaced his remarks in a few neat sentences, saying he hoped the audience would not think at this late day of his life's journey that he was attempting to deliver a speech for any vain purpose or self applause, but to view it in the sense it is intended, that of doing or saying something for the encouragement of this organization, for which it has been his highest ambition to elevate and do some good in the grand cause of temperance principles. And then followed with an address, which we would be glad to see published if your space would permit, and we had been versed in phonography, as the address was delivered extemporaneously. At the close of the address the choir, composed of Prof. Lee's class, "Mountain Echoes," with pretty little Daisy Cool as organist, rendered a beautiful selection, "It will come by and bye."

Prof. Lee, Principal of our public school, was introduced and read a beautiful essay on kindness.

Our next Band of Hope meets the first Saturday in April, (6th). Would be glad to see our friends of the Oakland "Band" come down.

Yours,

SECRETARY.

For Sale or Rent.

A very desirable, new and well built cottage on one of the principal avenues in Mountain Lake Park, containing nine good-sized rooms; necessary outbuildings; fine view, double lot and a well of excellent water on the premises. Also,

For Rent.

A very desirable cottage, in Mountain Lake Park, delightfully situated, containing eleven well furnished rooms, extensive grounds, stable and all other necessary out-buildings. Apply to

F. A. THAYER,

Oakland, Md.

Accident Institute.

DEER PARK, March 13th, 1889.

MR. EDITOR:—Noticing in last issue of your paper that no report was given of the proceedings of the Teachers' Institute, held at Accident on Saturday, March 2d, we as visitors were quite spectators and listeners to the interesting programme, as formulated by the executive committee, feel it due to the many patrons so deeply interested in our public schools, to give a short outline of the proceedings, as it comes to us at this late date.

1st. Called to order at 2 o'clock P. M. by Prof. Wm. Keller, Chairman.

2nd. Secretary (Miss Maggie Swalp) absent and no minutes of last meeting read.

3rd. Music by the choir, "Vacation is coming."

4th. "The value of our Public Schools," by Hon. Silas Weaver, Principal of this school, was delivered in an able and practical manner, and elicited rounds of applause from the audience.

5th. Music, "The Bugle Horn."

6th. "How to Teach Fractions," in absence of Prof. Feik, Prof. Lee, of Deer Park, showed how to drill pupils in the fundamental operations of fractions.

7th. "Character"—Essay by Miss Alice Swalp, a production of merit, and read with ease and grace.

8th. "Causes and Remedies for Tardiness." In absence of Jefferson Warnick was discussed by Examiner Hinebaugh, Prof. Lee and Weaver.

9th. Music, "Touch not the Cup," after which adjourned to meet at 7 o'clock P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

1st. Music, "Good night."

2nd. "Morals and Manners in the School Room." This subject was deferred from afternoon session, and the gentleman it was assigned to not present, Examiner Hinebaugh and Prof. Lee made eloquent and practical addresses.

3rd. Music, "Happy Singers."

4th. "How to Improve our Public Schools"—A Lecture by Prof. E. Lee delivered in his usual fluent manner, but one of the most masterly efforts of his series of discussions at the different Institutes of the county. At the close of this able address a visiting delegation of teachers and pupils from Addison, Pa., kindly consented to add something to the interest and enthusiasm already awakened, and a choir from Petersburg school, composed of the following teachers and pupils, Prof. Chas. McMillen, Miss Edie Augustine, Ida Augustine, L. Augustine and Willie Kight, with Miss Belle Augustine as organist, rendered a beautiful selection entitled "Beautiful Roses."

5th. Declaration—"The Debating Society," by Prof. Chas. McMillen, Principal of the Petersburg public school. The Prof. acquitted himself in a highly creditable manner, proving himself to be master in oratory and an eloquentist not inferior to many that appear on public rostrums as professionals.

6th. Music by the Accident choir, "The Mellow Horn." The petite, Miss Giotfeldy, daughter of Dr. E. H. Giotfeldy, presiding at the organ.

7th. Declaration—By Miss Belle Augustine—"Prayer on the Battle Field." This beautiful selection was rendered with all the grace of a professional. And the war scenes and murmurings of the "tripling waters of Shenandoah," scenes very familiar to us, will long be remembered by the writer.

Recitation—By Miss Ida Augustine—"Lilies." This little Miss sister of the one above mentioned, acquitted herself with credit, and recalls the fact that the old school at Petersburg, still keeps abreast of the times in training her pupils so that they may go forth into the world a credit to their parents, their town, county and State. And the remembrance of this same school recalls scenes and incidents that brings youth back to the one that has from memory tried to record these proceedings.

9th. The chairman (Prof. Keller) invited Examiner Hinebaugh to make the closing address, which was responded to in a speech of thirty minutes, congratulating the Teachers for the successful Institutes held at this place, and the good they had accomplished, and extending thanks in behalf of himself and colleagues, who had accompanied him on this visit, for the courtesy extended by the Institute in holding an evening session in honor of the visit.

10th. The hour late, on motion of Prof. Swalp, of Keyser Ridge School, that we adjourn to meet the last Saturday in next October.

VISITOR.

Notice to Tax Payers.

All unpaid tax bills have been placed in my hands for collection, and I am compelled under the law to proceed at once to enforce payment. Come forward at once and save costs.

ED. E. SOLLARS,

Sheriff.

Kindness.

(Read before the Deer Park Band of hope by Prof. E. Lee.)

Kindness is a twin sister to love, and like love is an attribute of heaven. Its author and source is God. It is one of God's beautiful and valued gifts to man. It makes friends everywhere and is a christian virtue.

Pure kindness as it comes from its source in heaven is experienced in the mind, seen in the actions and felt in the hearts of men. "Out of the heart are the issues of life." From a kind heart proceeds kind words; from a kind mind comes kind thoughts, and from kind hands come kind deeds. We have said that kindness is beautiful, but it must be remembered that it is as valuable as it is beautiful. Many a wayfarer one has been turned from a life of wickedness and transgression to a life of righteousness and obedience by a kind word. We should always guard our words, and always speak kindly of our friends and never unkindly of enemies and others. God and heaven are kind; the world is selfish and unkind and continually seeks to destroy all that is kind within us. Then, "O Lord, open thy fountain of kindness upon us all and keep us ever in thy heavenly sunshine."

We should not forget that the world and earth have a claim on each one of us, and that we must shortly respond to their call and go forth to the duties of a busy life and then to eternity. Today we have father, mother, sisters, brothers and friends with us and tomorrow they are gone. Hence, the importance of speaking and acting in such a way that when we are separated we shall carry with us the memory of kindness. We should all so live that when we have parted from our friends and loved ones that none of our hearts will be burdened with a load of unkind remembrance and regret. Our firesides are places for nothing but kind words and actions. We should be kind to the trembling weather-beaten form who knocks at the door for a cup of water or a crust of bread.

Kindness is kind to the unkind and trespassing one who has and does do wrong. Kindness remembers that conscience punishes the transgressor, and that his heart is already pierced with daggers of remorse.

Many a trespassing one is so trespassing because he has been driven to it by kind loving ones who have tried to reform him by unkind reproaches.

Kindness is a pure trait that streams from above, and while its source is heaven its dwelling-place should be everywhere. I see kindness as pure as it comes from its fountain in a mother's tears at the bedside of a sick child. I hear it in the prayers and cries of that mother as she sighs and sorrows over the fall of a wayward boy who is living a life of debauchery, crime and shame. I see it in giving a cup of water to the thirsty, and sharing a crust of bread with the hungry. Doing unto others as we would have them do to us is kindness written upon the heart.

Let me pen you a picture of kindness. Go into some needy home of the poor. On a little cot is a dying man. Around him are needy, hungry children, and a care-worn and distressed wife. That man is departing. He calls his family to him for the last time to counsel and encourage them. No fuel, little clothing, hungry appetites and no bread. Tearful eyes, sorrowing hearts; gloomy darkness seems to reign everywhere. Now, in the midst of all this sadness and sorrow and want, hear a rap on the door and see some one enter. He is carrying needed food and clothing in his hands, kindness is felt in his heart, and written upon his face. He takes the feeble hand in his, he speaks words of consolation and puts a blanket over the shivering form. He turns to the distressed woman and supplies a loaf of bread. He speaks to the children and their tears dry, their cries begin to hush. Gloom and darkness has disappeared and light and happiness and consolation has appeared. The sadness has been lifted from their hearts, and the tears taken from their eyes.

This is kindness which is not mixed with any alloy. It is as pure as when it proceeded from its fountain. This looks so much like the life of Him who said "Maid, arise," and dried the mourner's tears.

Again, kindness is not selfish. Kindness does not consist in giving either small or large sums to benevolence. Kindness consists in words and deeds said and done for the purpose of making others happy, by lifting them up and doing good without any self-esteem or consideration. Things done for others without any hope of self-gain or return.

Now, laying selfishness aside, let us scatter seeds of kindness for our reaping by and by.

When I reach the end of this weary life, and have passed into the

beyond, and have bid adieu to the earth and earthly things, I want no better epitaph carved on the stone that shall mark my resting-place than: Here lies the mortal remains of him who was kind and true.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending March 16, 1889:

Dewight, J. G. Grinn, Paul, Friend, Hanson, Hassler, J. W., King, Arthur, J., Poisson, C. W., Richard, Martha J., Wainwright, Miss, Glass, Channey.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

These letters are chargeable with one cent due on delivery.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Fairview Ridge.

Good sledding again, and farmers are making good use of the snow by hauling their coal for time kilns.

Messrs. Jacob Feik and Thaddeus Giotfeldy are kept at work almost day and night in order to supply the wants of their coal customers.

Our school will close in a few days. We are sorry that it cannot last longer.

Messrs. Geo. W. Feik and Jacob Keller started to Pennsylvania last Monday where they expect to work on a farm next summer.

Mr. John Hartman expects to go to Mount Union soon where he will take a general course in college next summer.

Mr. Wm. Miller, who went to Washington to witness the inauguration of Harrison, has not yet returned. We suppose that he has gone up Salt river with Old Grover.

Mr. Henry Feik has rented his farm. He expects to give up farming. He will have public sale on March 27th.

Mr. John Englehart and his sister Minnie, of Accident, paid our school a visit last week.

Messrs. J. A. Feik and W. E. Keller expect to leave Garrett county on April 1st and go to Oberlin, O., where they expect to attend school.

The Republicans here generally are satisfied with Harrison's Cabinet.

The Oakland (Md.) REPUBLICAN, of recent date says that Rev. Dr. T. McK. Stuart, of Corning, Iowa, spent a Sabbath there a short time ago, and acceptably filled the pulpit of the Methodist church. Rev. Dr. O. Stuart, the Doctor's father, many years ago was stationed in Oakland, and the editor of the *Iowa Methodist*.

President Harrison has trained his guns on West Virginia, and shows that he means business by the following dispatch sent on Saturday afternoon:

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, } WASHINGTON, D. C., March 9, 1889.

Mr. C. C. Watts, U. S. Attorney, Charleston, W. Va.:

I am instructed by the President that he would be glad to receive your resignation of the office of U. S. Attorney for the State of West Virginia. Please answer.

W. H. MILLER, Attorney General.

The Clamor for Office.

Forty-eight years ago a citizen of Indiana, a soldier and a statesman, was inaugurated President of the United States. Riding with head uncovered in the raw air of March, he caught a severe cold which had a disastrous consequence upon his life and health. A few days' rest and a little relief from the cares of state would doubtless have restored him to health again. But a noisy horde of office-seekers pursued him day and night. No rest was vouchsafed to him. In a short month he was dead, and history has written the epitaph, "Slain by the place hunters."

To-day the grandson, himself a citizen of Indiana, is master at the White House. The grandson has been likewise a Senator, a soldier and a statesman. His inaugural day was the most inclement that eye ever fell upon such an august and momentous occasion, and he, too, is surrounded by the spoilsman. Where one came to claim the attention and sap the vitality of the grandsire, a hundred now crowd the offices of the grandson. Even his public utterance that "persistent importunity will not be the best support of an application for office" is not sufficient to keep back the hungry crowd, and if President Harrison is not dead a month hence it will be due to his superior vitality, and not to any consideration of common decency on the part of politicians.

The hungry horde of office-seekers which dog the steps of every new magistrate of the nation are more like hyenas than men in the persistence of their appeals. Fitness for the position desired is not considered. The fact that the applicant voted the

ticket and worked for its success in the backwoods or wards of his district is the all-important proof that he should have the office. And when the President, worn out with importunity, refuses the appointment in momentary vexation of spirit or yields to it in hopeless despair, he makes an equal number of enemies and opens the door to criticism of his civil service record.

Thus the clamor for office has grown to be a great national nuisance, a source of untold worry to the appointing power, and a menace of equal ingratitude to the public service and the institutions of the republic. The President, if not in literal bandages of liniment and arnica, is deserving of the sympathy of every thoughtful citizen of the nation. His position is not an enviable one.—*Balto. Herald*.

Grover Grooming for 1892.

NEW YORK, March 11.—It is quite certain that Mr. Grover Cleveland has still an eye turned toward Washington, and is to-day more deeply interested in the development of politics in this city than in the development of the Cleveland department of the William street law firm. But a condition that confronts Mr. Cleveland is, that he will have to become identified with one or the other of the two Democratic factions in this city, and if he should ally his fortunes with the losing side, he will again be in the soup.

Mr. Cleveland, however, hopes for a renomination to the Presidency.

Last Saturday a young gentleman of the name of Levy called on the ex-President to procure his autograph to a contract for one year's subscription to the *Forum*. After several unsuccessful attempts, Mr. Levy obtained an audience with Mr. Cleveland, and got his signature to the contract.

"And now," said Levy, "I hope to have the honor of voting for you, for President, in 1892."

"Hush," said Mr. Cleveland, with the coyness of a school girl.

"Now, if you talk that way I'll undo all I've done for you, so there now."

Mr. Levy says that Mr. Cleveland was in the best sort of humor at his suggestion, and rather showed that the idea was pleasing to him, albeit a matter away in the future yet.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. A. ROEHM, MERCHANT TAILOR,

Takes this way of announcing to the people of Oakland and vicinity, that he has purchased the tailoring establishment of Mr. Feik, and is preparing to fill all orders at lower prices than has heretofore prevailed, and guarantees satisfaction. 316 1/2

DR. E. H. GLOTTFELTY,

ACCIDENT, MARYLAND, GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY.

With special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stillé, Jacobs, Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authorities.

Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 316 1/2

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., March 12th, 1889.

The Board of School Commissioners of Garrett county, will meet in their office on

WEDNESDAY, the 27th day of March, 1889,

for the purpose of Auditing the Reports of Teachers for the Term ending March 18th, 1889. Teachers will see that their reports are properly made out and filed with the Secretary at least three days before the meeting of the Board. Claims for incidental expenses must be itemized and indorsed by the Trustees, or a majority of them.

By order of the Board.

WM. HINEBAUGH, Secretary.

316 1/2

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Peter F. Sine and others, to begin about 6 1/2 miles South of Oakland, on the Oakland and West Union road, and running thence through the lands of Jonas Yutzy and William Moon, to the line between the late deceased Charles G. Stahl and Jonas Yutzy, and between the lands of Wm. Beckman, late deceased, and Lewis Seelers, then through the lands of Peter F. Sine to the West Virginia line, to intersect the county road near Joshua Bowman's saw mill, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on Tuesday, the 18th day of April, 1889, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED, FRANCIS MARTIN, DAVID SEABACH, Examiners.

316 1/2

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., March 14th, 1889.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county, will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Tuesday, April 9th, 1889,

for the purpose of making the Annual Levy of Taxes. All persons having claims against said County, are hereby notified to file the same with the clerk of said Commissioners on or before the above date, otherwise they may be deprived of the benefit of said Levy.

By order

W. H. HAGANS, Clerk.

89 1d

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A Brooklyn man is so modest that he never changes his boarding place until after dark.—Time.

—"If any one calls for me," wrote the escaped convict to the warden of the jail, "tell him I am out and you don't know when I'll be back."

—The records kept in Paris hospitals show that fewer deaths occur between seven and eleven o'clock in the evening than during any other four hours of the day.

—On eight of the ballot slips used by a St. Paul jury recently the word guilty was variously spelled: Greitly, gilty, gaily, geatly, geatley, gaily, gaily, geitly.

—A jug of cider thirty-two years old was unearthed in Camden the other day, and of the twenty men who got a swallow of the smooth and delectable liquid sixteen were made drunk within ten minutes.

—At a church fair in Troy, N. Y., they blindfold the men and let 'em kiss the women at fifteen cents a piece. One man kissed his wife seven different times, and when he ascertained the base deception he demanded the return of his money and got it.—Detroit Free Press.

—Pawnbroking, or the business of lending money on pawns or pledges, appears to have originated with the Italians at a very early period in the world's history. The greatest pawnbroking establishment in the world is the Mont de Piete in Paris, established by royal command in 1717.

—It is stated that the smallest steam engine ever made was recently completed, after two years of labor, for the Paris exhibition. It is composed of 180 pieces of metal, is a shade under three-fifths of an inch in height, and weighs less than one-ninth of an ounce. A watchmaker made it.

—A convict who was lately released from the Joliet penitentiary after serving a six years' sentence, took with him \$531 which he had earned by stonemasonry "overwork." The man knew nothing about that industry when he entered the prison, but he soon became skilled in the work, owing to the energy with which he entered into it.

—Europe can not compete with the United States in the loftiness of her stations for taking meteorological observations. There are only two stations on the European continent which reach any great height, being about 10,000 and 11,000 feet respectively. Among the stations in America is Pike's Peak, which has an altitude of 14,100 feet—or only about 1,600 feet lower than the summit of Mount Blanc—and exceeding by more than 3,000 feet any meteorological station in Europe.

—The New England Farmer recently published an instructive table of the number, size and productiveness of the farms in twenty-six States. The revelations made by this table are surprising. The New Jersey farms lead all the others in the value of their products per acre, it being \$10.25; and the Dakota farms rank the lowest in that respect, they yielding an average value per acre of \$1.58. New York comes third, and singularly enough, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts follow in successful order. But Western farms are so large, and so easily worked, that the gross results satisfy their owners hugely.

THE AUSTRIAN COURT.

Substantial Perquisites Enjoyed by Emperor Franz Joseph's Declining Years. Nothing except the linen, plate, china and glass is ever served twice at the court tables; but the full meaning of this can not be grasped by anybody who has not seen the system at work. Some of the servants have as their perquisites the bottles which have come up to the dining-room but have not been uncorked; others, the uncorked bottles; and others again the wine that remains in the glasses. Therefore it is the interest of one set of servants to keep the glasses full; of another set to draw as many corks as possible, while parting with as little wine as they can; and of a third set to draw corks sparingly. The result is that often a great deal of unseen whispering and nudging goes on at the sideboards. As regards the food, there are different orders of claimants for perquisites; one man having a vested interest in the joints, another in the poultry, a third in the sweet dishes, and so on. Then there are the men to whom wax candles belong, and these naturally make a rush to blow out the candles the moment the last guest has walked out of the room. Altogether, this system of perquisites causes the imperial banquets to be served in double-quick time, so that the longest of them seldom lasts beyond three-quarters of an hour. The Emperor's dining hour is five o'clock; but it is etiquette for the guests to arrive a clear half hour beforehand. After dinner coffee and cigars are served in a smoking-room; the Emperor lingers about a quarter of an hour and the guests separate soon after 6:30. But another curious result of the perquisite system is this—that the court-servants make open traffic on the imperial levees. Incredible as it may sound, there is a basement corridor in the palace, which is like a bazaar full of shops. Here not only the keepers of small hotels and restaurants but the cooks of many ladies belonging to the second-class official world come to buy cold meats, pastry, sweetmeats, wines and candles. There is one sort of Tokay which can only be bought from the court servants, as none is made except for the Emperor. It is to be resumed, however, that the uncorked bottles of champagne and other fine wines are generally sold by the dozen, and they form a substantial perquisite.—Chambers' Journal.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A mile down the water has a pressure of a ton to the square inch.

—Eminent microscopists find that genuine honey can be readily distinguished from manufactured honey by the microscope, as the former has few or no sugar crystals.

—Our hot-air blast-furnaces date from an invention of Nielson in 1828; and the same principle, when applied in the regenerative gas-lamp, results in more heat and light, with economy of fuel.

—The distribution of bread after it is baked now costs the average workman in the city as much as it does to grow the wheat, mill it, barrel it, move it 1,500 miles and convert it into bread, all put together.

—Among the curious facts brought out at the late Congress on tuberculosis was that persons who have had smallpox are peculiarly liable to tuberculosis. M. Landouzy stated that for this reason persons pitted with smallpox should never be employed around the tuberculous wards of hospitals.

—M. Govi, an Italian scientist, has presented a paper to the French Academy of Sciences, in which he claims for Galileo the distinction of having discovered the microscope as well as the telescope. He has found a book printed in 1610, according to which Galileo had already directed a tube fitted with lenses to the observation of small near objects.

—A sea-glass consists of a square pane of glass about ten by twelve inches placed in one end, water-tight. To use it, the glass end is thrown over the water, and the face of the operator is placed to the other. By this means, the wave motion of the water is overcome, and a great depth readily seen.

—A London jeweler recommends diamond cutting and polishing as an excellent employment for women, saying that he has never known a woman or girl with quick intelligence could learn to polish a diamond "very fairly in six months." He says the qualities necessary in this art are "great honesty, good education, quick intelligence, great patience and good eyesight."

—The Russian physician and publicist, Portogoff, declares that syphilis in its most dangerous form is an immediate and infallible remedy for drunkenness. The craving of the incubated for drink is changed into positive aversion in a day, and after a treatment of eight or ten days the patient may be discharged. Even should the appetite return months afterward, the first attempt to resume drinking will produce such painful and nauseating sensations that the person will turn away from the liquor in disgust.

—The fact that the elementary substances now number, according to chemists, full seventy, shows an increase within the last fifty years of nearly one-fourth in the number known. The size of an atom of oxygen or nitrogen is said to have a diameter of one ten-millionth part of a centimeter; they are supposed to be in a state of constant motion, at the rate of seventy miles a minute, and to make them visible, the present highest known magnifying power of the microscope would have to be increased nearly a thousand fold.

HAVE YOU A MOTHER?

If So, Do All in Your Power to Cheer Her Declining Years. Have you a mother? If so, honor and love her. If she is aged, do all in your power to cheer her declining years. Her hair may have bleached, her eyes may have dimmed, her brow may contain deep and unsightly furrows, her cheeks may be sunken; but you should never forget the holy love and tender care she has had for you. In years gone by she has kissed away from your cheek the troubled tear; she has soothed and petted you when all else appeared against you; she has watched over and nursed you with a tender care known only to a mother; she has sympathized with you in adversity; she has been proud of you in success. You may be despised by all around you, yet that loving mother stands as an apologist for all your shortcomings. With all that disinterested affection, would it not be ungrateful in you, if in her declining years you failed to reciprocate her love and honor her as your best friend? We have no respect for a man or woman who neglects an aged mother. If you have a mother love her, and do all in your power to make her happy.—Christian at Work.

A Good Tale of a Rat.

"I was much interested in a sight I saw down in the cellar last night," said a patient in one of the hospitals of this city a day or two ago to a fellow patient who was confined to his bed, and I will tell you what it was. "As I went in the old unoccupied room, I heard something squealing. Being in my stocking feet I walked in without making any noise, and by the light that was burning dimly I saw a rat standing against a water-pail with something which looked like a piece of pretty thick black cord in its mouth. To my utter surprise I soon discovered that what appeared to be a cord in the rat's mouth was really the tail of another rat. After much tugging and amid much squealing (a great of which came from the inside of the pail) the outside rat dragged another over the edge of the vessel. It had rescued one of its fellows from a watery grave. At this moment some one noisily entered the room, and the rats scampered away. I looked in the pail, which was about two-thirds filled with water, and discovered that the rat whose life was saved had been tempted over the edge by a large crust of bread which had been thrown there."—N. Y. Sun.

FESTIVAL OF THE BATH.

How the Queen of Madagascar Observes a Peculiar Ceremony.

The Progress of Pina, a French journal published at Tananarive, gives an interesting description of the annual ceremony known as the Festival of the Bath, which is held at Madagascar on the 22d of November. The foreign Ministers and foreign residents are always invited to this ceremony, which takes place in the royal palace. The Progress of Pina describes the Queen of Madagascar as being draped in a flowing robe of red, seated upon the throne, with a young Prince of the royal family at her feet. The Prime Minister was seated at her right, and to the left, upon a red velvet cushion, was the royal crown, with several of the princesses and principal dignitaries of the court seated, as usual, on the ground. The European spectators all stood facing the throne, the only one allowed a seat being M. Le Myre de Vilers, the French Minister. Behind the Europeans stood the ladies of the court, a number of officers and the choir of singers. The Queen's bath was placed in a corner of the room, raised off with curtains. After the Queen had taken her seat on the throne, a number of persons came in with the water and other objects used for the bath, while underneath the bath itself a fire was lighted. As soon as the water was sufficiently heated the Queen came down from her throne and took a seat to the left, while a prayer was being recited and a hymn sung. She then proceeded to take her bath, a salvo of artillery announcing to the people that the sovereign was going through the most important part of the ceremony. At the end of about a quarter of an hour the Queen came out from the bath dressed in a scarlet robe trimmed with lace, wearing her crown and a magnificent diamond necklace, and holding in her left hand the horn of an ox tipped with silver, inside which was water from the bath. Accompanied by her Prime Minister, she walked to the principal door of the throne room, sprinkling the spectators as she passed along. Salvoes of artillery were fired all the time until she had taken her seat on the throne again. The Princesses of the royal family, the representatives of the different castes of the nobility and the Ministers then came to pay their respects to the Queen and call down upon her head all the blessings of heaven. Speaking in the name of the people and the army, as well as his own, the Prime Minister said in substance that they were all very pleased that the Fandona had come round, that they all hoped her Majesty would live long enough to see a thousand such ceremonies, and that the Queen could count upon the devotion of all her subjects. He concluded his speech by saying that the relations of Madagascar with foreign nations were most satisfactory, to which the Queen replied very briefly: "These being your words, I am very pleased and hopeful for the future. May you live long, gentlemen, and may God bless you!" Rice, milk, with pieces of beef preserved since the previous year's festival, were then served, and after another hymn the ceremony ended.

For three days before the festival it is unlawful to kill oxen or sheep for food; but the day after the festival there is a wholesale slaughter of oxen, it being customary that from four to five thousand beasts are killed in the twenty-four hours at Tananarive alone. It is the custom for each family to send a quarter of beef to its relatives and most intimate friends, the meat at which this meat is eaten being followed by sports and national dances.

ABOUT ELECTROTYPING.

A Description of the Simple and Yet Wonderful Process.

A solution of chloride of gold in cyanide of potassium is used for gold-plating; and a small plate of gold, instead of silver, is suspended in the solution at the positive pole. Nickel-plating is a more recent invention, but is effected in the same way, and has become an immense and profitable industry. It is equal to silver in beauty and brilliancy, and of superior resistance to those impurities in the air which tarnish and discolor the more expensive metal. Electrotyping is a modification of the same process, by which any number of reproductions of a "form" of type can be obtained in a solid block of metal, thus saving the wear of the type and allowing it to be distributed and used for other work. After the type is set up into a "forme" a wax mold is taken of its surface. The face of this mold is dusted with finely powdered graphite or black lead, to render it a conductor of electricity, and is then suspended in a solution of sulphate of copper, so as to form a part of an electric circuit. Metallic copper is deposited upon the face of the wax mold, giving a perfect reproduction of the original form of type, and when it has reached the requisite thickness it is removed, strengthened with a backing of type metal and mounted upon a block of wood or metal ready for use in the printing press. This process is a very cheap one, and where a large number of copies are to be printed prevents the rapid wearing out of the expensive type. Wood-engravings are always printed from the electrotype reproductions, as the soft wooden block would be rapidly destroyed in ordinary printing press. In the process of electrotyping the plates are cast directly in type metal from a mold of the original type in plaster-of-paris or paper pulp, but, except in the case of daily newspapers, or inferior work, the electrotype process has nearly superseded it.—Popular Science News.

HISTORY OF SEALS.

Their Origin and Use on Official Documents and Papers.

A seal is an impression on wax or any soft substance made from a die of metal or other material. The stamp with which the impression is given is also called a seal. Allusion is made in the Bible to seals, and they are found in very ancient remains from Egypt, Assyria and Babylon. The use of the seal passed from the East to Greece, and thence to Rome, and has been common in all the European States. With most of the ancient nations the seal was placed in a ring, whence "annulus" came to be a Latin name for a seal. The ancient seals were always in circular form, but they appeared later in other forms. The device and form of old seals indicate partly their periods, so that the study of ancient seals is an important branch of archaeology. The Egyptians kept the impression on a kind of clay; while wax was used by the Greeks and Romans. The Byzantine Emperors used an impression in lead and sometimes in silver and gold. Colored waxes were not made till about the ninth century, and then only emperors and kings might use red wax. Green wax was used in medieval times by ecclesiastical houses and by municipalities.

These seals are very rare, and Charles V. of Germany is said to have been the only European monarch who used this color. Certain Bishops and grand masters of sacred orders sealed in black. Private persons commonly used yellow wax. The most ancient mode of sealing was probably the use of applying the wax directly to the parchment. When the instrument was written upon two or more leaves, an incision was made in them in the form of a cross, on which the wax was stamped, so as to hold all together. The seal was also sometimes placed on the ends of straps of parchment run through the several sheets, this being almost necessarily the case when the seals were of metal. Seals were not much used in England in Anglo-Saxon times, but they came into general use after the Norman conquest; Edward the Confessor, however, first adopted a great seal for England. About the thirteenth century sealing became in England a legal formality, necessary to the authentication of a deed. Indeed, the seal itself served to make the deed valid without a signature, but in Charles II.'s time a law was passed requiring that certain documents should also be signed. The old common law definition of a seal is that given by Lord Coke as "wax, or any impression," but it has long been held that a wafer or other tenacious substance on which an impression can be made may serve the purpose of a seal. In many of the States of this country neither wax, wafer, nor any other substance is required, a scroll or ring made with the pen in imitation of the seal or as marking its place, having all the validity of the more formal application. The significance of the seal as now used in law is that it implies a deliberate and fully considered act on the part of him who affixes it.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

WOMEN AND POCKETS.

How Our Wives and Sisters Hamper Themselves in Little Things.

Why don't women have pockets? They carry their purses in their hands and their handkerchiefs in their bosoms, and they carry a little bag about as big as a pig's ear on the arm, and a case of which has never been deeded. There is a liberal wholesaler on the construction of his dress for his own wants that is actually refreshing in comparison with the way women inconvenience themselves. A man has plenty of pockets. He carries keys, a woman is always wondering where the left or hid hers. When the exigencies of the weather cause him to have recourse to his "wipe" he puts a hand into his breast pocket and hauls out a liberal square of cambric. A woman under like circumstances just sniffs, and continues to sniff. When a man sits down in a street-car he waits till the gonzo of the bell-punch and register stands in front of him, then he puts his thumb and forefinger in a tiny pocket in his overcoat and hauls out his handkerchief. The woman begins to get her charge ready when the conductor is at the other end of the car. She pulls her bag off her arm, draws it open, takes out her purse, pulls off her silk mitten, opens her purse, unclasps an inner compartment, takes out a nickel, puts it between her lips—faugh!—snaps the compartment, shuts the purse, opens her bag and puts away the purse, and pulls on the mitten again. And this is a fair sample of the way women hamper themselves in all the little things—and life is made up of them—and then complain of the disadvantages of sex. There is nothing on earth to prevent any individual woman from enjoying innumerable pockets, loose sleeves, bifurcated undershirts, short hair, etc., and all the other modern feminine improvements.—Chicago Journal.

Something Was Lacking.

A woman in the waiting-room of the Third street depot the other day had a great deal of trouble with one of her two children—a boy of seven or eight—and a man who sat near her stood it as long as possible and then observed: "Madam, that boy of yours needs the strong hand of a father." "Yes, I know it," she replied, "but he can't have it. His father died when he was six years of age, and I've done my best to get another man and failed. He can't have what I can't get."—Detroit Free Press.

FASHIONS IN PARIS.

A Refined City Represented by Its Most Uncultivated Classes.

Between the great world and the world of workmen and peasants are to be found all the classes which make up French bourgeois life from the class which at times mixes with the upper ten down to the class which can rub shoulders with the mass of the people and not feel out of place among them. It would need a very delicate and very subtle analysis to enumerate these strata and differentiate the one from the other, but the task will be profitable. Once you begin the details of their distinctions you must enumerate every one; for instance, the same class has not the same characteristics in Paris and in Lyons, nor in Lyons and a small country town. There are remarkable differences between the inhabitants of the south and north; politics, with their perpetual revolutions, are always bringing new layers and new persons to the surface. In the midst of all these wranglings, rivalries and distinctions, which appear enormous to those who are concerned in them and diminish rapidly if looked at from above and from a distance. I think the real features of a worthy French middle-class woman can be caught with sufficient clearness. One moment, however. Here above all points the separation between the woman of Paris and the woman of the country district is accentuated. All our great ladies are Parisians, even those who were born in the country and who spend their lives in it. But with the middle-class women things are very different. I am not going back to antediluvian periods—I mean to stage-coach days. At that time contrasts struck one at once. They were found in dress, language, accent, customs, manners. Those days of charming variety are gone forever. Paris fashions penetrate right into our hamlets. Paris style and Paris customs spread rapidly among them; there is no provincial woman so poor as not to find the means of visiting Paris, and above all not to wish to be taken for a Parisian. Still, there is one point where the assimilation has not been brought about, and this point is the one which concerns us most nearly. The Parisian woman, even while she plays no part in the great French manufacture of ideas, lives near it, sees its productions constantly, admires it, is subjected to its influence. Besides, Paris never allows her to rest for a moment. This city, the most refined and the most supersublime in the world, is the very city which allows itself to be represented by the most uncultivated and the coarsest individuals.—Julius Simon, in Fortnightly Review.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Useful Information Which Should Find a Place in the Family Scrap Book.

To clean windows wash them first with tepid water and a sponge; then dry them with a clean cloth, and rub them clean; polish them with a newspaper.

To clean straw matting, wash with a cloth dipped in salt and water; then wipe dry at once. This prevents it from turning yellow.

A room crowded to discomfort with furniture and ornaments, no matter how clean, is never restful and homelike, and always suggests the museum or the shop.

It is an essential to health that the air of the kitchen should be as pure as that of the parlor, because food prepared in foul air partakes of the foulness, and is a great detriment.

If your black cashmere is much soiled have it washed. It will come out new. Care must, however, be taken to have it properly done. The secret lies in quickly drying and pressing.

If the face seems constantly dry, rub it with a trifle of olive oil every night for a time; if too oily, put a little borax in the water used for bathing.

There is nothing better for a cut than powdered resin. Pound it until fine, and put it in an empty clean pepper-box with perforated top; then you can easily sift it out on the cut, and put a soft cloth around the injured member, and wet it with cold water once in a while. It will prevent inflammation and soreness.

Shirt bosoms never blister if starched on the right side, but if they are wrong side out when starched they are apt to do so. Pour mixed starch into boiling water, instead of pouring boiling water on the starch, in that way never using more starch than is necessary, as the simple starch and water can be saved.

For dyspepsia pour one quart of cold water on two tablespoonsful of unslaked lime, let stand a few minutes, bottle and cork, and when clear it is ready for use. Put three tablespoonsful in a cup of milk, and drink any time, usually before meals.

The clothes-line ought never to be tied around iron rails, as is the general custom, for they soon rust and fray it. Wooden pins are better.

Many disease germs enter through an open mouth. The mouth was not made for breathing, but for eating and speaking. The nose was made for breathing, and air, passing through the long moist, nasal passage, is purified, and leaves behind dust, disease germs and various impurities, while the air is warmed and tempered for the lungs. But when the mouth is left open, dust, dirt and disease rush down into the lungs, and fastening there, develop and destroy the whole system.—Boston Budget.

—Lime slacked with a solution of salt in water, and then properly thinned with skim milk, from which all the cream has been taken, makes a permanent whitewash for outdoor work, and it is said renders the wood incombustible. It is an excellent wash for preserving shingles, and for all farm purposes.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

A Philadelphia Doctor Plays the Samaritan with Questionable Success.

A good friend of mine, a kind-hearted man, loving and gentle and quiet, although a Philadelphian, held me the other day until I missed a train while he did a plain, unvarnished tale, perfectly rigid with cold fact unfolded. It seems that Dr. Armuthor, for it was he, went home the other evening—I forgot which other one—and found awaiting his home coming, covering in the vestibule of the palace, a plain, plebeian "yella" dog, the sands of whose life were liable to run out through his ribs unless they were soon caulked with bread and meat and some sort of food. Dr. Armuthor stooped upon the pebbly strand, as it were, to examine the inscription on the dog's collar and there read: Dr. Mayfield, Lansdowne." Not alone professional courtesy, but the promptings of a kind heart and the influence of early education urged my friend to give the dog "rest and a guide and food and fire." When a boy many and many a time had he read stories of boys who had befriended lost and homeless dogs, giving them shelter for the night and crusts of bread—despised of all boys and most dogs—to eat and has then, leading the dog home to his master, gone straight away and married the banker's daughter, or else paid off the mortgage on the farm for the poor old father, or had been elected Governor, or something of that sort. Never failed. Well the doctor decided to keep the dog over night. But the cat objected. Such are the narrow results of a lack of early education. Nobody ever read the "lost dog and good boy" series to the cat when she was young. She had always viewed the stray dog question from the safe vantage ground of the shed roof, and when this lost dog came into the dining-room for a simple repast, the cat of the household cried out with an exceeding loud voice, and snuggling up to the dog like a house afire, made it interesting for him. It was only a few miles out to Lansdowne, so the doctor decided to take the dog home at once; he could send it out by the messenger. He tied a string to the collar and went his way to the station, dragging the reluctant dog, who seemed to be a stranger in town, shy and bashful when he met a big dog or a grown man, but insolent and aggressive when he met a pup or a little child. Arrived at the station, the train and the messenger were gone. Never mind; another train in twenty minutes. All aboard; brakemen order dog to baggage car. Doctor kicks; agrees to go into smoker, but draws the line at baggage car. Conductor comes along, tears coupon out of commutation book for passenger; "Twenty-five cents for the dog, doctor." "Monstrous; why the fare for a grown man is only ten cents." "Can't help it; dogs are not humans; twenty-five cents." "Well, take it out of the book." "Can't do that; the ticket book is not good for other members of the family." Doctor groaned and paid the fare. All out for Lansdowne. Dog gets into a fight in the station. "Man! man! man! last who knows where Dr. Mayfield lives." "Yes, I know him; used to live here; moved into town last week. Lived on Walnut street." Train back in an hour; dog whines away the time by fighting other dogs, snapping at waiting passengers, making himself fresh with every body when he is loose and howling like sin when he is tied. On the car, makes a rush for two penance setter dogs belonging to a hunter; kicks the dogs but gets the stuffing kicked out him by the hunter. Crawls under the seat and mutters all the rest of the way to city. Drunken man, attracted by dog, insists on crowding in to seat with doctor, who is a Presbyterian, and entertaining him with dog lore and stories of his own dogs; largely apocryphal. Another twenty-five cents for dog fare. Some trouble finds Dr. Mayfield's residence. Doctor appears; benevolent man says: "Doctor, I have brought your dog home after a great deal of trouble, many thanks, some cost in money and a great loss of precious time. I wish, in return for all this, you would either take off this collar or put on it your correct address." Dr. Mayfield looks down at the dog with undisguised contempt: "Why, bless you, sir, I hope you don't think I ever owned such a cur as that? Come now, that's too bad; I wouldn't have the brute about me for any money." "But it's your collar?" "O yes; the collar which you see is a fine one, belongs to me. It was on the neck of a handsome spaniel, which belonged to my daughter; some fellow stole the spaniel and evidently sold him, but kept the collar. I will take the collar, if you please, but you are quite welcome to the dog."

There was nothing more to be said. A moment later Dr. Armuthor stood on the marble doorstep, under the still shining stars, cold and clear in the blue skies of the winter night, alone. All, all alone. The dog had not come down yet. I don't think he is expected down before about the middle of Lent. A cold, bitter smile played over my friend's genial face as he walked down the deserted street wrapped in his own gloomy thoughts and limping a little with his right foot, like a man who had just kicked a goal from middle field and wasn't used to it. That dog, if ever it does come down, will never rush into the fire, or dig into a snow bank to save Dr. Armuthor's life. For will the doctor be Governor of Pennsylvania this year. Nor will he marry the banker's daughter. However, a fellow dollar wife some years ago, he won't mind that failure of precedent and tradition.—Bob Baedotte, in Brooklyn Eagle.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Brooklyn man is so modest that he never changes his boarding place until after dark.—Time.

"If any one calls for me," wrote the escaped convict to the warden of the jail, "tell him I am out and you don't know when I'll be back and you'll know when I'll be back and you'll know when I'll be back."

The records kept in Paris hospitals show that fewer deaths occur between seven and eleven o'clock in the evening than during any other four hours of the day.

On eight of the ballot slips used by a St. Paul jury recently the word guilty was variously spelled: Greitly, gilly, gully, gaily, gaily, gaily, gaily, gaily, gaily.

A jug of cider thirty-two years old was unearthed in Camden the other day, and of the twenty men who got a swallow of the smooth and delectable liquid sixteen were made drunk within ten minutes.

At a church fair in Troy, N. Y., they blindfold the men and let 'em kiss the women at fifteen cents a piece. One man kissed his wife seven different times, and when he ascertained that base deception he demanded the return of his money and got it.—Detroit Free Press.

Pawnbroking, or the business of lending money on pawns or pledges, appears to have originated with the Italians at a very early period in the world's history. The greatest pawnbroking establishment in the world is the Mont de Piete in Paris, established by royal command in 1717.

It is stated that the smallest steam engine ever made was recently completed, after two years of labor, for the Paris exhibition. It is composed of 180 pieces of metal, is a shade under three-fifths of an inch in height, and weighs less than one-ninth of an ounce. A watchmaker made it.

A convict who was lately released from the Joliet penitentiary after serving a six years' sentence, took with him \$301 which he had earned by stonemasonry as "overwork." The man knew nothing about that industry when he entered the prison, but he soon became skilled in the work, owing to the energy with which he entered into it.

Europe can not compete with the United States in the loftiness of her stations for taking meteorological observations. There are only two stations on the European continent which reach any great height, being about 10,000 and 11,000 feet respectively. Among the stations in America is Pike's Peak, which has an altitude of 14,100 feet, or only about 1,600 feet lower than the summit of Mount Blanc, and exceeding by more than 3,000 feet any meteorological station in Europe.

The New England Farmer recently published an instructive table of the number, size and productiveness of the farms in twenty-six States. The revelations made by this table are surprising. The New Jersey farms lead all the others in the value of their products per acre, it being \$10.26; and the Dakota farms rank the lowest in that respect, their yielding an average value per acre of \$1.58. New York comes third, and singularly enough, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts follow in successive order. But Western farms are so large, and so easily worked, that the gross results satisfy their owners hugely.

THE AUSTRIAN COURT.

Substantial Perquisites Enjoyed by Emperor Francis Joseph's Servants.

Nothing except the linen, plate, china and glass is ever served twice at the court tables, but the full meaning of this can not be grasped by anybody who has not seen the system at work. Some of the servants have as their perquisites the bottles which have come up to the dining-room but have not been uncorked; others, the uncorked bottles; and others again the wine that remains in the glasses. Therefore it is the interest of one set of servants to keep the glasses full; of another set to draw as many corks as possible, while parting with as little wine as they can; and of a third set to draw corks sparingly. The result is that often a great deal of uneasily whispering and nodding goes on at the sideboards. As regards the food, there are different orders of claimants for perquisites: one man having a vested interest in the joints, another in the poultry, a third in the sweet dishes, and so on. There are the men to whom wax candles belong, and these naturally make a rush to blow out the candles the moment the last guest has walked out of the room. Altogether, this system of perquisites causes the imperial banquets to be served in double-quick time, so that the longest of them seldom lasts beyond three-quarters of an hour. The Emperor's dining hour is five o'clock; but it is etiquette for the guests to arrive a clear half hour beforehand. After dinner coffee and cigars are served in a smoking-room; the Emperor lingers about a quarter of an hour and the guests separate soon after 6:30. But another curious result of the perquisite system is this—that the court-servants make open traffic on the imperial levees. Incredible as it may sound, there is a basement corridor in the palace, which is like a bazaar full of shops. Here not only the keepers of small hotels and restaurants but the cooks of many ladies belonging to the second-class official world come to buy cold meats, pastry, sweetmeats, wines and candles. There is one sort of Tokay which can only be bought from the court servants, as none is made except for the Emperor. It is to be resumed, however, that the uncorked bottles of champagne and other fine wines are generally sold by the dozen, and they must form a substantial perquisite.—Chambers's Journal.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

A mile down the water has a pressure of a ton to the square inch.

Eminent microscopists find that genuine honey can be readily distinguished from manufactured honey by the microscope, as the former has few or no sugar crystals.

Our hot-air blast-furnaces date from an invention of Nielson in 1828; and the same principle, when applied in the regenerative gas-lamp, results in more heat and light, with economy of fuel.

The distribution of bread after it is baked now costs the average workman in the city as much as it does to grow the wheat, mill it, barrel it, move it 1,500 miles and convert it into bread, all put together.

Among the curious facts brought out at the late Congress on tuberculosis was that persons who have had smallpox are peculiarly liable to tuberculosis. M. Landouzy stated that for this reason persons pitted with smallpox should never be employed around the tuberculous cases of hospitals.

M. Govi, an Italian savant, has presented a paper to the French Academy of Sciences, in which he claims for Galileo the distinction of having discovered the microscope as well as the telescope. He has found a book printed in 1610, according to which Galileo had already directed a tube fitted with lenses to the observation of small near objects.

A sea-glass consists of a square piece of glass about twenty inches in length and a pane of glass about ten by twelve inches placed in one end, water-tight. To use it, the glass end is thrust into the water, and the face of the operator is placed to the other. By this means, the wave motion of the water is overcome, and a great depth readily seen.

A London jeweler recommends diamond cutting and polishing as an excellent employment for women, saying that he believes any woman or girl with quick intelligence could learn to polish a diamond "very fairly in six months." He says the qualities necessary in this art are "great honesty, good education, quick intelligence, great patience and good eyesight."

The Russian physician and publicist, Portogloff, declares that strychnine in subcutaneous injections is an immediate and infallible remedy for drunkenness. The craving of the inebriate for drink is changed into positive aversion in a day, and after a course of eight or ten days the patient may be discharged. Even should the appetite return months afterward, the first attempt to resume drinking will produce such painful and nauseating sensations that the person will turn away from the liquor in disgust.

The fact that the elementary substances, most of which are gases, are chemists, half seventy, shows an increase within the last fifty years of nearly one-fourth in the number known. The size of an atom of oxygen or nitrogen is said to have a diameter of one ten-millionth part of a centimeter; they are supposed to be in a state of constant motion, at the rate of seven miles a minute, and, to make them visible, the present highest known magnifying power of the microscope would have to be increased nearly a thousand fold.

HAVE YOU A MOTHER?

If So, Do All in Your Power to Cheer Her Declining Years.

Have you a mother? If so, honor and love her. If she is aged, do all in your power to cheer her declining years. Her hair may have dimmed, her eyes may have dimmed, her brow may contain deep and unsightly furrows, her cheeks may be sunken; but you should never forget the holy love and tender care she has had for you. In your gone by she has kissed away from your cheek the troubled tear; she has soothed and petted you when you else appeared against you; she has watched over and nursed you with a tender care known only to a mother; she has sympathized with you in adversity. You may be despised by all around you, yet that loving mother stands as an apostle for all your shortcomings. With all that disinterested affection, would it not be ungrateful in you, if in her declining years you failed to reciprocate her love and honor her as your best, tried friend? We have no respect for a man or woman who neglects an aged mother. If you have a mother love her, and do all in your power to make her happy.—Christian at Work.

A Good Tale of a Rat.

"I was much interested in a sight I saw down in the cellar last night," said a patient in one of the hospitals of this city a day or two ago to a fellow patient who was confined to his bed, and I will tell you what it was: "As I went in the old unoccupied room, I heard something squealing. Being in my stocking feet I walked in without making any noise, and by the light that was burning dimly I saw a rat standing against a water-pail with something which looked like a piece of pretty thick black cord in its mouth. To my utter surprise I soon discovered that what appeared to be a cord in the rat's mouth was really the tail of another rat. After much tugging and amid much squealing (a great of which came from the inside of the pail) the outside rat dragged another over the edge of the vessel. It had rescued one of its fellows from a watery grave. At this moment some one noisily entered the room, and the rats scampered away. I looked in the pail, which was about two-thirds filled with water, and discovered that the rat whose life was saved had been tempted over the edge by a large crust of bread which had been thrown there."—N. Y. Sun.

FESTIVAL OF THE BATH.

How the Queen of Madagascar Observed a Peculiar Ceremony.

The Progress de l'Inna, a French journal published at Tananarive, gives an interesting description of the annual ceremony known as the Festival of the Bath, which is held at Madagascar on the 22d of November. The foreign Ministers and foreign residents are always invited to this ceremony, which takes place in the royal palace. The Progress de l'Inna describes the Queen of Madagascar as being draped in a flowing robe of red, seated upon the throne, with a young Prince of the royal family at her feet. The Prime Minister was seated at her right, and to the left, upon a red velvet cushion, was the royal crown, with several of the princesses and principal dignitaries of the court seated, as usual, on the ground. The European spectators all stood facing the throne, the only one allowed a seat being M. Le Myre de Vilers, the French Minister. Behind the Europeans stood the ladies of the court, a number of officers and the choir of singers. The Queen's bath was placed in a corner of the room, raised off with curtains. After the Queen had taken her seat on the throne, a number of persons came in with the water and other objects to be used for the bath, while underneath the bath itself a fire was lighted. As soon as the water was sufficiently heated the Queen came down from her throne and took a seat to the left, while a prayer was being recited and a hymn sung. She then went into the curtained enclosure and proceeded to take her bath, a salvo of artillery announcing to the people that the sovereign was going through the most important part of the ceremony.

At the end of about a quarter of an hour the Queen came out from the bath, dressed in a scarlet robe trimmed with lace, wearing her crown and a magnificent diamond necklace, and holding in her left hand the horn of an ox tipped with silver, inside which was water from the bath. Accompanied by her Prime Minister, she walked to the principal door of the throne room, sprinkling the spectators as she passed along. Salvoes of artillery were fired all the time and until she had taken her seat on the throne again. The Princess of the royal family, the representatives of the different castes of the nobility and the Ministers then came to pay their respects to the Queen and call down upon her head all the blessings of heaven. Speaking in the name of the people and the army, as well as his own, the Prime Minister said in substance that they were all very pleased that the Queen had come to Tananarive, and that they hoped her Majesty would live long enough to see a thousand such ceremonies, and that the Queen could count upon the devotion of all her subjects. He concluded his speech by saying that the relations of Madagascar with foreign nations were most satisfactory, to which the Queen replied very briefly: "These being your words, I am very pleased and hopeful for the future. May you live long, gentlemen, and may God bless you!" Rice, milk, with pieces of beef preserved since the previous year's festival, were then served, and after another hymn the ceremony ended.

At the close of the festival it is unlawful to kill oxen or sheep for food; but the day after the festival there is a wholesale slaughter of oxen, it being estimated that from four thousand to five thousand beasts are killed in the twenty-four hours at Tananarive alone. It is the custom for each family to send a quarter of beef to its relatives and most intimate friends, the meat at which this meat is eaten being followed by sports and national dances.

ABOUT ELECTROTYPING.

A Description of the Simple and Yet Wonderful Process.

A solution of chloride of gold in cyanide of potassium is used for gilding, and a small plate of gold, instead of silver, is suspended in the solution at the positive pole. Nickel-plating is a more recent invention, but is effected in the same way, and has become an immense and profitable industry. It is equal to silver in beauty and brilliancy, and has superior resistance to those impurities in the air which tarnish and discolor the more expensive metal. Electrotyping is a modification of the same process, by which any number of reproductions of a "form" of type can be obtained in a solid block of metal, thus saving the wear of the type and allowing it to be distributed and set up for other work. After the type is set up into a "form" a wax mold is taken of its surface. The face of this mold is dusted with finely powdered graphite or black lead, to render it a conductor of electricity, and is then suspended in a solution of sulphate of copper, so as to form a part of an electric circuit. Metallic copper is deposited upon the face of the wax mold, giving a perfect reproduction of the original form of type, and when it has reached the requisite thickness it is removed, strengthened with a backing of type metal and mounted upon a block of wood or metal ready for use in the printing press. This process is a very cheap one, by which a large number of copies are to be printed prevents the rapid wearing out of the expensive type. Woodengravings are always printed from these electrotypes reproductions, as the soft wooden block would be rapidly destroyed in an ordinary printing press. This process is a very cheap one, by which a large number of copies are to be printed prevents the rapid wearing out of the expensive type. 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NUMBER 4

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

TO MY SHADOW.
A mute companion at my side,
Paces and plods the whole day long,
Accepts the measure of my stride,
Yea, goes no closer by word or song.
More close than any dog's friend,
Not nearer far and wide, like him,
He goes where my footsteps lead,
Not shrinks for fear of life or limb.
I do not know when first we met,
But till each day's bright hours are done
This grave and speechless shadowette
Keeps me betwixt him and the sun.
They say he knew me when a child;
Born with my birth, he does with me,
Not e'er from his long task beguiled,
Though sin or shame bid others flee.
What if, when all this world of men
Shall melt and fade and pass away,
This shadowette should rise again
And be himself my Judgment Day?
—T. W. Higginson, in Christian Union.

DOMESTIC POISONS.

Dangers Found Lurking in Unsuspected Places.

Most Cosmetics, Wall Paper and Many of the Brilliant-Hued Dress Goods, etc., etc., Contain Deadly Poisons.

Science has put many contrivances at the disposal of art, but some of the most useful and popular are not without their dangers. Yesterday a correspondent called attention to the risk involved in the rapidly extending use of the glass flux now so much in demand for imparting a frosted appearance to various ornaments. At one time it was employed simply as an adhesive varnish, and in that state could do little harm. But of late it has been employed on flowers, dresses, etc., on head dresses, with the result that a crowded room is speedily filled with its subtle spicules. Every grain of this powder is a sharp particle of glass, which irritates the eyes and skin, and, if inhaled, is capable of setting up an irritation in the lungs and bronchiae, perhaps causing serious injury. Ground glass, it must be remembered, is one of the most deadly of slow poisons, and as such was at one time in great vogue among the more cunning type of murderers. No doubt the "flux" which gives the snow-like glitter to Christmas toys, cards and landscapes is less noxious. Yet, like the flinty desert sand, which is almost identical in composition, it is capable of being dissolved, and if it enters the pulmonary apparatus, or the stomach, or adheres to any of the membranes, or gets in contact with the delicate structures of the eye, it must necessarily create more or less inflammation. We may, therefore, hope that those who now use it will, in the interests of others more self-denying, abandon a domestic poison, the injurious possibilities of which are so much out of proportion to any charm it imparts to the human form divine. Or, if they feel that this is too great a deprivation, it is no more than reasonable that the powder should be made adherent to the ornaments, instead of being permitted to impregnate the air of a ball room, concert hall or drawing room with its vicious particles. Already most wise women have dropped the use of the dangerous cosmetics, at one time too much patronized, simply because they found that, while for the hour they imparted an artificial smoothness to the complexion, in the end they destroyed it altogether. Cires and Canebe sought for the cosmetics in the flowers of Thessaly, and the perfumes of Cosmo's shop, which aroused the sardonic humor of Martial, were for the most part of a harmless character. Even the paste by which Diana of Poitiers preserved her charms to old age, and with which Anne of Austria endeavored to do so, was not as absolutely harmful to the skin as those which, until recently, were so fashionable. Arsenic ointment—the yellow sulphide of that deadly mineral—is, Dr. Malcolm Morris tells us, a common ingredient in depilatories, and several of the most popular "washes" contain lead in various forms. Nearly all the hair dyes, and traces of creeping parasites have been traced to the use of Corrosive sublimate is another occasional ingredient in lotions worn to improve the complexion. Even bismuth and zinc, so generally employed in various forms, are far from harmless, for in the end they prevent the natural action of the skin, and produce that pitted appearance so frequently observed in the cheeks of elderly actresses and others who habitually use preparations in which they are contained.

There is, indeed, no cosmetic like fresh air, healthy exercise, early hours and cold water, so that when the Vicar of Wakefield split the contents of the vessel in which his daughters were concealing "a wash for the face," that astute parent acted discreetly in the young ladies' interests. Still, even without the glass flux, the bismuth, arsenic and zinc powders, the various lotions and other cosmetics, there are dangers enough lying in wait for people who, like Francis Doria, do nothing but "eat, sleep and put their raiment on." For, though the keen-eyed analyst has managed to raise a warning cry against a great number of the more common domestic poisons, the progress of luxury, comfort and refinement has unconsciously on the part of any one except the manufacturer, introduced others in their place. Not that the manufacturer is always guilty of trying to kill his clients out of malice prepense. He more frequently errs from ignorance, or by reason of his experience of the effects likely to be caused by the new chemicals he employs in his eagerness to produce something pretty and cheap. As a rule, it may be said that nearly all the articles of dress in bright reds, aniline reds, magentas and certain greens are more or less poisonous, and the general re-

sult of the inquiry made into their composition some years ago was that these dyes very frequently contain arsenic, which, unless it has been removed after the purpose for which it has been introduced is served, is apt to precipitate the most painful consequences. Fuscine, as it is called on the Continent, soferino, rosaline, and so forth—to use its more familiar names in this country—has been found to yield on analysis over two per cent. of arsenic acid, in addition to 71 per cent. of arsenic acid. Coralline, another brilliant red dye, has more than once caused poisoning by being absorbed through the heated skin when used in underclothing; while the green arsenite of copper, employed to cover tarlatan, is apt to get rubbed off and inhaled, not only by the wearer, but by others in the same room. The symptoms of such poisoning Dr. Morris has described as red and painful swellings of the parts affected, followed by blisters, which in time verge into ulcers, and accompanied by headache, languor, nausea and feverishness, constantly increasing until the offending article is removed. There are, indeed, few pieces of underclothing which have not at some time or other been accused of thus playing the poisoner. The aniline dyes in a floral waist or in a "choest protector" has been affirmed to be the reason of painful pimples breaking out on the skin against which they lay. Socks have been guilty of raising inflammation on the legs, and even one of those gaudy-hued hats which for a time were supposed to be "just the thing" for lawn tennis was condemned as the origin of a poisoned swelling of the forehead. Gloves have not escaped a well-founded suspicion of not being so innocent as they look, and a case was reported some years ago in which an eruption around the ankle was occasioned by wearing shoes lined with yellow leather, into which some deleterious ingredient had entered.

At one time confectioners' shops were well-recognized magazines of domestic poisons, since, apart from the dubious wholesome character of their least noxious contents, the green, yellow and ruby hues of the sweetmeats were often indebted to copper and other poisons for their brilliancy. Nowadays, however, the adulteration as has rendered these palaces of youthful delight comparatively harmless, though they still help the general practitioner to a steady income. Even the fuscine-colored wines of France are less in vogue. The competition of the Colonial, Greek, Hungarian and Italian vintages has made the dealers in these doctored products of Bordeaux and Burgundy—and possibly of quarters not so distant—more cautious than of old, since the importers of pure brands are prone to get an analysis of their rivals' bottles, and, like the hero of Burns' song, to "print it." But even yet, in spite of all the cautions which have been issued, there are pickles for sale which contain copper, and dainties, the color of which is derived, not from the laboratory of nature, but from the retorts of the chemist. Olive-green wall papers often contain—or did contain, for they are eyed askance nowadays, unless proof positive of their harmlessness is supplied to the purchaser—arsenic, which, being driven off by the heat of the room, brings on dysenteric symptoms, with intense weakness and languor. An eminent physician, who was at first skeptical as to the possible evil influences of such a paper, learned to his cost that it was a real danger. Another medical man and his wife were nearly killed by arsenical paint, and a third practitioner attributed the death of his children to the nursery wall paper, which was found, when too late, for the discovery to be of any avail, to contain arsenic in large quantities. It is not improbable that much of that weakness, weariness and depression which many men experience on leaving home in the morning, and which is again felt on the evening in the evening, is due, not to "overwork"—that convenient, disposing cause of so much mythical illness—but as Dr. Lauder Brunton has suggested, to the drains and the householders' wall-papers. These domestic poisons are, we believe, not now common. Experience has taught even the least scrupulous manufacturer that that it does not pay to make them. Nevertheless, they are to be had often in quarters little liable to suspicion. The dealer will invariably deny the existence of arsenic in his greens, as the paper-hanger did in the cases mentioned, and, possibly, with perfect confidence that none had been used. At the same time, if that kind of wall-covering is selected, it would be wise to get a piece tested, since there is, perhaps, no poison in the world so readily detected as the one in question.—London Standard.

A Hopeless Undertaking.
"Now, sir," said the attorney for the defense, knitting his brows and looking severely at the witness, "you say you can remember the exact time during the forenoon at which these events took place because you had been fishing in the creek for more than three hours. Is that correct?"
"It is," replied the witness.
"I'll ask you now if you can remember how many fish you had caught and what their size was?"
"I hadn't caught a fish. Hadn't had a bite yet."
"We'll have to change our tactics," whispered the lawyer to his client. "We never can impeach this man's testimony."—Chicago Tribune.

If some of the ladies who seclude themselves from the fusts made over female attire could get an insight into the mysteries of a tailor shop—well, maybe they would have something to say.—Merchant Traveler.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The Greek letters, inverted from left to right, are almost identical with the Phœnician of Hebrew.

It has been determined that crystallization may occur during the period when fused matter begins to solidify. It has been calculated that not less than 20,000,000 of meteors, each large enough to be visible as a "shooting star," enter our atmosphere daily. There are 62,000 women in America interested in the cultivation of fruit, and they include some of the most successful orchardists of California.

Shells found in the lower levels of the caves at Dordogne, France, indicate that the Neanepthal man made common use of the oyster, which is thus proven to be the oldest domesticated delicacy known to man.

It is claimed that persons addicted to the use of alcoholic liquors can be entirely cured by the new French method of hypnosis. The patient is hypnotized and then told by the doctor that he must never want to drink again, but must feel disgust for liquor. This method of treatment is said to be successful in every instance.

The question of the origin of the dog has recently been discussed by Prof. Nehring, who believes that it descended from various still-surviving species of wolves and jackals. The latter animals can be tamed; and many attempts to domesticate wolves have been successfully made in recent times. Herr Ronge has so completely tamed a young wolf that it follows him, exactly as a dog might do.

Of 2,319 shoe manufacturers in the United States, 1,013 are in Massachusetts, 185 in New York, 170 in Vermont, 173 in Connecticut and Campbell. In New York there are 38, of whom 140 are in New York City; in Pennsylvania 175, of whom 105 are in Philadelphia; in Missouri, 44, 29 of them in St. Louis; in Ohio 68, 30 of them in Cincinnati; in Maine 88; in Illinois 75, of which 48 are in Chicago.

It is said by scientists that fishes and mollusks living at a depth of more than three miles under water have to bear a pressure of several tons, on account of the great pressure of the superincumbent hydrate. The reason they are able to bear this tremendous pressure is because they have exceedingly loose tissues which allow the water to flow through every interstice and thus to equalize the weight. When the pressure is removed they perish.

The great reputation of French shoes for flexibility and softness arises from two causes—the good tanning of their hides, largely due to peculiar qualities in the water of the tanning districts, and the fact that most of the shoes were sewed by women, whose weaker hands were not able to tighten the threads as men do, thus allowing the shoe to yield more easily to the foot, but thus injuring its wearing qualities.

Salepice acid is used in certain parts of France to preserve eggs, which is claimed not to penetrate the shell, but simply to act as an antiseptic on the egg surroundings. It has been proven, however, that it does penetrate the shell and soon permeates the albumen and yolk of the egg. In the white it may be detected by heating the albumen with a little water, the liquid afterwards being acidulated and shaken with ether, when the acid may easily be identified by the usual tests. The yolk should first be coagulated by heat, when the same process may be employed.

AN ACCOUNT BOOK.

How a Country Physician Records Disease and Weather.

"With the aid of this little account book I can tell you all about the general health of this vicinity during the last year, and the weather was what prevalent, when least so, and so on, said a venerable country physician a few days ago.

"How?"
"Very easily. Let us begin with January. I find that in this county or vicinity the first part of the month was particularly healthy, for my bills which I have noted here are very small. On January 1, only \$3, on the 2d, \$4.75, the next day but \$2.25, and so on until the 12th, when I have bills amounting to \$9. On the 15th, \$16.50 is recorded, and the bills do not fall below \$5 on any day up to March 1."

"Is the general average in a month about the same?"
"O, no. Here is November, usually rather unhealthy, but I did less business that month than any. I see a total of only \$114. But after Thanksgiving came the other extreme, for in December my bills amounted to \$475."

"But you can't tell which diseases were raging during any part of the year?"
"In some degree, yes. For instance, I will take my old friend Brown, who is afflicted with rheumatism. I find that the months of January and February were cold, but dry, for Brown didn't send for me once. But in the middle of March the weather changed, and I have \$12 charged against Brown for the next month. The latter part of August was very hot and sultry, as I see that a large number of children needed my services then. The first week in December was very changeable, with a humid atmosphere, for I visited several patients with throat troubles at that time."

"Of the bills you have there, what portion do you collect?"
"Ninety per cent., if not more. I put nothing but good bills on this account book. Those who I know will never pay I keep no record of, or, at best, a mere mention in my day book.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"Order slate" is the injudicious advice suspended before certain coal-offices.—Colorado Farmer.

Every man likes to talk about himself; a good listener makes a delightful wife.—Louisville Recorder.

"Say," said the city youth to the modest countryman, "hay-seed out of your hair yet?" "Wal," was the deliberate reply, "I judge not from the way the calves run after me."

The average club man cares very little about music. If he can only strike the key of the door with reasonable accuracy he is content.—Burlington Free Press.

If church bells did not ring no one would remember that it was Sunday. That's why they ring, and it prevents lots of men from starting out with fish-poles.—Detroit Free Press.

The average hotel clerk knows almost every thing, but he can't tell why a woman will persist in asking what time the five o'clock train leaves.—Hotel Mail.

Mrs. Hinks—"Has your daughter made a good match?" Mr. Winks—"She married a nice man." "Bless her heart. And so she married rich?"

"Rich?" "Yes; you said she married an ice man."—Omaha World.

"Wont you give me a new play a good puff?" asked an author of a dramatic critic. "I hardly think it would be safe," "Why not?" "Well, it's so weak that a puff would blow it to pieces."—N. Y. Sun.

"I know my defects," said B-jones, pompously, and as the bystanders looked at him admiringly, one of them whispered to another softly: "What an awful lot that man must know."—Somerville Journal.

Mrs. Walker—"I'm sick to-day and want you to tell the doctor to come up on your way down town and—" Mr. T. (interrupting)—"What's the matter?" Mrs. T.—"I think I'm going to have the dumb ague." Mr. T. (going out)—"Thank heaven."—Washington Post.

The large class of destructive wild animals are numerous in New Mexico, some men losing fifteen to twenty per cent. of their calves and cattle by bears, panthers and mountain lions. The territory gives as premiums for killing mountain lions \$20 per head, for bears and panthers \$8.

A Western paper tells of a dog that, after having been whipped in a fight, deliberately laid himself down on a railroad track and permitted a train to kill him. Really, our whipped prize fighters don't seem to have as much sense as a dog. They prefer to take another whipping.—N. Y. Ledger.

The twin brothers at the Mountain House were singing a duet. "O, that we two were Maying," they warbled sweetly. "Poh!" said the sarcastic young lady. "You've mixed up the months." "Oh, that you two were Marching!" would more correctly express the sentiment of the community.—Harper's Bazar.

A certain actress, says stammering can be cured by gently, but firmly squeezing the hand between words. The name of the young man who cured the lady is not given. The remedy may effect a cure every time, but heart affection may follow, if the patient is young and pretty—and that is more dangerous than stammering.—Norristown Herald.

Harry (horried at seeing Kate puffing at cigarette)—"More? Do you smoke, Kate?" Kate—"Not because I enjoy it, Harry. I want to fill the rooms with smoke so that should a burglar break in, he'll think there's a man in the house." Harry—"Well, you're only losing your time and soiling your lips. A man never smokes cigarettes—leastwise no man that a burglar need be afraid of."—Boston Transcript.

Concerning lobsters, experts say that young crustaceans have to be put in the sea almost as soon as hatched, and they begin to feed voraciously. They are born with sense enough to know that lobsters make delicious food, and they attack one another savagely and hungrily. For a few days they swim on the surface, where they find the food suited to their early requirements. Here their destruction is enormous. In a few days the lobster's walking or crawling members are developed, and he sinks to the bottom, where he makes his home.

Original "Short-Hand."

A number of years ago, before writing shorthand became so common, there was in Milwaukee a young man who was just finishing a course of commercial training and penmanship. This youth was ambitious to enter a business-house and become self-sustaining. Accordingly he was on the alert for any opening that fortune might cast in his path. I will tell the rest of the story in his own language. He said: "I was one evening leaving the school when a student gave me an external newspaper. I took it home and in it read an advertisement for a young man to write shorthand. I had no more idea of what shorthand really meant than a pig has of a stock market. However, I wanted a job, and I could write like Sam Hill, I applied for the place and wrote two letters, in the most cramped-up handwriting that I could make and have it readable and the other I wrote in a very long, scrawling hand, so as to make the contrast greater. I never got a reply from the advertiser, and since I came to Chicago and got to be a court reporter I often think how those fellows, whoever they were, must have laughed at my shorthand."—Chicago Mail.



MAY TO BELL.

Dear Bell: I'll write you a short letter to say I'm wonderfully better. How much that means you ought to know. Who saw me just one month ago—Thin, nervous, fretful, white as chalk, Almost too weak to breathe or talk; Head throbbing, as if it for breaking, A weary, ever-present aching.

But now life seems a different thing; I feel as glad as bird on wing! I say, and fear no contradiction, That Pierce's Favorite Prescription is grand! Why, I'd have died without it! Ma thinks there's no mistake about it. It's driven all my ills away! Just come and see! Yours ever, MAY.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription imparts strength to the whole system. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, it is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years.

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THE ORIGINAL
Pierce's
Little Liver Pills.
Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless.
Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, All Attacks, and all Derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cents, by druggists.

A MAN
UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF

THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.
(Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific and Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska Rys.)
Its main lines, branches and extensions west, northwest and southwest include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island in ILLINOIS; Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Des Moines, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Knoxville, Winterset, Atlantic, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie, Beeding, Blair, Keosauqua, Iowa in IOWA; St. Joseph, St. Louis, St. Paul, SOTA—Waterloo and Sioux Falls in DAKOTA—Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron, St. Joseph, Cheyenne, City in MISSOURI—Beatrice, Fremont, and Nelora in NEBRASKA—Horton, Popple, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Norton, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. Travels low and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to older States and to all towns and cities in Southern Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, Indian Territory, Texas, Arizona, Idaho, California, and Pacific coast and near-oceanic seaports.

SOLID FAST VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS
Of Palace Coaches—leading all competitors in splendor of equipment and luxury of accommodations—run through daily between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo. Similar MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE TRAIN SERVICE daily between Chicago and Council Bluffs (Omaha), and between Chicago and Kansas City. Elegant Day Coaches, Dining Cars, Reclining Chair Cars, and Palace Sleeping Cars. California Excursions daily. Choice of routes to and from Salt Lake City, Portland, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, and intervening localities. Quick time, prompt connections and...fers in Union Depots.

THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE
Runs superbly equipped Express Trains daily each way between Chicago, Rock Island, Atchison, St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Kansas City and Minneapolis and St. Paul. The Favorite Tourist Line to the scenic resorts, and the most direct route to the Northwest. Its Watertown Branch courses through the most productive lands of Northern Iowa, Southwestern Minnesota, and East Southern Dakota.

THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul. For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Coupon E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. CHICAGO, ILL. E. A. HOLBROOK, Gen'l Ticket & Pass Agent.

JOSEPH H. HUNTER, ATTORNEY, WASHINGTON, D. C. WILL GET YOUR PENSION WITHOUT DELAY.

18 ONLY For any one of 40 CHOICE SETS OF Vegetable or Flower Seeds, Roses, Shrubs, Grape Vines, Fruit trees, Etc. For example, we send postpaid and guarantee safe arrival 20 Packets Choice Flower Seeds, 50 sorts, price \$1.50, for \$1.00 20 Packets Choice Vegetable Seeds 30 sorts 1.00 15 Everblooming Roses, 15 beautiful sorts 1.00 14 Geraniums, 14 splendid sorts, 1.00 15 Carnations, 15 elegant sorts, 1.00 15 Grape Vines, 4 sorts, our choicest, 1.00 For the clever 54 sets and 1001 things besides (many New and Rare) see our GRAND SPRING CATALOGUE, 10 pages, sent free to all who wish to purchase either Seeds, Plants or Trees. All orders waiting it should remit the cost \$1.00. Ours is one of the oldest, largest and most reliable nurseries in the U. S. 35th year, 24 greenhouses, 700 acres.

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., Painesville, Lake Co., Ohio.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup, Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION
YOUNG MEN Wanted to Learn Telegraphy, from Address VALENTINE BROS., JAMES J. WILSON, 100 N. W. 10th St., St. Paul, Minn. EMPLOYMENT for all—profitable, easy, and guaranteed. Write to us for particulars.

\$5 TO \$10 A DAY AGENTS WANTED? CIRCULARS FREE. 1000s of Agents Wanted. GIVE AWAY to introduce them. Every agent gets \$500.00. Lines never under \$500.00. Send 2 cents in stamps to pay postage and packing for Nickel Plate. Sample the "GOLD" and "SILVER" MANUF'G CO., DOLLY, MICH.

SOUTH DAKOTA
Has the best land in the world, in the center of the new state, with fertile soil, assured capital, and a large population. Farm lands never so cheaply offered. The Winthrop and Great Sioux River lands are in the center of these counties. Address C. G. DAVIS, Secretary, Sioux Falls, S. D.

PATENTS
I INVENTED. Also TRADE-MARKS, ETC. Advice free. Have experience. Send stamp for 10-page book. Address W. T. FETTERALL, Attorney at Law, Washington, D. C. **ANK-C.** 1230.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in Sturge's Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the same Hall Friday night of each week and Sunday afternoon.

SHEALTHEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Leage's Hall every Monday night.

PATMON COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

NOTICE:

W. H. Harms, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—Prof. Z. K. Brown was in Oakland several days this week.

—Miss Manie Weber and Miss Mattie Porter will open a private school in the Oakland public school building, Monday, March 25th.

—Mr. Robert Townsend returned to Oakland last week from Varona, Pa., where he had been working at his trade during the past winter. He has engaged with Capt. J. M. Jarboe for the season.

—Stamping done to order for all kinds of embroidery; Kensington, ribbon work, outline, satin stitch, tinsel work, &c. Orders promptly executed. Fancy work done to order by Mrs. K. T. CRANE.

—The public school in Oakland the past winter has been more successful than for several years. Prof. Enlow and his assistants have given universal satisfaction. Prof. Enlow has been requested to accept the Principalship next winter.

—Fish Commissioner Delawder's steam launch is completed, the engine is here and is now being put in, and in a few days Mr. Delawder expects to make a trial trip on the "Little Yough" at Oakland, before transporting it to Lake Cleveland, where it will be placed at the disposal of fishing parties this summer.

—Married, in Pittsburgh, Pa., Thursday, March 14th, 1889, Mr. Dennis Frazer, formerly of Selbyport, this county, and Miss Bella Nevegold, of Pittsburgh. The happy couple left the same evening for their future home at Mt. Clemens, Michigan, where Mr. Frazer is interested in a large flouring mill. May good fortune attend them.

—Following is a brief report of Fairview Ridge School, taught by Mr. J. A. Feik, the general average being given: Walter George, 93; Joseph Hostetter, 89; Horace Hartman, 82; John Smearman, 82; Anna George, 90; Maggie Burkhard, 88; Sarah Smearman, 86; William Hostetter, 75; Henry Smearman, 74; John Frantz, 74; Alex. George, 75; Jefferson Smearman, 67; John George, 76.

—On last Saturday night while the exhibition was in progress in the Sunny Side school room, the floor gave way, which caused quite an excitement. Glad to say no one was seriously injured, except Daniel Cowman, who had his ankle badly mashed. Every joint in the building was broken. The house being packed to its utmost capacity was the cause of the accident. After the exhibition broke down, as the little folks term it, the audience spent several hours at the school premises in out-door amusements.

Church Services—Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7 1/2 P. M. by Rev. C. J. Trippett. Sermon to young men.

Song service every Sunday evening at 6:30.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7 1/2 P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Matthew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hopkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

At Cost.

I will sell all the Carpets, Mattings and Oilcloths bought of D. E. Bolden & Co. at cost, until April 10th, to make room for spring stock.

28t JOHN SHARTZER.

Selling at Cost.

Having sold out to H. P. Jameson & Co., will sell for cash up to April 10th. Terms strictly cash.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to us will please call and settle their accounts by or before April 10, 1889.

3164t Very Respectfully,

WILLIAM HINEBAUGH.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me either on book account or by note will please call and settle same by the 15th of April, 1889.

S. P. SPECHT.

Closing Exercises.

The public schools of Oakland closed Monday evening with an entertainment by the scholars, which was attended by an audience that crowded the large upper room. The programme, which was well rendered, was as follows:

Song by the little girls. Reading by Miss Marion Leary. Solo by Miss Jennie Johnson. Song by Glee Club. Duett by Misses Sadie Spedden and Belle Jarboe. Reading by Miss Annie McCleary. Song by Glee Club. Reading by Miss Lizzie Leary. Doll Song by the little girls. Dumb Bell Calisthenic Club. Solo by Charles Tower. Addresses by Superintendent Hinebaugh, Rev. G. W. W. Amick and Prof. Newman. Song—Good night—by Glee Club.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending March 23, 1889:

Ray, Norman. Holme, L.
DeWitt, Hiram. Halterman, H. H.
Davies, W. H. (2). Kern, Rev. J. A.
Fink, Louis.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

These letters are chargeable with one cent due on delivery.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Mountain Lake Park.

We seem to have emerged from cold, snowy winter to warm and sunny spring. The past week has been unusually bright and spring-like, bringing with it new life and activity on every hand. The grass and early plants begin to show their heads above the surface. The feathered songsters from their Southern homes are making the groves resound with their enlivening songs. The mechanics are making good use of the time, also, at their various callings.

Our entire community is aroused on the subject of religion. A protracted service commenced last week and has been increasing in interest and efficiency ever since. Our pastor not being well has not been able to be with us but little, but Rev. W. E. Dean and wife, who are at home on a visit, have been rendering us valuable assistance. From his earnest and scriptural sermons on the doctrine of holiness, several have sought and four or five have up to this time obtained this great blessing. One was a little girl eleven years old. She testified publicly that she was fully saved, and then volunteered to lead in prayer. The unsaved are carefully and constantly looked after. Two have been happily converted and are earnestly working for the salvation of others. The altar is full and some kneeling at the adjoining chairs earnestly seeking, some for pardon, others for sanctification, and a number more rose for prayers.

J. A. E.

Accident.

Messrs. Jacob Brennenman and M. Schrock are making sugar at one of the Beechy camps.

Mr. Broadwater, who has been ill, will sell his personal property, his farm having been sold to a Pennsylvania lumber company. The lumber company expect to cut the available timber into shingles and ship by way of Swanton.

Mr. Samuel Brennenman, who was injured by a falling roof, is recovering.

John Burkhardt and family have removed to Elk Lick Township, Pa., where he will work for Mr. Phineas Compton. The disastrous fire that destroyed Mr. Menhorn's shop, left Mr. Burkhardt almost penniless. The entire family were away and nothing was recovered. Mr. Menhorn is rebuilding as fast as possible.

A school exhibition will be held at the Accident school house at the close of school Monday eve, March 18th.

Many people are burning lime and cleaning up, preparatory to spring plowing.

Samuel Musser expects to go to Kansas, Joseph Beeghly to Texas, and quite a number are talking of emigrating West.

Adam Geringer has purchased the Frederick Alt farm.

Miss Bell Augustine and Mr. Geo. Royer are visiting friends here.

Mr. Jessie and Will Eglehart are here on a visit.

Misses Lillie Boyer and Lizzie Kahl have returned from their schools. We are glad to have them back again.

Quite a number of the young folks of Accident were up to Mr. Feik's school to a spelling match on Friday evening.

Notice to Tax Payers.

All unpaid tax bills have been placed in my hands for collection, and I am compelled under the law to proceed at once to enforce payment. Come forward at once and save cost.

ED. E. SOLLARS, Sheriff.

3163t.

Anniversary Meeting.

The fourth anniversary of the organization of the Y. M. C. A. of Oakland, will be celebrated in their Hall on Thursday evening next. Meetings will also be held Friday and Saturday evenings and on Sunday afternoon at 8:15. All invited.

Deer Park.

After enjoying several days of lovely weather we are now enduring the equinoctial storm, hoping it will be followed by spring in earnest.

Our public school closed Monday. The closing exercises in the afternoon were very interesting, and our citizens generally feel satisfied that we could not have had better teachers than Prof. Lee and Miss Palmer. A private school will be commenced next Monday by Prof. Lee. Miss Palmer has returned to her home in Baltimore county.

The members and friends of the Lutheran Church held a very pleasant little oyster supper last night (Tuesday) at the house of Mr. A. Freedland, which was much more successful than they had anticipated, on account of the inclement weather.

Rev. M. F. Pritchard has been returned as pastor of the U. B. Church for the coming year.

Col. E. C. Tillson celebrated his 82nd birthday on the 15th, having all his children and grandchildren with him, who were able to be present. His health is very much better than it has been for some years, since the removal of the cancers from his face. Among his birthday presents were several direct from Paris, a two of his grandchildren, Mrs. F. S. Landstreet and Miss Mattie Davis have just returned from a trip across the ocean.

Mrs. S. C. Hoyer has been ill for some time past but is now improving.

Mr. W. D. Hoyer left for Baltimore and Washington on Monday.

Oakdale.

Weather warm. Mud is drying up fast.

Farmers are preparing for their spring work.

Rev. Josiah Beeghly preached an interesting sermon at the Miller school house last Sunday.

The new railroad is expected to be built within five miles of Mrs. A. Hatfield's store.

Mr. A. P. Pullin, Mr. F. P. Strawn of this place, and Mr. Wm. Broadwater, Mrs. Ada Broadwater and family and Miss Cora Knight, of Grantsville, were visitors at Mr. A. Miller's last Sunday.

Miss Jennie Miller returned from her school last Saturday, after a term of five months. Miss Jennie talks of going West about the first of May.

Mr. Wm. Miller and F. P. Strawn took a flying trip to the Cove last Sunday night.

Mr. Geo. W. Royer has returned from Gettysburg and is now visiting friends in this community.

Mr. Nicholas Platter is about to sell his farm to Alfred Klinger.

Mr. S. H. Ryland will go to Oakland next week.

For Sale or Rent.

A very desirable, new and well built cottage on one of the principal avenues in Mountain Lake Park, containing nine good-sized rooms, necessary outbuildings; fine view; double lot and a well of excellent water on the premises. Also,

For Rent.

A very desirable cottage in Mountain Lake Park, delightfully situated, containing eleven well furnished rooms, extensive grounds, stable and all other necessary out-buildings.

Apply to

F. A. THAYER,

Oakland, Md.

Auctioneer.

Mr. L. E. Ehard, an experienced auctioneer, offers his services in that line at moderate prices. All orders promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Address McHenry, Md.

The Books Were Examined.

For years the people of this country had believed and had reason to believe that when the Democracy came into power, when they got access to the books and the accounts of the Government, there would be a revelation of malfeasance, of corruption and plunder which would cover with shame a majority of the Republican officials of the previous twenty years, and would produce such a condition of the public judgment that the Republican party would never be restored. But there has been no such revelation. With the exception of the Navy Department alone, the whole effort of Mr. Cleveland and his assistants has been to give a clean bill of health to their Republican predecessors. Nothing has been discovered. Nothing has been revealed.

—N. Y. Sun, Dem.

Random Remarks.

(For THE REPUBLICAN.)

It is to be hoped that, under the new Administration, a "clean sweep" will be made of—the streets of Washington. Certainly they never needed it worse than now. Early this week if one went out for a promenade, they got their clothing garnished with straw and paper, and their eyes, noses and ears filled with dust, as the wind blew furiously. Speaking of ears reminds me to remark that we are threatened with a specific indigenous disease called the "Washington ear," said to be caused by asphaltum dust. My own private opinion thus publicly expressed is that the only abnormal thing about the "Washington ear" is the amount of scandal it can take in here in a given time. This may have a tendency to produce a pathological condition upon sensitive tympani, but let the Aurists settle that.

The latest is the way in which Senator D. pulled the wool over his wife's eyes a short time since. She was selling Senator Blank at a reception how mortal mad she was the night before. "I dressed myself and sat waiting from 9 till after midnight for my husband to come and take me to Mrs. W.—'s ball. He never came till after 12 o'clock, and I was so mad I locked the door and swore he should stay out the remainder of the night, but when the poor dear man told me you'd had an extra night session up at the Capitol, I had compassion on him and let him in."

The joke of it was that the Senator with whom she was talking knew that an adjournment had been had at 8 o'clock on that particular evening, to give the members an opportunity to attend that particular ball.

Washington is deadily dull now, with Lent, a new influx of strange people, and the shutting down of the natural gas works at the Capitol by the recent adjournment of Congress. Though the illuminating force was not very great, (only 14-candle power) the flow was steady, and when nothing else offered, a visit there, kept one from utter stagnation.

The inauguration is over, but its effects are still showing up. Congressmen Townsend and the Southern Manager of the United Press, have just died as a result of colds contracted on that inclement day. Many more are sick, and altogether the undertakers are the class most likely to be benefitted in the long run.

A certain Club House adjoins a certain hotel on the corner of 14th and H. Sts., N. W., in this City. Guests who have windows opening at the side extensions of the hotel, are treated to a disagreeable matinee performance every Sunday morning, and sometimes often. Some wretch will rock and heave and gag as if he was trying to "throw up his mortal soul," then he sets to and "casts up" his accounts to the uttermost farthing—boots, socks and toe-mails, all apparently included. I really think he ought not to do it. It is not appetizing to the boards on that side of the house. I wish Mrs. La Petra, of the W. C. T. U. here, would seek him out and get him to sign the pledge—or kill himself.

Further returns from the Inauguration are still coming in. Three ladies, who were at the ball, have died. Sixty-four members of the Pennsylvania military have died of colds and pneumonia since their return home. Twenty-one members of the Washington police force are reported on the sick list, and the physicians of the Capitol are busy night and day with largely increased lists of patients.

Today is as warm and bright as a day in June, among your mountains in Garrett county.

I attended services at Old Church, Alexandria, and sat in Geo. Washington's family pew. Will reserve full account of that trip for a future letter.

The Assyrrian hosts were as nothing to the army of office-seekers now in Washington, and the cry is, still they come.

Senator Quay's door-bell was pulled twice in one day, and sixty-four were awaiting Senator Cameron a few mornings since, by the time he had finished his breakfast.

Representative McComas has gone sick from the rush, and a good many more say they are sick enough to go too, but "dash it."

Quite an effort is being made by a number of prominent Republicans to have Col. Wm. F. Switzer retained as Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, as he is said to be the most satisfactory of any of Cleveland's appointees.

Spring Styles.

We are now opening new Spring Millinery and fancy goods.

M. L. SCOTT, Baltimore Store.

The newspapers and periodical of all kinds issued in the United States and Canada now number 17,407, showing a gain of 797 during the last twelve months, and of 7,882 in ten years.

Two Men.

I knew two neighbors, old Californians, who had about equal fortunes. They were both old settlers, both rich and both much respected. In that fearful year, 1852, when the dying and destitute immigrants literally crawled on hands and knees over the Sierra, trying to reach the settlements, one of these men drove all of his cattle up to the mountains, butchered them and fed the starving. He had his Mexicans pack all the mules with flour, which at that time cost almost its weight in gold, and push on night and day over the mountains to meet the strangers there and feed them, so that they might have strength to reach his ranch, where they could have shelter and rest.

The other man, cold and cautious, saw his opportunity and embraced it. He sat at home and sold all his wheat and mules and meat, and with the vast opportunities for turning money to account in that new country, soon became almost a prince in fortune.

But his generous neighbor died a beggar in Idaho, where he had gone to try to make another fortune. He literally had not money enough to buy a shroud; and as he died among strangers by the roadside, he was buried without even as much as a pine board coffin. I saw his grave there only last year. Some one had set up a rough granite stone at the head. And that is all. No name—not even a letter or date. Nothing. But that boulder was fashioned by the hand of Almighty God, and in the little seems and dots and mossy scars that cover it, we can read the rubric that chronicles the secret virtues of this lone dead man on the snowy mountains of Idaho.

The children of the "Prince" are in Paris. Upheld by his colossal wealth, their lives seem to embrace the universal world. He is my friend. He buys all my books and reads every line I write. When he comes to this sketch he will understand it. And he ought to understand, too, that all the respect, admiration and love which the new land once gave these two men, gathers around and is buried beneath that moss-grown granite stone; and that I know, even with all his show of splendor, that his heart is as cold and empty as that dead man's hands.—Joaquin Miller.

Agricultural Multiplication.

We have always held that many farmers are land poor, that they would make more money if they had less land; and that the thorough cultivation of a small farm would produce better results than a large farm poorly cultivated. These truths are pointed out by a short dialogue in the Western Plowman. The conversation runs thus:

"How many acres of land have you?"

"One hundred."

"Then you have bought some more; you had only twenty."

"No, I haven't bought any. I haven't had any given to me. I haven't rented any. Still I claim that I have one hundred acres."

"How do you make it out?"

"Just this way. I plowed it thoroughly, utilizing every foot of ground, making on an average one acre equal to two. That gave me forty acres."

"Just so."

"I then fertilized the land so that one acre produced as much as three did before. That made me twenty acres more, making the total sixty."

"I see."

"Then I practiced persistent cultivation, which I can prove will double the yield of an acre. Twenty acres more, you see, which makes me eighty."

"Yes, and now for the other twenty."

"The other twenty I got by only using the best of seed and by putting brains and system into my work. And to prove that my farm contains 100 acres I am willing to compare results with the average 100 acres anywhere in this section of country."

"Things equal to the same things are equal to each other, you know."

The negro exodus from North Carolina is about to take the form of colonization of negroes in Arkansas. Negroes are holding mass-meetings almost nightly, and negro orators and preachers are urging them to colonize. Negro preachers in the Raleigh section of North Carolina are especially active in the matter, and issued a circular Saturday calling a meeting to organize the "North Carolina Emigration Association," for the purpose of securing organized action toward colonizing all the negroes in the State in Arkansas, where they are offered lands for a trifle. The circulars say that white people don't want them in North Carolina and they have determined to go. It is complained that the election law, school law and other laws passed by the last General Assembly were passed to crush them out. They propose to colonize on unoccupied lands in Arkansas and follow agriculture.

A WILD MAN AT LARGE.—Walker county, Georgia, in the vicinity of Chattanooga, and as far south as Pond Springs, is all torn up over the reappearance of the celebrated wild man of Lookout. He was seen a few days ago, and if descriptions are correct he is a most remarkable being. His hair and beard are described as flowing to the waist, his finger and toe nails are long, giving the hands and feet the resemblance of claws. He wears trunks of bear skin, with a bearskin robe thrown over his shoulders. He carries an ugly bludgeon, and persistently avoids coming in contact with anybody. The timid people of the neighborhood are greatly alarmed, and there is little traveling about at night, though he is generally believed to be harmless. This strange creature has been haunting the caves and fastnesses of Lookout mountain and elevations in lower East Tennessee for years, and nothing is known of his identity. He has never been known to do anybody any harm, and there has been no occasion for his arrest, so he has been allowed to pursue his strange lunacy unmolested. He is said now to occupy a cave near Pond Spring, Ga., but heretofore when his place of temporary abode has been discovered, he has disappeared to be seen at other points at considerable distance away.

Her Yearly Bath.

The French papers report that the Queen of Madagascar has just taken a bath. She celebrated the occasion of the "Festival of the Bath" with the greatest pomp and seriousness. The Queen was clothed all in scarlet and seated upon a red velvet throne; a corner of the room was railed off with red curtains, and behind this was rolled a great bath-tub set on wheels. A solemn procession filed through, bearing the water for the bath, materials for the fire to heat it, made directly under the bath-tub itself, the towels, soap, perfume and various toilet appurtenances. As soon as the water was sufficiently heated the fire was put out, prayers were said and a hymn sung imploring that the Queen suffer no harm from her daring act, and then, as she disappeared behind the curtain, a salvo of artillery was fired and the drums beat to announce to the excited multitudes outside that the important part of the ceremony was taking place. At the end of a brief fifteen minutes the Queen reappeared, somewhat paler in hue, but gorgeously arrayed and wearing all the crown jewels. In her hand she carried an ox-horn, tipped and bound with silver, full of water taken from the bath just previous to her entrance to it. Bearing this and accompanied by the prime minister, she marched to the palace portal, where she dipped a branch into the water and sprinkled the spectators as they passed along, which gave them the satisfaction of feeling that they have in a measure shared in the dangers which the Queen, as the head of the nation, had boldly confronted.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS SWAN'S SCHOOL FOR—YOUNG LADIES AND GIRLS

Will enter upon its Third Term April 1st, 1889. French, Drawing, and Singing included in the general course. Terms, \$3.00 for day pupils; \$5.00 (in advance) for weekly boarders; \$20.00 per year (in advance). The carriage will leave the Oakland stand (near the "Baltimore store") at 8 1/2 A. M. For particulars, address

MISS E. B. SWAN, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Formerly connected with Mt. Auburn Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., March 12th, 1889.

The Board of School Commissioners of Garrett county, will meet in their Office on

WEDNESDAY, the 27th day of March, 1889,

for the purpose of Auditing the Reports of Teachers for the Term ending March 15th, 1889. Teachers will see that their reports are properly made out and filed with the Secretary at least three days before the meeting of the Board. Claims for incidental expenses must be itemized and indorsed by the Trustees, or a majority of them.

By order of the Board.

WM. HINEBAUGH, Secretary.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by George Frazer and others, beginning at a point along the Morgantown road west of Edward Frazer's and running thence over the lands of George Frazer North 8 degrees West (North 8 degrees West) to the North-west corner of George Frazer's meadow, thence over Kim Frazer's lands along the foot hill to a stake, thence to the upper end of the graveyard, thence to the County Road, thence over the lands of George Frazer and Ohio Speelman along the hill side at a reasonable distance from the location of railroad along the river bank to the West end of Guard's bridge, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on Monday, the 27th day of April, 1889, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

BENJAMIN H. GREEN, THOMAS H. CUPPERT, JOSEPH DEWITT, Examiners.

JOHN A. WOLF, CARPENTER AND BUILDER, East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

JACK AND DICK.

Two boys who once grew up together,
Grew up in the same old town,
But one now a successful man,
And one has gained renown.
Two boys who started out in living,
Each in a different way,
And differently took the world's free giving,
And so they are different to-day.

Jack, he had a widowed mother,
And Dick was a rich man's boy;
Jack had always his wishes to smother,
While Dick had every joy.
Jack earned his own bread and butter,
And part of his mother's, too;
And often the wish was heard to utter,
That he had more work to do.

Jack got out at the elbow often,
Grew too fast for his clothes;
Had but little lot to soften,
But his cheeks were red as a rose.
Dick wore clothes of the finest order,
Nothing he seemed to lack;
Always a father, a careful warder,
To keep all hardness back.

One studied hard to go through college,
No hindrance the other knew;
One found theory the way to knowledge,
The other was pushed right through.
One's muscles grew flabby, and chest grew
faded,
One grew stout and strong,
As bravely and proudly and all unaided,
He wrestled his way along.

Now, to-day in the halls of the nation
Is heard Jack's powerful voice;
And Jack is his proud and busy station,
Does something, but make a noise.
None ever ask if he
Had enough to eat in the long-gone years—
If his pants were out at the knee.

Dick, and oh! how I hate to tell it,
He is a poor weak thing,
He'd a heritage, but he had to sell it,
Just a living to bring.
Only a number, not one needed,
In all the world's great strife,
A man who is scarcely ever needed—
That's what he is with life.

Works a little, drinks strong liquor,
His children cry for bread;
And he's traveling down, and daily quicker,
Down to a demand's head.
Life passed over one and strengthened the other,
It is good to bear the yoke.
Remember Jack tells every brother:
Word true he never spoke.

Hard are the blows which shape to beauty
The marble cold and white,
And rough is the poor boy's path of duty,
If it leads to a golden height.
So all you Jacks keep on your trying,
Try and try again—
Rich and poor will win either waying,
As often the poor will win.

—Fanny.

TRIAL BY WATER.

The True Story of How Farmer Thorley Was Convinced That the Earth Does Turn Around.

A positive old fellow was Farmer Thorley, of Ditcham End, and not at all an easy sort of man (as you would have seen by one look at his red face and hard mouth) either to persuade or convince. He farmed his own land, brewed his own beer, and thought England the finest country in the world, and himself one of the finest fellows in it.

Whenever Farmer Thorley was told any thing that he had not heard before, which happened pretty often, for he had never been twenty miles from his native village in his life, he generally cut short all arguments by saying gruffly that he "didn't believe a word of it," and any one who contradicted him after that was sure to have a pretty hard time of it.

Railways were the old farmer's especial horror, not only because they were a new invention, but because the only journey by railroad that he had ever made (which was to a town about fifteen miles off) had commenced with a very puzzling and disagreeable adventure which he had never been able to understand. His own version of the story was that he had got into the train and fallen asleep just as it started, and found when he awoke again that he had been all the way to Darlington and back without knowing any thing about it, so that he had all his journey to do over again. But the real fact of the matter was that the old fellow had got into a carriage that was not coupled to the train, and had gone to sleep there quite comfortably.

It happened that one summer there came to lodge at the farm a young man who had traveled and had read a good deal, too. When he first came he had been studying very hard, and looked so pale and thin beside the burly, red-faced, broad-skirted farmer, in his great top-boots, that old Thorley was rather disposed to set him down as a "milk-sop." But the young fellow's stories of what he had read and what had seen in foreign lands were so entertaining that Farmer Thorley (who never read any thing but the county newspapers) soon began to think better of him; and although he always expressed great surprise at any one caring to wander about in "the rubbishy foreign countries," instead of staying comfortably at home in Old England, he never failed to listen with all his ears when his lodger began to talk.

At last it happened that the student was sitting one evening on the bench in front of the door, trying to explain to little Dolly Thorley (the farmer's youngest child) how it was that the earth turned round, when up came the old man himself, just in time to catch the last words of Fred Mason's exposition.

"Hey! what be that thou't tellin' the little wench, measter?" cried he. "Did thee say as the earth turned round? Whoy, now, what be the good o' fillin' her head w' all that nonsense?"

"But it's not nonsense," said Mason; "it's quite true."

"Well," cried the farmer, "I always thought thee was an idiot, and now I be sure on't! Don't thee see that if the earth did turn round we'd be turnin' head-over-heels half our time?"

"Be that as it may," answered the student, quietly, "it does turn around all the same."

The farmer's broad face turned redder than ever, as it always did when

any one contradicted him. He remained grimly silent for a moment, and then, striding into the house, came out with a large jug of water.

"Look 'ee here, young man," said he, gruffly, "when a man contradicts me, he's got to prove his words. Now, hark ye, I be goin' to put that jug on the top o' this here gate-post, and neither you, nor I, nor anybody else 'll go nigh it till to-morrow mornin', and then, if the earth does turn round, as you say, it'll upset the jug."

And away went Mr. Thorley into the house with a hoarse chuckle, feeling confident that he had caught this young man in a trap.

But he did not feel quite so triumphant when he came out at sunrise the next morning, for during the night a thirsty cow had come up to the gate, and, in its clumsy efforts to drink the water, had knocked down the jug and spilt all the contents.

When the farmer stepped out at day-break, all ready to crow over the "book-learned young chap," the first thing which he saw was his jug lying empty on the ground, with its handle broken off.

"Well, lad," said he to Fred Mason, who appeared in the doorway at that moment, "thee was right. If I hadn't seen that w' my own eyes, I'd ne'er have believed it, but seein' is believin', sure enough."—David Ker, in Little Folks.

PAYING OUR SHARE.

How Boys and Girls May Contribute Either to the Happiness or Burden of Others.

Boys and girls do not have to be very old before they learn the meaning of the word "contribute," and it seems to be associated with the collection baskets in church and Sunday-school, with mission bands and charitable objects exclusively. It is a word with the broadest meaning; it is a word that expresses nearly every action of our lives.

We contribute every day to the happiness of the home life, or we contribute to the friction, the annoyances. We contribute to the knowledge of what is best that comes to us, or we contribute to the sum total of disagreeable facts, of persons or of things. We contribute our share of strength in carrying the burdens of the home life, or our weakness, and then contribute to the burden borne by mother, father, sister or brother; some one is giving his strength to bear our weakness. When we become old enough to go into society, we still contribute to the general good or pleasure of the people we meet. Every one wishes to be popular in a right way—that is, to be desired because they fulfill a desire or meet a want of the circle they frequent. The contributions can not all be alike, any more than the each can contribute the same sum to a charitable object, some can give little, some can give much, but no one is expected to give more than he can. So in society we can not all play like Josef Hoffmann, and if we did society would be very monotonous. We can not all be Always or I sometimes, we can all be wits, or elocutionists, or banjo players, or whistlers—as has lately been fashionable—but every one who goes into society can contribute his or her mite towards the general good.

We can cultivate the grace of saying pleasant things, reading, and thinking about what we read enough to talk intelligently. We can—at least those of us who live in cities—visit art galleries, hear music and think about what we see and hear enough to bear our share in the general contribution. Is there any thing more depressing than a boy or girl's thing slung against the wall, waiting to be entertained? Or, worse than that, a beggar for money, but is not the guest who sits waiting for the generous donation from another mind a social beggar? Have you not met boys and girls who made you think of spongers? they took the best you had to give them and gave you nothing back. The place to begin to pay our share to the social good of the world is the very first time we go out in society; and we will do this if we carry the same text with us into the world of society that we do in the world of charity—"it is more blessed to give than to receive." Now, we do not give to those who are already rich, but to those who lack. When in any social circle, if we forget ourselves enough to see those who are timid, awkward, or shy, or so self-conscious that they are too sensitive, and give them pleasure by contributing something from our own better training or gift or temperament, we have paid our debt. And this does not mean sitting and entertaining them, but introducing them to others, finding out what they have to give to the fund of pleasure or profit, and letting them feel that they are giving as well as receiving; by so doing you have made your contribution and succeeded in getting another.

We can not all stand as shining stars, but we can brighten the social world by carrying into it our own lamps trimmed and burning, and help to trim another lamp filled with oil but not burning. And if we wish to be the wished-for guest, this is the grace we must cultivate; and to bring it to perfection we must begin at our very first party, and learn how to make people happy by finding their best side.—Christian Mirror.

—A Little Fellow, (N. Y.) man has a curious way. When any of the family are pitching potatoes he "cuts up" at a great rate until he is fed some raw potatoes. He usually eats from one to three. He also eats apples, but his favorite dish is muskmelons. If a muskmelon is brought into the house secretly, he will know it as quickly as most cats would if it were raw beef. He will jump up, meow, and run around after a piece of it, and act as wildly over it as most cats do over mice.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A reputable author says that the skull of John Thoeck, known as "Blackbeard," the Virginia pirate of 1718, is in the possession of a Virginia family in the form of a silver-trimmed drinking-cup.

A suit against a popular music hall artist gives information about the prices paid for songs. The highest price was £200 for "We Don't Want to Fight." "Two Lovely Black Eyes" brought £21.

Sam Wah Kee, a Boston Chinaman of wealth and influence and husband of one of the two Chinese women at the Hub, lately celebrated the birth of his son and heir by giving a banquet to 700 of his countrymen. He entertained his guests at his house and store with tea and Celestial delicacies, which a Chinese extent furnished to the tune of \$3 a plate. The youthful Kee has been named Ames Hart, after the Governor of the State and the newly elected mayor of the city.

An instance of presence of mind approaching to the horrible occurred recently in the Grand Theatre, Glasgow. Miss Rose Lee, while singing a love song, saw a "flyman" fall head foremost from the flies to the stage, a distance of twenty-two feet. She not only continued her song, but moved forward to the front of the stage in order that the electric light, which was directed upon her might not reveal the form of the dead man to the audience.

Most of you know that aquapuns is often an expensive item in the prescription which the druggist obligingly fills. A doctor of my acquaintance has a way of saving his patients' money in this way, which strikes me as very original. When he wrote out a prescription for me the other day I remarked to him that medicine was a very expensive luxury. He astonished me by asking in return: "Have you paid your water tax?" "Yes," said I. "Have you plenty of water?" "Yes." "Then I will give you the prescription dry and it will cost you three cents instead of seventy-five cents." And I found the doctor was right.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

TRAINING WILD BIRDS.

How It Can Be Done Without Caging the Feathered Beauties.

Some years ago I lived with my family in a suburb, a home where birds of many species abounded. The house was surrounded with forest trees, and the birds built nests and reared their young, wholly unmolested, as very original. When he wrote out a prescription for me the other day I remarked to him that medicine was a very expensive luxury. He astonished me by asking in return: "Have you paid your water tax?" "Yes," said I. "Have you plenty of water?" "Yes." "Then I will give you the prescription dry and it will cost you three cents instead of seventy-five cents." And I found the doctor was right.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Some Peculiarities of Journalistic Life in the Western Territory.

WHAT IT MEANS.—This half-sheet is no accident. We issued it to save our legal notices. Had we had no legal notices we should have skipped publication entirely. When it is cold enough in this town to freeze whisky within ten feet of a red-hot stove there is no call for an editor to get up and hump himself. Our esteemed contemporary down the street calculates to skip two weeks and get drunk at least four times, and we shall be with him in spirit. While we aim to publish the greatest newspaper in the West we can't fight 27° below zero worth shucks. *Com day sold*, which means that as soon as the blizzard lets up we will try to do better.

THE SMOKE AFFAIR.—In case of a war count us in! We have already arranged, in case war breaks out, to leave the Kicker in good hands, or suspend publication altogether and go to the front. We shall go as a General. We shall be prepared to part with a liberal quantity of our blood, devour our share of hardback, and return to receive the plaudits of the multitude. Let 'er go, Gallagher!

GO TO THE H. H. G.—An Indian drank a pint of Bronson's budge the other evening and started for his abode across the creek. Yesterday his dead body was found on the highway near the bridge, frozen so stiff that it broke in two as the boys loaded it up. The spirit had gone to the happy hunting grounds, there to know sorrow never again. "Ho—that-thinks-a-great-deal" will think no more. Had he thought a great deal more about water and a great deal less about whisky he might have paid through until spring and had another chance to run off a horse, but he had become discouraged and wanted to go. He is gone. It is well. We traded him a year's subscription to the Kicker for four big jack-rabbits, and we are six months ahead of him.

MOLEHILL VS. MOUNTAIN.—There is a disposition on the part of a few mudsills to magnify the little incident which occurred at the post-office last Tuesday evening. Last week we referred to Colonel Crocker as a thief. We were wrong. He was arrested in Illinois for arson and jumped his bail. He met us in the post-office and knotted us down. While down we explained that we were in error, and he apologized and helped brush the dirt off our clothes. That's all there was to it—one of the trifling incidents of everyday life, and that's all there was to it. And the poor fellow who is seeking to exaggerate the fact will make nothing by it. When we call an incendiary a thief—a robber, an absconder—a bigamist, an embezzler, we shall apologize every time. There is no reason why an editor shouldn't also be a gentleman.

WAS SUPPLIED.—J. M. Tompkins, our leading and popular druggist, has received from the East a fresh supply of arsenic, strychnine, and other poisons, and as any one requiring any thing in that line will find his goods fresh and his prices exceedingly moderate. Mr. Tompkins uses the poor just as well as the rich, and all who come are made welcome.

IN GOOD TIME.—The "Howling Hyena," which boasts of a weekly circulation of 125 copies, and whose jealousy of the Kicker's success is a matter of public comment, sneeringly observed last week that we had not yet secured the right to postmaster after our name. Don't be in a hurry, gentlemen. We began on the ground floor, and we can't grow nine stories all at once. We don't want to be postmaster just at present, being engaged in conducting a great weekly newspaper, a grocery, a butcher shop, and hardware store combined, but when we get more time we may have something to say about even the governorship. The only pang of sorrow we feel is one for the editor of the Howling Hyena, who will have filled a drunkard's grave before our plans are perfected.

A CORRECT VERSION.—There are several versions flying around in regard to the unfortunate affair in the Red Frost Saloon last Friday night. As we were present and a witness we will state the way when Major Shamook came in he was inebriated. Some one laughingly asked him how he escaped from Joliet, and the Major foolishly insisted that his character had been impugned, as we owed him fifteen dollars he determined to harm us, but passed on to Judge Shooks. The Judge was also fargone with drink and in bad temper, and the two clenched and rolled on the floor. The stove was upset, and in its fall the Major was mortally injured. This is a plain statement of the case. We all know that the Major was a hoarse-throat, and he should have been so ready to fight. Both were to blame and yet neither could be held culpable. —Detroit Free Press.

Keep the Children's Faith.

Mother, don't destroy your children's faith in you by not keeping your promise to them, no matter how trifling they may seem. The simple childish faith they place in you should be a reason, if there was no other, for keeping the promises once made. The child may doubt every one else but will believe the mother. A child's faith is involuntary, born of weakness and conscious dependence, and his mother is his law and gospel. But let a child once distrust the word of his mother, and he loses forever his simple childish faith. It is a shock that the tender sensibilities never recover from, and often a cruel disillusion that makes him an ultimately perhaps a cynic. —Detroit Tribune.

MR. FAXON'S EXPERIENCE.

Why He Was No Longer a Candidate for the National Office.

It was on the eve of an important election. For weeks halls had been packed with enthusiastic crowds listening to popular speakers, while long processions paraded the streets with flaming torches and flaming banners. Favorite candidates had been extolled and opposing candidates decried, until men forgot to be either generous or just.

Sterling Faxon, candidate for an office he had long coveted, was in his library alone, counting over and over again his chances of success. That he would owe his election, if this was achieved, to widely different classes of society, no one knew better than himself, yet every vote cast for him would be cast for the liquor interest.

The wealthy citizen whose wine-cellar was stocked with the choicest vintage and the voracious who slaked his thirst in the vilest dregs were alike sure to give him their votes. Brewers and distillers, wholesale and retail liquor-dealers of every grade—all were pledged to sustain him, while he in turn was pledged to defend their interest against all opposition.

This was to be the price of his election, and he would be held to strict account. He would be closely watched. There could be no wavering on his part. Scruples must be given to the winds, and he must follow the path marked out for him. Perhaps in his eager haste he had not before stopped to count the whole cost; but now that he was alone, with ample time for reflection, he questioned if he had done wisely.

A servant interrupted him to say that a boy wished to see him upon important business.

"Show him in," was responded, and presently a coarsely-dressed Irish lad stood before him, hat in hand.

"I was to bring this to you," said the visitor, extending a piece of brown paper closely folded. "I was told not to wait for an answer, but it must be y'll send some money to the poor fellow that's lyin' on the straw, and niver a bit to ate but what we poor ones give him. It's a garret he's in, and no fire. I'm thinking it's the drink that's brought him there, but there's many a one in fine houses as bad as he."

Mr. Faxon did not unfold the scrap of paper he had taken. One glance at the superscription sufficed. It had been written with a trembling hand, but there was no mistaking the writer.

"I have nothing to give. You can go," said the gentleman, huskily.

"And nothing to send the poor fellow that's lyin' on the straw?" He said yes was up for a big office, but I hope y'll not get a vote, ye're that stingy."

"What is it?" asked a young girl who had entered the room in time to hear this last remark. "Who calls my father stingy? You?" she cried, looking at the boy, who regarded her with wondering admiration.

"Faith, and I did," he answered. "I brought the gentlemen a letter from a poor fellow that's nigh dyin', and he won't send him what would keep the breath of life in him."

"Does he ask for money, father?"

"I don't know. I have not read the letter."

"Would there be an angel-sister to the poor fellow on the straw?" now exclaimed the lad. "Sure as my eyes can see, there's the very same looks."

"Do you mean that I look like the poor fellow lying on the straw?"

"Sure, miss, I do."

There was a sudden paling of a fair, sweet face, and then the bearer of the strange letter was shown to the hall, where he was told to wait.

Only one person in the world would have presumed to address Sterling Faxon in the peremptory manner which seemed to leave him no choice of action. His only daughter was privileged, and when she read the message he had yielded to her demand, she turned in half in anger, half in scorn—exclaiming:

"Listen. From my pallet of straw in a garret room, I congratulate you upon your political prospects. Your son, Harry. Think of that, father. My brother Harry wrote that and I am going to him. I will stay with him, too. You drove him from home because he couldn't drink wine as you do and keep sober. If mother had lived he wouldn't have been turned into the street. I read in a paper to-day that you are the candidate all the liquor men will vote for. It said: 'Sterling Faxon believes in liquor, and, after his experience, he ought to be able to judge intelligently of its effects.' There were the very words I read, father, and I shall never forget them. I came in to tell you about them and ask you to withdraw your name as a candidate. I am going to Harry now, father. Will you go with me?"

"Yes," I will order the carriage and take the boy with us to show us the way."

No more was said between the father and daughter. Not a word was spoken during the hurried drive, except as directions were given, until they stopped before a wretched tenement house, where the young girl asked doubtfully: "Is this the place?"

"Sure it is, miss," was replied.

"Ye have only to follow me and I'll take ye to the garret where the poor fellow is on the straw."

Up rickety stairs, through dark, narrow halls he led the way, stopping only to snatch a candle from his mother's room, which, when he reached the attic, he left in a niche of the chimney, saying as he did so: "I'll not be far off. If ye want me, call for Pat, and I'll come."

It was a bitter hour for the proud man as he sank upon his knees by the side of his son, who turned from him with an impatient gesture.

"Forgive me and come home with me," he murmured, while the daughter and sister stood by weeping.

"Come home with us," she pleaded, as soon as she could speak. "Come home and we will begin all over again, just as mother would have us. I shall not go until you go with me, Harry. I told nurse Margery to have your room ready for you, and she will expect you. Let us leave this terrible place. I can not breathe here."

It seemed long to the lad who waited in darkness, yet only a few minutes had passed before he was sent to bring a warm robe from the carriage. This was wrappd about the poor fellow, who was raised from his pallet of straw and assisted down the stairs, followed by the richly-dressed girl, who rejoiced that she had found her brother.

The next day there was an item in the city paper's announcing the fact that Sterling Faxon was no longer a candidate for office. No reason was given for this, but later, when it was known that his son was at home, and that he had banished wine from his table, the mystery was solved.

His experience had at last taught him to judge intelligently of the effects of alcoholic drinks.—Mary D. Chellis, in National Temperance Advocate.

WHISKY AND MODERATISM.

A Scotch Preacher's Vigorous and Emphatic Denunciation and Warning.

The National Temperance Advocate is indebted to a valued correspondent for the following vigorous, emphatic Scotch testimony concerning Whisky and Moderatism:

"Rev. John Robertson, Stonehaven, in a sermon on 'The Burden of Dumanh—He calleth to me out of Solr, Watchman, what of the night?' says: 'Every godly minister among us is a Cassandra to-day. There is a 'rock ahead' in our Free Church. It is not Ritualism—bahl! as soon put Sir Isaac Newton to croon to the dandle of a wax doll, or toot to the moon's march on a penny whistle, as imagine John Knox too-fooling along in yon milliner's mummery! It is not Rationalism—here and there is some pampered hothouse that orchid epiphyte may flower, but in the swung-clear, faith-built Church it will ever be barren, it will never multiply. The luxurious exotic is nipped and killed in the keen Northern air of our popular appeal. The rock ahead that threatens to tear the very ribs from our gallant vessel is the revival of Moderatism! An anti-evangelical spirit, sly, sleeky and slimy, is creeping in upon us like the stealthy foam of the main up the frightened creek. Our congregations are to one another 'caves Adullam' for 'dainties' and 'dohs' and 'discontent.' The gates of our church membership have been prised open so wide that, with a ring on his finger, a good coat on his back, and the fling of a copper to the funds of the Kirk, we, with open arms and a kiss on the cheek, have welcomed the devil himself! I know him by the whisky-stink of his breath! The two hereditary diseases in our veins act and react on one another as cause and effect; they are always together, always were, always will be. They are whisky and moderatism! Moderatism just look at it—a wined, blasted thing! that can grow only on a drink-sodden soil! Scotland is a drunken ditch. The Gospel can not thrive in it. For the sake of never-dying souls, off with the drink! One primal necessity to the spiritual crop of pure Gospel preaching among us is total abstinence. Fling the hellish thing out of our hearts and homes, sweep the steps to our own kirk door ere we ring the Gospel bell in the summons to the Cross, or it will merely clank, clank, a cracked and cursed farrel! Before now I have sat on a Gospel platform where the thick mumble in my ear and the fuming breath told of inebriation derived, not from the open Bible, but the open bottle; and the result of that 'tolling all night' was of course—nothing! The Gospel of Christ from a glass-licking lip! 'Moderate drinking,' with the Bible-boards dropped in as a palate-pleasing cinder—this is the 'moderation' and no Gospel. It must be. The great Preacher and Worker, Jesus Christ, would no more be a 'moderate drinker' in Scotland to-day than he would be a 'mode ate' cannibal, chewing his brother's flesh in the island of Fiji! 'What must I do to be saved?' put to thousands on thousands in the Free Church of Scotland would bring but this one reply: 'Drink, but don't get drunk; make money and marry, beget sons and daughters, and, if thou wouldst be perfect, diana what's o' the Sabbath?' Mere go-to-churchism is mere go-to-hellism! That 'communion's card,' that clinking 'sacrament docket' may be from the minister's hand a mere ticket for—the bottomless pit! To reach Heaven by that, as soon ship to Calcutta in a cockle-shell! Ah, thou robber of the heritage of God's people, thou Dumanh fiend of Judah's assuages, thou doomed and damned garrouter of Christ's holy covenant, thou unconverted, unsavey unbeliever, thou kirk-going child of the devil—stop—as God's Word is true, as His oath, reverberating from end to end of His moral universe, is sure, there is no moving for thee, no dawn, no purple glow in the Eastern sky. The message of Judah is not for thee. The burden of Dumanh is for thee. 'Also the night.' Night, fastly-falling night; dark, dense, starless, eternal; for ever and ever night!"

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JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1889.

The severest attack which a partisan press has yet made upon the administration is the charge that Mrs. Harrison "bites her bread." The same may be true of the President, but he is not the man to bite off more than he can chew.—*Balto. Herald.*

Upon petitions signed by numerous citizens, the Governor has issued an order directing the State's Attorney of Talbot county to institute proceedings against the Bay Side Social, Literary and Musical Club of Talbot county to ascertain whether or not said corporation has been guilty of anything as by law would make proper a forfeiture of its charter. Similar proceedings have been ordered against the Oxford Social Club, the Oxford Social, Literary and Musical Club, both of Talbot county, also Belair Social, Literary, Musical and Dramatic Club of Harford county, the Easton Social Club, and the Farmers' Social and Literary Club of St. Michaels, the Inevincible Social and Literary Club of Denton. These were clubs formed in local option counties for the purpose, generally understood to be, to evade the law.

Political Fervor in Maryland.

The New York *Star* "Chats with Brainy Men" gives the following talk with ex-Representative Lloyd Lowndes, of Maryland: "The national administration is moving with becoming caution," said Mr. Lowndes, of Maryland, who was a Republican member of Congress in the days of reconstruction, and was one of the very few men of that party who voted against the force bill, which Mr. Blaine was anxious to defeat. "The present Secretary of State was then Speaker of the House, and he used Mr. Randall, of Pennsylvania, to help him in the game against his enemies, and Mr. Lowndes who was a Congressman before he was 28 years of age, fell into the combination organized by Mr. Blaine and led by Mr. Randall." "I am not in politics any more," continued Mr. Lowndes, "and haven't been for several years. Congress is no place for a man who has a living to make. The salary is not enough to pay his board and expenses, and I would not advise any young man to look in the direction of the national Capitol unless he has the means to live without earning anything." "I hear you are a candidate for Governor of Maryland?" "I am not a candidate for any office. My private business consumes all my time. I think, however, that our State may have a chance to change its political complexion two years hence if the national administration is as broad as we expect it to be. In Maryland, as in all other Southern States, the tendency seems to be in the direction of a more liberal political policy than has yet been displayed. That can only be found in the Republican organization, which is growing in strength every day. In Maryland we do not lack purpose or energy. The intensity of our political fervor is well known."

Arbor Day.

Hon. Edward Stake, President of the Maryland State Farmer's Association, has sent out a circular letter suggesting what ought to be done on Arbor Day, which occurs on the 10th of April. Among other suggestions Mr. Stake makes the following: "The surroundings of the public school houses of the state, as a rule, are not attractive. They are lacking in shade, and if enclosed at all have an inappropriate fence upon which the enterprising merchant has advertised his wares, or the itinerant circus posted its flaming bills. For the rural sections the school commissioners of the counties can designate Arbor Day as a holiday, to be observed by teachers and pupils in planting trees and evergreens about the schoolhouses. Few people realize what a change is produced in the appearance of a building by planting trees and shrubs about it and improving the lines of its approach. There is great room for the display of taste and ingenuity in devising entertaining ceremonies for Arbor Day; planting memorial trees in honor of favorite authors or men and women of letters, addresses of dedication by

teachers and others, recitations of poems appropriate to the occasion; Lowell's poem on the "Oak," "The Pine Tree," by Emerson, Wadsworth's "Mountain Ash," Dickens' "Ivy Green," Shakespeare's "Under the Greenwood Tree," and many others that will be suggested to the minds of teachers and scholars."

There was once a time in certain parts of this country where certain "chivalric" citizens affected to despise a "poor mechanic" and any other man who made his money "in trade." The slave-owners could not abide aught like that. This feeling still survives here and there among the intellectually bankrupt, washed-out and seedy scions of the old arrogant stock. The Cincinnati *Commercial* thus smashes some of these ideas with bare knuckles:

The worry of the Democratic press about Wanamaker continues. There are several things that distress the sensitive Democracy. First, they do not like to see a "shopkeeper" in a Cabinet position. Democratic statesmanship is so aristocratic that it has to be sheltered from close contact with men and affairs. Second, Wanamaker is suspected of raising money for the Republicans. It was the pleasure of the Democrats to have the handling of a boodle an art peculiar to the Democracy. Hence these howls! Beyond this, Democratic statesmanship shrinks from the introduction of the business man into politics. If there is anything that alarms a Democrat high enough up to be a constitutional adviser in his mind (and that is not very high), it is to find the man of business looking into political matters. Democratic politics will not withstand the scrutiny of the man of affairs. Another thing touches the Democracy with melancholy, and it is that Wanamaker has a wire between his store in Philadelphia and the Postmaster General's office. The apprehension is that he may lose time the people have paid for over that wire, and the economical propensities that the Democratic politician develops when he is out of office are remarkable. Last, but not least, Wanamaker is a zealous Sunday-school teacher, and gives his personal attention every Sunday to a school in Philadelphia, which has become an attraction for the housewives with reporters during the exercise. This almost breaks the Democratic heart.

A Most Dreadful Death.

We do not remember to have ever read of a more heart-rending accident than that at Frederick Saturday afternoon and Sunday described in a dispatch to the Baltimore *Star*. Burns Hargett, the twelve-year son of Douglas H. Hargett, a well-known Frederick county farmer and member of the firm of P. L. Hargett & Co., met with a terrible accident Saturday afternoon, which resulted in his death at a late hour Saturday night. Some of the employees on the farm of Mr. Hargett had been engaged, it appears, in crushing corn in a steam crusher. The men had just finished their work, but before the cogs had ceased revolving young Hargett, who was standing on a level with the top of the crusher, observed several ears still in the mouth of the machine, and attempted to push them down with his foot. On doing so he slipped and his leg up to the hip was drawn between the rollers and shockingly crushed. Nearly two hours elapsed before the machine could be broken up and the unfortunate boy released from his terrible situation. A dispatch to the *American* gives further particulars: Burns Hargett, the twelve-year old son of Douglas H. Hargett, who was injured in the steam corn crusher Saturday afternoon, died Sunday night in great agony. He remained unconscious almost from the moment the accident occurred. The machine had to be taken apart before the boy could be removed. While the work was in progress he begged his father to kill him. His mother held his head in her arms throughout the trying ordeal. The little fellow realized his situation, and acted throughout with great bravery.

Must Prefer Sufficient Charges.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 25.—The Postmaster General has thus far refused to say anything for publication on the subject of offensive partisanship as cause for the removal of postmasters. But the *Star* to-night says: "On Saturday Mr. Wanamaker made the positive announcement to an unnamed member of Congress, who had a very offensive partisan postmaster he was working to have removed, that the charge 'offensive partisanship' would not be regarded as sufficient cause for removals. Some other good reason would have to be given, and it did not matter whether or not that charge was attached."

Mr. McComas at Work.

WASHINGTON, March 25.—Representative McComas arrived in town to-day, and is located at his old quarters, No. 1325 G street, which has been the Mecca of all the Maryland office-seekers to-day. He started out about noon and walked down to the Postoffice Department. He had his pockets well loaded with papers that had been sent him by the applicants for the various postoffices in his district. He was too late to see either the Postmaster-General or the first assistant. The former had gone to

the Cabinet meeting and the latter was out at luncheon, and Mr. McComas went away to return again tomorrow. He said that he could not say anything about appointments in Maryland until he had seen some of the members of the Cabinet. He will be in Washington for several days at least, and probably until the Senate adjourns.

A Right and an Honor.

The New York *Sun* which cannot tolerate the usual stuff now in circulation about the anxiety of office seekers says:

It is always the case that the latest Administration is said to be more piqued than its predecessor by applications for office. We have no doubt that such assertions are true. The country grows; the number of office-seekers should grow in proportion. We are glad to believe that if it didn't, we should know that something was the matter with the country.

But what insolent affectation it is to pretend to regard office-seekers as they were an absurd, greedy, and regrettable set of persons. It is dishonorable and disreputable and ridiculous to hold a Federal office? Let not, how can it be ridiculous to the honorable to look for office? Let us do the office-seekers justice, and not be the victims of a tawdry, may-kiss, Mugwumpish delusion.

If a man wants a job on the *Sun*, or anywhere else, he asks for it. He would be a fool to expect that the employment should come to him, seek for him in a crowd, and pick him out by some subtle intimation of his unknown merit. We take it that employment by the United States is essentially different in its conditions. To get it, to have any chance of getting it, you must ask. There is nothing in this that is dishonorable, unless the seeker is incompetent, in asking for public office. If public office is honorable, every seeker for it is following an honorable ambition, and striving for an honorable career. If office-seeking is absurd, disgraceful, to be deprecated, then government by the people deserves the same adjective.

It is the self-evident right of every American citizen to seek office. People who think it isn't, are the dupes of their own vanity and conceit, and of their silly trust in the humbug notions of others.

The B & O. Relief Association.

CUMBERLAND, March 25.—The committee of management of the Baltimore and Ohio Employee's Relief Association, composed of William Clements, general manager, chairman; Messrs. Andrew Anderson, assistant to president; John Bradshaw, superintendent of construction; A. J. Cromwell, superintendent of motive power of the line east of the Ohio River; W. H. Harrison, superintendent of motive power of the lines west of the Ohio River; F. H. Britton, superintendent of the Chicago division; T. C. Stevenson, leading clerk, and H. H. Bateman, acting secretary, held a meeting to-day at the Queen City Hotel here. The repeal of the charter by the Legislature of Maryland at its session in 1888 terminates the legal existence of the association, and the object of the meeting was to close up the work carried on by the committee of management. The association will on and after April 1 be continued as a department of the railroad. Arrangements to this end were to-day perfected.

A Boy's Ghastly Find.

CUMBERLAND, Md., March 24.—In a cave on the western side of Bears mountain, overlooking the Cumberland Narrows, a boy named Daniel Schraum last evening found a human body. Upon investigation it proved to be that of one John Hadel, an inventor, of this city, who seven years ago next Friday left his home in a fit of despondency and had not since been heard from. His invention of a clock was wonderful, resembling that at Strasburg, but he failed to realize financially on it. A bottle found in the cave had contained hydrochloric acid. He had poisoned himself. The remains were well preserved. The hair was six inches long and had retained its color. Near by were an umbrella, rosary and some silver coins.

Corporal Tanner has been interviewed as to his policy in the Pension Office, and it is evident from his remarks that so far as he can help it the disposition of the surplus will not be a troublesome question to President Harrison's administration. He quotes the language of the President, used during the campaign, that apothecaries' scales should not be used in measuring the nation's obligations to the old soldiers, and says that he is opposed to the trifling pensions of \$1, \$2 and \$3 a month, believing that if anything should be given, enough should be given to amount to something. He adds that when applicants are unable to make out their cases he thinks the Pension Office ought to help them find the lacking testimony.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, March 25, 1889.—The President has issued a proclamation opening to settlement all that portion of Oklahoma Territory covered by the bill passed during the last hours of the Fiftyth Congress. The land thus opened to settlement embraces nearly 2,000,000 acres. The proclamation has been nearly ready for a week or ten days, but the pressure of other matters prevented its completion.

The nomination of "Corporal" J. A. Tanner, of New York, to be Commissioner of Pensions, is enthusiastically received by the old soldiers, particularly those who carried muskets in the ranks. They regard the appointment as a special recognition of themselves. If the sentiments expressed by ex-soldiers, from a large number of States, temporarily in Washington, are a fair sample of those existing throughout the country, this appointment bids fair to be one of the most popular ever made by any President.

The only objection raised to the appointment of "Corporal" Tanner was that he was too friendly to the old soldiers. Gen. Harrison quickly told the parties who had the bad taste to make such an objection, that it was for that very reason that he proposed to make him Commissioner of Pensions. No man should ever fill the position who is not friendly to the old soldiers, and it would be difficult for him to be too friendly to wards them.

The important appointments are being slowly and carefully made, and now that the President has had time to show the politicians that he does not propose to do anything hurriedly, there has been a perceptible "let up" in the pressure upon him. He hears the claims of all patiently, and after careful consideration, appoints the one who, all things considered, he thinks will best fill the position.

Among the more prominent appointments made last week were Edward Willet, of Michigan, to be Assistant Secretary of Agriculture; J. M. Shackelford, of Indiana, to be Judge of the U. S. Court for the Indian Territory; Thos. B. Needles, of Illinois, to be U. S. Marshal for the Indian Territory; M. C. Moore and O. C. White, of Washington Territory, to be Governor and Secretary of that Territory; H. N. Blake, of Montana, to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Montana; Frederick D. Grant, of New York, to be Minister to Austria; John C. New, of Indiana, to be Consul General at London; Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York *Tribune*, to be Minister to France; Julius Goldschmidt, of Wisconsin, to be Consul General at Vienna; W. W. Thomas, of Maine, to be Minister to Sweden and Norway; S. R. Thayer, of Minnesota, to be Minister to the Netherlands; Mr. Whitfield, of Ohio, to be Second Assistant Postmaster General, and A. D. Hazen, of Pennsylvania, to be Third Assistant Postmaster General (Mr. Hazen filled this position for many years until asked to resign by Cleveland in 1886), besides a number of appointments to similar places, and postmasters, collectors of customs, and promotions in the Army and Navy.

Gen. Harrison stated in a conversation a day or two ago that the West must have the Public Printer. This has had the effect of knocking out all the Eastern candidates and of bringing in several new ones from the West. It is a very important position, and the President does not propose to make a mistake in filling it. As it now stands it is thought the appointment will go either to Mr. Merdith, of Illinois, or Mr. Osborne, of California.

It is understood that the Minister to England has been selected, and has accepted the appointment, but no announcement will be made of it, nor will the commission be made out until the new British Minister to the United States shall arrive here and present his credentials. This action is taken as a mild retaliation on the British foreign office for its refusal to appoint a Minister in place of Lord Saville until after the change of administration in the United States. It is generally believed here that Chauncey Depew, of New York, is the man who has been selected for the British Mission.

Secretary Tracy has made a decision as to appointments and discharges in the Navy Department that has created much interest here. A clerk who was dismissed for inefficiency appealed to the Secretary for reinstatement on the ground that he was an old soldier. The Secretary concludes his refusal to reinstate the man as follows: "While the fact of a person having a good record as a soldier will be considered among the best of recommendations for retention in or appointment to a position under the Navy Department, ability to perform satisfactorily the duties of the position which he holds, or to which he aspires must be a condition

precedent to favorable consideration of an application for retention or appointment."

The funeral of Justice Stanley Matthews, of the United States Supreme Court, who died on Friday last, was held at his residence in this city this afternoon, and was attended by the President, Cabinet, Supreme Court, Senate, and all the members of the House who were still in the city.

Post Office Appointment.

The administration has adopted a rule for the removal of offensive Democratic partisans from the post offices, and for the appointment of Republican successors. The rule is that all Democratic postmasters who have been actively engaged in furthering the cause of their party shall be dismissed at once.

The precedent was made in respect to the office at Pontiac, Ill. Mr. Payson is the Representative in Congress from that district, and stated the case to the Postmaster-General. Mr. Cleveland had hardly become President when he made a change in this office. It was then filled by a Union soldier named Goff, and the President appointed a Democratic editor in his place. This editor's newspaper was filthy and significantly entitled the *Free Trader*. His own name was Renoe. He has been an efficient postmaster, but he has been actively and perniciously engaged in politics. He has edited his paper; he has remained the leading Democratic organizer in his county; he has been conspicuous at public meetings; he peddled the Cleveland tickets at the polls last fall. Mr. Payson presented these facts to the Postmaster-General, and asked that Mr. Renoe should be removed, and that John A. Fellows, a good Republican and an ex-soldier, should be appointed in his place. Mr. Wanamaker did not decide the case himself, but submitted it to the Cabinet. Mr. Renoe was removed and Mr. Fellows appointed.

There is no reason to suppose that this is an exceptional case. On the contrary it is evidently regarded by all who have had any connection with it as furnishing a precedent. Democratic partisans are to go as soon as their offenses are proved and their successors named by the Congressmen of their districts.

That it is accepted as laying down a rule is shown by the fact that Mr. Clarkson is reported to have said that the rules of the department would require the presentation of all the papers, including petitions, letters of recommendation, etc.; that the member of Congress might accompany these with a letter designating the candidate whose appointment he would prefer, and that the Department would act on the recommendation after having examined the papers submitted.

This is a thoroughly sound position. There is no hypocrisy about it. There is no reason why it should not be carried out without evasion or shuffling. Of all the departments of the Government the postal service was most demoralized by the Cleveland administration. The sole reason for making appointments to its several branches seems to have been that those selected were good party workers. The inroad of Democrats has greatly injured the post offices and the railway mail service, and some such rule as that which has been adopted is essential to the re-establishment of the efficiency which existed when Mr. Arthur retired and Mr. Cleveland came in.

Half a century ago in Turkey, observes the New York *Graphic*, it was considered a disgrace for a woman to know how to read. To-day the Sultan himself has established two schools for girls in Constantinople. Seventy years ago Harriet Newell went to India to find the women shut up in Zenanas, ignorant and degraded. From the very place where she landed there came to this country, not long ago, Mme. Joshee, a highly educated Brahmin woman, to study medicine in the Woman's College in Philadelphia. No one would have believed, even twenty years ago, that a high-caste Brahmin lady would address an audience of her own sex, in choice English, from an American pulpit, as was the case with Pandita Ramabai. The cause of womanhood is advancing all the world over.

Of the four new states the two Dakotas cover very nearly fifty million acres each. South Dakota is larger than New York, New Hampshire and Massachusetts. There is enough more to make six or eight Rhode Islands out of. Montana is one of the gigantic states. She is bigger than New York and the whole of New England, with New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and North Carolina thrown in. Washington is about the size of the Dakotas, half the size of Montana, and has an acreage that would cover Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont and New Jersey.

That Fertilizer Experiment.

As outlined in the REPUBLICAN last spring, I set apart an acre to determine what manurial elements were most needed by my soil for certain crops, and my place not differing materially from many others in Garrett county, the results are of public interest. I regret, however, that others did not join in this work both because the average of numerous experiments on various soils and crops would have been much more reliable as a guide to the farmers of the county in general and a good investment to each experimenter in particular, and because it would awaken thought and interest among our younger men.

On account of the drought in July and August I came near having an entire failure. I chose the poorest soil I could find so as to show the effect of the various applications to the greater advantage. It was a dry sandy black-pine ridge, which was cleared in the spring, double shovelled in July and sowed to the new Japanese buckwheat on the 14th. The plots were eight and one-fourth feet wide by sixteen rods long, and they were harrowed lengthwise in covering the fertilizers and seed to avoid mixing the applications, two feet being left between each for the same purpose.

In the table below the figures to the left gives the plot number; to the right the per cent. of a fair yield; the central column names the manurial elements applied:

1. Nothing.....	8
2. Nitrogen.....	50
3. Phosphoric acid.....	29
4. Potash.....	10
5. Nitrogen and phosphoric acid.....	39
6. Nitrogen and potash.....	39
7. Phosphoric acid and potash.....	39
8. Nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash.....	11
9. Stable manure.....	19
10. Ground bone.....	10
11. Nothing.....	10
12. Economizer phosphate.....	15
13. Dissolved bone phosphate.....	15
14. Lime.....	15
15. Plaster or gypsum.....	15
16. Peruvian guano.....	39
17. Special compound of guano, potash.....	19
18. Nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash.....	39
19. Stable manure.....	15
20. Annotated bone superphosphate.....	15
Manured plots average.....	18.5

The same money value of each fertilizer was applied to each plot except of lime and plaster of which the usual amounts were used. The stable manure was estimated at what analysis shows it to be worth.

The first thing that will be noticed is the variation of different plots receiving the same application, as 8 and 18, 9 and 19 for example. This shows the importance of numerous experiments and duplicate plots that the average may be more conclusive.

Some things are made very plain, others left obscure. It is plain, for instance, that on that land, this year and with that crop nitrogen was very beneficial. As compared to nothing, it increased the crop five fold; to stable manure, about three fold; to the general average, nearly three fold. Thus we see, if these experiments are sustained by those of the future, that for every three dollars expended for fertilizers in a hit or miss fashion or even for stable manure at its real value, it may be possible to save two of them. The lesson here taught is correct, but in this instance I do not expect to see it supported because this was an exceptional year and nitrogen is transient in its effects while the other applications may show themselves for several years.

The average crop from the compounds containing phosphoric acid is about one per cent. less than the general average, while from those containing potash the average is about three per cent. less, which at present indicates that clover and corn would be better crops for that acre than those which draw upon the soil for nitrogen.

As the ground bone seemed to have as much effect as the dissolved bone there was no indication that sulphuric acid would be helpful.

On the whole I am very much pleased with the possible value of these farm experiments to all of us, and only hope that I can do better myself next season and be joined by many others who also want to see our county built up.

C. T. SWEET.

Pastor McKinney, who has charge of a Baptist Church in Ansonia, Conn., recently preached against card playing. He was decided in his opinion that a Christian ought not to play cards, even whilst, in which he could see no science, and laid down these five points: First—Christians should not play cards for amusement, because it is a waste of time. Second—They should not play cards because it dissipates the mind. Third—They should not play cards because the example to others is one that is injurious. Fourth—They should not play cards because it leads to gambling. Fifth—They should not play cards because "whist," the Christian game, as generally played to-day, is gambling.

J. W. Scott Cochrane was Monday, by a unanimous vote of the Bar Association of Allegany county, expelled from that association and recommended to the April term of court for disbarment.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 88, of the Iron Hall, meets in Sturge's Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALFA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the same Hall Friday night of each week and Sunday afternoon.

SHILOH LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lege's Hall every Monday night.

PATMONS LODGE, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

NOTICE!

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—Go to Felty & Co's for fresh fish.

—100 bushel seed buckwheat for sale at Correll's.

—G. M. Mason received and has for sale a car of Baled Hay.

—Flour, corn meal, bacon, clover and timothy seed, at rock bottom prices, at Correll's.

—Felty & Co., green grocers, are in the Brooks building, next door to their old stand.

—Don't forget that you have a full and complete line of shoes from which to select, at Correll's.

—Thos. J. Peddicord, Esq., was in Baltimore this week attending the sessions of the Grand Lodge Knights of Honor.

—Coming! coming! a very large stock of dry goods, notions, &c., will be opened and ready for sale next week, at Correll's.

—G. M. Mason at the Oakland Mill has for sale in any quantity Flour, Meal, Middlings, all kinds of Chop, Feed, Hay, Grain, &c. 3302

—Felty & Co. will open their Fruit and Vegetable Store, in the Brooks building, Friday, March 29. Headquarters for all kinds of garden seeds, and vegetables in season. Fresh fish, &c., &c. 3304t.

—Stamping done to order for all kinds of embroidery; Kensington ribbon work, outline, satin stitch, tinsel work, &c. Orders promptly executed. Fancy work done to order by Mrs. K. T. CRANE.

—Mr. Delawder transported his steamer to Lake Cleveland Tuesday, after a short trial trip on Little Young river the day previous. It attained a speed of six or seven miles an hour, and will comfortably accommodate ten to a dozen passengers.

—Among the late building improvements in Oakland we note a large addition to the Bosley House, the erection of a new business house by Mr. Wm. Nydegger, adjoining his drug store, the pushing ahead of the Episcopal rectory and the General Palmer house, the clearing of the ground for a new residence by Hon. R. T. Browning, to say nothing of a number of minor improvements. Our carpenters, stone masons, plasterers and painters are all busy.

—The M. E. Parsonage was taken possession of Tuesday by the M. E. congregation and the good people of Oakland generally, each bearing some token of regard for Rev. C. J. Trippett and lady. We noticed sacks of flour, hams, sugar, coffee, tea, prunes, rice, canned goods, &c., besides many useful and valuable household articles. After a pleasant hour the company dispersed, no doubt feeling glad that they had cheered and encouraged our worthy minister and his excellent lady.

—Following is the report of the Yoder School, G. L. Bender teacher, for the term ending March 18th, 1889: Whole number enrolled during term, 38; average attendance, 26; percent of attendance, 76; average of attendance during both terms, 26; percent, 82; number of visitors during term, 75; number of scholars who attended every day during term: Annie Gnagay, Mary Gnagay, Harry Gnagay, Blaine Gnagay and Samuel Hersherberger. Names of those who attended every day during both terms: Annie Gnagay, Harry Gnagay and Mary Gnagay.

—The following is a brief report of the Frazee Ridge school for the term ending March 18th, of which E. J. Stuck was teacher: J. M. Lowdermilk, 100; J. A. Lowdermilk, 100; Theodore Lowdermilk, 100; Ivy Lowdermilk, 100; W. F. Liston, 98; W. M. Frazee, 95; Mansfield Frazee, 98; R. T. Frazee, 95; mansfield Frazee, 100; Minnie Frazee, 76; Clara Frazee, 75; Nell Frazee, 75; Ida Frazee, 80; Frank Savage, 90; Freeman Guard, 85. We claim for this school that it stands second to no second grade school in the county, and we must thank the patrons for helping to make it what it is.

—Notice to Tax Payers.

All unpaid tax bills have been placed in my hands for collection, and I am compelled under the law to proceed at once to enforce payment. Come forward at once and save costs.

ED. E. SOLLAARS, Sheriff.

316 3t.

—Died, at her home near New Germany, Miss Mary E. Crow, aged 42 years, 10 months and 22 days. Miss Crow was taken down with the measles, and these, added to other causes, hastened her death. For over 20 years she was a devout member of the M. E. Church. She was much loved, and esteemed by those who knew her. Her life was useful, but modest and unassuming. It abounded in those graces and charms which you alone find in the christian's life. Her remains were laid to rest in the M. E. burial ground in the presence of many sad friends and relatives. In the absence of her pastor, the services were conducted by Rev. J. M. Evans, of the Reformed Church, the sermon based on Psalms, 23. 4. Blessed are those who sleep in Jesus Christ.

Church Services—Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10 A. M. by Rev. John M. Davis. Devotional and Song Services at 7 P. M. Song service every Sunday evening at 6:45.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 7 P. M. by Rev. John S. Fouk.

St. Matthew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M. by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

A Chance for the Haymakers.

The New Jersey Senate Tuesday passed the bill authorizing the Governor to procure a trophy to be competed for by rifle teams of the military of all States and Territories and from the regular army, the competition to be at Sea Girt, where the summer encampment of the New Jersey State militia is held.

Fine Stallion for Sale.

I offer my fine young stallion for sale. He is a beautiful black, weighing 1250 pounds. He is a fine worker in harness. He has a large number of the best colts (one, two and three years old) in the neighborhood. This is one of the finest and most desirable stallions in the county.

Call on address

M. MARONEY, Oakland, Md.

Last of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending March 23, 1889:

Free, Mrs. Herman, Melville, Mrs. J. M., Miller, John H., Melville, J. G.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

These letters are chargeable with one cent due on delivery.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

The Brydon Case.

Tuesday, in the Court of Appeals of Maryland, Judge Robinson filed the opinion in the case of H. G. Davis & Co. vs. Thomas Gemmell and Malcolm Sinclair, stockholders of the North Branch Coal Company. This is a judgment of \$75,000 recovered in the name of W. A. Brydon against the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, and entered to the use of Henry G. Davis & Co. The court decides that Gemmell and Sinclair are bona fide stockholders of the North Branch Company, and that the judgment must be treated as belonging to the company, not to Mr. Brydon individually.

GRANTSVILLE, March 20, 1889

Following is the result of the final examination of School No. 5, Election District No. 6:

Orthography—Miss Ida Albright, 85; Miss Maggie Albright, 80; Alvan Wolfe, 75; Lessie Otto, 85; E. F. Jenkins, 95. Geography—Alvan Wolfe, 90; E. F. Jenkins, 95; Maggie Albright, 100; Ida Albright, 95; Lessie Otto, 95. Grammar—Alvan Wolfe, 80; Lessie Otto, 85; E. F. Jenkins, 85; Maggie Albright, 90; Ida Albright, 85. Arithmetic—Ida Albright, 90; Maggie Albright, 95; E. F. Jenkins, 90; Alvan Wolfe, 85; Lessie Otto, 80. History—Lessie Otto, 60; E. F. Jenkins, 85; Alvan Wolfe, 61; Maggie Albright, 71; Ida Albright, 62. Penmanship—E. F. Jenkins, 80; Georgia Albright, 55; Albert Harden, 62; Victor Albright, 50; Alvan Wolfe, 70; Louie Fringer, 55; Ida Albright, 75; Lessie Otto, 75; Maggie Albright, 80. Physiology—Maggie Albright, Ida Albright and E. F. Jenkins, each 90.

ANDREW S. TEATS, Teacher.

At Cost.

I will sell all the Carpets, Mattings and Oilcloths bought of D. E. Bolden & Co. at cost, until April 10th, to make room for spring stock.

23t JOHN SHARTZER.

Another Way to Boom a Town.

Bro. Chill Hazard, of the Monongahela Republican, offers some advice to the moss-backs and fault-finders of that ancient village, which fits Oakland. He says:

"If you don't like this town, skip! Get out of here, we don't want you, and nobody will ask you to stay. The way to build up a town is by each and every man in the town not to strive to rend and tear it down. Whenever a man in the town is doing well, do not try to tear him down. All the residents of a town are partners, not opponents. In all likelihood the more business done by your rival the more you will do. Every business man who treats his customers honestly, courteously and fairly, will get his share, and the more business that can be secured by united effort the better it will be for all. When a town ceases to grow, it commences to die, and the more people try to kill off each other in their business and good names, the more rapidly will utter ruin come to all. Stand together for the advancement of every citizen. If a man has a chance to prosper do not pull him down with lies. Don't pull people back; help them to get ahead."

A Horrible Tragedy.

Last evening about 7:30 o'clock Melvin C. Garlitz shot and instantly killed his wife, Leah Garlitz, on Williams street. About four years ago Melvin C. Garlitz married Miss Leah White, daughter of Joseph White, a well-known citizen of Cumberland, now clerking in Samuel Sonneborn's clothing store, and formerly engaged in the livery business. The fruit of this marriage was one child, a little girl aged about three years. Garlitz and his wife did not live happily together, and a great deal of the time since their marriage he has spent away from Cumberland. For several years past there has been a practical separation and Garlitz has been denied access to his daughter by Mr. White, with whom she and her child have been living. Last week Garlitz returned from Baltimore, where he is said to have been engaged in various jobs, and is reported to have made several efforts to see his wife. He is stated to have felt very bitterly toward her and to have uttered certain threats.

Last night about 7 o'clock, Mrs. Garlitz, and a younger sister, Miss Myrtle, started from their home, corner of Maryland avenue and Spring street, to buy some bread and to do other errands. The two passed up the avenue to Williams street and down that to the store of Thomas Morris. Myrtle entered this and Mrs. Garlitz went on down Williams street until a point nearly opposite the bottling house of M. J. Malampy, corner of Park and Williams streets, where she was met by Melvin and shot three times with a revolver, one ball entering the left breast, one the right breast and one the left side of the throat. Whether any words passed between the man and his wife is unknown, for Mrs. Garlitz died in three or four minutes after the shooting, and Garlitz was seen running off through the commons in the rear of the Queen City Hotel yard as soon as the shots were fired.

The interval between the parting of the sisters and the shooting was very brief, for Miss Myrtle had hardly gotten into the store and seen about her purchases when the reports were heard. She rushed to the spot, distant 200 yards, and found her sister lying dead on a wooden bridge over a gully, in the rear of Malampy's place, and the supposition is that she had run over to that side after the firing had begun. Five distinct reports were heard, and it is possible that several of the first shots may have missed. Any of the three taking effect would have been fatal.

Melvin C. Garlitz is about 30 years of age, and is a son of ex-Sheriff Basil T. Garlitz, recently proprietor of the Tremont House.—Cumb. News, Wednesday.

Obituary.

Miss Fannie Pearl Savage was born in Allegany county, Md., July 6th, 1872, and died in King George county, Virginia, Feb. 23d, 1889. She left home about one year ago and worked in Washington until a few months since, when she went to make her home with a family in Virginia, where she died. She died of diphtheria, and was sick but four days. She joined the M. E. Church, and wrote to her mother some weeks before she took sick saying she was trying to be a good girl, and longed to return home, and hoped to come in the near future to stay at home, but died before she was permitted to do so. She died calling for her mother, that dear name none can forget. She died far from home and friends, and was laid to rest by strange hands, but we trust she is in a better world. She leaves a father and mother and brothers and sisters to mourn her loss.

"A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come; And we shall be with those that rest, Asleep within the tomb."

Mt. Lake Park.

Major J. C. Alderson returned to his home here on last Friday night in company with Miss Jennie Smith, who stayed with us until Monday afternoon. We were especially glad to see her, to have her help in our meeting over Sunday. She conducted the morning and evening service for us with good success.

Mrs. Frank Davis, Miss Jennie's sister, has stopped off for a short visit on her way to Iowa.

Our meeting has been moving on very successfully from day to day. Rev. Mr. Dean was with us until last Thursday night. At the close of the meeting that evening it was found that twenty had been directly benefited by the meeting. After the audience was dismissed they were asked to take their seats, and while Mr. and Mrs. Dean were singing a hymn by request, a nice little donation was curried in on a table, completely surprising the young people. After filling his appointment on his own circuit, Mr. Dean returned on Monday evening, and will remain with us until Thursday evening. Tuesday night there were several new ones at the altar, and several kneeling at the chairs. Three or four were happily saved. One was a mother who had been persuaded to come to the meeting by her little girls, who had been converted in the early part of the meeting. J. A. E.

Swanton.

Mrs. L. H. Schofield and Miss Danforth, of Deer Park, were visiting Mrs. Jos. Foster last week.

Mrs. Jos. Foster, who has been ill for some time, is still very unwell.

Mr. C. M. Miller returned from a business trip to New York Saturday.

Dr. E. H. Parsons was in Swanton on a professional visit Tuesday.

Mrs. John L. Fitzwater was on a visit to Baton last week.

Mrs. W. Lee and Miss Mary Holt were married Tuesday. May success and happiness attend them.

Mr. George Hill, Sr., formerly of Altamont, died at the residence of his son at Frostburg on Sunday.

Samuel Thorp still keeps very unwell.

Mrs. W. I. George, of Deer Park, was visiting relative here Sunday.

R. J. and Truman West have removed their saw mill from this place to Weavertown, Md. "We are the pioneer lumbermen of this region. We wish them success."

MOORE.

ACCIDENT, MD., March 20, 1889.

The accident school closed on Monday with an entertainment in the evening.

A number of visitors were present to witness the closing of the school and the entertainment proved to be a pleasant affair, and reflects credit on the pupils of the school and those engaged in it.

The following were the exercises:

Music.

Recitation—Miss Emma Hinebaugh.

Dialogue—Will McMillen, Howard Brennenman, Henry Kahl, Frank Hinebaugh, William Gnagay, John Margroff and Dessie Boyer.

Recitation—Miss Nora B. Spangler.

Dialogue—E. H. McMillen, Frank Hinebaugh, W. T. McMillen and Miss Lizzie Thompson.

Music.

Recitation—Mr. Conrad A. Miller.

Dialogue—D. D. Boyer and W. T. McMillen.

Music.

Recitation—Miss Lizzie Thompson.

Dialogue—E. H. McMillen, Miss Virgie Hinebaugh and Webster Giotfely.

Recitation—Miss Katie Thompson.

Dialogue—W. T. and E. H. McMillen.

Recitation—W. E. Koller.

Recitation—Miss Carrie M. Boyer.

Recitation—Miss Virgie Hinebaugh.

A Marriage Ceremony—John Englehart, Henry Kahl and Miss Minnie Englehart.

Recitation—Dessie Boyer.

Valedictory—Miss Bertha C. Giotfely.

Music.

The music was furnished by Mr. W. E. Koller and partners, and Miss Bertha Giotfely, organist.

Frankville.

It was whispered lately that a few items from Floyd, or better known as Frankville, Md., would add to the interest in the already very interesting REPUBLICAN. Now, if they keep "men" and the waste basket is full to contain this sheet, they may have an effort in that direction.

We have had a full share of the measles, but they are a thing of the past with us. Mr. Chas. Stark's little boy being the last subject. Although the cases would number one hundred, none were fatal.

Mr. Wm. Wilt moves to Piedmont where he has obtained work at the new pulp mill.

Our school closed on Monday of last week with pleasant exercises. Miss Lizzie Taylor deserves praise for her untiring energy as teacher. This school has been taught by Miss Taylor for eight successive winters.

Mr. Geo. P. White, of Mt. Lake Park, was visiting friends Friday and Saturday of last week. On Friday night he with others viewed the lights near town. This curiosity is becoming wide-spread and still remains a mystery, although some try to prove it to be a reflection.

Auctioneer.

Mr. L. Echard, an experienced auctioneer, offers his services in that line at moderate prices. All orders promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Address McHenry, Md.

Gorman.

The employees of the tannery company number between 40 and 50 at present. Many more will be wanted in a few weeks. Men are coming every day seeking employment. The company is pushing the work as rapidly as the weather will admit. They will have the grounds ready for their first buildings in about three weeks.

The railroad company is remodeling the depot here, which will add very much to its appearance and convenience.

Mr. Thomas Coddington, of Oakland, was here a few days since. He proposes to locate here shortly, and will improve his property by building an addition to his house.

There is considerable sickness here at present. Several have the measles and many more will probably have them soon.

Rev. R. S. Welch and Mr. Woodworth preached here last Sabbath to good audiences. A Sunday School was organized also, which promises to be a success.

Accident.

Sugar-makers are all busy. The farmers are all busy plowing and putting up their time kilns.

Rev. Spangler and Dr. Giotfely have returned from Baltimore, where they were attending a Sunday-school convention.

Mr. Jacob Beeghly had the sad misfortune of losing two of his children with diphtheria. He has the sympathy of all his friends.

Quite a number of other children have the same disease.

The entertainment held here last Monday evening was quite a success. Miss Sophia Ault intends going to Frostburg soon.

Mrs. Jennie Thompson has returned home.

We hear that Prof. Enlow and Prof. Lee intend teaching the Normal School here.

Mr. Lloyd Loudermilk is right sick with pleural pneumonia. Mrs. Rush is also sick.

Bray's.

Chas. E. Kimmell, who has been an invalid in the Medical University at Baltimore during the latter part of the winter, is again at home and it is hoped that he will recover.

Mr. A. S. Sell is again running his steam saw mill to its greatest capacity.

Of course we have some hopes that the railroad will extend through our settlement.

Mr. Thos. Skipper is again managing the Davis shingle mill, and is prepared to saw a vast amount of shingles during the season.

Selling at Cost.

Having sold out to H. P. Jameson & Co., will sell at cost up to A. R. 10th. Terms strictly cash.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to us will please call and settle their accounts by or before April 10, 1889.

3164t Very Respectfully,

WILLIAM HINEBAUGH.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me either on book account or by note will please call and settle same by the 15th of April, 1889.

S. P. SPECHT.

For Sale or Rent.

A very desirable, new and well built cottage on one of the principal avenues in Mountain Lake Park, containing nine good-sized rooms; necessary outbuildings; fine view, double lot and a well of excellent water on the premises. Also,

For Rent.

A very desirable cottage, in Mountain Lake Park, delightfully situated, containing eleven well furnished rooms, extensive grounds, stable and all other necessary out-buildings.

Apply to

F. A. THAYER, Oakland, Md.

Spring Styles.

We are now opening new Spring Millinery and fancy goods.

M. L. SCOTT, Baltimore Store.

The Floor gave Way.

The teacher of Sunny Side school, Prof. L. W. Nines, and many of the good people around and about the quaint old place, have been engaged since the holidays preparing to give a grand and free exhibition at the close of the public school. Every pains were taken to make this affair one long to be remembered. Many evenings were spent, saying nothing about days, in practicing on parts and pieces, in order to give every part and play just the right touch, that it might be the more appreciated by the large audience that was expected to be present. The Prof. announced some weeks past that he expected

over three hundred visitors to be present. The silver-tongued orators of Oakland were reported expected to lend their presence and talent in making this grand affair the height of attraction and perfection. It was, however, thought by some that the packing of 300 people in a house calculated to comfortably seat about forty scholars would be an exhibition within itself. Saturday night, March the 16th, 1889, being the fixed time for this mammoth show to take place. The crowd began gathering at an early hour Saturday morning, and kept pouring in all day, so that by evening there had assembled a great multitude. The street parade was a grand affair. Mr. Jas. Welch, musician, occupying a seat in one of those handsomely constructed carriages built in the days of "yore" and drawn by a beautiful horse of chestnut color, was driven upon Main street of Sunny Side, rendering very excellent violin music, thereby additionally advertising the approaching wonder. The disappearing of the sun and the appearing of the moon gave evidence that the time for the grand opening was now at hand. The Prof. announcing everything in readiness, the door was thrown open. Now came such a rush for seats that in a moment's time they were filled to overflowing, and the standing crowd within. But it was no night for performing miracles, and so it proved, for the clown had scarcely appeared upon the stage when the great weight upon the floor of the little school house caused the sleepers to give way, and with a crash the floor went down, producing the wildest excitement among men, women and children. Those who were there tell us that the floor after the cave-in assumed the shape of a bowl—a large bowl of course. Luckily the orators of Oakland were not present, neither was the Silver Lake Quartette, Clark, of Cumberland, was not there in person. There was manifested a determination on the part of some that the Prof. should be held responsible for the repair of the floor, but after a severe wrangle of words scarcely calculated to benefit the youthful hearers, the determination proved a failure. The Sunny Side school thus closed. Since the close of the school the Prof. has gone West, carrying with him the best wishes of your correspondent, who hopes that his trip may be attended with pleasure and profit, and that he may return in time to teach the Sunny Side school next winter, as his every trait of character and qualification as a teacher are especially adapted to that school. H.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ORDER 'NISI.

In the Matter of the Deed of Trust from John W. Lee and Emily J. Lee, his wife to Frederick A. Thayer & Edward H. Sinclair, Trustees.

No. 389 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

ORDERED, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, in Equity, this 27th day of March, A. D. 1889, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Frederick A. Thayer and Edward H. Sinclair, Trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause, to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 23d day of April next, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 23d day of April, A. D. 1889.

The report states the amount of sale to be \$10.00.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

3303t E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

Oakland, Md., March 15, 1889.

The County Commissioners of Garrett County will meet in their office at Oakland, on Tuesday, April 9th, 1889.

for the purpose of making the Annual Levy of Taxes. All persons having claims against said County, are hereby notified to file the same with the clerk of said Commissioners on or before the above date, otherwise they may be deprived of the benefit of said Levy. By order

W. H. HAGANS, Clerk.

391d

MISS SWAN'S SCHOOL

FOR—

YOUNG LADIES AND GIRLS

Will enter upon its Third Term April 1st, 1889. French, Drawing, and Singing included in the general course. Terms, \$6.00 per day pupils; \$20 (in advance) for weekly boarders; \$200 per year (\$20 in advance). The carriage will leave the Oakland stand (near the "Baltimore Store") at 8:15 A. M.

For particulars, address

MISS E. B. SWAN, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

(Formerly connected with Mt. Auburn Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.)

ROAD EXAMINER'S NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett County, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by George Frazee and others, beginning at a point along the Morgantown road west of Edward Frazee's and running thence over the lands of George Frazee North 8 degrees West (North 8 degrees West) to the North-west corner of George Frazee's meadow, thence over Kim Frazee's lands along the foot hill to a stake, thence to the upper end of the graveyard, thence to the County Road, thence over the lands of George

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE QUILTING BEE.

One winter by the Merrimack, some two-score years ago,
You could not see the fence-rails for the drifted
heaps of snow;
The flocks of chickens would come and in the
door-yard stand,
Too hungry to fear the touch of e'en a
boy's hand;
I sat beside the kitchen fire; the chores at last
were done;
The farmer's wife, unswerving, owned my tasks a
rest had won.
When down the road, all silver-sweet, the sleigh
bells jingled came,
And through the frosty air I heard, thrice called
in haste, my name;
Impetuous a girlish voice: "Oh! John, be quick,
for see,
You're wanted over at the Spragues! They've
got a quilting bee!"
A quilting bee? I held my breath. "And pray,
what good are you?"
I heeded not the dame's sharp tongue, she was
always was awry;
But coat and muffler hurried on, I sprang into
the sleigh.
And like the wind we flew along behind the
squire's old bay.
A little hand stole into mine, a low laugh rippled
from
And mixed its music with the chiming so rollick-
ing and sweet;
Perhaps—perhaps—I kissed her cheek, the
merry blue-eyed maid,
Perhaps we whispered loving words, but pace
we never staid.
Till at the Spragues' our rein we drew, and
saw Kate to me
Said airily: "I've brought you, John, to Sally's
quilting bee."
The house was gay with candlelight, the lamps
were all aglow.
The rustic flame came streaming forth across
the shining snow.
The girls were sitting by the frame, their
needles out and in;
Went flashing, flashing to and fro, through such
a merry din.
You could scarcely hear yourself for fun, and
when the work was o'er,
Then swift we piled away the chairs, and cleared
the kitchen floor;
And Uncle Archie drew his bow across the
fiddle strings.
And men and maids, we danced that night as if
our feet were wings.
My word! the very thought of that sets this old
heart a thrill.
I'd dance again as then I danced, and with a
right good will.
If Kate could call me once again, as sweet as
sweet could be.
"Come, John, make haste, you're wanted John,
at Sally's quilting bee!"
But Kate, my Kate, for many a year, no mortal
ears have heard
The tones which rang with melody, surpassing
any bird;
The angels wanted her too soon; they always
want the best;
They take the one whose absence leaves an
ache in every breast.
Her grave is in the open ground, beneath the
open sky.
Right in the fair home meadow, where her
father's people lie;
And I have been a lonely man, and cumbered
oft with care.
And bowed beneath the burden that my darling
used to share;
I little thought how soon the gold to ashes gray
would be;
Turned daffodil, when I went with Kate to Sally's
quilting-see.
What's that, young man? You've come to say
that you and daughter Sue
Would like to join your hands for life—that she
has promised you.
In case her father will consent. "He will, the
dear old dad."
She cries, and 'tis the same sweet way her dar-
ling mother had.
And she, though not a touch to Kate, has dan-
cing eyes of blue.
And cheeks that hide the dimples, where the
blush comes peering through.
Take her, young man, be good to her; if I have
had my day,
I'll not begrudge the happiness that seems to
point that way.
But much I doubt if you will know the bliss that
fell to me.
When Kate said "yes" that night we went to
Sally's quilting-see.
—Margaret K. Sawyer, in Once Week.

A LOVE TALE.

The Sad, Touching Story of Miriam Douglas.

Many years ago—so many that I do not care to particularize—I was engaged in preparing for college, under the tuition of a clergyman in a small village in Eastern New York. In the same place was a young ladies' seminary at which, during several months of the year, there were gathered from seventy-five to one hundred young women.
The son of a farmer in the vicinity, ignorant of the world and unused to society other than such as was afforded by the muscular girls of the sparse farming community, it may easily be fancied that the seminary students seemed to me, with their fine dresses, their sprightly faces and engaging manners, to be beings of a superior order. They were, in my esteem, veritable hours, unacquainted in their charms and surpassing in their attractions.
For months I was content with a distant worship. To stand on the piazza of the "livery" on Sunday mornings, and watch the long, double lines of youth, as they moved on their way to the church, was a felicity that for the time gratified my most ardent expectations. At the outset my vision was so dazzled that I saw only a winding, sinuous line of exquisite color and beauty. In time the glowing whole began to be resolved into details; black eyes and blue; golden and raven locks; blondes and brunettes; laughing mouths and slender forms manifested themselves as single stars in a nebula under the inspection of a telescope.
Many of the girls were commonplace in appearance, and others became so only after long observation. Many of them were possessed of average charms, while there were a half-dozen or so of superlative attractions. One of this class attracted my especial notice, not merely on account of her beautiful face, graceful motions, and tall, slender figure, but mainly on account of a sadness that almost perpetually pervaded her countenance. Her hair was black as ink, her complexion that of an octoroon, her eyes of a species of purple black, all of which was a sort of setting-off for the melancholy face.
Certain evenings at the seminary were given to social diversions, at one of which I made the acquaintance of the possessor of the triste countenance. Her name was Miriam Douglas. She was about seventeen years of age; and, as I later discovered, an accomplished singer, linguist and conversationalist.
She was so unlike others in her appearance, so marked in her melancholy, so gentle in her converse, and so brilliant at the piano, that I became powerfully attracted to her, and when circumstances permitted we were together. I do not now think that our acquaintance matured to the ripeness

of love, on my part at least, and yet the liking I conceived for her was not remote from a profound affection. I think that my sympathy with her sadness, the mystery of her life, my respect for what I saw to be a pure life and beautiful nature, may have approached in warmth and tenderness very near in appearance and the manner of exhibition to ardent love.
No actual declarations of passion were ever made. She seemed to need me, to lean against me, and to prefer me to all others of my sex. If there was no actual amouement of love in words, it was suggested in looks, attitudes, tones and thinly-veiled delusions.
When the time came that her school term ended, we parted one night on the piazza of the seminary. All the other pupils had gone and we were alone. I tried a score of times to say good-bye, but each time failed.
"You will write me as soon as you get home," I asked.
"Yes, and you will answer, won't you?"
"Well, I must go. God bless you." Her head dropped a little forward, her lips came close to mine; I kissed them and went away.

We exchanged letters with regularity and at short intervals. Her letters were restrained in tone, and often strangely at variance with the situation. She wrote in books, her occupation, the gossip of her friends. She seemed to be nervously apprehensive that she might touch the theme of the passion, and carefully avoided any allusions to our parting.
It was in the spring when she went home, and in September following I received a letter, the school trustees of the town in which Miriam lived asking me to teach their winter school. They gave the number of pupils, the amount of the compensation, and closed with the hope that I would be able to accept the proposition. As I had been school teaching for several winters, in order to secure funds for college education, and the offer of the trustees was an exceptionally good one, I at once wrote my acceptance.

The last day of November saw me in the town where the school was located. The region was in the high uplands that border the Merrimack valley. I had reached it by a long and tiresome stage road which passed from a little railway station down by the river, up through narrow rifts in the hills, and across rocky and rugged heights. It was a poor region, in which limestone rocks often appeared at the surface. The fields were small, and almost covered with boulders; the infertile houses were shabby, unpainted; the fences were of rotting wooden rails, or of piled-up stones.
It was a wretched, sterile, forbidding scene. Some dwarfed sumachs, with their scant verdure yellowed by frosts, rattled their thin branches in the autumn wind. Stunted hemlocks, with dead tops, stood like half-clad skeletons among the crevices of dark, bald rocks. Nowhere was there any thing cheerful, inspiring or suggestive of the future. Had it been for the thought that this inhospitable place was the home of Miriam I should have turned about and returned to civilization.

I found the residence of one of the trustees, and was informed that I was to "board around," that is, to remain a week at each of the homes of the patrons of the school. The prospect of this method of living, in view of the nature of the country, as I had seen it, were not in the least promising. The trustee whom I met informed me that I might commence my term by spending the first week with him.
"How are the Douglasses?" I asked.
"They are all well, I believe. We do not see much of them. You know, I suppose, that it was through Mr. Douglas that we heard of you?"
"I suspected as much. I had a slight acquaintance with his daughter when she was away to the seminary. How far does he live from here?"
"It's about six miles. It's about the last house you will visit in your boarding round."

The school was opened the next day. It forms no part of the purpose of this narrative to relate any details of my school experience. I sent a note to Miriam announcing my arrival in the neighborhood, and my intention to call on her the next Saturday. The note was carried by a boy who lived in the neighborhood of the Douglasses farm. A couple of days later I received an answer from Miriam in which she expressed pleasure at my arrival and the hope that I would visit them on the day named.

The following Saturday was the odd one on which there was no session of the school, and the hour terminated that day. I secured information as to the location of the Douglasses farm, and started for it on foot. It was a wretched country over which I passed. The roads were buried in snow, the fences were effaced, great drifts barred my way, and a savage north wind steadily beat against me. The sky was leaden and the fogless branches were filled with suggestions ominous of evil.
Struggling through some woods, I reached the further side, and saw before me a vast stretch of rolling land, near the center of which was a farm house with its barns and outbuildings. It was a wooden house, painted white, of two stories, and was by far the most pretentious residence of the village. In the white level of the snowy plain, with nothing to interrupt the monotony, it was cold and ghostlike.

In response to my knock the door opened, and the lady of the house appeared. Her dark face flushed and then paled as she saw me. She extended both her hands, seized mine and shook them with heartiness.
"O, it is you! Come in! I'm very glad to see you!"
As I entered I placed my arm about her shoulder and drew her near me. She resisted a little, and then swayed toward me with a sweet, yielding grace. I touched her forehead with a listless kiss, and then went in.

The interior of the house afforded evidences of prosperity. There were a piano, some pictures of the better class and various other evidences of cultivation and wealth. As I had learned Farmer Douglas was the possessor of great wealth, much of which had come to him by inheritance. He was a man of about half a century, slender, slightly stooping, thin lips, with a careworn face.
At the table there appeared Mr. Douglas, Miriam and a younger brother.
"Is Mrs. Douglas here?" I asked.
"My mother is," responded Miriam, with hesitation and marked confusion. "My mother is—"

"Fardon me; I did not know. I am very awkward. Do say any more."
A dead silence followed, and a perceptible feeling of restraint and embarrassment fell on the family. After the supper we all went into the parlor, where, after awhile, Miriam and myself were left alone.
I recall that evening with profound regret. We were both hesitating, reticent and timid at the outset. Miriam had changed but little. She was charming as when I had known her at the seminary; if there were any difference it was that the habitual sadness of her face and the somber melancholy of her splendid eyes had grown more intense. It could not be a lack of health,

for she was the incarnation of vigor and perfection of form.
However, I soon ceased to notice this quality, being absorbed by her conversation, her changeful, winning face, and the tenderness which permeated her tones. She was exquisite that evening as we sat in the parlor, and I looked unutterable things into each other's eyes. A half dozen times was I on the point of asking her to marry me, for I felt she was willing to throw herself into my arms. Why I did not speak I can not tell; it must have been the result of a decree of fate.

It was late when I retired. The wind was tearing by, straining the timbers and joints of the house and twisting the tree tops outside the windows of my room. There were creaking of doors, a groaning of window frames, all of which, combined with the intermittent swishing of the winds and the dash of snow against the house—like the third of war against a ship, in a storm—made the night suggestive of the orgies of devils and witches.

Disturbed by the clamor of the storm, and feeling the deliciousness of the home spent with Miriam, I was long in falling asleep. It seemed as if I had been slumbering not more than a moment, when I was suddenly roused by the sound of a woman's voice somewhere out in the storm. I listened with strained ear and heart beating with excitement. A moment or two later the same unearthly sound rang out, though the darkness, and with diabolical effect mingled with the howling of the wind.
Again and again the voice came shrieking through the tumult of the storm—now a simple scream, and then awful cries as if the speaker were in the throes of some damned soul.

I rose, went to the window, and looked out. The air was filled with soft-flying clouds of snow. A faint light in the east indicated that the day was dawning. Directly in front of my window could be seen a small building, the roof of which had the appearance of an outhouse such as is seen about farm houses, and which might have been a wood-shed, a summer-kitchen or a privy.

As I listened to the incessant shrieks, it seemed that they came from the outbuilding. It was a awful sound, the voice of a woman, which I have never since been able to forget. Inside the house in which I stood it was quiet, the face long and emaciated, the cheeks sunken, while the eyes from the depths of their deep sockets shone with an infernal glare. Her feet were clad in veils, the sheaths of profane coats and veils, while her shoulders were the bones of a skeleton. She clutched at the wall, and I could see her face like a mask, and back I could hear the rattle of a door.

The complex was as black as that of a negro, the face long and emaciated, the cheeks sunken, while the eyes from the depths of their deep sockets shone with an infernal glare. Her feet were clad in veils, the sheaths of profane coats and veils, while her shoulders were the bones of a skeleton. She clutched at the wall, and I could see her face like a mask, and back I could hear the rattle of a door.
There was a small window in the out-house on the side nearest me, which I broke in with a blow from a stick of stove wood that lay in the room. I pushed my face close up to the window and was almost struck by another face that at the same instant was looking out at me. I drew back with an exclamation of horror; it was the head of a woman with long locks of gray that whirled about her head and face like the wings of a demon. I saw the present home may be well maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is the anarchist of the centuries."

"Whisky never misses fire," said a man to me so that the other day. No, it never does. It is sure to bring down its victim sooner or later, whether he be high or low in the social or intellectual scale. And fluttering all about him will always be the wounded hearts of mother, father, wife, children, sisters, brothers and friends, while beyond and behind all this is too often a trail of ruined virtue and contaminating influences. At least six hearts on an average carry a lifelong, overshadowing, dreary sorrow for every victim alcohol brings down. The undertone of all family and social life is largely silent sorrow and dreary heartache over the victims of alcohol. No; whisky never misses fire—never—The Churchman.

An Inevitable Result.
"People sometimes wonder," says Dr. Jennings, why such and such men, possessing great intellectual power and firmness of character in other respects, can not drink moderately and not give themselves up to drunkenness. They become drunkards by law—fixed, immutable law. Let a man with a constitution as perfect as Adam's undertake to drink alcohol, moderately and perseveringly, with all the caution and deliberate determination that he can command, and if he could live long enough, he would just as certainly become a drunkard—get to a point where he could not refrain from drinking to excess—as he would go over Niagara Falls when placed in a canoe in the river above the falls and left to the natural operation of the current. And proportionately as he descended the stream would his alcoholic attraction for it increase, so that he would find it more and more difficult to get ashore until he reached a point where escape was impossible."

After His Boy.
During the Christian Endeavor convention at Chicago, one of the delegates, a young business man, dressed in a natty rough-and-ready suit, every movement alert and eager, and telling of bottled energy within, came suddenly upon a red-faced citizen, who evidently had been patronizing the hotel bar. Buttonholing the delegate a trifle unconsciously, the latter said: "What are you fellows trying to do down at the Battery? You are hot on Temperance, I see by the papers. Do you think you could make a Temperance man of me?" "No," replied the delegate, looking him over from head to foot with a keen glance, slightly contemptuous. "We evidently couldn't do much with you, but we are after your boy." At this unexpected retort, the man dropped his jocular tone, and said, seriously: "Well, I guess you have got the right of it there. If somebody had been after me when I was a boy, I should be a better man to-day."—The Pacific.

A FAIR SAMPLE.

Nearly Seventy-Two Per Cent of the Crime in Dane County, Wis., Due to Liquor—Review of the Municipal Court Records for 1888—Cost of Crime.
If it were not for the saloon, Judge Keyes might go fishing five days in the week, and several policemen might be free to apply for positions on the railroad. An examination of the police court records for 1888 show that of 268 arrests made 205 were for causes directly chargeable to liquor, while others, no doubt, had their foundation in the same great cause of crime.
The records of the municipal court on cases from the county jail show a large per cent of these cases also chargeable to liquor.
During the year 1888 there were 152 vagrants, 53 arrested on the charge of vagrancy, brought from the jail to the municipal court for trial. These do not include 55 tramps and "lodgers" handed by the city police. The vagrants of Dane County are proverbially numerous. Very uncomfortable quarters are furnished them at the jail and many cords of wood are furnished them to saw as a pastime, but still they come, every man of them without a known exception, a tramp through the city.

The cases from the county brought before the court show beside 102 vagrants, 53 arrested on the charge of assault of different grades; 5 for being abusive and disorderly, 36 for using abusive and obscene language, 22 for offenses against property, 66 for theft of different kinds, from petty larceny to burglary and forgery, 16 for violating the excise law and 29 for other offenses.

Of the 268 arrested at the police station, 205 were arrested for drunkenness, or drunkenness and disorderly conduct, and other crimes in which the criminal was drunk at the committing of the crime. A larger proportion of cases of assault and cases against liquor than of the cases gathered from the county at large by the sheriff and his deputies.

Of the total 647 cases (including vagrants not brought into court) 417 are directly chargeable to liquor. This is estimating only three-fourths of all cases of assault and cases against purity, due to liquor, when the best of testimony shows that sometimes ninety per cent. of such crime has its birth in liquor.

This shows more than 72 per cent. of the crime of the county (an estimate doubtless far too low) chargeable to liquor. The expense of this crime to the county is enormous. The board of criminals, officers and attorney's fees, the long litigation that ensues in many of these cases, piles up costs to the county that fall on the backs of the tax-payers in the shape of outrageous taxes.

Farmers are offered three cents a pound for their very choicest fat steers and taxed from one and a half to two per cent. on all their taxable property. Not one cent of the license fees of \$13,000 from Madison saloons goes into the pockets of the farmers of Dane County, but the cost of all the city's crime is shared by them on tax-paying days.

When the problem of farm finance is becoming, as it is to-day, a fight for food and clothes, where grain, beef and pork are hardly worth the cost of raising, only one thing can be done to avert poverty, and that is a reduction of expenses. No reduction can be more profitably made than by lopping off the saloon expense.

Every tax-paying farmer, not only of Dane County, but of every county in the State, should demand the right from the Legislature to unload this burden. If the Legislature now in session refuses to allow the farmers to attempt this retrenchment, they are no friends of the farmer. They should be remembered at the polls at another election.—Wisconsin Probationist.

A SMALL FIRE.
But It Lasted a Long Time, and Burned a House and Lot.
"Jones, have you heard of the fire that burned up a man's house and lot?"
"No, Smith; where was it?"
"Here in the city."
"Was it a misfortune to him? Was it a good house?"
"Yes; a nice house and lot—a good home for any family."
"What a pity! How did the fire begin?"
"The man played with the fire and thoughtlessly set it burning himself."
"How silly! Did you say the lot burned, too?"
"Yes; lot and all—all gone sick and clean."
"That is singular. It must have been a terribly hot fire; and then I don't see how it could have burned the lot."

"No; it was not a very hot fire. Indeed, it was so small that it attracted but little attention, and did not alarm anybody."
"But how could such a little fire burn up a house and lot? You haven't said me."
"It burned a long time—more than twenty years; and though it seemed to consume very slowly, yet it consumed about \$150 worth every year, till it was all gone."

"I can not understand you yet. Tell me where the fire was kindled and all about it."
"Well, then, it was kindled on the end of a cigar. The cigar cost him, he himself told me, \$12.50 per month, or \$150 a year, and that in twenty years would amount to \$3,150, besides all the interest. Now, the money was at least ten per cent., and at that rate it would double once in about seven years; so that the whole sum would be more than \$10,000. That

would buy a fine house and lot in any city. It would pay for a large farm in the country. Don't you pity the family of the man who has slowly burned up their home?"

"W-h-o-w! I guess you mean me; for I have smoked more than twenty years. But it doesn't cost so much as that, and I haven't any house of my own; have always rented; thought I was too poor to own a house. And all because I have been burning it up! What a fool I have been!"

The boys would better never light a fire which costs so much, and which, though so easily put out, is yet so likely, if once kindled, to keep burning all their lives.—Illustrated Temperance Tales.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

The Farmer's Voice says that a law has been recently passed in Waltham, Germany, forbidding the granting of a marriage license to a person addicted to the liquor habit.

The participants in a recent ball in Paris drank 51,000 glasses of ale, wine and champagne, besides 5,000 bottles of claret and 4,000 cups of lead coffee. There were eaten 14,000 sandwiches, 12,000 buns, etc.

We have a great horror of arsenic and fifty other things; the fact is that all these other things are a mere bagatelle in relation to the most direct, absolute, immediate and certain poisonings which are caused by alcohol.—Dr. James Edmunds.

THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN, of the New York bar, has a decided opinion on the Temperance question. He says: "There are but two consistent positions on this subject; free trade in alcohol if it is a food; no trade in alcohol (except as a poison) if it is a poison. Science has rendered her verdict on the facts; it is a poison, and the most terrible affliction of the human race."

CALIFORNIA, with its "pure, light, home-made wine" idea, has one saloon to every ninety of its population. This proportion is exceeded by only two States in the Union. So far from wine-making being California's main spring of material success, it has been shown that against its 1887 value of \$2,780,000, the wheat and barley product aggregated \$45,420,000, and the gold and silver mining, \$94,565,000.—N. W. Christian Advocate.

DR. TALMAGE says: "Gather up the money that the working-classes have spent for rum during the last thirty years, and I will build for every working-man a house, and lay out for him a garden, and clothe his sons and daughters in silks, and stand at his front door a prancing span of sorrels or bays; and secure for him a policy of life insurance, so that the present home may be well maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is the anarchist of the centuries."

"Whisky never misses fire," said a man to me so that the other day. No, it never does. It is sure to bring down its victim sooner or later, whether he be high or low in the social or intellectual scale. And fluttering all about him will always be the wounded hearts of mother, father, wife, children, sisters, brothers and friends, while beyond and behind all this is too often a trail of ruined virtue and contaminating influences. At least six hearts on an average carry a lifelong, overshadowing, dreary sorrow for every victim alcohol brings down. The undertone of all family and social life is largely silent sorrow and dreary heartache over the victims of alcohol. No; whisky never misses fire—never—The Churchman.

An Inevitable Result.
"People sometimes wonder," says Dr. Jennings, why such and such men, possessing great intellectual power and firmness of character in other respects, can not drink moderately and not give themselves up to drunkenness. They become drunkards by law—fixed, immutable law. Let a man with a constitution as perfect as Adam's undertake to drink alcohol, moderately and perseveringly, with all the caution and deliberate determination that he can command, and if he could live long enough, he would just as certainly become a drunkard—get to a point where he could not refrain from drinking to excess—as he would go over Niagara Falls when placed in a canoe in the river above the falls and left to the natural operation of the current. And proportionately as he descended the stream would his alcoholic attraction for it increase, so that he would find it more and more difficult to get ashore until he reached a point where escape was impossible."

After His Boy.
During the Christian Endeavor convention at Chicago, one of the delegates, a young business man, dressed in a natty rough-and-ready suit, every movement alert and eager, and telling of bottled energy within, came suddenly upon a red-faced citizen, who evidently had been patronizing the hotel bar. Buttonholing the delegate a trifle unconsciously, the latter said: "What are you fellows trying to do down at the Battery? You are hot on Temperance, I see by the papers. Do you think you could make a Temperance man of me?" "No," replied the delegate, looking him over from head to foot with a keen glance, slightly contemptuous. "We evidently couldn't do much with you, but we are after your boy." At this unexpected retort, the man dropped his jocular tone, and said, seriously: "Well, I guess you have got the right of it there. If somebody had been after me when I was a boy, I should be a better man to-day."—The Pacific.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Cryolite for making candles is brought from Greenland, where important and little known mining operations are carried on.

To the changed condition of a vessel's magnetism by induction during a lengthy voyage may be attributed the loss of more vessels than is usually thought to be the case among maritime men.

Portable electric lights, arranged to hang on a button of one's coat, and with a parabolic reflector to concentrate the light, with storage batteries weighing 13 pounds each, are made to enable persons to read in railroad cars by night.

The Paris Academy of Science has been excited over a plant called *colandia*. This plant often exhibits a trembling or vibrating motion without any apparent cause, and as many as 100 or 120 vibrations have been observed in a single minute.

It is believed that the oldest timber in the world that has been used by man is found in an Egyptian temple which is known to be at least 4,000 years old. The wood is in the form of ties, holding the end of one stone to another. The ties appear to have been made of shittim wood or acacia.

Acids in lubricating oils may be detected by analysis in a laboratory, or by putting the sample to be tested in a clear glass bottle with a copper wire running down through the cork, air tight; stand the whole in a sunny place for two or three weeks, and then, on removal, if verdigris or green rust appear on the copper, an acid is in the oil.

The number of eggs a hen may lay has been estimated by a German naturalist as follows: The ovary of a hen contains about 600 embryo eggs, of which not more than 20 are matured in the first year. The second year produces 120; the third, 135; the fourth, 144; and in the following four years the number decreases by 20 yearly. In the ninth year only 10 eggs can be expected.

Quicksand is composed chiefly of particles of mica mixed largely with water. When particles of sand are jagged and angular any weight pressing on them will crowd them together until they are compacted into a solid mass. A sand composed of mica or soapstone, when sufficiently mixed with water, seems incapable of such consolidation, and any heavy body will displace them and sink until a solid bottom is reached.

From time immemorial the practice of massage has been known to the Egyptians from whom the Samanians first, and then the Tongans, learned the art. The process consists in rubbing and kneading the part, the operation being sometimes continued for hours; it stimulates the circulation and relieves pain, and is commonly used in all kinds of diseases. The native doctors have great faith in massage, and it is always practiced by them.—London Medical Recorder.

It is a common opinion that machinery works with an exactness and steadiness of movement not to be acquired by the laborer's hand. This is not really true. The workman can suit his stroke to the needs of the case no machine can do, and this is proved in the trimming of roofing-slates. The splitting process is performed with great nicety by means of chisels, but the shaping is more remarkable, and can not be properly executed by any who have not been trained to it from youth. The workman sits on a stool with a pad on one knee and a ledge by his side. He lays the slate on the pad on his knee, and allowing the part to be cut to rest on the ledge, strikes it with a heavy knife, and separates it instantly with the greatest accuracy.—Youth's Companion.

HISTORICAL RUBIES.

Gems of Great Value Owned by Asiatic and European Potentates.

A fine stone of four carats' weight is worth from \$2,000 to \$2,500; but above this weight rubies are very rare, and would command fancy prices. Tavernier has given a drawing of one belonging to the Shah of Persia, which weighed one hundred and seventy-five carats; and the Kings of Burmah were said to possess one of the size of a pigeon's egg. The largest ever seen in Europe is that one which Gustavus III. of Sweden presented to the Czar, upon his visit to Russia, in 1777. The ruby has been imitated in paste, and garnets backed by a ruby foil are often met with. Crimson spinel is called spinel ruby, and rose-red or pink spinel, balas ruby. This last name is said to be derived from Balasaban, the ancient name of Beloochistan. Although many may be deceived by the spinel, the ruby may be readily distinguished by its superior hardness, its specific gravity, and its crystallization, which is hexagonal, the spinel being octahedral. Historical stones often turn out when examined to be unworthy of their fame; thus the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward the Black Prince by Don Pedro of Castile after the battle of Najara, A. D. 1307, worn on his helmet by Henry V. at Agincourt, and now placed in the Imperial State Crown of England, is a spinel. The monster ruby of Charles the Bold, set in the middle of a golden rose for a pendant, which was captured by the Bernese after his rout at Granson, was found to be false by Jacob Fugger after he had purchased it. The ruby was supposed to be an amulet against poison, plague, sadness, evil thoughts and wicked spirits; and, most wonderful of all, it warmed its wearer of evil by becoming black or obscure.—Christian at Work.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Under the law of Canada if you drop a letter into the box unopened, or wrongly addressed, or want to change it for any reason, no postal official has the power to return it to you, no matter if you are the Governor General.

Since all Indian tribes were placed on reservations drunkenness has become the prevalent vice; and it is a rare thing to find an Indian, old or young, who has anything to buy whisky with, who isn't drunk four-fifths of the time.

A little girl recently asked a Washington bookseller if he had a book entitled "Robson and Crane." Being questioned about the book she said: "Why, it's all about two men that were shipwrecked on an island all alone one Friday."

The greatest known depth of the ocean is midway between the island of Tristan d'Acunha and the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. The bottom was there reached at a depth of 40,236 feet, or eight and three-fourth miles, exceeding by more than 17,000 feet the height of Mount Everest, the loftiest mountain in the world.

A determined girl near Owingsville, Ky., eloped in an old calico dress and without any head covering, her father having hidden her clothes to prevent a runaway marriage. After riding eighteen miles on horseback she was accommodated by friends with suitable clothing and the knot was then tied.

The New York Times says that the Eiffel tower bears a strong resemblance to the electric light tower at Hell Gate or the elevator tower at Coney Island. Imagine, says the Times, that framework of iron twice as high as the Washington monument, of thick iron beams, and with its four corners flaring or "battering" outward near the ground, and you have the Tour Eiffel.

It is still the law in Scotland that any one convicted of high treason shall be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and there be hanged by the neck until he is dead, and that afterward his head shall be severed from his body, and his body divided into four quarters, to be disposed of as the Crown shall think fit; it is, however, within the power of the Crown to modify the sentence. In England beheading and quartering have been abolished. The last man beheaded in Scotland was Wilson, the reformer, August 30, 1820.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

It Depends More on Attainments Than It Does on Possessions.

Possessions are not so valuable as attainments; yet they are more generally desired. Possessions are what a man comes to. A man may inherit possessions; but his attainments are of his own securing. Possessions are quite likely to prove a hindrance to a man's progress; but a man can never have attainments without making progress in spite of hindrances. Yet how many there are who crave possessions, while they do not crave attainments. A man may make attainments even though he has possessions; but he will be an exception to the general rule if he does so. In a recent biographical sketch of a man of simple life, it was said that he was a man of attainments, both pecuniary and intellectual, yet who died without making his mark in the world, the writer says of him: "Those who knew him best will, I think, agree with me in pronouncing him a remarkable man; although it is difficult to point to any thing that has become established which would justify the epithet. This lack of accomplished deeds may in part be explained by the circumstances of his life. He was the only son of parents enjoying pecuniary ease, and, as he never married, he lacked that potent stimulus to effort—necessity. He was, in fact, a man of possessions rather than of attainments; and his possessions stood in the way of his attainments. And he was a typical man so far. If a man has no possessions, let him understand that he can have attainments, which are far better. If he has possessions, let him feel that he ought to have attainments; and that he must secure them in spite of the hindrance of his possessions."—S. S. Timos.

WHAT IS COURAGE?

Most Men Are Afraid More From Pride Than From Pain.

The one first, best, highest quality that we recognize in man is moral courage. Physical courage may be a matter of physical condition, and is common to animals. The bravest animal only fights when it is hungry or called upon to protect its young, or to defend itself, or in the mating season. There never was a man born of woman brave enough to fight a black cat in a dark room voluntarily, with no one to help and no knowledge of the encounter or to look on and applaud. Moral courage is the growth of principle; physical courage is the result of pride.

The best trait—or at least one of the best traits—of the human character is pride; it is the synonym of a thousand virtues. A proud man will go open-eyed to deliberate death, no other animal that lives will willingly encounter destruction. The duke is a hero on the battle-field because he is a duke. The man who is proud, well born and moves in good society, who is ambitious of the esteem of men, the love of women, the honors of life, will expose himself at the head of fighting squadrons, on decks where bursting shells are hurtling, and on the field of honor, "mid configurations and storms to do a duty that will win applause."—San Francisco Argonaut.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—What the American dudes need most is the massage treatment applied with a club.—Minneapolis Tribune.

—Give the boys a chance," says a trade journal. Nonsense; the boys take too many chances now; that's the trouble.—Brooklyn Eagle.

—John, dear," she said, "if I were to die would you marry again?" "I might, my love," he replied, "but I should go a trifle less recklessly than I did before."—Once a Week.

—We never wondered at the ease with which David killed Goliath with his little sling. Many a better man than Goliath has since fallen a victim to the little sling.—Time.

—Husband—"It takes you half an hour or more to find your pocket, doesn't it?" Wife (sweetly)—"Yes, about that, John, dear, but it takes you longer than that at times."—Epoch.

—Miss Lovelorn—"The professor says I have the lively good looks." Miss Castiglione—"Perhaps you misunderstand him. No doubt he meant you were full of new wrinkles."—N. Y. Sun.

—Some men in this world are self-made, but a good many more wouldn't amount to anything but for their wives, and their wives are not disposed to let them forget it, either.—Somerville Journal.

—There is one beautiful thing about the present fashion of wearing knee-breeches in the summer. It gives the impetuous young man a show to cut off his expenses and his old trousers legs at the same time.—Puck.

—Health journals insist upon reposing on the right side only and claim it is injurious to lie on both sides, but we don't know where they will find a healthier-looking set of men than lawyers.—Salem (Ore.) Statesman.

—Griggs (treating a friend from out of town)—"This is the finest saloon (hic) in the city, Brown. They have an enormous business. I do all my drinking here." Brown—"Is that so, Griggs?" This saloon has an enormous business."—Texas Siftings.

—Mrs. Henpeck (looking up from paper)—"I see the question of easy marriage and divorce is attracting great attention." Mr. Henpeck (absently)—"Quite right, quite right. Marriage should be made extremely difficult, in fact almost impossible."—Philadelphia Record.

—Mr. Henpeck (meaningly)—"Ella Wheeler Wilcox says all girls should be sunny." Mrs. Henpeck—"Huh! Most girls are sunny. Is after they become women and begin living with a husband that all the sunshine goes out of their life." Mr. Henpeck subsides.—N. Y. Weekly.

—Freeman—"Don't you think this doctrine of infant damnation a horrible one?" Sours (slowly)—"Well, I don't know. I used to think that way, but since the Howler family and their new baby moved next door to me I am kind of wavering, kind of wavering."—Lowell Citizen.

—Touche (slyly)—"What! Working, old man? I'm just off for the dog show." Bilious (wearily)—"What prize are you trying for?" Touche (angrily)—"Well, sir, 'I'm not entered in the puppy list, at any rate.' Bilious (promptly)—"Thanks, awfully. That gives my pup a walk-over."—N. Y. Herald.

—Mrs. Jason—"Jehiel, I've had the awfulest scare. I opened the door and found the worst-looking tramp I ever saw. Why, I couldn't say a word for ten minutes." Mr. Jason—"Do you know which way he went? I would like to get his make-up if it had that effect."—Terre Haute Express.

INCONSISTENT WOMEN.

Two Remarkable Instances of Narrowness and Whimsicality.

"The inconsistencies of human nature are often a great puzzle to me," remarked a friend as we walked down street the other day. "Do you see that woman crossing the street? Well, she waxes eloquent on the subject of cruelty to animals, raises a great hue and cry against the teamster who whips his horse or the boy who beats his dog, and yet she seems to be entirely lacking in sympathy for the two-legged animals who serve her. She rules her servants with a rod of iron and is exacting and unreasonable in her demands of hotel employees and quick to complain of the least inattention, fancied or real, on their part. At the stores where she is well known the clerks vie with each other in their readiness to let somebody else have her check and they give a sigh of relief when she finally collars one to wait on her." "Speaking of inconsistencies," I replied, "reminds me of a young lady I know, intelligent, educated and interesting, who in most things is considered rather strong-minded, reads Carlyle, Emerson, George Eliot, and so forth, but in little things she is so narrow and whimsical that she makes herself ridiculous. She discarded a splendid young man not long since because he wore mittens instead of gloves one evening when escorting her to the theater. All her philosophy counted for nothing against such an offense as that."—Chicago Journal.

Why He Felt Downhearted.

"Why this melancholy mien?" said the traveling man, as he strolled up to the assistant book-keeper's desk. "I've been thinking of my girl last night." "Did she ring a bell?" "No." "Say rats?" "No." "Tell you she would be a sister to you?" "No." "Well, what on earth did she do?" "She accepted me."—Merchant Traveler.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Children Cry for It and Men and Women Can't Do Without It.

We take the following from the last issue of the Arizona Kicker:

GOOD FOR CHILDREN.—Major Bostwick, the owner of Grizzly Ranch, came in the other day and subscribed for the Kicker in the name of his year-old son, who has been crying for it for the last two months. This is the fifth or sixth case where children have evinced their interest in and admiration for our great enterprise, and we can not help but feel flattered. While the Kicker will not enter the field to compete with the Sunday-School Advocate, or the Christian Herald, we shall give every thing a goodish twist and strive to point a moral and inculcate a lesson.

LAME EXPLANATIONS.—A stranger, supposed to be a man who is wanted for murder in Tucson, was discovered hiding under the bridge the other day and taken to jail to be held until identified. That night he dug his way out, and next day the sheriff was around trying to get a hundred dollar bill changed. He says he found the bill on the street, but that story looks fishy. There isn't a man in this town that wouldn't yell a lung out if he lost a hundred dollar bill. The prisoner, however, crowbar to dig out with, and the sheriff says he must have had it concealed in his pistol pocket. The official owes us \$15, and if we can get our hands on the money this week we shall, in our next issue, advise the public to run him out of town as a dishonest scoundrel.

A SURPRISE PARTY.—Two or three weeks since we denounced Colonel Hallimall as a claim-jumper, mule-stealer and wife-desorter, and added a few words to the effect that he would look well at the end of a rope. Saturday evening, as we were talking with the cashier of the First National Bank, the Colonel approached us and warned us to prepare for death. Greatly to our own amazement and to the intense surprise of the whole street, we didn't run. On the contrary, we walked into the Colonel like a brick house falling on a sand fly, and we had him licked inside of five minutes. We can't account for these freaks in our nature. Sometimes we fight like a tornado and again we're like a jack-rabbit. People intending to lay for us must take their chances.

WE CAN'T DO IT.—We have received several communications this week asking us to pitch into the N. P. branch road for its slow time, dirty coaches and impudent officials. We can't do it. We have an annual pass over the branch, and we feel in honor bound not to even mention accidents along the line.

NOT A CRITICISM.—In a law suit before Esquire Jones last week four or five reputable witnesses swore to seeing Pete Jackson carry off a rifle belonging to Abram Weeks. Jackson himself didn't deny the fact, refusing to stand at all, but his Honor discharged him. Why? Because Jackson's brother Jim sent four gallons of whiskey around to his Honor's shanty the day before the trial. We do not propose to criticize the judiciary of this town, but we feel to remark that if Esquire Jones was soaked in the creek for about a week he'd be more worthy of the confidence of our people. We don't say that he sold himself for four gallons of whiskey, but we are ready to form one of a committee to wait upon him and prove that he has been drunk ever since the case was ended.

GOSE HOME.—News reached town yesterday that William Napoleon Farrington, otherwise known as French Bill, had departed from this world. He was materially assisted by three or four bullets which Hank Henderson fired into him during a dispute about the ownership of a piece of land. We don't know whether Henry was right or wrong, but we have felt for some time that this cold world was no place for Mr. Farrington. He wasn't a bit of shooting, and he was in the habit of shooting at such people as were. He wanted cheaper whisky, better weather, more latitude for his skill with the pistol, and we truly hope he's got it.

NOTICE.—We desire to give notice to the public at large that the next man who flings a stone against our door will have to outrun six bullets. We have got tired of the business. We don't want to seem capricious, but enough is enough. Tim Reeves, Joe Smith and Hank White will please take notice.—Detroit Free Press.

A few years ago, when Edmonia Lewis first placed her statue of Cleopatra on exhibition, a country woman strayed in and stood before it in admiring awe for a few minutes, then turning to Miss Lewis, said: "Did you make it from life?" "Well, no, not exactly," as Cleopatra lived thirty years before Christ," answered Miss Lewis. "O? is that so? Then I suppose you made it from a photograph," and with a last, lingering look, she departed, evidently quite satisfied.

In an old deed a certain boundary line was described as terminating at "a stump where Daniel Harrington felled William Jones." This reminds the editor of the Green Bag that in the earlier days of the township of North Hatfield, Mass., a road was laid out which was described as "running from Pochang meadow to the stream where old Mr. Doolittle's horse died."

WASHINGTON'S STRENGTH.

Anecdotes Relating to the Physical Training of Our First President.

A tale still current in Washington's old home neighborhood in Virginia recounts how once as a stripling he sat reading under the shade of an oak-tree near his school. Some of his friends had engaged a champion wrestler of the county to test their strength in an impromptu ring. One after another fell a victim to the champion's skill, till, grown bold at last, he strode back and forth like one of the giants of old-time romance, daring the only boy who had not wrestled with him either to put his book down and come into the ring or own himself afraid!

This was more than the self-contained Washington could stand. Quietly closing his book, he accepted the challenge. Long after, when the student under the oak-tree had become the conqueror with whose honored name the whole civilized world resounded, the ex-champion told what followed: "After a fierce, short struggle," he said, "I felt myself grasped and hurled upon the ground, with a jar that shook the marrow of my bones."

With the memory of these boyish encounters in mind, and with all his sympathy for athletic exercises, think what must have been, to Washington, when Commander-in-Chief of the Revolutionary army, to come upon a party of his young officers amusing themselves at a game of "lives," and, in spite of his evident enjoyment of the sport to find them too much overcome withal to go on playing. It was in vain that the General encouraged them to resume their sport; so, at last, feeling that greatness has its drawbacks, he bowed, wished his officers good day, and walked away.

As a horse man, from beginning to end of his vigorous life, Washington had no peer. Like all Virginian boys, he took to the saddle as a duck takes to water. Once astride his steed, it was as if he had been born to the line, and he was as impossible to dislodge him. From the day when as a lad he first rode to hounds after old Lord Fairfax, of Greenway Court, across the empty named for that worthy nobleman, he was a skilled and dashing fox-hunter. In the army, when on horseback, riding down the line, he cheered to the echo by the soldiers, who believed, with a superstition worthy of the ancients, that here was a being born to lead them. He was physically the most imposing figure present. In person, Washington showed in his maturity the fruits of the lifetime he had given to what athletes nowadays call "training." His habits, at all times, were those exacted of a "crew" or "team" of modern days, before the occasions when those heroes appear in public, to fill with despair or exultation the bosoms of their friends. From the Indians of the Shenandoah wilderness, among whom he spent weeks during his first surveying tour, he learned the swift, elastic tread that distinguished him in walking. His powers of endurance were worthy of his extraordinary physical strength, though it must be said he had few illnesses in his constitution, and, indeed, was rarely ailing. It may be some consolation to aspirant heroes of the future to hear, while upon this topic, that Mrs. Washington said it was well the General was so rarely ill, as she could never get him to take his medicine!

Major Lawrence Lewis once asked his uncle what was his height in the prime of life, says Custis. "He replied: 'In my best days, Lawrence, I stood six feet and two inches in ordinary shoes.' Of his weight we are an evidence, having heard him say to Crawford, Governor of Canada, in 1799: 'My weight, in my best days, never exceeded from two hundred and ten, to twenty.' His form was unique. Unlike most athletic frames, which expand at the shoulders and gather in at the hips, the form of Washington deviated from the general rule, since it descended from the shoulders to the hips, and almost precisely similar conversation concerning the shape of the earth with the man who was then (in 1828) Grand Lama. Almost sixty years elapsed between Dr. Erman's visit to our continent, and the doctrine of the sphericity of the earth continued throughout that period to trouble ecclesiastical minds in this remote East Siberian lamasery; and it is not improbable that sixty years hence some traveler from the western world may be asked by some future Grand Lama to give his reasons for believing the world to be a sphere."—George Kennan, in Century.

A NEW PAVEMENT.

India Rubber to Take the Place of Asphalt and Cedar Blocks.

For paving streets, India rubber threatens to enter into competition with asphalt. This new pavement is the invention of Herr Busse, of Linden, Prussia, who has introduced it in Hanover. He used it first in the summer of 1887 for paving the Goethe Bridge, which has a surface of about 1,000 square meters, or 10,754 square feet. The new pavement, it is stated, proved so satisfactory that 1,500 square meters (16,146 square feet) of ordinary carriage-way in the city were paved with it last summer. The Berlin corporation, being favorably impressed with the new pavement, has had a large area paved with India rubber as an experiment, and the magistracy of Hamburg is likewise trying the pavement. It is asserted that the new pavement combined the elasticity of India rubber with the resistance of granite. It is said to be perfectly noiseless, and unaffected either by heat or cold. It is not so slippery as asphalt, and is more durable than the latter. As a covering for bridges, it ought to prove excellent, as it reduces vibration; but a question may be asked as to its cost. The expense must be heavier than that of any known pavement.—Engineering and Building Record.

—Jokes about seal skin saucers are very far-fetched.—Boston Courier.

THE GRAND LAMA.

Mr. George Kennan's Conversation with the Ruler of the Trans-Baikal.

"After dinner I had a long talk with the Grand Lama about my native country, geography, and the shape of the earth. It seemed very strange to find anywhere on the globe, in the nineteenth century, an educated man and high ecclesiastical dignity who had never even heard of America, and who did not feel at all sure that the world is round. The Grand Lama was such a man."

"You have been in many countries," he said to me through an interpreter, "and have talked with the wise men of the West; what is your opinion with regard to the shape of the earth?"

"I think," I replied, "that it is shaped like a great ball."

"I have heard so before," said the Grand Lama, looking thoughtfully away into vacancy. "The Russian officers whom I have met have told me that the world is round. Such a belief is contrary to the teachings of our old Tibetan books, but I have observed that the Russian wise men predict eclipses accurately; and if they can tell beforehand when the sun and the moon are to be darkened, they probably know something about the shape of the earth. Why do you think that the earth is round?"

"I have many reasons for thinking so," I answered; but perhaps the best and strongest reason is that I have been around it."

"This statement seemed to give the Grand Lama a sort of mental shock."

"How have you been around it?" he inquired. "What do you mean by 'around it'?"

"How do you know that you have been around it?"

"I turned my back upon my home," I replied, "and traveled many months in the course taken by the sun. I crossed wide continents and great oceans. Every night the sun set behind my face and every morning it rose behind my back. The earth always seemed flat, but I could not find any where an end or an edge; and at last, when I had traveled more than thirty thousand versts, I found myself again in my own country and returned to my home from a direction exactly opposite to that which I had taken in leaving it. If the world was flat, do you think I could have done this?"

"It is very strange," said the Grand Lama, after a thoughtful pause of a moment. "Where is your country? How far is it beyond St. Petersburg?"

"My country is farther from St. Petersburg than St. Petersburg is from here," I replied. "It lies almost exactly under our feet; and if we could go directly through the earth, that would be the shortest way to reach it."

"Are your countrymen walking around there heads downward under our feet?" asked the Grand Lama with evident interest and surprise, but without any perceptible change in his habitually impassive face.

"Yes," I replied, "and to them we seem to be sitting heads downward here."

"The Grand Lama then asked me to describe minutely the route that we had followed in coming from America to Siberia, and to name the countries through which we had passed. He knew that Germany adjoined Russia on the west, he had heard of British India and of England—probably through Thibet—and he had a vague idea of the extent and situation of the Pacific Ocean; but of the Atlantic and of the continent of America between the two great oceans he knew nothing."

"After a long talk, in the course of which we discussed the sphericity of the earth from every possible point of view, the Grand Lama seemed to be partly or wholly convinced of the truth of that doctrine, and said, with a sigh, 'It is not in accordance with the teachings of our books; but the Russians must be right.'"

"It is a somewhat remarkable fact that Dr. Erman, the only foreigner who had seen the lamasery of Goose Lake previous to our visit, had as almost precisely similar conversation concerning the shape of the earth with the man who was then (in 1828) Grand Lama. Almost sixty years elapsed between Dr. Erman's visit to our continent, and the doctrine of the sphericity of the earth continued throughout that period to trouble ecclesiastical minds in this remote East Siberian lamasery; and it is not improbable that sixty years hence some traveler from the western world may be asked by some future Grand Lama to give his reasons for believing the world to be a sphere."—George Kennan, in Century.

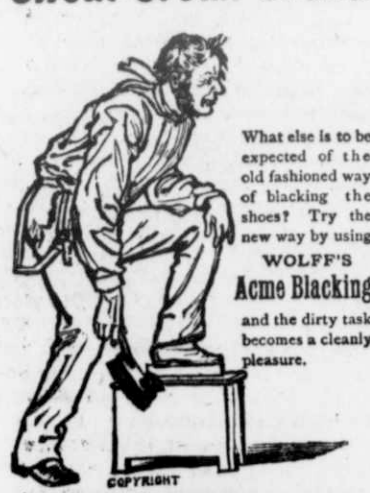
CHANGED TO A TIGER.

A Strange, Weird Tale Related by a Chinese Traveler.

A traveler from the wilds of Kwangsi has told us the following weird story: A native's wife was taken very ill, and before she died she told her husband (with whom she had lived on the best of terms, bearing him one son)—"I have a secret to confide to you, which I never told before for your sake and the child's. When I die do not nail up my coffin, but leave it for a time out on the mountain. Have two live fowls ready in the house, for after I have been dead one hundred days I will return to the realm of living men for a time and come back to our home. Fear not, but if I make toward the child offer me the two fowls and say that you yourself will send the infant, and that I need not be anxious; that between the dead and the living a gulf is fixed, and I should rest among the departed and not come back to trouble the child. I will look at you fixedly for a spell, take the fowls, strangle them and begone, never to return. My body will not lie down again in its coffin, but will be transformed into a living tiger, and, if hereafter you come out in the place and see the clothing lying by the coffin, you will know that my words have come true." Holding her husband's hand she expired. The ghost appeared at due date, did as the living wife had foretold and disappeared in the jungle, and when the man visited the coffin some days after he found the cast-off grave clothes and wept when he thought of their former happy life together and her strange fate. While drinking his tears he saw a tigress stalk from the jungle and he knew it was his wife transformed into a new existence. Gently he stroked its striped back, and with a melancholy roar, it bounded away. No deed of blood was ever known to be wrought by this gentlest of tigresses on the mountain, and the child has grown up and prospers. Truly a strange story.—Hu Pao, of China.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sweat-Groan-Growl.



Wolff's ACME Blacking
REQUIRES NO BRUSH.
Sheds Water or Snow. Shoes can be washed clean, requiring dressing only once a week for men, once a month for women.
It is also an elegant Harness Dressing.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia

ROAD APPLICATION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That in thirty days from the first publication of this notice the undersigned, citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at or near the Gregg Bridge on the Granville and Barton road, running through the lands of E. Merrill, Lochiel Lumber Company, Amos Broadwater, John Broadwater, Henry Weitzel, D. S. Wampler and Jacob Henmans, intersecting the road leading from Granville to Lomax, at the foot of Savage Mountain, a distance of four miles.

AMOS BROADWATER,
JOHN BROADWATER,
ELIAS MERRILL.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President,
G. S. HAMILL, V. President,
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1129

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 18th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	7:41 A. M.
No. 3	10:31 A. M.
No. 5	3:04 P. M.
No. 7	4:35 P. M.

GOING WEST.

No. 8	5:54 A. M.
No. 2	8:40 A. M.
No. 4	3:21 P. M.
No. 6	9:15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

A Rare Chance to

Secure a Home.

FOR SALE.

Several Tracts of Land on

the Hoopole Road, 3

miles from Deer Park

and 6 miles from

Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hoopole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank E. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodes, and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

Have frequently warned persons from putting crockets on my land, along the railroad, and hereby notify all persons who have neglected this warning to immediately remove any crockets that may now be on my land, and in the future to respect this notice and save themselves trouble. I do not intend to be trifled with.

JOHN BRADLEY,
Chieftain, O. Nov. 28, 1888.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Peter F. Nine and others, to begin about 6 miles south of Oakland, on the Oakland and West Union road, and running thence through the lands of John Yutz and William Moon, to the line between the late deceased Charles G. Stahl and John Yutz, and between the lands of Wm. Beckman, late deceased, and Lewis Scollers, then through the lands of Peter F. Nine to the West Virginia line, to intersect the county road near Joshua Bowman's saw mill, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on Tuesday, the 18th day of April, 1889, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
FRANCIS MARTIN,
DAVID SELL, Examiners.

3185

A Disastrous Error.

Rev. Sheridan Baker, in Friend's Expositor.

It is no uncommon thing to hear members of churches acknowledge that they habitually do what they know they ought not to do, and leave undone what they know they ought to do, and at the same time profess the Christian faith and hope. They do not, it is true, profess the highest type of piety, rather wish to be understood as disclaiming that, but, nevertheless, claim a gracious state and a comfortable assurance of the Divine favor. They seem to assume that the churches teach, and that it must be universally allowed, that professors of religion are at liberty to choose certain forms of self-indulgence not too gross, provided they do not profess more than they practice, and avoid all pretensions to the higher phases of spiritual life. They assume, also, that there are scriptural provisions for weak believers to remain weak, and a set of laws and precepts adapted to their self-chosen weakness, allowing them certain licenses which are denied those who choose a closer walk with God. Neither of these assumptions has any foundation in fact, and both are paralyzing the energies and sapping spiritual life from all the churches.

There is not a church in Christendom to-day that can be properly said to teach such errors. True, some teach that believers, because of disabilities entailed by the fall, and not removed this side of death by redemptive provisions, must sin in thought, word, and deed, during life, but not that they may choose and practice wrong-doing at any time or in any thing. And all churches, however scriptural their systems of belief, teach that the purest Christians live unwittingly, at times, depart from the rule of absolute right, and that such departures need the atonement; but they all insist in their creeds, in their religious literature, and from their pulpits, that their members must refuse the wrong and choose the right, however unavailing some of them suppose such refusal and choice must prove in reaching a state and life of holiness in this world. The errorists in question, however, practice certain forms of wrong-doing which they acknowledge are not necessitated by unavoidable disability, but what they think they have a right to choose, provided they profess no higher state of grace. They acknowledge that entirely sanctified believers must not indulge in these practices because of their profession, but as they make no such profession, the practices are compatible with Christian character in them. Even a college professor, not long since, excused himself before the Faculty for some hasty words, on the ground that he made no profession of holiness, though holding the parsonage of an ordained minister of the gospel.

A beautiful and expressive statement of true religious faith is found in Dr. Wheeldon's comments on the sixth chapter of Romans. "The Christian faith," says he, "in its very essence and act, is an utter abandonment of sin, and a most entire and perfect self-surrender to holiness; that is, a self-surrender to Christ, who is the complete embodiment of perfect goodness." The person, therefore, who does not practice "an utter abandonment of sin," at all. Nor can he claim it until he adds to "an utter abandonment of sin," "a most entire and perfect self-surrender to holiness." This is no over-statement of truth; for no penitent ever reached the experience of pardon, until his abandonment of sin was "utter," and his self-surrender to holiness or Christ was "most entire and perfect." "Here, Lord, I give myself to thee," an expression embodying this "utter renunciation" and "self-surrender," has become stereotyped in the Church's instruction to penitents; and a gracious state must be retained upon the same conditions. Now the mass of church-members to day do not claim that they have utterly abandoned sin in every form, and they take some pains to disclaim a "most entire and perfect self-surrender to holiness." They have made the doctrines, precepts, and examples of the New Testament church, "of none effect through their tradition," or substituting their own notions for the teachings of their churches and of Christ.

The other assumption of this ruinous error, that the Scriptures give it quarters, is a delusion and a snare far more baseless than the one examined. The whole trend of Bible teaching is to the effect that believers cannot serve two masters, that righteousness can have no fellowship with unrighteousness, that light can have no communion with darkness, and that Christ can have no concord with Belial. To indulge voluntarily any spiritual uncleanness after adoption, is to forfeit that grace. A choice of any form of known sin is a sure sign of unregeneracy. The renewed man may feel, while the carnal principle or any residuum of it remains, more

How to Boil Cabbage.

We thought we knew, and when our better half said she found in the cooking department of the last Wide Awake the statement that the vegetable could be cooked so that it would be perfectly tender and delicate in half an hour we scouted the idea and laughed it to scorn. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the proof of a statement is in the testing of it. She tried it according to directions. She took some fresh water, about a gallon of it, put in a teaspoonful of baking soda and about the same quantity of salt and put in a kettle on the stove. Then she prepared her cabbage as usual, and, when the water was boiling briskly, she put in the vegetable. In half an hour she took it from the water and drained it. There was hardly any smell perceptible in the house, and the cabbage was the tenderest and sweetest that we have ever eaten, given the stem was cooked so soft that it was almost equal to cauliflower. We advise every housekeeper who cooks cabbage at all to try this plan. 30 minutes long enough, if the cabbage is not put in until the water is well boiling. Boil with the cover off.

or less affinity for some forms of favorite sins, and may be conscious of more or less cravings for certain carnal indulgences, but, so far from choosing the sinful pleasure, it will deplore the existence of the craving. The Scriptures clearly teach that the choice of known sinful pleasures is an alarming element in the life and spiritual state of professing Christians. "For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." It is the "minding" of the flesh and spirit that is everything. It is not going to balls, theatres, beer-gardens, and other objectionable places, sinful acts for which Jesus has atoned, that will exclude from heaven, but the moral state of the heart which chooses such indulgence. As heavenly-mindedness, and not good works, constitutes the saint's passport to the heavenly world, so carnally-mindedness forms the weight that sinks the sinner to the pains and sorrows of endless despair. Hence, no true Christian will foster any sinful disposition by indulgence, but will ardently seek the elimination and removal of all sin from his nature, and will zealously aspire to a state of spiritual affluence and heavenly riches, suited to associations with angels and glorified saints. It is, therefore, one of the fearful omens of these times, that such a body of professed believers, in spite of the teachings of their churches and their Bibles, will insist that they can voluntarily "make crooked paths," leave undone what they know they ought to do, and do what they know they ought not to do, yet insisting that they are pardoned, regenerated, and adopted into the Divine family. The Lord break the delusion. Amen.

The Benefit of Good Roads

The value of good country roads is strikingly illustrated in the case of Madison county, Alabama, of which Huntsville is the county seat. That county has in its limits several macadamized roads, so the people have felt both the need and the blessings of such roads. The Huntsville Mercury says that the result is that the land which has the benefit of the turnpike sells readily for \$50 and \$60 an acre, while that which has no such advantage sells for only \$15 to \$20 an acre. So well convinced are the people of Madison of the value of good roads, that the county has obtained permission from the Legislature of that State to issue its bonds to the extent of \$150,000 for the purpose of building 130 miles of well graded and macadamized roads in its midst, so located as to give the greatest good to the greatest number in the matter of reaching a market.—Baltimore Sun.

A Mistake in the Marriage Fee.

Ministers' marriage fees add much to their incomes during the year in many localities. We are told of a case that occurred in Sussex a short time ago. The minister was about entering the church to preach where a revival meeting was being carried on, when a man stepped up and asked him if he could marry him after the preaching.

"Yes, I guess so," replied the minister.

"What will be your charge?"

"Whatever you think right," said the minister.

"Well, what are you in the habit of receiving?"

"Oh, well," said the minister, "that depends upon the liberality of the person married; and this means some pay large fees and others small ones."

"Well, how will \$1.50 suit?"

"I am satisfied," said the minister, "if it is for you."

"All right," said the prospective groom, "I'll be on hand after the preaching."

And he was, with his bride, and they were married. When he handed the minister a note and a silver half dollar the minister placed the money in his vest pocket without looking at the amount. When he got home he took the money out and found that instead of a one dollar note it was a two dollar note. A week afterward he saw the groom, who asked him if his fee was all right.

"You gave me two and a half," said the minister.

"Yes," said the groom, "I made a mistake and handed you the two dollar note instead of one, but I knew you would make it all right."

And the minister did, handing him back \$1.—Dover (Del.) Sentinel.

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P. DORSEY,
C. J. OFFUTT,
ISAIAH BOUCHER.

ANY ONE CAN DYE

A Dress, or a Coat, Ribbons, Feathers, Yarns, Rags, etc.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles USE DIAMOND PAINTS.

Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents.

Baby Portraits.

A Portfolio of beautiful baby pictures from life, printed on the plate paper by patent photo process, sent free to holder of any Baby born within a year.

Every Mother wants these pictures; send at once. Give Baby's name and age.

W. H. RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

Cleanse the System

With that most reliable medicine—Paine's Celery Compound.

It purifies the blood, cures constipation, and regulates the liver and kidneys, effectually cleansing the system of all waste and dead matters.

DO IT NOW

Paine's Celery Compound

combines true nerve tonic and strengthening qualities, reviving the energies and spirits.

"I have been troubled for some years with a complication of difficulties. After trying various remedies, and not finding relief, I tried Paine's Celery Compound. Before taking one full bottle the long troublesome symptoms began to subside, and I can truly say now, that I feel like a new man. Digestion has improved, and I have gained ten pounds in weight since I have commenced taking the Compound."

HONESTY SPEAKS, Philadelphia, Pa.

\$1.00 Six for \$5.00. At Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Purgative or Narcotic Syrup. Children cry for Castoria. Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Biliousness, Diarrhea, Eruptions, Cures healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CENTRA COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

A Model Newspaper

THE NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS

The Advocate of the Best Interests of the Home—The Enemy of the Saloon—The Friend of American Labor, The Favorite Newspaper of People of Refined Tastes Everywhere.

The New York MAIL AND EXPRESS, the favorite American newspaper of many people of intelligent and cultivated tastes, has recently made some noteworthy improvements, materially increasing its general excellence. It is in the broadest sense

A National Newspaper.

most carefully edited, and adapted to the wants and tastes of intelligent readers throughout the entire country—North, South, East and West. It is a thoroughly clean paper, free from the corrupting, sensational and demoralizing trash, miscolored news, which defiles the pages of too many city papers.

OUR POLITICS.

We believe the Republican party to be the true exponent of the POLITICAL PROGRESS of the American people; and holding that the honest enforcement of its principles is the best guarantee of the national welfare, we shall support them with all our might; but we shall always treat opposing parties with consideration and fair play.

AGAINST THE SALOON.

The MAIL AND EXPRESS is the recognized National organ of the great Anti-Saloon Republic movement. It believes that the liquor traffic as it exists today in the United States is the enemy of society, a fruitful source of corruption in politics, the ally of anarchy, a school of crime, and, with its avowed purpose of seeking to corruptly control elections and legislation, is a menace to the public welfare and deserves the condemnation of all good men.

Send for Sample Copy

They are sent free to all who apply.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Weekly, per year, \$1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. DAILY, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.00; three months, \$1.50; one month, 50 cents.

VALUABLE PREMIUMS are given to all subscribers and agents. We want a good agent in every town and village where we have not one now at work. Send for our Special Circular to Agents and see our liberal offers.

You Can Make Money

by accepting our Cash Commission offers or working for our valuable and popular premiums. Address the MAIL AND EXPRESS, New York City.

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had fourteen years' practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,

33 788 1y Cranesville, W. Va

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 365 acres, about 60 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with the finest WHITE PINE. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, R. & O. R. R. About 200 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing. For particulars and terms, apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER, Swanton, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Best Solid Gold Watch, sold for \$100, until lately, sold for \$150. The watch is a very fine timepiece, with a gold case, and a gold band. It is a very fine timepiece, with a gold case, and a gold band. It is a very fine timepiece, with a gold case, and a gold band.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c., &c. The Frothingham Curative Balm, a delightful ointment for the Hands, Face, Roughness of skin, Pimples, and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Itches and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cents.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturgis' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

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J. F. LEWIS,

33 788 1y Cranesville, W. Va

OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1889.

NUMBER 5.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A FUNNY PROFESSOR.

A funny old professor kept a school for little boys. And he'd romp with them in play-time, and he wouldn't mind their noise; while in his little school-room, with its head against the wall, was a bed of such proportions it was big enough for all.

"It's for tired little pupils," he explained, "for you will find how very wrong indeed it is to force a budding mind; whenever one grows sleepy and he can't hold up his head, I make him lay his primer down and send him off to bed."

"And sometimes it will happen on a warm and pleasant day, when the little birds upon the trees go to sleep; when one grows sleepy and he can't hold up his head, I make him lay his primer down and send him off to bed."

"Then before they're all in dreamland and their funny noises begin, I close the shutters softly so the sunlight can't come in; after which I put the school-books in their order on the shelf, and I take a little nap myself."

MISS DOUGLAS.

How she was stolen by tramps and where she was found. Let us go to the field with Kate; it is so dull in the house!" cried Jack.

Nurse had a great deal to do that day, and thought it would be quite a nice thing to get Kate and Jack and Bess out of the way.

"Will you take care of them Miss Kate, and not let them spoil their clothes?"

"Oh yes," said Kate, who was eight years old. "Let me put your hat on, Bess."

"My doll, too?"

"Yes, we'll take your doll, and give her a swing."

Bess gave a jump—she was glad. Nurse saw them to the door, and then went back to her work.

"Now," said Jack, "here is the swing. My turn first!"

"No girls first!" said small Bess with some pride, as she got upon the seat.

"You are a puss, miss!" cried Jack; "and I shall climb up, too."

"Kate too?" said Bess.

Up got Kate, and a good swing they had. You could have heard them laugh a long way off.

By and by they tired of the swing, and went on through the cool field till they came to a stream.

"It looks so clear; I can see the fish," said Jack. "I shall catch some."

"But the fish can see you," said Kate. "I don't mind if they do. Please give me a pin."

Down sat Jack, and with a stick, a bit of twine, and a bent pin, on which he put a bit of bun he had with him, he tried to catch a fish. Some small fish ate up his bit of bun, and he saw them do it, but he did not catch them.

He still sat there, while Kate and Bess went on to some long grass. Bess lay down, and soon went to sleep. Then Kate went back to Jack, and throw all the crumbs they had left in the stream for the fish to fight for; and a fine fight they had.

Nurse came to the door to call them home to lunch. She had to raise her voice, but they soon heard her, and got up at once.

"Come and fetch Bess," said Kate, and they both ran to the long grass where the wee child had lain down to sleep; but no Bess was there!

"Bess! Bess!" they cried, but no voice was heard in the field.

Nurse came out now, and saw the white face with which Kate ran here and there.

"What is it?" she cried.

"Bess!" was all Kate could say. Nurse got white too now.

"Where did you leave her, Miss Kate?" said nurse in a stern voice.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—One part snot to two parts lard rendered together, is much better for frying purposes, than all lard.

"—One dollar expended in the fruit garden will save two dollars in butcher's and doctors' bills," says an enthusiastic pomologist.

—In moving bees there is no better time than during early spring. The combs are light and the colony the smallest of any time of the year.

—Orange Custard: The yolks of three eggs, beaten quite light, five tablespoonfuls of white sugar, the juice of two and the grated rind of one orange, a little salt and one cupful of cream. Mix all well together; then add the whites, beaten to a stiff froth, stir lightly and bake slowly.

"I would recommend to every farmer," says a Country Gentleman correspondent, "who wishes to know which is best—spring or fall ploughing—to try both ways on his own land, half and half, instead of reading the arguments of writers who live a hundred or a thousand miles away."

—The gizzard of the fowl masticates the food, but this can only be done with the aid of sharp, gritty material. A hen can eat pounded glass with benefit. Many of the ailments of poultry in winter are due to the lack of gritty substances, the birds being compelled to digest unassisted food, which results in indigestion.

—Raw meat chopped fine and fed once a day will produce more eggs than any other food that can be given the hen. One pound of rough meat to fifteen hens is sufficient. The meat should be lean, and, if preferred, may be cooked, but it is not expensive when the increased number of eggs is considered.

—No employer, where there are children on the farm, wants a man, however good a workman he may be, if he uses profane or vulgar language, or is rough to his animals. Such a man will spoil a yoke of oxen or a span of well-trained horses in a single season. The profane or violent man is often the quicker workman, but the slow and decent man will prove the cheaper in the end.—American Agriculturist.

—Graham Pudding: A wholesome dessert may be made by mixing together a tencupful molasses, half a tencupful melted butter, two well beaten eggs, one tencupful milk, a tencupful soda, four tencupfuls Graham flour, half a tencupful salt, a tencupful seeded raisins, and spices to taste. Place in a buttered pan or pudding dish, set in a steamer and keep continuously cooking two and one-half to three hours. Serve with butter and sugar rubbed together, or hot sauce.—Orange Juice Farmer.

—Evergreen Hedges. Estimates of Arbor-Vitae Cedar, White Pine, Tree-Hox, Etc.

Judging by the preference of Western writers, the list of evergreens suited to their climate differs widely from ours on the Atlantic coast. One paper recommends Chinese arbor-vitae and red cedar, neither of which are adapted for hedging with us, and are not especially desirable as ornamental trees. The Chinese arbor-vitae, when planted thickly soon loses its lower branches, and besides, is often quite tender, dying out in spots and irregularly injuring the appearance of the screen or hedge. The red cedar does not take kindly to this service, and rarely forms a slight row of even plants. The common juniper is even worse than either of the foregoing, and should never be used for this purpose. In forming a list of available evergreens for hedging with us, the Norway spruce should be placed first, as the most reliable species for all places, and as easily kept within bounds as any other—resembling a wall of living green when properly pruned, almost impenetrable by birds, thoroughly hardy, and remarkably dense in structure. For general purposes, perhaps the American arbor-vitae should rank next, yet hardly as it is, close planting has a weakening effect on the individual plants, and a severe dry winter will occasionally make gaps in the hedge. The variety known as the Siberian arbor-vitae is of a richer, deeper green than the above, and does not grow quite so tall as the species.

Could the hemlock spruce be depended upon during very cold, windy winters, it would certainly be the evergreen hedge-plant "par excellence," but unfortunately it is liable to be injured, notwithstanding it is a native of the North. Close planting is what does the mischief in this case, as it is responsible for the injury to the arbor-vitae, as previously stated. Among pines, the native Pinus strobus is the most satisfactory species for tall screens or windbreak, bearing the shears with impunity, and disregarding the extremes of cold; in fact, the white pine really forms a beautiful light silver-green barrier when properly cared, so that it may be classed among the ornamental features of a well-kept place. For very low hedges, or rather borders, the different varieties of tree box are admirably suited. In addition to the south which they are presented within proper bounds, their naturally dense structure and deep green, glossy color, are strong incentives to use them more frequently. No plant disregards shaded spots so perfectly as the family of boxus, or box, although there is, of course, a limit to its endurance. The dwarf forms of arbor-vitae make pretty little hedges, but they are not very enduring. Retinopsis obtusa and R. plicata are well adapted for ornamental screens, the price alone being in favor of their general use.—N. Y. Tribune.

—A stout elderly lady was hanging by a strap, regarded with impatient looks by an ungallant dude, who sat looking the head of his cane and did not offer her a seat. A sudden lurch of the car flung the lady upon him with great force. "Say, dish it, don't you know," exclaimed the youth, "you've crushed my foot to a jelly!" "It's not the first time I've made calf-foot jelly," retorted the matron, severely. He vanished and she sat down.

—The child—Miss Bess—is lost!"

"Lost?" said John, in a slow voice; "where did you lose her?"

"Over there in the grass; she went to sleep, and Miss Kate left her, and now she can't be found, poor lamb!" and tears ran down nurse's face.

"See here," said John, as he put his sythe on the branch of a tree, "I must go out on the road a bit. If I can get a lift in a cab, maybe I shall be in time."

"What for?" cried the nurse and poor Kate at the same time.

"I need a tramp come from the house not long since, and she was just mad with the cook, who would not give her more than bread."

"You mean she has been and stole my dear Miss Bess?" said nurse, and the man thought she would faint.

"I don't know. I'll go down the road at once; these tramps all go one way. Don't you fret."

He put on his coat, and went, and was soon out of sight, for a man in a light coat drove him on his way. They had gone half a mile, and John thought the search would be in vain, when he heard a child cry on the other side of the hedge. It did not take long to stop the cart, and for John to make his way to the place the cry came from.

There on the grass lay poor Bess, her wee fat hands tight round her doll's neck. Her nice frock was gone, and her good shoes. She had no hat on, and cried in a sad way.

"Oh, Miss Bess!" said John, as he ran and found her, "don't fret! I'll take you home to nurse and Miss Kate! Come on, my dear!"

The child put her arms round John's neck, and laid her small, wet cheek on his rough coat.

"Nice John! take me home!"

The man in the cart had stood to see if the child was found, and now he drove them home. How Kate and Jack kiss from their dear Bess! No one could bear her out of their sight for a moment, and she could not tell much of what the tramp had done.

"She took my frock and my shoes for her poor girl," said Bess, "and then she ran and left me."

Mr. Grant, who was very fond of his small girls and of Jack, made the men look the gates each day, so that tramps and thieves could not get in.

WASHINGTON'S YOUTH.

The interesting anecdotes told by Parson Weems.

People who have forgotten Washington's battles remember the cherry-tree and his hatchet. Weems started that pleasing tale, and it is so well told, as of a race on foot between George and his neighbor, "Langy Dade."

First, let me tell you—for boys to do this, for the doll, whose head was on the bed by Bess, did not look at all as if she had had such a shock. Her eyes were very wide and very blue, and there was a calm smile on her face.—Minnie Douglas, in Little Folks.

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Wonders of Natural History.

The fly spider lays an egg as long as itself. There are four thousand and four hundred muscles in a caterpillar. Frogs discovered fourteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen times the number of the respiration of a carp, thirteen thousand three hundred arteries, vessels, veins, bones, etc., are necessary. The body of every spider contains four little masses pierced with a multitude of impenetrable holes, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads, to the amount of a thousand to each mass, join together when they come out, and make the single thread with which the spider spins its web; so that what we call the spider's thread consists of more than four thousand united.—N. Y. Ledger.

A Public Benefactor.

"Who is H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., whose Safe Remedies, especially Warner's Safe Cure, have attained such success and celebrity at home and abroad?"

Warner is a native of New York, and has been a member of the Republican State Committee and of the Executive Committee. He is a member of the American Institute for the Advancement of Science; President of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce; a successful and highly business man. He has given away millions in charities. The celebrated and early Warner's Observatory of Rochester was conceived, endowed, and maintained by him. His numerous prizes for the discovery of comets has been at once the wonder and delight of the scientific world.

The yellow fever epidemic in the South, the Ohio floods, the ice disasters of Rochester and other cities awakened his profound sympathy and in each instance he has checked for from \$500 to \$1000 the several relief funds. Where other wealthy men give tens and hundreds, he gives hundreds and thousands.

His charities are as ready and magnificent as his enterprises and public spirit are boundless.

The world has need of more such men. An incident led him into the manufacture of medicine. Seized some twenty years ago with what the ablest physicians termed fatal kidney disease, he was miraculously restored to health by what is now known as Warner's Safe Cure. At once he resolved to make known the merits of so potent a remedy, and the consequence is that to-day he has immense laboratories and warehouses in the United States, Canada, England, Germany, Australia and Russia. Sales of his Safe Remedies are enormous, and their power over disease simply marvellous.

The merit of a production is in exact keeping with the character of its producer. An honest and reliable man himself, Mr. Warner makes honest and reliable medicine. Such a fact abundantly attested by their phenomenal success and popularity.

Half a century has elapsed since Congress appropriated \$1,000 toward compiling agricultural statistics by the large importation of breadstuffs shipped to America that year.

Trips Undertaken for Health's Sake.

Will be rendered more beneficial, and the fatigues of travel counteracted, if the voyager will take along with him Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and use that protective and enabling tonic, nerve invigorant and appetizer regularly. Inquiries in air and water are neutralized by it, and it is a matchless tranquilizer and regulator of the stomach, liver and bowels. It cures malaria, rheumatism, and tendency to kidney and bladder ailments.

An empty freight car which was carried off in the Mississippi cyclone of three years ago has just been found in a swamp ten miles from the spot where it was picked up.

The Two Dakotas—South and North.

Public attention is now more than ever directed to these two new States of the Union. Climate, soil, and opportunities for investment of capital and enterprise are everywhere the same. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company, which has lines of its own in both South and North Dakota, has just issued an illustrated pamphlet, entitled "What Facts About Dakota," containing numerous letters from farmers and others which are well worth reading, and show the results of such water's personal experience in the Northwest, and convey a great deal of valuable information to those seeking new homes in South and North Dakota.

For a free copy of this pamphlet address A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

In watering, wait until the plants show that they need it, then give copiously. Hanging baskets are best watered by plunging them into a pail of water.

All cases of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc., of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

The total appropriations made by the Fifty-third Congress amounted to \$31,875,000, of which was on pension account.

Do not purge nor loosen the bowels, but act specially on the liver and bile. A perfect liver corrector. Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Mr. J. H. Corcoran, of New York and San Francisco in one hundred and thirteen hours.

A FINE portrait of Mrs. Cleveland has lately been placed in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington.

FOR CHICKEN CHOLERA.

419 Huron St.,
Ebeoygan,
Wis. Nov. 12,
1884.

I have used St. Jacobs Oil for chicken cholera with great success. Every few days affected with the disease was cured by it and \$1.00 was saved on each account.

I recommend it as a sure cure. It has saved the many dollars.

Brother of Fine Fowls.

Diamond Vera-Cura FOR DYSPESIA.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR INDIGESTION AND ALL Stomach Troubles Affecting the System.

Your Druggist or General Dealer will get Vera-Cura for you if not already in stock. Sample on receipt of 25 cents. 12 boxes \$1.75 in stamps. Sample on receipt of 25 cents.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, or Anti-bilious Granules, are Laxative or Cathartic, according to size of dose.

FOR SKIN DISEASES. A POSITIVE CURE!

Of diseases of the skin there are some 12 or 15 classes, in each class from two to four varieties. These are either the result of stomach, liver or kidney difficulties, and for a cure depend upon a healthy action of these organs.

ERYSIPELAS, OR ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE is the result of an impure condition of the blood, and for a cure depends, primarily, upon the condition of the stomach, liver and bowels, and, secondarily, upon the condition of the blood as manufactured by these organs.

HIBBARD'S RHEUMATIC SYRUP, containing Fok, Burdock, Mandaraka, cucumber's Root and others of the blood remedies, very carefully and scientifically compounded, strikes at the root of the evil and eradicates the disease, whether of Scrofulous, Rheumatic or Syphilitic taint.

HIBBARD'S RHEUMATIC SYRUP NEVER FAILS.

Always in season—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. Procure it of your druggist or send direct to us. Price, \$1.00; 6 bottles, \$5.00; Plasters, 25c; Pills, 25c.

A Whole Family Cured.

My wife, and I, and four months old, and boy five years old, have suffered with Scrofula or King's Evil, it being hereditary. They would at times break out in sores. I have employed the best physicians without the least benefit. We have used fourteen bottles of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and to my astonishment we are all well. Would exact directions how highly we value your medicine.

JOHN HUBBARD, JR.,
Dealer in groceries and provisions.

No remedy known so highly endorsed by its home people. Our Medical Pamphlet, treating on all diseases, sent free on application.

RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO.,
JACKSON, Mich.

HIBBARD'S IMPROVED.

My little boy has been troubled with a severe type of Skin Disease, with intense itching and burning, which constantly grew worse until his face was covered with sores. Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup completely cured him, and his skin is as clear and smooth as ever.

83 Summit St., Rochester, N. Y.

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ERYSIPELAS, OR ST. ANTHONY'S

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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address, not necessarily for publication, but
as a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected
communications will not be returned.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1889.

Gen. Sherman made a special re-
quest that his old enemy, Gen. Joseph
E. Johnson, be retained as commis-
sioner of railroads, and the Presi-
dent has complied with it. General
Johnson is eighty-two years of age.

The Court of Appeals of Maryland
lately rendered an opinion that where
a written instrument has once been
executed no subsequent conversation
or verbal agreement between the par-
ties can alter the terms of such agree-
ment. This settles a long contested
point and it would be well for people
generally to remember it.

Wouldn't wonder if it turned out
just so. It is said in Washington
that if half the professed Republicans
now applying for office stick to the
ticket this fall, Maryland will go 30-
000 against Democracy. Some of the
most sudden and remarkable conver-
sions are noticeable.—*Laurel Free
Quill.*

The Democratic leaders of Mary-
land have heard the ground-swell of
popular discontent, and they propose
to begin at once the work of re-estab-
lishing harmony and confidence.
Therefore, the meeting of the State
Central Committee which Hon.
Stevenson Archer has called for next
Wednesday, the signs of disunity
in the Democratic ranks are too
manifest to be ignored, and the party
bosses are wise in recognizing the
exigency that is upon them. The
next campaign in Maryland ought to
be a very lively one.—*Balto. Herald.*

Captain Hayden, of Oakland, Gar-
rett county, Md., is an applicant for
the postoffice of that place, and he is
well endorsed, but it will be neces-
sary to have Mr. McCormick's recom-
mendation in order to get the ap-
pointment. The Postoffice Depart-
ment will adhere to the rule of ap-
pointing persons recommended by
Republican Congressmen of the dis-
trict.—*Washington Correspondent
Baltimore Herald.*

We cannot imagine where the cor-
respondent obtained his information,
for we are not an applicant, have not
been endorsed, and would not accept
the appointment under any circum-
stances.

Just about this time of the year we
will see in a good many Democratic
organs much talk about reform. The
oyster law needs reforming; the
school law needs change; we will
make the commissioners elective and
give trustees the privilege to ap-
point assistants; we will do great
things in the newspapers until nomi-
nating time.—*Oakland REPUBLICAN.*

We have heard nothing like that
in this county—that is, no talk of
changing the school law.

Indeed, it is said here that it can't
be changed—that the oligarchy in
possession of the system is outside
the legislative, judicial and execu-
tive triad, and as independent and
supreme in its sphere as old Nick.—
Frostburg Journal.

Unfortunate for the Party.

NEW YORK, April 1.—The Times
(Independent Democrat) this morn-
ing quotes the editorial of the *Com-
mercial Gazette* on the rejection of
Mr. Halstead and then says: "We
are bound to say that we believe this
statement to be substantially correct.
It would be possible to render a more
satisfactory and trustworthy judg-
ment concerning it if the proceedings
of the Senate were not wrapped in
secrecy and the words, as well as
votes, of the Senators screened from
public scrutiny. That is at once a
misfortune and a disgrace, but the
Senators who are now for a second
time held up to reprobation and con-
tempt for the conduct growing out of
the Payne scandal are not, from the
very fact of the secrecy in which they
hide, entitled to the benefit of any
doubt that may arise from lack of
knowledge. They cannot complain
if they are judged by the known facts.
The known facts are all against them.
Half that is made in their be-
half—that they were governed by
disinterested motives by the abstract
standard of temperate judgment and
expression demanded in a diploma-
tist which would be available if they
had applied that standard in other
cases. That they have not done. On
the contrary they have distinctly

valued it. The motive of private and
personal revenge is adequate to ex-
plain their conduct, and none other
is. It must be noted also that they
have acted against the interests of
their party as they have usually in-
terpreted those interests. They have
rejected a nomination made by the
own President of a man of undoubt-
ed political influence and ability in a
State that is and must be for some-
time a doubtful State. But they have
done more than this. They have
justified a general suspicion as to the
purity of the Senate. They have
reason for the opinion that there are
enough Republican Senators to turn
the scale on any question, who are
actuated by motives that are not hon-
orable, and that these motives are
strong enough to overcome party
fidelity and to break down party
discipline. This opinion will certainly
be held largely in Ohio, and it will
be spread with the greatest zeal and
persistence by the most popular
newspaper in that State. It cannot
but have a very considerable influ-
ence upon the fortunes of the party
there and it will have a decided in-
fluence upon public opinion through-
out the country."

Sweet into Eternity.

WASHINGTON, March 30.—The fol-
lowing cable dispatch, confirming the
reported loss of United States and
German war vessels in Samoan
waters, was received at the navy de-
partment this morning:

AUCKLAND, March 30, 1889.

To Secretary Navy, Washington, D. C.
Hurricane at Apia on March 15.
Every vessel in the harbor on shore
except the English man-of-war Cal-
iope, which got to sea.

The Trenton and Vandalia are a
total loss.

The Nipsic is beached, rudder gone
and may be saved, but chance is
against it. Will send her to Auck-
land, if possible.

The Vandalia lost four officers and
thirty-nine men, namely:

Capt. Schoonmaker, Paymaster
Arms, Lieutenant of Marines Sutton,
Pay Clerk John Roche, Henry
Baker, Warren Brisbane, William
Brown, Quartermaster Michael Ca-
shen, Michael Craig, Benj. F. Da-
vis, Thomas C. Downey, Magnus
Erickson, S. C. Ghiring, Adolph
Goldner, George Gorman, Fathan B.
Green, Joseph Griffin, E. M. Ham-
mar, C. Hawkins, W. Howat, Frank
Jones, George Jordan, W. H. Joseph,
John Kelly, Thomas Kelley, N.
Kinsella, C. P. Kratzer, Charles
Kraus, Frank Lessman, George Me-
rize, Aymer Montgomery, Thomas
Riley, H. P. Stalman, C. E. G. Stan-
ford, John Sims, G. H. Wells, John
Millford, Henry Wintet, Ah Kow,
Ah Peck, Pending, Techor. The
Nipsic lost seven men, namely:—
George W. Callan, John Gili, Joshua
Heap, Thomas Johnson, David Kel-
leher, Henry Pontell, William Wat-
son.

All were saved from the Trenton.
The Trenton's and Vandalia's crews
are on shore the Nipsic's on board.

All stores possible were saved. The
German ships Adler and Eber are
total losses. The Olga is beached,
and may be saved.

German losses are ninety-six.
The dispatch from Auckland, New
Zealand, to the effect that three
American and four German naval
vessels were wrecked by a hurricane
at Samoa on March 16, caused a great
sensation among the officers stationed
at the Brooklyn navy yard. Several
of them were interviewed this morn-
ing by a reporter, and the general
impression among them was that the
story was untrue or greatly exagger-
ated.

Commodore Ramsay, Commodore
Green, Lieut. Lillie and other of the
officers could not credit the dispatch
published in the morning papers, as
they considered it remarkable that
the number of the lost was given
without the names.

They thought it strange that the
same vessel which brought the news
to Auckland had not also brought
dispatches from the surviving offi-
cers to the navy department.

When they learned, however, that
the report of the disaster had been
fully confirmed by additional dis-
patches there was consternation.

The loss of Captain Schoonmaker,
of the Vandalia, was much deplored
as he was well known and well liked
by all. He comes from Kingston, on
the Hudson river, and his father is
Judge Schoonmaker, of the inter-
state railroad commission.

The Trenton, Vandalia and Nipsic
under command of Rear Admi-
ral Kimberly, of the Pacific squad-
ron. The Trenton and Vandalia were
sent a month ago to Apia to re-
inforce the Nipsic after receipt of
news that hostilities between Ger-
many and the United States were
likely to occur.

The Vandalia was a third rate
wooden ship, built in 1873. Her dis-
placement was 2,080 tons. She had
one eight-inch rifle and six nine-inch
smooth-bore guns. She was ship
rigged. Her speed was twelve knots.

Her armament was carried on a single
open deck between the forecastle and
poop, there being no stern chase
gun, except one light Parrott
mounted above the forecastle.

The Nipsic, which may have been
saved, was a third-rater, built in 1873.
She carried six nine-inch smooth-
bore guns, one eight-inch gun and
one six-pound rifle. Her displace-
ment was 1,300 tons and her speed
twelve knots per hour. She was
bark rigged and spread 1,769 yards of
canvas.

The Adler was a composite ar-
mored gun vessel of 884 tons dis-
placement and 724 indicated horse-
power. She carried two fifteen cen-
timetre and two twelve centimetre
breech-loading rifle guns. She was
launched in 1883.

The Olga, a wood and iron ar-
mored corvette, built in 1880, had
a displacement of 2,169 tons and en-
gines of 2,397 indicated horse-power.
She carried eight fifteen centimetre,
two eight centimetre and eleven four
centimetre breech-loading guns.

The Eber was a large wooden ship
about the same type as the Olga.

"Corporal" Tanner, of New York,

James Tanner, of Brooklyn, the
new Commissioner of Pensions, was
born at Cobleskill, Schoharie coun-
ty, New York, in 1843. When a boy
he worked on his father's farm and
attended the district school. At the
age of seventeen he was selected as
village school teacher. One year
later he enlisted as a private and
went to the front. He participated
with McClellan's Army of the Potomac
on the Peninsula, and was made
corporal. In the summer of 1862,
while engaged in covering Pope's re-
treat, August 31, at the second battle
of Bull Run a shell bursting over
him lacerated both legs, which were
amputated. When Abraham Lincoln
was dying Tanner, who was then a
clerk in the War Department at
Washington, was summoned to the
sick room of the President to take
down in short hand certain testi-
mony in reference to the assassina-
tion. He was admitted to the bar in
1869, and was appointed the same
year to a custom house clerkship.
Mr. Tanner was a Deputy Collector
under General Arthur. He was four
times appointed Collector of Taxes of
Brooklyn.

Tanner was a candidate for Regis-
ter in 1876, but was defeated. Six
years ago he left his party ticket in
a race for Sheriff, but failed of election.
He is a post commander of the De-
partment of New York, G. A. R.,
and has been an active member of
the National Committee on Pensions
of the Grand Army.

Ordered to Samoa.

WASHINGTON, April 1.—The Navy
Department is making every effort
to secure an adequate representation
at Samoa. Orders were sent out to-
day to have the Richmond, Alert and
Adams sent to Apia at the earliest
practicable moment.

The Alert is at Honolulu all ready
to sail when she calls and provisions,
and can reach Samoa in a month or
40 days. The Richmond is not in
such a favorable place, being at pre-
sent in the river Rio Del La Plata, on
the east coast of South America, and
must go around Cape Horn.

The Adams is under repair at the
Mare Island, Cal., Navy-yard. Ten
days or two weeks will serve to com-
plete the repairs, and after a few days
additional consumed in taking in
stores and coal she may sail on her
voyage, which will take about a
month.

The Yantic, now at Brooklyn, will
be ready to sail on the 10th instant,
probably to relieve the Richmond.

Last year the total imports of the
Central and South American repub-
lics amounted to the enormous sum
of \$450,000,000, of which the United
States furnished only 11 per cent,
while England and Germany fur-
nished nearly all the rest. A trade
of this colossal size is well worth try-
ing for by this country, especially
since it can furnish the South Amer-
ican States with what they want at
as cheap, if not cheaper rates than its
English and German competitors
while taking in exchange largely
goods from those countries.

An Arkansas legislator thus nomi-
nated a young lady for enrolling
clerk: "I shall not say that the one
I name is as beautiful as the angels
are, but I will say that if angels look
like the lovely maiden, whose name
I put in nomination, the angels are
beautiful indeed." Veteran politi-
cians agree that they never heard of
a candidate placed in nomination so
beautifully. Unfortunately she was
defeated.

An angry subscriber (to editor)—
"I'm mad all the way through, and
I want my paper stopped!" "Yes,
sir; do you want to pay what you
owe?" "No; I am not mad enough
for that!"

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, April 1st, 1889.

The President is very much vexed,
and most Republicans think he has
a good right to be, on account of the
Senate's rejection of the nomination
of Murat Halstead, editor of the Cin-
cinnati *Commercial Gazette*, to be
minister to Germany. A few Repub-
lican Senators, on account of personal
ill will towards Mr. Halstead, joined
the Democrats under the leadership
of "Standard Oil" Payne, of Ohio,
and succeeded in bringing about this
rejection of the appointment. It will
be strange if they do not all live to
regret their action. And it will be
stranger still if the Republican edi-
tors of the country do not resent this
attempt on the part of certain Sena-
tors to establish a Senatorial censor-
ship of the press, for there is no use
to mince matters, that is just what
the rejection of Mr. Halstead means.
He was not rejected because of his
inability to fill the position to which
he was appointed with credit to him-
self, the Republican party and the
country, but because in the conduct
of his paper he has seen fit to express
his honest convictions in its editorial
columns, of certain things affecting
certain Senators, particularly those
who are generally believed to owe
their seats to questionable practices.
When the people of this country ap-
prove of the punishment of fearless
editors like Halstead, if such a time
shall ever come, the days of a Repub-
lican form of Government in the
United States will be numbered. It
is to such men as he that the masses
always look to expose corruption in
high places, and God forbid that the
day shall ever come when they shall
look in vain.

Two Democratic Senators, Black-
burn and Call voted for the confir-
mation of Mr. Halstead, and Mr.
Blackburn made a strong speech in
favor of it, but they could not break
the hold "Standard Oil" Payne had
on their Democratic colleagues. The
following Republicans voted against
Mr. Halstead: Everts, Ingalls, Plumb
and Teller. Senators Stanford, Ste-
wart, Jones and Cullum did not vote
at all although it is openly stated that
they would have voted against con-
firmation had their votes been neces-
sary to reject.

The news of the total loss during a
hurricane at Apia, on the Samoan
islands, on March 15th, of the U. S.
Steamers Trenton and Vandalia and
the partial wrecking of the Nipsic, to-
gether with the drowning of 46 offi-
cers and Seamen, has cast a gloom
over Washington. Owing to the ac-
cident caused about the blowing up of
the Nipsic, this news received little
credence when it was first received
here, on Saturday. But later, Secretary
Tracy, of the Navy, received a
cablegram from Admiral Kimberly
giving particulars and a list of the
men drowned. It is truly, as the
President says, a national calamity,
and this country could ill afford to
lose two, and possibly three, of its
vessels of war, to say nothing of the
lives of the gallant men who perished
in the storm. Better that we had
never heard of the insignificant but
troublesome Samoan islands.

The following is a list of the most
important nominations made by the
President since my last letter: John
T. Abbott, of New Hampshire, to be
Minister to Columbia; E. H. Terrell,
of Texas, to be Minister to Belgium;
Robt. Adams, of Pennsylvania, to be
Minister to Brazil; L. B. Minier, of
California, to be Minister to the Cen-
tral American States; W. L. Scruggs,
of Georgia, to be Minister to Ven-
ezuela; W. O. Bradley, of Con-
necticut, to be Minister to Corea; G.
Chandler, of Kansas, to be First As-
sistant Secretary of the Interior;
Geo. L. Sharp, of Idaho, to be Gov-
ernor of that Territory; E. J. Curtis,
of Idaho, to be Secretary of the same;
Robt. T. Lincoln, of Illinois, to be
Minister to England; Murat Hal-
stead, of Ohio, to be Minister to Ger-
many; Allen Thorndike Rice, of
New York, to be Minister to Russia;
Patrick Egan, of Nebraska, to be
Minister to Chili; Thomas Ryan, of
Kansas, to be Minister to Mexico;
John Hicks, of Wisconsin, to be Min-
ister to Peru; Geo. B. Loring, of
Massachusetts, to be Minister to
Portugal; F. E. Warren, of Wyom-
ing, to be Governor of that Territory,
and B. F. White, of Montana, to be
Governor there.

The President has unofficially notifi-
ed the Senate that after tomorrow
he should make no more nomi-
nations for the present, so that the ad-
journment will certainly take place
this week.

Mrs. Harrison is said to be suffering
from an aggravated case of homesick-
ness. She does not find the White
House as pleasant a place to live in
as her old home in Indianapolis.

"Corporal" Tanner, the new Com-
missioner of Pensions, has been hold-
ing almost a continuous reception
ever since he took charge of the Pen-
sion office. He has recommended a
number of changes among the chiefs

of divisions in that office to Secretary
Noble, but he says that no ordinary
clerk will be removed except for
cause.

A memorial from Union soldiers
has been presented to the Senate,
asking that honorably discharged
soldiers be exempt from the civil
service examination.

Decision in a Pension Case.

Assistant Secretary Bussey, of the
Interior Department, has rendered a
decision in what is known as the
Ammerman pension case, in which
he overrules that of his predecessor,
Judge Hawkins. The question in the
case was whether or not the
claimant was in the line of his duty
when he received the injuries for
which he claimed a pension. This
question of "line of duty" is one of
the most difficult problems which the
adjudicator of a pension case has to
solve, and upon the precedent estab-
lished in the Ammerman decision
quite a number of similar cases have
been rejected by the bureau that will,
it is thought, now have to be admit-
ted.

Ammerman was a soldier in a reg-
iment of Ohio Volunteers, and one
day in the fall of 1863 was standing
in front of his tent. Several of the
men were engaged in a general frolic
near by, and one of them, leaving
the others, came up to Ammerman
and engaged him in conversation.
While his attention was thus attract-
ed another knelt down behind him
and his comrade pushed the soldier
backward, after the fashion of small
boys. Ammerman broke several
bones around his shoulders, and has
since suffered greatly from the injury.
The claim was rejected on the ground
that the injury was not received
while the soldier was in the line of
his duty, and that, therefore, he was
not entitled to a pension.

The case was appealed and several
arguments were made before Assis-
tant Secretary Hawkins both in favor
of the claim and against it. He de-
cided in June, 1886, that the rejection
by the commissioner of pensions
should stand, and the case was en-
tered in the bureau's book of leading
cases as exemplifying the principle
that "the proximate cause of the in-
jury must pertain to and have a di-
rect connection with service and the
line of duty in order to give title to
pension." Inasmuch as Ammerman
was not engaged in play himself, and
was not in any way transgressing any
of the ordinary rules of camp life, he
still claimed that his case was good.
He argued that if he had not been in
the service he should not have been
in a position to have been hurt, and
although his injury was not the di-
rect result of one of the conditions of
warfare, he was truly in the line of
his duty when he was injured. The
ruling of the Department was on the
line that the government should not,
in the administration of the pension
laws, be held as an insurer against
every kind of peril. Mr. Bussey re-
versed the ruling of the office in this
case and ordered the claim of Am-
merman admitted. His position was
that the claimant's injury was con-
nected as a result with his military
service, in that the service placed him
in a position where, without fault on
his part, he received his hurt. Am-
merman, it is said, will now receive
a large sum as arrears pension.

A Tower of Babel.

When the news was first published
that Minneapolis, Minn., was to have
a twenty-eight-story building, many
persons disbelieved it, but the scheme
is about to materialize.
The plan shows the outline of 728
rooms, all of which open from the in-
terior court, and every one of which
has a window in the exterior wall.
The plans are drawn for a building
80 feet square at the level of the side-
walk, and tapering a little toward
the top, which gives it the general
appearance of a lofty tower with al-
most countless loopholes.

The court within is scheduled to
be 40x40 and in the middle of it six-
teen elevators are outlined to lift the
tenants to their offices in the sky.
The building will be 350 feet high
and perfectly fire-proof, being of iron
with a thin veneering of brick or
terra cotta.

The New York *Daily Graphic*
says: A few Democratic papers are
beginning to see the folly of West
Virginia Democrats in trying to steal
the Governorship of that state on ad-
mitted technicalities. The Brooklyn
Eagle is one of this type of journals
and openly declares its belief that
General Goff is as much entitled to
the Governorship as Mr. Cleveland
was to the electoral vote of the State.
It advises that West Virginia Demo-
crats recognize him as Governor, and
further says that "on the admitted
facts, President Harrison should or-
der the officials of the Federal Gov-
ernment, in any dealings which that
Government may have with the offi-
cials of the Commonwealth of West
Virginia, to recognize and deal with
Nathan Goff as Governor of West
Virginia." That is very fair and
sound and sensible advice.

An Avenging Brother.

ST. PAUL, MINN., April 1.—The
news of the killing of eleven Indians
in Dakota by a trapper has just reach-
ed here. Two weeks ago M. A. and
T. R. Williams, brothers, of Wash-
burn, Dak., started on a hunting and
trapping expedition along the Little
Missouri and Great Muddy rivers.
They found a deserted cabin and
went into camp. Upon the following
morning they put out thirty beaver
traps. The traps were set on Indian
land and the boys knew it. On the
second morning after the traps were
set it was found that they had been
visited and the game taken out. One
of the boys resolved to watch and see
what became of the game. The traps
were set again and "Tom" volunteer-
ed to act as spy. His brother, who
was an old cowboy and Indian fight-
er, was alarmed at first; but, think-
ing there was danger from the reds,
who had always been peaceful, went
off to the cabin, leaving his brother
on the banks of the stream. Some
time during the night he was awak-
ened by several shots fired in close
proximity to the cabin, and sprang
out of bed to see his brother fall
across the doorway, a corpse. The
cabin was surrounded at once by the
redskins to the number of fifteen.
Williams saw at a glance that his
brother was dead, and what he want-
ed was revenge. The reds, knowing
that but one man stood between them
and a big catch of beaver pelts, rush-
ed up to the cabin door, firing at ran-
dom. Williams remained unharmed,
and, taking a Colt's navy in either
hand, opened upon the Indians. His
aim was sure, and every shot spoke
the death of a redskin. Ten shots had
been fired by the lone man, and ten
Indians lay dead. A panic seized
the five who remained, and they
turned to beat a hasty retreat. Close
by the door stood a double barrel
shotgun, heavily loaded with buck-
shot, and as the five Indians ran
down the river bank both barrels
were emptied at them. One man
fell mortally wounded, but the other
four got away. Williams, wounded
as he was, managed to bury his
brother on the banks of the Little
Missouri, and to drift down the river
amid the ice to Fort Stevenson.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS SWAN'S SCHOOL.

—FOR—

YOUNG LADIES AND GIRLS.

Will enter upon his Third Term April 1st, 1889.
French, Drawing, and Singing included in
the general course. Terms, \$6.00 per day pa-
per, \$20.00 in advance for week, board and
\$20.00 per year (\$60 in advance). The carriage
will leave the bank and stand near the "Bal-
timore store" at 815 A. M.

For particulars, address—
Miss E. R. SWAN,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.
With Mr. Auburn In-
stitute, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel J. Miller, et al., No. 47 Equity. In
the Circuit Court for
Joel J. Miller, et al., J. Garrett County.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett
County, in Equity, this 2nd day of April,
A. D. 1889, that the sale made and re-
ported in the above cause by Frederick A.
Thayer and Edward H. Sinec, Trustees, be
ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the con-
trary thereof be shown on or before the 23rd day
of April next, provided a copy of this order be
published in some newspaper published in
the town of Oakland, once a week, for three
successive weeks prior to the 23rd day of
April, A. D. 1889.

The report states the amount of sale to be
\$1.00.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Estate of David T. Percy, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the sub-
scriber, of Allegany Co., Maryland, hath
obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett
county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration
on the personal estate of
DAVID T. PERCY,
late of Allegany Co., deceased. All persons
having claims against the deceased are re-
quired to exhibit the same, with the vouch-
ers thereof legally authenticated, to the sub-
scriber, on or before the 10th day of Octo-
ber next; they may otherwise by law
be excluded from all benefits of said estate.
Given under my hand this 2nd day of April,
1889.

DAVID W. SLOAN,
Cumberland, Md.

ORDER NISI.

In the Matter of the Deed of Trust from John
W. Lee and Emily J. Lee, his wife, to Fred-
erick A. Thayer & Edward H. Sinec,
Trustees.

No. 399 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Gar-
rett county.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Gar-
rett county, in Equity, this 2nd day of
March, A. D. 1889, that the sale made and re-
ported in the above cause by Frederick A.
Thayer and Edward H. Sinec, Trustees, be
ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the con-
trary thereof be shown on or before the 23rd
day of April next, provided a copy of this
order be published in some newspaper pub-
lished in the town of Oakland, once a week
for three successive weeks prior to the 23d
day of April, A. D. 1889.

The report states the amount of sale to be
\$10.00.

True copy—Test:
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

3303 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the
undersigned, appointed by the County Com-
missioners of Garrett county, to view the
lands through which the road petitioned for
by George Frazee and others, beginning at a
point along the Morgantown road west of
Edward Frazee's, and running thence over
the lands of George Frazee North 8 degrees
West (North 8 degrees West) to the North-
west corner of George Frazee's meadow,
thence over Kim Frazee's lands along the
foot hill to a stake, thence to the upper end
of the graveyard, thence to the County Road,
thence over the lands of George Frazee and
Ohio Speelman along the hill side at a reason-
able distance from the location of railroad,
along the river bank to the West end of
Guard's bridge, and examine whether the
said petitioned road should be located, will
meet on the premises on Monday, the 23d day
of April, 1889, and determine whether the
public convenience requires said location of
said petitioned road, and if so locate the same
and perform their duty in the premises.

BENJAMIN H. GREEN,
THOMAS H. CUPPETT,
JOSEPH DEWITT,
Examiners.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in Sturges' Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.
ALTA LODGE, No. 24, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.
The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the same Hall Friday night of each week and Sunday afternoon.
SHEALTHEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.
PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. O. H., meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

NOTICE:

W. H. HAGANS, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—100 bushel seed buckwheat for sale at Correll's.

—If you want a first class plow or farmers shoe, go to S. L. Townshend & Son.

—Flour, corn meal, bacon, clover and timothy seed, at rock bottom prices, at Correll's.

—If you want clothing for Men and Boys go to S. L. Townshend & Son.

—Don't forget that you have a full and complete line of shoes from which to select, at Correll's.

—M. L. Scott has just opened a complete stock of Spring and Summer Millinery Goods, also new stock of Fine Shoes.

—If you want good shoes for men, women and children, go to S. L. Townshend & Son, they keep the best.

—G. M. Mason at the Oakland Mill has for sale in any quantity Flour, Meal, Middlings, all kinds of Chop, Feed, Hay, Grain, &c. 3303

—S. L. Townshend & Son have a full line of Gentlemen's, Ladies, Boys and Children's genuine Milwaukee oil grain shoes guaranteed, at bottom prices.

—Feltz & Co. will open their Fruit and Vegetable Store, in the Brooks building, Friday, March 29. Headquarters for all kinds of garden seeds, and vegetables in season, fresh fish, &c., &c. 3304t.

—Do you know that John Shartzer always sold the cheapest goods in Oakland? Do you know that John Shartzer is with Jamesson & Shartzer? Do you know that Jamesson & Shartzer will sell just as cheap as John Shartzer ever did?

—If you want a full line of Men's and Boys' hats to select from, go to S. L. Townshend & Son.

—I am now prepared to offer my customers and all who desire to take advantage of this opportunity, a full line of dry goods, notions, &c., and also shoes, boots, and clothing at the lowest prices. Muslins by the quantity, Satines, cashmeres, &c. Come and examine goods before buying elsewhere.

W. C. L. CORRELL.

—Lieut. R. M. G. Brown, the executive officer of the Trenton, which survived the terrible storm at Apia, Samoa, is the well-known son-in-law of ex-Senator Henry G. Davis. His home is at Kingwood, from which place he was appointed to the Naval Academy. He telegraphed Mrs. Brown from Auckland, New Zealand, that he was safe.

—Go to S. L. Townshend & Son for pure and clean timothy and clover seed. 464

—Terra Alta is to have water works. A well is to be sunk on the hill at the head of Main Street. A reservoir is to be built with a capacity of 4,000 gallons; a wind mill to pump the water into the reservoir is to be purchased; the water to be conducted through pipes to the junction of Main and State streets, and from there, by the same means, east, south and west into dwellings, stores, &c.

—S. L. Townshend & Son have a large supply of clean and pure timothy and clover seed at close prices.

—The many friends of Mrs. James Chisholm will be interested in the accompanying extract of a letter from Baltimore just received: "I called on Mrs. Chisholm at the Women's Hospital on Wednesday. She is almost perfectly well, is able to walk all about the house, and has been out for a short walk; but the doctor will not let her drive, and wants her to stay until she is yet stronger and better able to bear the journey. She was very glad to see some one from home, and told me that every one had been so kind to her; the doctors and nurses doing everything possible for her comfort in the kindest manner."

Fine Stallion for Sale.

I offer my fine young stallion for sale. He is a beautiful black, weighing 1250 pounds. He is a fine worker in harness. He has a large number of the best colts (one, two and three years old) to the neighborhood. This is one of the finest and most desirable stallions in the county.

Call on address
M. MARONEY,
Oakland, Md.
3304t

—Fish Commissioner Delawder and his son John went to Baltimore Tuesday to look after the State fishery interests.

—The annual corporation election will be held Monday, April 15th, for the election of three councilmen, to serve for a term of two years.

—The Maryland Conference of the United Brethren in Christ met in its third annual session at Mechanics-town, Md., March 14th, 1889, with Bishop Castle presiding. The following appointments were made: A. M. Evera, P. E.; Deer Park, M. F. Pritchard; Westernport, M. L. Maysells; Williamsport Station, C. I. B. Bruce; Keedysville Station, L. O. Bittner; Boonsboro Circuit, C. M. Hott; Myersville Circuit, W. L. Martin; Mechanics-town Circuit, G. J. Boydabush; Frederick Station, G. W. K. racofe; Frederick Circuit, Rev. Castle.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church--Preaching at 7 1/2 P. M., by Rev. C. J. Trippett. Sermon to the young ladies.

Song service every Sunday evening at 6:45.

Ey. Lutheran Church--Preaching at 7 1/2 P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick. Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church--Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. by Rev. John S. Fouk.

St. Matthew's Church--Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic--Preaching every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Quarterly Meeting.

The first Quarterly meeting for Deer Park Circuit, U. B. Church, will be held at the Head School-house, April 27th and 28th. All the leaders and stewards are expected to be present. Come, brethren, let us start out this year to do good work for Christ.

M. F. PRITCHARD.

A Card of Thanks.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—We wish to tender our thanks, through your columns, to the good people of Oakland and vicinity for the splendid donation given us on the night of March the 25th. While we appreciate and enjoy the many good things presented on that occasion, yet most of all we appreciate the assurance that we are kindly remembered and our labors respected. Hoping that the Lord, whom we love and serve, may abundantly bless you, and that we may all enjoy his favor, we remain

Yours fraternally,
C. J. & O. R. TRIPPETT.

Grand Opening!

Jamesson & Shartzer will open in the Shartzer building, lately occupied by Wm. Hinebaugh, Saturday, April 13th, and will be pleased to see the people of Oakland and vicinity on that day, as we will have a complete line of goods, and will be pleased to show our goods, no matter if you buy or not. Will also have a car load of flour and feed on the switch which we will sell at the following prices: Finest flour made, \$7.00 per barrel. Flour guaranteed good, \$5.75 per bbl. Flour, common, \$4.50 per barrel. Wheat bran 90 cts. per 100 pounds. Shorts, \$1.00 per 100 pounds. White middlings, \$1.25 per 100 lbs. Corn meal, \$1.25 per 100 pounds. Chop, \$1.25 per 100 pounds. These prices are good for opening day only.

Selling at Cost.

Having sold out to H. P. Jamesson & Co., will sell at cost up to April 10th. Terms strictly cash.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to us will please call and settle their accounts by or before April 10, 1889.

3164t Very Respectfully,
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me either on book account or by note will please call and settle same by the 15th of April, 1889.

S. P. SPECHT.

For Sale or Rent.

A very desirable, new and well built cottage on one of the principal avenues in Mountain Lake Park, containing nine good-sized rooms; necessary outbuildings; fine view, double lot and a well of excellent water on the premises. Also,

For Rent.

A very desirable cottage, in Mountain Lake Park, delightfully situated, containing eleven well furnished rooms, extensive grounds, stable and all other necessary out-buildings.

Apply to
F. A. THAYER,
Oakland, Md.

Annual Report of the Y. M. C. A.

Following is the report of the President of the Oakland Y. M. C. A., read at the anniversary meeting Thursday evening March 28th, 1889: To the Officers and Members of the Y. M. C. A. of Oakland:

Our constitution makes it the duty of the executive officer to present a written report annually of the work and progress of the Association, and in the performance of that duty it gives me great pleasure to submit for your consideration the following general report. I will not be permitted to go extensively into details because I have not the necessary data at hand for that purpose.

We have had many blessings in the past year for which we should be grateful, and we recognize the source from whence cometh all these blessings, and to him we render thanks and ascribe all the praise for what we have been able to accomplish as a Young Men's Christian Association.

The Oakland Association was organized on the 27th day of March, 1885, and the past year has been the most prosperous of any during its existence.

At the present time we have thirty-nine members (active and associated), twenty-one of said number have been added within the last year.

Our average attendance has been at least three times as great as any previous year, and among our number some of the most earnest and consistent workers have been enrolled during the year that has just closed.

During the existence of the association, up to the past year, we have relied upon the hospitality and kindness of one of our members for a room in which to hold our meetings. Since that time we have rented a Hall at an annual rental of \$100.00, and said amount has been guaranteed.

As soon as the weather will permit, the Hall will be renovated, painted and put in first-class condition, and we promise our members, and others who feel inclined to come and spend an hour with us, that they will find a pleasant place.

A committee appointed is now considering the propriety of establishing a reading-room in connection with the association, and we believe that ere long it will be an assured fact.

We have secured an organ and the services of some excellent singers, under the efficient leadership of one of our number, and this greatly adds to the attractiveness of our meetings.

We are free from debt and have a small surplus in the Treasury. All regular meetings have been held as far as practicable and the Holy Spirit has been with us in power, as those present can testify to, and have testified to over and over again.

We have met with some little opposition during the year and have failed to receive encouragement and co-operation from sources where we naturally expected assistance. We attribute this to the fact that our work and object is misunderstood by those who should work hand-in-hand with us. We tie up to the creed or doctrine of no particular church, but our work is the mingling of the various evangelical denominations for the up-building of the Master's Kingdom here on earth, and especially to reach that particular class who are not reached by the church.

While this is known as the Young Men's Christian Association, we exclude no one. Our doors are open to old and young, male and female alike, and while we do not take to ourselves the exclusive right to look after young men, we deem it our privilege, yea, our duty, to do what we can in opening up avenues for their salvation. To those who differ with us on this point we can but refer them to the reply of the Master to John, "Forbid him not, for he that is not against us is on our part."

We reassert our allegiance to the various denominations to which we belong, and if it should ever become necessary for us to choose between the Y. M. C. A. and the church, we of course will cleave to the latter. But such a state of affairs could not possibly exist, because the Y. M. C. A. is only considered an additional help to those who are already connected with the church, and as means of reaching those who are not reached by the church, and our constitution provides that before a person can become an active member of the Association he must be a member in good standing of some evangelical church. We have endeavored in fixing the time for holding our meetings to select time and hour when it would not conflict with services of any kind in any of the churches.

In looking back we see many things we might have accomplished, and some few discouragements, but viewing it from all stand points we have every reason to feel encouraged, and we believe that the Y. M. C. A. has come to this community to stay. Therefore let us take fresh courage and push the work more vigorously during the coming year than we have in the past, and if we are faithful and earnest the Master will give the increase.

FRED. A. THAYER,
President.

Heavy Loss by Fire.

Our town was again visited by fire Wednesday morning, between one and two o'clock, and the Pritchard Building, on Third street, was destroyed, together with its contents. When the fire was discovered it had attained such headway that no efforts were made to save it, but all efforts were turned to adjoining buildings. Owing to the calm prevailing at the time, the fire was confined to the one building. The building was frame, two stories in height, and 24 by 50 feet in size, and was owned by Mr. G. H. Pritchard, who used the upper story as a photograph gallery. The lower floor was occupied by Mr. F. G. Hyde as a jewelry and music store. The insurance on the building was \$600, but Mr. Pritchard had no insurance on his stock, most of which was destroyed. Mr. Hyde was fully insured. The fire was evidently the work of an incendiary. An attempt was made to fire the same building about a year ago, but the fire was discovered in time to save the building, though Mr. Hyde lost heavily by damage to his stock. Mr. Pritchard was employed at once, and Mr. Hyde will shortly resume business in the building recently purchased by him on Alder street.

Changes of Residence.

But few changes of residence have taken place in Oakland this spring. We mention those which have come to our notice:

Mrs. Taggart takes the Coddington Hotel property, vacated by Mr. James Cropp, who goes to Gorman.

Mrs. Rosenberger has taken the Dr. Keller House, and Mr. Peters takes the house vacated (Virginia Cottage).

Mr. Pem. Jamesson takes the Lutheran Parsonage.

Mrs. Hoopes to the house vacated by Mr. Thomas White, who moved to Baltimore.

Dr. H. W. McComas to his cottage recently purchased from Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

Mr. G. H. Pritchard to the Felty building, next to postoffice.

Mr. Silas Shirer to Michaels cottage, on Centre street.

Mr. Jos. Murphy to Totten house, on Oak street.

Mr. J. W. Kitzmiller to Loughridge house, on Oak street.

Mr. John Shartzer to his building, on Main street.

A Grand Invention.

Among the many useful inventions of this practical age, one of the simplest and best is the National Garment Cutter. It is simply the tailor's rules of measurement reduced, simplified and made so plain that any one can cut coats, dresses, pants, children's clothing, and in fact anything worn by men, women and children, in the way of clothing. But, unlike all other systems, the cutting of drapery and trimmings is made so simple, and the instructions for making up the garment so plain, that a novice will soon equal an expert in this desirable attainment. It is being adopted by the best tailors, dressmakers, and families in the land. The success of the work is really wonderful. During the past month the people of this country have been thoroughly testing it, and after a careful investigation of its merits are highly pleased with it. The agents all over the country report success.

M. P. DYER,

Agent, Oakland, Md.

McMINNVILLE, TENN., Feb. 24, '88. Having examined the National Garment Cutter, I take pleasure in commending it to this community, and feel sure it will give perfect satisfaction to all who learn and correctly apply it. I especially like its fullness in providing a sufficiency of controlling points to fully determine the form of every piece or part of garment. I hope it will receive liberal patronage in the South.

W. G. CUMMINS,

Inventor of the Cummins System.

Mountain Lake Park.

The patrons of Miss Swan's school were invited to attend the closing exercises of the winter term of her school on last Thursday. Each Friday afternoon is spent in readings, recitations, &c. This time there were a few extras. Miss Swan, as her custom is, read and briefly explained a few verses of scripture, then offered an earnest prayer. After singing "cast thy bread upon the waters," the recitations and readings began, interspersed with both vocal and instrumental music, all of which were highly gratifying and entertaining. At the close the young ladies gave us a scene in different characters which was well rendered. A luncheon was prepared for all, which they partook of with a good relish. The remainder of the day was spent in social enjoyment. The spring term began on the first inst. We bespeak for this school real success, as no interest of the pupils is overlooked. During the past week or two

several of the cottages have been rented for the season. The prospects are good for a larger attendance and more residents than ever before.

Mr. Wm. H. Murphy has rented the Hughes cottage near Miss Swan's, where he expects to assist her in carrying out her plans for her school during the next year.

Our meeting closed last (Sunday) night with very satisfactory results. I am not prepared to say just how many have been benefited by the meeting, but a large number have been reached. Twenty-two have joined the church.

I think our community is in better shape religiously and socially than ever before.

A Preacher Pounded.

On the evening of the 29th of March a number of the citizens of Deer Park, and members of the M. E. Church, Lutheran Church, and United Brethren Church, broke into my home, each one holding an effective weapon in their hands. They at once took possession of the house and proceeded to give me and family a tremendous pounding. But it was not the kind that makes a poor preacher feel sore, but that which gives him a cheerful heart and makes him feel that he is among the people of God. Their weapons were of sugar, rice, canned fruits, jellies, bacon, potatoes, dried fruits and a dress suit for the preacher's wife, all amounting to about \$17. You may know that we could not do otherwise than feel thankful for these tokens of kindness toward us in this time of need. Long may they live to perform acts of charity to those around them, and when death shall come may they go home to receive the blessings that the Heavenly Father has in store for them. I will say again, thank you.

M. F. PRITCHARD.

Prospect Rock.

Business is active. Lumbering, shingle-making and the manufacture of maple sugar are occupying the attention of our people. The Warnick Brothers, David and Walter, put a new steam saw mill in this neighborhood, and are doing good work. Mr. C. Miller, who bought the Swauger mill property, is sawing large quantities of shingles, which are in good demand. People in this section are largely turning their attention to shingle-making. The refuse timber is bought from the Lochiel Lumber Co. and worked it into shingles. Floating logs on the Savage river has become a thing of the past, for which we are not sorry. We begin to feel easier and breathe more freely. The measles has been quite prevalent in this neighborhood, causing a low average in our schools. Some deaths have occurred from this disease here.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending April 6, 1889:

Anthony, James H. Margraff, Jno. D. Baxter, W. W. Newton, Rev. R. P. Feather, Miss Lona M. Stanton, Edwin L. Hartman, Mary A. Spindler, Susan, Leigh, John, Stuart, M. P. Murphy, David.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

These letters are chargeable with one cent due on delivery.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Oakdale.

Mrs. Elizabeth McCartney died recently, in the 77th year of her age. Miss Lucy Augustine is slowly recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia fever.

Mr. Joseph Pullin's oldest child is very ill with brain fever. Two men claiming to be Mormon missionaries were in this neighborhood recently.

Miss Ida Augustine expects to attend school at Confluence, Pa.

A RULING AS TO PENSIONS.—Commissioner Tanner, of the pension bureau, with the approval of the Secretary of the Interior, has issued the following ruling: Pursuant to the act of Congress approved March 1st, 1889, whenever a pension certificate of any character, original, increase, restoration, arrears or otherwise shall have been issued by this bureau, and the beneficiary mentioned therein is found to have died before payment, the amount due on said certificate to the date of said pensioner's death will be paid to the widow of such pensioner. If there be no widow then said amount will be paid to the minor child or children of said deceased pensioner. If there be neither widow nor minor children, then the amount due said deceased pensioner will, in the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior, be paid to the executor or administrator of his estate. Minor children as contemplated by this act are minors recognized as such by the *lex loci*.

Our Minister's Sermon.

The minister said last night, said he, "Don't be afraid of givin'! If your life ain't worth nothin' to other folks why, what's the use of livin'?" And that's what I said to my wife, said I, "There's brown, the mis'able sinner, He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give A cent toward buyin' a dinner."

I tell you our minister's prime, he is, But I couldn't quite determine, When I heard him a given it right and left, Just who was hit by his sermon. Of course there couldn't be no mistake When he talked of long winded prayin', For Peters and Johnson they got and scowled At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say, "There's various kinds of 'cheatin', And religion's as good for every day As it is to bring to meetin'."

I don't think much of the man that gives The loud amen at preachin', And spends his time the followin' week In cheatin' and overcheatin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough For a man like Johnson to swallow, But I noticed that he didn't open his mouth But once after that to holler, "Hurrah," said I, "for the minister!"

Of course I said it quiet—"Give us some more of this open talk, It's a very refreshin' diet."

The minister hit 'em every time, And when he spoke of fashion, And riggin' out in bows and things, As women's ridin' passion, And coming to church to see the styles, I couldn't help a winkin', And a nudgin' my wife, says I, "That's you, And I guess it sot her achin'."

Says I to myself, "That sermon's pat, But non's a queer creation, And I'm much afraid that most of the folks Won't take the application."

Now, if he had said a word about My personal mode of stamin', I'd had gone to work to right myself, And not sot there a-grievin'."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked, And there were lots o' smilin', And lots o' lookin' at our pew, It sot my blood a bilin'; Says I to myself, "Our minister Is gittin' a little bitter, I'll tell him when the meetin's out that I Am not that kind of a critter."

At Cost.

I will sell all the Carpets, Matting and Oilcloths bought of D. E. Bolden & Co., at cost, until April 10th, to make room for spring stock.

23t JOHN SHARTZER.

The Eiffel tower, completed Sunday at Paris, is the highest structure ever reared by human hands, being 1,178 feet high, or over twice as high as our great monument at Washington. The electric light at its summit will be visible for forty miles, and it will be strong enough to enable a person to read a newspaper at the distance of seven miles. The French are beating us in "big" things. Their Panama canal and their copper syndicate were far ahead of us, and now their monster tower puts us out of sight. It is said that they built it to induce us to visit their grand exposition this summer. After they have thus gathered in our shekels they propose next to have the biggest revolution of this century, abolish parliamentary government, and yet remain a republic—all extraordinary exploits. We tried all these things some years ago with but trifling success, and cannot recommend them.—*Balto. Sun.*

A report comes from Barbours county of quite a serious riot that occurred a few nights since at Elkton, on Leading creek. Imboden Stalnaker was conducting a singing school at that place, during the progress of which a gang of ten or twelve toughs entered the place and undertook to break the school up. A general fight ensued and the roughs got the worst of it by odds. One of them named Bonn Hinkle was hit over the head with a poker, and had his skull fractured. The mob made a special attack on George W. Cunningham and got him cornered in a tight place; he then pulled a knife and cut his way out. In slashing right and left he cut several of the roughs in a painful manner about the arms and hands, and almost disemboweled Lew Wool. The roughs will be prosecuted.

CORPORATION ELECTION NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, To the qualified voters of the town of Oakland, that an election will be held on

Monday, April 15th, 1889, for the purpose of electing three persons for Councilmen, to serve for a term of two years.

J. W. HART, Clerk.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., March 15th, 1889.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Tuesday, April 9th, 1889, for the purpose of making the Annual Levy of Taxes. All persons having claims against said County, are hereby notified to file the same with the clerk of said Commissioners on or before the above date, otherwise they may be deprived of the benefit of said Levy.

By order
W. H. HAGANS, Clerk.

391d

A LITTLE CRUSADER.

Somebody's darling came down the street,
A bonny boy and a laughing girl,
The glow of health on each dimpled cheek,
While happiness lurked in each clustering curl.

A girl of seven, a boy of nine—
Not very wise, or great or grand,
But each wore a tiny, glittering shield,
The badge of the Loyal Legion Band.

Into the drug store with dancing feet,
So dainty and fair in their childish grace,
Glad to exchange all the money they had
For the tempting goods in the handsome case.

The candy was purchased, the bill was paid,
And the white teeth were busy, all in a trice,
When the boy exclaimed: "O Nellie! taste this!"
"I'm sure you will say it is very nice!"

But the little maid with laughing eyes,
Her chin scarce reaching the counter's edge,
Cried out: "O Charlie! don't eat that!"
"If you do, I am sure you will break your pledge!"

She turned about with indignant face
To the smiling druggist, who stood quite near,
And declared: "If you sell such a thing,
I won't be buying any candy here."

And the man replied, with a merry air:
"I am sorry for that, my little maid;
But there are people who will, you know,
So I shall not fail if I lose your trade."

Into the street the children passed,
The little girl's thoughts in an angry whirl,
Thinking how wicked a man must be,
Who had felt the weight of a father's hand.

For the child had learned, in a bitter hour,
The name of the fiend who wrecks the home,
And had felt the weight of a father's hand,
Made heavy and strong by the demon, Rum.

She pondered the matter over and over,
Tired, and almost ready to cry,
"I'll be sure they won't go there to buy,"
"I'll be sure they won't go there to buy."

The very next day the work began:
The crusader was only a household pet,
But she worked with a will in the little town,
Telling the story to all whom she met.

And some were amused by the earnest child,
As they watched her face, while she gravely stood,
Waiting to have them sign their names,
And promise to help her all they could.

Modestly, bravely, on she trudged,
Forgetting herself and her childish games,
Till on Saturday, on the "honour roll,"
Were registered fully one hundred names.

And the druggist confessed, as he watched the
"honour roll," that he was very true,
That though he could live without her trade,
He needed the other ninety-nine.

And he said, with a flush of conscious shame,
To the tired but happy little girl,
"If I remember this day as I like you,
I'll join a Loyal Band myself."

—Margaret J. Howell, in Union Signal.

COMMON ERRORS.

Concerning the Effects of the Use of Alcoholic Drinks.

Many persons have imagined that drinking liquor will enable them to do more work than they can do without it. But Dr. Parkes, a distinguished English physiologist, by systematic experiments, showed that a man can lift considerably more before taking two or three glasses of spirits than he can afterwards. Sea captains have found that, when their men undergo excessively hard work, hot coffee or tea does them good, while whisky would do them harm.

Similarly, it has been thought that spirit-drinking would lessen the danger to life of those exposed to extreme cold. But abundant evidence shows that, under the same circumstances, drinking men will freeze to death, while those who abstain may survive. By lulling sensibility alcohol lessens the perception of cold only, not its depressing effect upon the body. Sir John Richardson, Dr. Kuss and other Arctic explorers have fully confirmed this observation.

Against the heat of tropical climates, also, liquor has been supposed to be a protective; but the experience of British physicians in the East Indies contradicts this altogether. Nowhere does the use of alcoholic beverages prove so destructive as in the tropics. Moreover, in America, the greatest number of deaths from sunstroke occur among the intemperate.

Formerly, it was a popular idea that alcohol might render the system less liable to endemic and epidemic diseases, such as scurvy, yellow fever and cholera. But those who have seen the most of these diseases assert that this is entirely a mistake. The use of liquor affords no sort of protection in any disease; and when an intemperate person is attacked, especially with cholera, he is almost sure to die.

Conclusion: If the question be asked: What is the influence of the use of alcoholic beverages upon the system, when taken in health? the summary answers of physiology and sanitary experience must be that it is injurious, in proportion to the amount of alcohol used, the frequency of its imbibition, and it may be added, the youth of those who indulge in it. Many examples prove that the earlier in life the drinking habit is formed, the more rapid and certain are its destructive effects.—The Guide.

THE SALOON SYSTEM.

Why and How Many Drunken Factories in Cities are Established.

The saloon system is a concrete fact in our civilization. It is not as old as the drink habit, nor is it entirely an outgrowth from it. The saloon is a money-making institution. It exists not alone to supply a demand, but to make that demand. A most important part of its work as a money-maker is to increase the number of drinking men, that its revenues shall not fail. And of late years the brewers of our cities have taken an active part in this division of the work. In order to increase their own sales, they have set out to increase the number of drinkers. They have mastered the fact that the average man is the creature of opportunity, and that he can be led to drink if convenient opportunity be given. Hence they start saloons in every available locality, and put in charge of each

some trusty man, who sells exclusively the beer of his patron's manufacture, and in order to hold his position brings all possible means to bear to increase his patronage. The saloon thus becomes a most energetic missionary in the devil's cause.

One of the sixty saloon-keepers whose places are within the bounds of St. Peter's (Roman Catholic) parish, in the city of Brooklyn, on being asked why there were so many saloons in that section, thus explained to a reporter of the Brooklyn Eagle:

"The brewers are at fault. Hunt the statistics of the output of malt liquor during the past five years and they will explain the increase in the number of saloons. Why? If I told you that of the sixty breweries now in operation in this parish over thirty were owned by brewers, you wouldn't believe me, yet such is the case. They operate in this way: For instance, if a man is a good fellow, genial and popular in the section in which he wishes to open, he needs little or no money to start a saloon. The funds are furnished by the firm, who only stipulate that the saloon-keeper shall, as long as he is indebted to them, sell their beer. The brewer takes a mortgage of the iron-clad chattel description on the stock and fixtures, and so stands to lose but very little. He always has the best of the bargain, as such customers pay more for their beer than those who are not under obligations to the master of the house."

This statement put the reporter on his mettle, and he interviewed the representative of a large brewery on the subject. From him he found that an ordinary saloon can be fitted up for about \$300, and the finest for something like \$3,000. His firm, he said, has \$50,000 invested in saloons in Brooklyn, and he mentioned a half dozen or more large brewers, each of whom has from \$150,000 to \$200,000 in saloons in a similar manner. The reporter asked:

"If it were not for brewers' interference in the establishing of saloons would not such places in this city be greatly reduced in number?"

"Most assuredly. In the Eastern district especially, many hundreds of little lager beer saloons are entirely owned by brewers who pay their non-alcoholic proprietors a weekly sum to operate them. Such only have licenses to sell ale and beer, and as they are located in districts inhabited by the poor, rents are very low. Do we lose? Very seldom. Our money is so well executed that if the business which we organize is fairly successful we at least receive the interest on our money, if not the principal itself."

What is true of Brooklyn is true of any city which has a large brewing interest. The saloon has been seized upon by the brewers, and turned into an engine to increase the number of drinkers. It is no longer a passive instrument of evil, but an active agency for men's degradation.—Toledo Blade.

THE SALOON TRAFFIC.

Nothing Else in the World That Entails Such Woe and Sin.

"James O'Neill, of Haverhill, Mass., went home drunk Monday night, and shot his wife through the head."

These lines caught my eye in glancing over a paper recently; only a few words, but we know the circumstances which led up to this awful deed? This paragraph, it would not do to fill many pages. Think of the grief and misery that came to the wife of James O'Neill before he shot her in his drunkenness; shot her through the head—the woman he had promised before God to love and cherish! But was James O'Neill responsible for this awful deed? He was at the time an insane man, crazed with whisky that some one had sold him. A man can not go to a drug store and purchase poison with which to destroy his life or that of his friends. Great care is taken in the sale of dangerous articles of commerce; the supply is limited, and the salesman has strict rules in regard to the disposition of such articles. But saloons, where a deadly poison is dealt out, are everywhere to be found, and it is sold in any quantity desired.

James O'Neill is but one of thousands who commit awful crimes when crazed by liquor. We can not look over daily papers without seeing an account of such deeds. The saloon-keepers are aware that they send their customers to the prison cell and gallows; that wives and children are invoking curses on their heads, but they do not care so long as they are enriched by the business.

There is nothing in the world that entails such woe and sin as the liquor traffic. It ruins homes, it breaks hearts, it entices young men into paths of vice, it takes bread from the mouths of starving children, and even women yield to the temptation of drink, and virtue dies when the poisoned cup is raised to the lips—and yet people sit quietly by, and see this business carried on.

Let every woman join heart and hand with the W. C. T. U., thereby showing her abhorrence for the liquor traffic, and using what influence she has in helping to put it down.—Percis F. Chase, in Union Signal.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

At Auckland, New Zealand, the Board of Education has passed a resolution requiring a half hour's temperance lesson to be taught each week in all the public schools of the district.

THE LOST DRUNKARD. Lost? Who has lost him? Humanity has lost him, God has lost him. At the sight of a drunkard the true human heart will grow heavy and bleed at thought of its loss.—Voice.

A BAR-KEEPER says that his customers belong to the following classes—somebody's, somebody's, somebody's and somebody's. He might have added, suggests the New York Tribune, that the last three classes are recruited from the first class.

THE USE of liquor and its influences have done more to darken labor's homes, dwarf the energies and chain the hand and foot to the wheels of corporate oppression than all other influences combined.—R. F. Travellick, President of National Labor Union.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A dry humorist—One who is "pumped out."—Puck.

—In 1860 the ladies of the country were \$2,464,000 worth of wire in their hoop skirts.

—Ice was artificially manufactured by the use of chemical mixtures as early as 1783.

—A silver pipe, on which is the inscription: "Presented by Major General Harrison, U. S. A., on behalf of the United States, to the Shawanese tribe of Indians, 1814," has been presented to President Harrison by a gentleman who secured the relic in the Indian Territory.

—Coughing and sneezing can be stopped by pressing on the lips in the neighborhood of the nose. Pressing in the neighborhood of the ear, or mouth, inside, is also a means of stopping coughing. The will has immense power also.

—A farmer in East Corinth, Maine, wouldn't give a copper for a bounty on crows. He is able to take care of his own property. When he gets his corn planted he carries out two crows, each holding a rooster, and sets them on the two ends of his field. As soon as it begins to grow light the roosters begin to challenge each other and their music scares all the crows away.

—Here is a remedy for cramp, suggested by Dr. R. W. St. Clair, of London: Let the patient provide himself with a good, strong cord and keep it always by him. When the spasm comes on let him wind this cord around the affected part, take an end in each hand and give them a good sharp pull. It will hurt you a little—it is useless if it does not—but the cramp will vanish at once.

—A mechanical scarecrow has been invented, which represents a man standing with gun in hand, ready to fire at the first intruder. The arm that is holding the gun is made to move by clockwork, which is inclosed in a strong iron box at his feet, and at a proper elevation it fires a shot louder than an ordinary gun. After the report the arm lowers. The mechanism can be regulated at the owner's pleasure by a regulator like a clock, and only requires to be wound up once a day.

—A man at Allegheny recently saw a slit two inches wide and five feet long in his parlor floor, rigged an iron grating so that it would shoot up through the slit on a spring being touched, and then invited Alice Bliss, a medium from Boston, to give a seance at his house. When he supposed the spirit of "Little Daisy" had crossed the line, he touched the spring. But it turned out that the spirit was only half way across and she received a tremendous thump.

INVASION OF CATS.

A Mean Joke Perpetrated on the People of a Mississippi Town.

"When I was living in a steamboat town on the Mississippi," remarked an old man in a barber's shop a few days ago, "there was a fellow who put up a very neat job on the inhabitants, and he was called a cat."

It was a mean joke, and he had some terrible grudge. He came into the town one day and distributed handbills right and left, taking special pains to put as many of them as possible into the hands of farmers who had come in to sell their grain.

"That was before the railroads came to take business away from the river towns, some of which had an immense trade. The place I was in had 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants, and was the shipping port for all the grain raised for miles around, as well as the place where the farmers obtained all their supplies. The last time I was there it had dwindled down to a village of 2,000, and perhaps by this time it has no existence at all, even on the map."

"Those bills that were so freely scattered about stated that the advertiser had a contract with a certain steamboat company for furnishing a large number of cats to destroy the rats and mice that were very numerous about the warehouses at different landings along the river. He, therefore, offered \$3 for each full-grown Tom cat, \$2 for each female puss, and 50 cents a head for kittens old enough to get their own living. All the cats were to be delivered at a certain place in the town on a Thursday evening—the night that a particular boat was due."

"Well, that Thursday afternoon came and the streets of the town were just crowded with people. They came in wagons, on foot, and on horseback, and every person carried a sack, some of them several.

"By evening between 3,000 and 4,000 cats had been brought into that defenseless city. They were left in and about a vacant building near the landing. The man who was to purchase the cats was nowhere in sight. The country people were making inquiries for him everywhere. A crowd of boys attracted by the cat-ravelling went to the building and began to amuse themselves by untying the bags and letting out the cats. Of course the cats began fighting and raised a noise like 10,000 demons. Suddenly a stampede occurred and the animals rushed pell mell into the crowd, crawling over people, jumping and fighting, and climbing walls and roofs in a mad race for liberty. The boys took after the cats, and the men joined in, determined to rid the town of the feline invaders. The next morning there were a good many stray cats seen about in back yards, and a good many dead ones lying in the streets and alleys. One boatman said he counted over 400 dead cats in the river. The man who perpetrated the joke was never seen in the place, luckily for him."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

PLANS FOR CRIME.

Cowardice and Fear of Burglars and Other Law-Breakers.

The public hardly realizes how very much of the safety of the ordinary citizen depends on the carefulness, the astuteness, the calculatingness of crime. Of course that is a characteristic of crime which renders it rarer and more exceptional, if the whole criminal class is willing to take what we call "pot shots" at plunder and violence, whenever it occurs to them that they have a chance of plunder, or a chance of preventing detection by violence, no police that we could organize would be in any degree equal to their work. The reason why they are at all equal to their work is that we can generally point out the criminal class concentrating their efforts on reasonable chances of success. If they once get, as a class, as reckless in attempting crime as the Muswell Hill burglars, we can not conceive how the police could engage successfully skinflints whose tactics would then be so incontestable. Hitherto the representatives of order have justly counted on the timidity, the cowardice, the general discouragement of their foes. But if they should ever be unable to count on that, if the fear of society once disappeared, or greatly diminished in the social class, worst of all if ever that class could be replaced by contempt for society, the number of points of attack would be multiplied so enormously that not all the rashness with which the attacks might be made would in any degree compensate for the enormous increase of their number and range. Suppose that all the clients, who are, of course, criminals at heart—could divest themselves of the fear of the law, and, in consequence, became robbers, where would society be? And yet the cheats are nothing but robbers at heart restrained by the fear of consequences. If the levity which was shown by the Muswell Hill burglars ever took possession of the great army of impostors and rogues so that they suddenly swelled the ranks of the more violent criminals, no machinery of justice of which we know any thing would be equal to the emergency. It would break down as completely as the ordinary machinery for feeding a country would break down in a time of regular famine, and we should see the meaning of moral anarchy. That is why we do not think any sign of genuine levity in the criminal class a trivial matter. If it extended, as we hope and trust it will not, it would be one of the most serious of social symptoms. It would mean an escape as fatal of the proper means of overpowering crime as there would be of the proper means of conquering disease, in case the number of sick people were suddenly multiplied by ten, and in case the great majority of them should be disposed to pay not the smallest attention to the orders and prescriptions of the brave little army of desperate doctors.—London Spectator.

OVERWORK ON RAILROADS.

A Practice Which Should be Prohibited by State Legislation.

If we are to accept in evidence the figures of a contemporary, the minds of railway directors do not seem to feel severely their responsibility for the overwork of their employees. A statement lately published by this authority informs us that during last month almost all the signal-men, engine-drivers, firemen and goods guards on one line were some time or other on duty for longer than the usual period. Probably as much might be said of the men employed by many other companies. On the line in question thirteen or fourteen hours appears to have been quite a common term, fifteen and even eighteen by no means unusual. It is at the least very doubtful whether the practice of working overtime should be permitted in the case of railway officials. The conditions of their calling are very different from those of other workmen. The responsibilities, the need of alertness and vigilance, the perplexities of their position are much greater, while at the same time the difficulties and risks involved by changing weather, fog and darkness are increased also. In these circumstances most unprejudiced persons will admit that a working day of twelve hours, with little or no interruption of duty, must be materially the senses and energies of any ordinary man. If the teaching of repeated and disastrous mistakes hitherto attributed to fatigue is of any value, there is danger to public safety when this limit is much exceeded. We are well aware that pressure of business, weather and the like may occasionally necessitate overtime work, but such apparently systematic excess as that above mentioned is not to be explained by merely accidental circumstances. The very prevalence of such a condition is proof that a department is doing its work short-handed. What is really needed is a larger staff of employees. The lack of these may, indeed, effect a present gain to the dividends, but this might prove too dear a saving if it were secured at the cost of a railway disaster, and experience teaches that this contingency is not an improbable one.—London Lancet.

—Inventor Edison, together with Hon. Thomas Lowry, of Minneapolis, has patented a steam "linguagraph." This "linguagraph" is designed to be used on locomotives in place of the steam whistle. The machine talks instead of shrieks. Instead of whistling once for down brakes, it bellows the word "brakes." It is all a question of pipes, valves and keyboard, and when the thing is finally perfected it will tell the names of all the stations along the line.

CARL DUNDER PUZZLED.

Some Things the Old Gentleman Can't Exactly Understand.

Sometimes my neighbor comes to me and says: "Mr. Dunder, I don't like to make you feel bad, but dot poy of yours goes mit der gallows if you don't behave him better. He hits my dog mit some snow-balls yesterday." Vhelli, dot most day comes and sompody preaks my window mit a snow-bail, and when I goes out to sheep about it he calls me old Knickerbocker. I look at him more closely, and lo! he preves dot same neighbor's poy! I can't make out how she vabs.

Sometimes my neighbor comes to me and says: "Mr. Dunder, you don't lif in dis country so long ash I do, and I like to tell you dot it vabs agin some law if you put ashes around. I sheepk to you because I vhas your frendt." Vhelli, dot makes me ashamed, and I goes off and puts a box. In two days a policeman comes along and says my neighbor keeps more ashes, vwill, dead cats and strawbuds in his yard dan he sees before in two hooned years, and he goes py der Recorder Court and pays a fine. I can't make out how she vabs.

Sometimes my frendt comes to me and says: "Say, Mr. Dunder, dot some fool of yours, if der poy like you to run for aldermans in our ward, decline mit thanks. Dere vhas no money in it, and der papers abuse you like some tefs." Vhelli, dot settles me, but vhen I goes py der polls to vote, lo! my frendt vhas der ticket for aldermans and is elected! Somepody tells me he pays more ash \$500 to be aldermans. I can't make out how she vabs.

Sometimes my frendt comes in and says: "Say, old chappie, I haf always said I like to help you to a good thing, and der time vhas now come. I know a man on Rivard street who vhas awful hard cop. You can pay dot house and lot for one thousand dollar, and he vhas wort eighteen hooned. If you take her I warrant you make one thousand dollar in a year." Vhelli, I pelief dot, and I puy der place. In two weeks I find out dot my frendt makes \$100 commission on dot sale, and dot I vhas shentled by tree hooned. I can't make out how she vabs.

Sometimes dot neighbor on my left hand comes to me and says: "Say, Dunder, old poy, I don't hurt your feelings for one million dollar, but I like to sheepk mit you a leedle. You haf some beer wagons drive oop in front of your house, and my wife vhas afraid der public shell pelief it vhas us who vhas taking beer. Be some good fellows and haf der wagons go in der alley." Vhelli, dot looks reasonable and I make 'em do it, but in four days my neighbor comes home so drunk on whisky dot I haf to help him in his house, and his wife says it vhas no pody's peesness. I can't make her out.

Sometimes as I go to church on Sunday, I find all der saloons open, der poy playing ball and peoples going off on picnics. Vhen I go inside der minister looks right at me and says: "It preaks my heart dot so many henthens in Africa vhas der best road to destruction. Please come down mit some contributions to save 'em." I come down, but I can't make her out.—Detroit Free Press.

THE BENI-ISRAELITES.

A Peculiar Jewish Sect Dwelling in the Heart of India.

Among the many scattered remnants of nations in India, there are few more interesting than the Beni-Israel of the Bombay side. The Beni-Israel do not belong to the lost tribes, nor have they any mysterious connection with the Great Pyramid. Their own legends aver that many centuries ago their forefathers, flying by sea from a country in the north, were shipwrecked near Komeri Island, and the survivors, seven families, took refuge at Navgaon, homeless, penniless, among strangers, and without the books of their law. The date of this heftira is estimated from 1,000 to 2,000 years ago. Since that date the little colony of fourteen souls has grown into a dispersed community of 10,000, not unlike the ordinary Konkani peasantry, but religiously observing the Jewish Sabbath and whatever they can remember of the Mosaic law. They have been hewers of wood and drawers of water to whatever king chanced to reign, but they are as much Jews to-day as they were two centuries before Christ. That they might not be overconspicuous among their surroundings, they took, long ago, the precaution of Hinduizing their names as far as might be. Thus Benjamin became Bannaji; Abraham, Abjee; Moses, Moosjee, and so forth. Some few, like their forefathers in the wilderness, fell away from their ancient creed, married daughters of Heth and adopted idolatrous practices; but even then many remembered always to repeat "Hear O Israel, the Lord our God is one God" at all their feasts and festivals. In process of time a Cochlin Jew came up to Bombay, discovered his coreligionists and set about to instruct them more fully in the tenets of their creed. To him succeeded intervals other reformers, who labored for the Beni-Israel. The last of these died just before the mutiny, and "then," we are told, "religious progress has been at a standstill."—St. James Gazette.

—An indication of the growth of the morphine craze is given by a Portland, Me., manufacturer, who has made and sold 25,000 hypodermic needles since 1886.

—An English ecclesiastical has invented a material which he calls alterion, for the prevention of corrosion in stout pillars.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPH.

—If ignorance is bliss the modern servant girl is responsible for lots of domestic bliss.—Rochester Post-Express.

—The population of the earth is now fixed at 1,400,000,000. The circulation editors of certain leading journals will make note of this and contract their affidavits accordingly.

—"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," but generally there has to be found some other means for proving the young wife's first pie.—Journal of Education.

—Fond Mother—"Really, Charles, Amelia's voice must be cultivated. If we keep her at home it can be done for about \$600. If we send her abroad it will cost \$10,000. Which would you prefer?" Unfeeling Father—"Send her abroad."—Burlington Free Press.

—Tough citizen—"To allow crook just out of penitentiary!"—"Well, Bill, you've tried burglary, arson, highway robbery, picking pockets and counterfeiting, and got caught at it every time. What are you going to do now?" Bill (bitterly)—"I'm going to join a firm of school book publishers."

—A woman who went out to Burnham as a missionary converted a native as soon as she arrived, and then married him. When the next batch of female missionaries arrived, the male natives took to the woods—illustrating the axiom "self-preservation is the first law of nature."—New Haven Palladium.

—Bobby (to young Featherly)—"What kind of music were you playing on the piano last night, Mr. Featherly?" Featherly—"What kind of music, Bobby? Why, I played selections from different operas. It's called operatic music." Bobby—"Then Clara was wrong. I heard her tell me that you had been entertaining her with some alleged music."—Harper's Bazar.

—Brickley—"Excuse me, sir; that's a fine watch you wear. May I look at it?" Corbushy—"Certainly. It's a chronometer presented to me by the British Government for rescuing a crew at sea." Brickley—"Really? I wonder where they found the ticket?" I lost it a year ago just after hooking that timepiece."—Judge.

—When Joughens returned home the other evening and found that his eighteen-year-old son had been fooling with his typewriter, and had covered several pages of paper with undecipherable hieroglyphics, a high idea struck him. He wrote at the top of a page "Mammy Rose's Precious," and sold the manuscript to an American magazine for a negro dialect story.—Drake's Magazine.

—"I wish, sis, you would shine my shoes for me, said a rich, matter-of-fact young man to his sister. "I'll do nothing of the sort," she replied indignantly. "Well, you ought to." "Why ought I to do menial work?" "Because you encourage that Italian count to come here, and you flirt with him. If you are going to marry him you can't begin too soon to learn to do menial work. You should fit yourself at once to become a foreign countess."—Texas Siftings.

A CURIOUS TIME-PIECE.

Nicholas Cratzer's Astronomical Clock in Hampton Court Palace.

The most interesting time-piece in England is the astronomical clock of Hampton Court Palace. An inscription shows that it was made for Henry VIII. in the year 1544. The designer is not known, but is supposed to have been the famous German astronomer, Nicholas Cratzer.

This venerable curio was only discovered about four years ago in a shed adjoining the palace. It was restored by the secretary of the Board of Works. The dial is made up of three copper disks of different diameters, with a common center. The smallest disk is 3 feet 3 inches in diameter. Its spaces represent the quarters of the moon and the hour for crossing the meridian. The second disk is divided into twenty-nine spaces, numbered from right to left, which represent the moon's age in days. The third, or outer, disk is 7 feet 10 inches in diameter and bears several sets of concentric circular spaces, showing the names of the months and days and the signs of the zodiac. Each zodiacal space is divided into thirty degrees and an outer circle divides the days of the year.

The weights which are used have a drop of 60 feet and take half an hour each week to wind. The clock is set in a stone frame about 15 feet square, with the badge of Henry VIII. above the portcullis and fleur de lis, with the initials "H. R." below.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Alcohol in France.

The quantity of alcoholic spirits extracted in France by distillation from wine has been gradually diminishing, owing to the effects of phylloxera and mold on the vines; and in consequence the production of spirits from molasses, beet-root juice, grape skins, and from farinaceous substances, has been correspondingly increased.



STER-TIDE.
If rare as the splendor
Of lilacs,
And sweet as the vio-
let's breath,
Comes the jubilant
morning of Easter,
A triumph of life over
death.
For fresh from the
earth's quickened
bosom
Full baskets of flowers
we bring,
And scatter their sat-
in-soft petals
To carpet a path for
our King.
We have groped
through the twilight
of sorrow,
Have tasted the
Marah of tears;
But lo! in the gray of the dawning
Breaks the hope of our long-silent years.
And the loved and the lost we thought per-
ished,
Who vanished afar in the night,
Will return in the beauty of spring-time
To beam on our rapturous eyes.

THE BARRIER REMOVED.

How Buried Hopes Came to a New
Life on Easter Day.

AM glad to find you
better," said the
pastor, as he took
Miss Rose Willard's
delicate hand in his.
"Yes, I seem to be
recovering. I hope
so, for I find it so
lonely lying here day
after day."
"I have so many
callers, and every one
tries to assure you that
you can not find it
so lonely as some I
call upon, kindly
replying that you are
recovering, and be-
lieving in an easy
chair near the bed."
"I don't have so many callers now," she
was getting to be an old story, and I get so tired
of seeing the same things," said the young
invalid, almost peevishly.

The young Mr. Clifford looked at the pale,
thin face of the beautiful girl, as she lay
among the soft pillows, in their embossed
cases. He noted the dainty appointments
of her person and her bed, and the
charming devices that enlivened the room.
And it is possible that there was a Christian-
like reproach in his voice, as he said:
"I wish, Miss Willard, you could make
calls with me upon the sick some-where."

"I try to be patient, and thankful for my
blessings," Miss Willard said, as she
dropped her eyes in self-reproach, and be-
gan smoothing out her lace-edged handker-
chief.

"There is just one thing I can't endure
about Mr. Clifford," said Miss Willard to
herself, after he had gone. "He is most
shockingly plebeian in his choice of society."
"He would be miserable, I believe, if he
could not be among the lame and halt and
blind. But he hasn't wasted much of his
time on me in his sickness," she continued,
almost bitterly.

"And don't you know why, Miss Rose?"
asked the nurse, who happened to enter
the room in time to catch the last remark.
"Mr. Clifford's a very nice fellow, and I
hear, and he knows that there are men
everywhere who can visit about as need
him as does the poor."

Rose wished the kind-hearted, but un-
grammatical old nurse would not venture
her opinions so freely. Then, Miss Hannah
always looked at her so searchingly when-
ever the young paragon called, or his name
was mentioned. Rose felt very uneasy
lest her secret was guessed. The truth
was, that Mr. Clifford's plebeian tastes, as
she designated his efforts for the poor,
were the only thing she could not endure
about him. She had been thrown much
into his society, and aside from this differ-
ence, they had many tastes and sentiments
in common.

"She gives her money rather freely, and
her singing is very fine, and her flowers
are the finest we have in church, but some-
way she's so cold and stately, and she
never melts," said good brother Nelson to
the pastor one day, as they were talking
over church matters and sundry subjects.

"Do you know her intimately?" asked
Mr. Clifford, carelessly.

"No, I don't know as I do, and I never
saw any one that did. But she's a mys-
tery. Her father and mother were
both as proud as Lucifer. They always
acted as though they would be contami-
nated if they even looked at a common
person. The poor girl came naturally
enough by her high notions. Though she's
different since her parents died, especially
of late, I've noticed she's been more af-
fable; but she will never get over her no-
tions of caste; they were born in her."

Mr. Nelson was so near-sighted he did not
see the color that came and went in the
young pastor's face. And he had been so
discreet in his attentions to the young
lady, that, though this good brother had

his eyes open to detect any discrepancies in
this regard, he had found none. Mr. Clif-
ford had been located in Boston about ten
years, yet it was pretty certain to even the
keenest observers that he had no serious
intentions towards any of its fair daughters.
But Mr. Clifford himself was not so certain
of this. He had to confess he was strangely
fascinated by Miss Rose Willard, notwith-
standing her very aristocratic notions. He
flattered himself that he knew her more in-
timately than many that had known her
longer, and he was sure he discovered in
her much to admire. They had taken great
pleasure singing together, as he had a fine
voice, and their tastes in the matter of
literature were very harmonious.

"But there is just that one thing that
chills and mairs it all," he said to himself, as
he sat alone in his study after brother Nel-
son's departure.

Though Mr. Clifford was unmarried he
was not so very young, either in years or
experience. It is probable that he had met
many a young lady more worthy than Miss
Rose Willard, but certainly it is none had
ever so stirred his whole being.

He had been canvassing the matter most
thoroughly, for he realized that he had heard
and the tell-tale eyes of Miss Rose
Willard, but certainly it is none had
ever so stirred his whole being.

He had been canvassing the matter most
thoroughly, for he realized that he had heard
and the tell-tale eyes of Miss Rose
Willard, but certainly it is none had
ever so stirred his whole being.

"No," he continued, as he sat musing, or
rather earnestly thinking, "that would
never be tolerated in a minister's wife.
Besides, it is at right angles to my own ideas
and feelings. It will never do, Paul Clif-
ford, never."

Just then the postman laid some letters
upon his desk. One came from a church-
warden, giving him a call. Was it not
Providence, he thought! He responded at
once, signifying his willingness to consider
the matter.

The barrow-street church was greatly
shocked when it learned that Mr. Clifford
had really decided to leave them. He had
been so well liked and had done such a
good work it was a great mystery why he
should leave them so suddenly.

Before going he made farewell calls upon
his parishioners, and among them of
course was Rose.

She was better of her long sickness, and
about to be sent to the conservatory. How lovely
she looked! Though her face was still as white
as marble, it wore a softened look he had
never seen before. The delicate blue
wrapper trimmed with lace, and the bunch
of flowers she had just gathered and pinned
at her waist, he could not notice.

"I am glad to find you better," he said,
most cordially, while he feared if he had
not already written the church of Wells-
burg of his acceptance he should hesitate.
"They tell me you are going away, Mr.
Clifford," said Miss Rose, with such an an-
xious questioning look it sent a fresh arrow
to his heart.

"Yes, I had call from a church in the
western part of the State, and after care-
fully considering it, I think I ought to go."
He spoke slowly, and with his gaze upon the
floor.

A slight color suffused her cheeks, that
soon faded away to ashy whiteness as she
grasped a bracket to steady herself.

"Let me lead you into the sitting room,"
he said, most tenderly, as he put his strong
arm around the weak, trembling girl and
assisted her to a couch, and sat down by
her side. "And now I must go, Rose."
"He said, after a long silence, in which
he caressed the hand that lay so passively
in his. "May God comfort us both," and
he impudently kissed upon the soft, downy
hand, while her hot tears that fell upon his
burned through to his very soul.

Long after the setting sun and cast its
golden beams through the richly-embroidered
windows, Rose Willard sat where Mr. Clif-
ford left her. Oh! the bliss and anguish of
that hour! She lived to see and over-
again. Never before had she seen him so
deeply moved, or dreamed his feelings
toward her so sincere, and she blushed as
she realized he had fully discovered her
toward him.

Although the premises of the argument
that called for such a hasty conclusion of
matters were not quite so clear to her mind,
she could not but acknowledge the decision just
made and best.

A long convalescence followed this strain
upon her weak nerves. The long, monotonous
days and still longer week-long nights
seemed almost unbearable. If she could
only cease to think, but she could not. Her
thoughts naturally turned to Mr. Clif-
ford and their friendship. She saw how
pure was his life, how full of sacrifices
for others, and especially for the poor and
needy, and in sharp contrast to this
stood out her own proud, selfish life. It
seemed almost a useless one.

Mr. Clifford left in April, but it was July
before Rose was able to be about. At that
was a hard, bitter lesson, but it bore most
precious fruit.

"Did you ever see such a change as has
come over Rose Willard?" said Mr. Benson
one day to Miss Hannah, one day in the
following winter.

"Never in my life," was the reply. "She's
a splendid girl, as well as herself. In her
former days, I believe, four girls, never thought
as she'd rally," and Miss Hannah looked
very knowing and as though she held most
wonderful secrets in that head of hers.

"Yes, I miss the neighbors thought she
would get bed-ridden, she shut herself up
so," replied Mrs. Benson, not noticing or
else ignoring the old nurse's desire to en-
lighten her.

"Well, I know her sickness, leastways her
pull-back this summer, and the change
since has been a mystery to most every one
about here. But your girl, I never thought
to free her mind. 'But I didn't take care
of her so many months for nothing. I tell
you, Miss Benson, it wasn't so much a low
fever as all her heart disease such
as takes young ladies of her age," and Miss
Hannah shook her head very sagely and
winked her eyes as she adjusted the pillows
for the sick woman. And she never been
her old self since Mr. Clifford called on her
the day after he went away.

"Clifford," said Miss Benson, in un-
disguised surprise.

"Yes, Mr. Clifford, I tell you, he thought
a powerful sight of that girl, and she did of
him, too. I saw it, man, because I was in
the family, you know, an 'a-go' out an' in
the room where he called on her, an' the
like a voluble."

"Long ago, you know," continued the
lady, "I saw a girl, greatly pleased that she
now had her listener more interested. 'Miss
Rose was pretty smart an' so I went nussin'
at Mr. Clifford's just across the street.
Well, one afternoon Mr. Clifford said she
wished she had an apert pattern with a bit
on an' I told her Miss Willard had one an'
I'd run her over to a comely an' I tell you
Miss Benson 'twas lucky I did. There on the
couch sat Miss Rose-pale as
paler-than-death, her eyes shot an' in a
dead faint. Well now if I hadn't a known
just what to do with her it 'ud been all
up with her. Well, to sum it all up and
say, I've noticed she's been more af-
fable; but she will never get over her no-
tions of caste; they were born in her."

Mr. Nelson was so near-sighted he did not
see the color that came and went in the
young pastor's face. And he had been so
discreet in his attentions to the young
lady, that, though this good brother had

"But what had Mr. Clifford to do with
that, Basha?" asked Mrs. Benson, smiling
to think how she had gotten off the track.
"Why, bless you, an' didn't I see him come
out there an hour or more before I went
after the pattern. Oh! 'twas that, man, an'
an' just what was said I never quite made
out, but I've always been of the opinion her
high notions come a'tween 'em some way;
but she's cured of them now, an' she does go
to do good with it, an' she does do good
with it, I tell you. I couldn't get her to go
to the seashore nor nothin' this summer, but
she just staid home an' worked most the
poor an' sick as hard as ever she could, just
'xactly as Mr. Clifford did, you know."

"Perhaps she hopes to regain his affection
yet," suggested Mrs. Benson.

"Oh, no, nothin' that kind 'bout Miss Rose;
besides, that's blowed over. She never
heard a word from him, an' in less 'n three
months she heard he's married. That's just
like a man any way," continued Basha Han-
nan, somewhat spitefully, "though I'd
never a thought that of Mr. Clifford; but
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LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

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ALTA LODGE, No. 874, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

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PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

NOTICE.

W. H. HAGAN, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—If you want a first class plow or farmers shoe, go to S. L. Townshend & Son.

—Jameson & Shartzer sells flour for 75 cts. per sack that they warrant as good as any in town.

—Mr. Daniel Chisholm returned from Florida last week, and is now in this county.

—Go to S. L. Townshend & Son for pure and clean Timothy and clover seed.

—Jameson & Shartzer are getting a car load of seed oats. Will sell at 35 cts. per bushel at car.

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MRS. F. D. READ.
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—FOR SALE—An eighteen horsepower steam saw mill, of the "Geiser" pattern, nearly new. Address

JOHN F. BROWNING,
420 3m
Oakland, Md.

—Felt & Co. will open their Fruit and Vegetable Store, in the Brooks building, Friday, March 29. Headquarters for all kinds of garden seeds, and vegetables in season, fresh fish, &c., &c. 330 4t.

—I have for sale thorough-bred Short Horn Yearling Bulls and calves. Pedigree furnished if desired. 420 3 D. J. SEABACH.

Four miles Southwest of Oakland.

—The building used by the M. E. Congregation at Elk Lick, Pa., Rev. W. E. Dean, Pastor, was unroofed by the storm last week. A number of other houses and barns were damaged. The Methodists have rented a hall in which to hold their meetings.

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413 3t JOHN G. BRANT.

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Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

These letters are chargeable with one cent due on delivery.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

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M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ p. m., by Rev. C. J. Trippett.

Song service every Sunday evening at 6:45.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching 11 a. m. and 7½ p. m. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

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Notice.

ACCIDENT, Md., April 15, 1889.

I would most respectfully ask my friends to excuse me from practicing medicine for the present. My health is almost irretrievably ruined and I can only regain it by a careful system of baths and medicine, &c. I know it is to my interest as well as theirs that I make the request.

E. H. GLOFFELTY, M. D.

Corporation Election.

The Oakland corporation election for three Commissioners, to serve for two years, was held Monday. A light vote was polled and the Democratic ticket was elected by an average majority of 14. The vote was as follows: Democrats—Dr. J. H. Manown, 84; P. M. Stemple, 88; Jos. H. Smithman, 92. Republicans—Geo. L. Bosley, 78; W. M. Coddington, 76; G. A. Shirer, 68.

Testimonial.

The following resolutions were read and unanimously adopted by a rising vote of the Ev. Lutheran Sunday School, on the 14th of April, 1889:

WHEREAS, Mrs. Florence Amick is about to sever her connection with the Ev. Lutheran Sunday School of Oakland, Md., in which she has been a faithful and successful worker for a number of years,

AND WHEREAS, As she has been one of our most efficient, prompt and self-sacrificing workers, we will therefore more deeply feel our loss and her encouraging Christian influence in our school; therefore, be it

Resolved, That while we as a Sunday School deeply feel and regret our loss, we would humbly submit to the ruling and guiding hand of our Heavenly Father.

Resolved, That our prayers and kindest wishes accompany her to her new field of labor, and we hope that she may be spared to labor many years in the Master's work.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the record of our school, and published in our county papers.

G. A. BOLDEN, Secretary.

List of Jurors.

The following is a list of the jurors for May term, drawn by Judge Seyster Saturday last:

District No. 1—Patrick Healey, Geo. H. O'Brien, Wm. M. Jenkins, Ebenezer Kitzmiller, Jos. F. Friend.

No. 2—Benj. W. Hoff, Jonathan Coddington.

No. 3—Jas. B. Dorsey, Chas. L. McKintie, Samuel R. Frantz, Lewis Horcher, Ralph Engle, George W. Shaw, Henry Winterberg.

No. 4—W. A. Brydson, Wm. L. Rawlings, Henry C. Newberry.

No. 5—John W. Daniels, Eli McMillen, Daniel Fike, Jacob W. Boyer.

No. 6—John Sines, Jonas Gloffelty, Douglas McLane, John M. Falkenstein, Samuel A. McRobb.

No. 7—John A. Grant, John A. Delawder, M. L. Scott, John Helbig, Sr., Alexander Fleckenstein, Johnson King, W. H. Hall, John O. Thayer, Thomas Harne, Nicholas Merrill.

No. 8—Wm. C. Buncutter, Jonas Yutzy, Isaac W. Abernathy, Davis N. Murphy.

No. 9—Aaron Wilhelm, Thos. E. Ravenscraft.

No. 10—John R. Browning, E. W. Keiso, E. F. Droege.

No. 11—Zadoc Shaw, Eli Merrill, Ashford Warnick.

For Sale or Rent.

A very desirable, new and well built cottage on one of the principal avenues in Mountain Lake Park, containing nine good-sized rooms; necessary outbuildings; fine view, double lot and a well of excellent water on the premises. Also,

For Rent.

A very desirable cottage, in Mountain Lake Park, delightfully situated, containing eleven well furnished rooms, extensive grounds, stable and all other necessary out-buildings.

Apply to
F. A. THAYER,
Oakland, Md.

A Daring Robbery.

Last Saturday night, April 18th, one of the most daring and outrageous robberies was committed that this section of the county ever witnessed. Four well dressed disguised men entered the house of Christian Yoder, an old, gray-headed man, living near Summit Mills, Somerset county, Pa., and by fearful oaths, threats, and drawn revolvers demanded his money. Mr. Yoder immediately yielded to their demands. They obtained about \$500 in money, but not being satisfied with that amount, they demanded more, whereupon he replied that they had every cent. They then commenced to torture him by holding a lighted candle to his arms and setting fire to his hair, but he could not give them any more information. They then took the him out to the barn, fastened a rope around his neck and pulled him up off of the ground and then asked, again, but by this time he had disengaged one of his arms. They then knocked him senseless and pulled him up the second time threatening to burn down the building with his alive. They also wanted him to tell of neighbors that were likely to have money, but he could not give any information concerning his neighbors' financial circumstances. By this time Mr. Yoder was unconscious. When he recovered they carried him to the house, and after searching the house and securely tying Mr. Yoder and wife, one hired man and two hired girls they left taking with them \$500 in money and two very fine dapple gray mares. Mr. Yoder is badly used up, but not seriously injured. About twenty armed horsemen are after the perpetrators, and if caught will likely meet with rather a cool reception. \$300 reward is offered for the arrest and conviction of the thieves.

The above is the statement made to the writer by Mr. Yoder personally.

APRIL 14th, 1889.

Testimonial to a Pastor.

The following resolutions with reference to the resignation of Rev. G. W. W. Amick, pastor of Oakland church, Evangelical Lutheran Church, Oakland, Garrett county, Md., were adopted by unanimous vote of the Council:

WHEREAS, Our pastor has presented his resignation, to take effect on the 14th day of April, 1889,

Resolved, That his earnest and laborious efforts for the upbuilding of the church, the interest taken in the welfare and prosperity, both temporal and spiritual, and the deep interest in every good work in our behalf, call for an expression of our appreciation and gratitude.

Resolved, That our prayers and well-wishes accompany him and his beloved wife to their new field of labor, and we hope that he may be spared to labor many years for the Master, and finally be gathered home to wear a starry crown dotted with many jewels.

WM. HINEBAUGH,
Secretary, pro tem.

Massey Hall Preparatory School.

Examinations were held in study room Monday and Tuesday of this week and Easter term formally closed on Wednesday, April 17th. Trinity Term begins Wednesday, April 24th, for short term of 8 weeks, closing June 19. Applications for admission to fill a few vacancies will be received at once. Our county teachers will do well to take present opportunity and prepare themselves for higher grade certificates at fall examinations. The Principal shows the true spirit by making special terms for Garrett county teachers. Studies will be arranged perimetry to any Normal course and to meet requirements. The past term has been one of the most satisfactory in every way and the Principal is to be congratulated upon his success. We learn that arrangements can now be made for summer studies in special or general work. Classes formed for elementary Latin course—to read one author, with special reference to grammatical construction and meaning—during summer months. Early application absolutely necessary.

Notice to Farmers.

I take this mode of informing the farmers of this neighborhood, that I will place my stallion on the stand for this season. He is known as the Theodore Beckman horse, and is well known in this neighborhood. Don't make contracts until you see me.

HENRY N. FREDLOCK.

New Dress Goods.

S. L. Townshend & Son have just received a full line of ladies dress goods, such as satteens, challees, chambray, searucker, dress gingham, lawns, &c.

Millinery at Mrs. Wm. E. Jarboe's.

Ladies will find a nice lot of Spring and Summer Hats. Great reduction in Silk Velvets. Will also sell left over Jersey Gloves and Woolen Hose at cost.

418 4t

The County Levy.

The County Commissioners finished the annual levy for 1889 on Saturday last. The basis for taxation is \$4,254,581.00. The amount to be levied \$45,949.47. Rate on the \$100, \$4.08, which is two cents less than last year. The amount levied is \$2,648.53 more than the total of last year. The principal items of expense are as follows: Public roads, \$7,068.91; public bridges, \$1,814.96; public schools, 9,000; contingent fund, \$4,918.17; court fund, \$3,302.50; pensions, \$1,099.00; miscellaneous, \$3,033.22. The basis was largely increased by the assessments of Military Lots which had never heretofore been on the assessment books. These assessments were made on the report of Mr. Hiram P. Tasker, who has been in Annapolis for the past year looking up the titles to these lots. The basis will be further increased in the near future.

A Garrett Boy Wins.

The contest for the gold watch offered by the proprietor of the Pennsylvania Grocer, Percy F. Smith, to the most popular salesman in Allegheny county, Pa., closed on April 1st, as provided in the offer, and during the past week the vote was tabulated and ballots examined to find the lucky "knights of the grip."

There was a very large vote polled, but Mr. Charles F. Frazee, the popular salesman with Arbuckles & Co., who was the first in the field and who worked with considerable energy, carried off the first prize, the handsome gold watch. Mr. Frazee had a majority over all competitors of 131, and was therefore awarded the watch.

Washington's Centennial.

New York is all in a bustle with the preparations for the coming celebration of the Centennial of Washington's Inauguration, April 29th, 30th and May 1st, and a big time is promised all who attend, independent of the other attractions, the Military Pageant will be the largest since the war. And the Naval display will embrace all the available Craft in the Atlantic Squadron.

The B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell tickets at greatly reduced rates to New York and return for all trains on April 27 to 30, inclusive. Good for return trip on all trains leaving New York until midnight of May 6th, inclusive.

This will be a rare opportunity to visit the Metropolis and enjoy a ride over the B. & O.'s new line. Remember there is no transfer in Philadelphia. All trains run through solid without change.

For time of trains see time tables, to be had at B. & O. Ticket Offices.

Gorman.

Messrs. Hoffman & Son are shipping materials for the tannery on their grounds by rail, the R. R. track across the river having been completed. They are preparing the foundation for their main building.

Mr. L. L. McCrum is digging out the foundation for a large hotel. Mr. McCrum lost a valuable horse Tuesday.

Mr. J. F. Nydegger is enlarging his store house and expects to carry on business more extensively.

Mr. R. T. Johnson, of Hagerstown, is erecting a store house and will commence business soon.

Mr. Whittier is building a hall seventy feet in length, we understand, for a ten-pin alley.

Mr. C. L. Law is preparing to build a dwelling house for his own occupancy.

We understand Mr. Geo. W. Moon has been appointed postmaster to succeed Mr. W. R. Neville.

Mr. S. L. Sears, artist, is here and will remain one month for the purpose of taking and enlarging pictures.

Messrs. McAndrews and Mrs. Dixon have rented a room of Mr. G. W. Moon and will engage in dress making.

Miss Faherty, of Piedmont, music teacher, is making up classes here and other points along the line.

Mr. B. B. Savage, of Sang Run, paid us a brief visit last week.

Rev. R. S. Welch preached Sunday and Sunday night to good audiences.

Sunday School is progressing finely. Perhaps none will contribute more to the success of the school than Mr. S. H. Mickey and his noble lady Miss Bertie, though quite young, plays the organ efficiently.

Fine Stallion for Sale.

I offer my fine young stallion for sale. He is a beautiful black, weighing 1250 pounds. He is a fine worker in harness. He has a large number of the best colts (one, two and three years old) in the neighborhood. This is one of the finest and most desirable stallions in the county.

Call on address
M. MARONEY,
Oakland, Md.

580 4t

Deer Park.

H. G. Davis stopped with us over Sunday night.

M. K. Harvey lost a very valuable horse this week.

Did you know that Joe Lashorn is the best natured fellow in town.

That Prof. Lee wants to know where his best girl is.

That George Connell loves to visit Elk Garden.

That P. W. Connell is moving and is sad.

That somebody will get the post-office.

That Frank Thrasher is beautifying the cottage for President Harrison to rest in.

That the B. & O. Company have a number of hands working at the hotels.

That there will be an Easter service at the M. E. Church Sunday night.

That somebody will get married soon.

That I like your paper.

That I will write again if nobody gets mad at this.

Swanton.

William Tichenell, of Chestnut Grove, died of typhoid fever last week.

Phillip Davis, Sr., from near Mt. Zion, died from the effects of a cancer on Saturday night. Mr. Davis had suffered a great deal for many years.

On last Friday afternoon the U. B. Church was struck by lightning, one side of the steeple was torn out, a hole made in the roof, the flue knocked down, several holes torn in the ceiling, and the stove-pipe thrown down. The lightning went through the floor to the ground. The trustees have taken steps towards repairing the damages.

Dr. Richard Welfley, of Cumberland, is visiting relatives and friends at this place.

There will be Easter services in the U. B. Church Sunday at 3 o'clock.

The B. & O. R. Co. are relaying the North track on the 17-mile grade with new steel 85 lbs. rails, 13 lb to yard heavier than any they have ever had. This is necessary on account of the new "consolidated" engines which weigh 75 tons, and the heavy rolling stock with which they are equipping the road.

We notice in a late issue of the Daily American the Oakland correspondent regrets the lack of a first-class nursery in our county. This is certainly very desirable, and while we cannot boast of a first-class, and disclaim any pretensions to the "first class" as to size, yet we have a young nursery which we hope will yet be a great help to our county, and outside of the many varieties of fruit trees and vines which Mr. Sweet has well started he has ornamentals of the most rare and beautiful foreign and native sorts.

Mr. Patrick Healy lost a valuable mare on account of dislocated hip bone.

The National Garment Cutter.

To cut, fit and make garments of every description that will conform with prevailing fashion and fit perfectly is a most desirable attainment. It is one that any lady will find a valuable and economical acquirement in her domestic education. To the wealthy the ability to correctly superintend the cutting and making of garments for family use is both a pleasure and a saving, while to the poor it is a necessity. By the use of the National Garment Cutter this can be accomplished. It is no Chart or paper Model, but composed of a fine folding square, a scroll or draft tool, a full set of scales, and a book of diagrams and instructions so simple that any one can understand it, a tape measure, etc., and all neatly packed and put up in a nice box prepared for it.

The only true method for cutting clothing, or any other mechanical work, is by actual measurement, and this system is so thoroughly reduced that a child that can read figures and guide its hands can use this system accurately and successfully. While all ladies should know how to cut, make up and trim all kinds of clothing, heretofore the tailors' and dressmakers' rules have been shrouded in mystery, or kept beyond the reach of the masses, as in most cases it requires a payment of various sums, ranging from \$25 to \$100, and weeks of time devoted to study and practice.

But by the use of the NATIONAL GARMENT CUTTER any family can not only cut but at the same time, have drafts and instructions, how to make up, drape and trim all the different articles in the latest styles, and always be in the fashion; (to the dressmaker this is especially needful) and parties, though novices, may readily become experts.

M. P. DYER,
Agent, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

GEO. F. WHITE, S. D. WHITE, P. M.
Mt. Lake Park, Md. Frankville, Md.

WHITE & BRO.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!
AT FRANKVILLE, MD.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Country produce taken in exchange for goods. Call and see us.

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
85 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

75 4t

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MASSEY HALL
PREPARATORY SCHOOL,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Trinity Term begins
April 24th, 1889.

Regular courses continued. Lectures on Commercial Law. Special attention to Collieries and Business Requirements. Classes in Literature and Free-hand Drawing. Number of Pupils Limited.

For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to
REV. J. NEWMAN,
Principal.

77 4t

FOR SALE!

The desirable business property fronting street and B. & O. R. R., opposite Glades Hotel, and occupied by Mr. W. D. Nydegger, Druggist.

For price and terms, apply to
D. P. MILLER,
Insurance and Real Estate,
413 3m
CUMBERLAND, Md.

Estate of David T. Percy, Deceased

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Allegany Co., Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

DAVID T. PERCY,
late of Allegany Co., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 9th day of October next; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 2nd day of April, 1889.

DAVID W. SLOAN,
Cumberland, Md.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view and examine the lands through which the road petitioned for by George Frazee and others, beginning at a point along the Morgantown Road west of Edward Frazee's and running thence over the lands of George Frazee, North 8 degrees West (North 8 degrees West) to the North-west corner of George Frazee's land, thence over Kim Frazee's lands along the line of the road, thence to the upper end of the graveyard, thence to the County Road, thence over the lands of George Frazee and Ohio-Spectator along the hill side as a reasonable distance from the location of railroad along the river bank to the West end of Guard's bridge, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Monday, the 23rd day of April, 1889,

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Notice.

ACCIDENT, MD., April 15, 1889.

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E. H. GLOTFELTY, M. D.

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The following resolutions were read and unanimously adopted by a rising vote of the Ev. Lutheran Sunday School, on the 14th of April, 1889:

WHEREAS, Mrs. Florence Amick is about to sever her connection with the Ev. Lutheran Sunday School of Oakland, Md., in which she has been a faithful and successful worker for a number of years,

AND WHEREAS, As she has been one of our most efficient, prompt and self-sacrificing workers, we will therefore more deeply feel our loss and her encouraging Christian influence in our school; therefore, be it

Resolved, That while we as a Sunday School deeply feel and regret our loss, we would humbly submit to the ruling and guiding hand of our Heavenly Father.

Resolved, That our prayers and kindest wishes accompany her to her new field of labor, and we hope that she may be spared to labor many years in the Master's work.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the record of our school, and published in our county papers.

G. A. BOLDEN, Secretary.

List of Jurors.

The following is a list of the Jurors for May term, drawn by Judge Seyster Saturday last:

District No. 1--Patrick Healey, Geo. H. O'Brien, Wm. M. Jenkins, Ebenezer Kitzmiller, Jos. F. Friend.

No. 2--Benj. W. Hoff, Jonathan Coddington.

No. 3--Jas. B. Dorsey, Chas. L. McKinnon, Samuel R. Franz, Lewis Horcher, Ralph Engle, George W. Shaw, Henry Winterberg.

No. 4--W. A. Brydon, Wm. L. Rawlings, Henry C. Newberry.

No. 5--John W. Daniels, Eli McMillen, Daniel Fike, Jacob W. Boyer.

No. 6--John Sines, Jonas Gloftelty, Dougal McLane, John M. Falkenstein, Samuel A. McRobie.

No. 7--John A. Grant, John A. Delawder, M. L. Scott, John Helbig, Sr., Alexander Fleckenstein, Johnson King, W. H. Hall, John O. Thayer, Thomas Harne, Nicholas Merrill.

No. 8--Wm. C. Buncutter, Jonas Yutzy, Isaac W. Abernathy, Davis N. Murphy.

No. 9--Aaron Wilhelm, Thos. E. Ravencraft.

No. 10--John R. Browning, E. W. Kelso, E. F. Droge.

No. 11--Zadoc Shaw, Eli Merrill, Ashford Warnick.

For Sale or Rent.

A very desirable, new and well built cottage on one of the principal avenues in Mountain Lake Park, containing nine good-sized rooms; necessary outbuildings; fine view, double lot and a well of excellent water on the premises. Also,

For Rent.

A very desirable cottage, in Mountain Lake Park, delightfully situated, containing eleven well furnished rooms, extensive grounds, stable and all other necessary out-buildings.

Apply to

F. A. THAYER, Oakland, Md.

A Daring Robbery.

Last Saturday night, April 13th, one of the most daring and outrageous robberies was committed that this section of the county ever witnessed. Four well dressed disguised men entered the house of Christian Yoder, an old, gray-headed man, living near Summit Mills, Somerset county, Pa., and by fearful oaths, threats, and drawn revolvers demanded his money. Mr. Yoder immediately yielded to their demands. They obtained about \$500 in money, but not being satisfied with that amount, they demanded more, whereupon he replied that they had every cent. They then commenced to torture him by holding a lighted candle to his arms and setting fire to his hair, but he could not give them any more information. They then took him out to the barn, fastened a rope around his neck and pulled him up off of the ground and then asked, again, but by this time he had disengaged one of his arms. They then knocked him senseless and pulled him up the second time threatening to burn down the building with his alive. They also wanted him to tell of neighbors that were likely to have money, but he could not give any information concerning his neighbors' financial circumstances. By this time Mr. Yoder was unconscious. When he recovered they carried him to the house, and after searching the house and securely tying Mr. Yoder and wife, one hired man and two hired girls left taking with them \$500 in money and two very fine dapple gray mares. Mr. Yoder is badly used up, but not seriously injured. About twenty armed horsemen are after the perpetrators, and if caught will likely meet with rather a cool reception. \$300 reward is offered for the arrest and conviction of the thieves.

The above is the statement made to the writer by Mr. Yoder personally.

APRIL 14th, 1889.

Testimonial to a Pastor.

The following resolutions with reference to the resignation of Rev. G. W. W. Amick, pastor of Oakland charge, Evangelical Lutheran Church, Oakland, Garrett county, Md., were adopted by unanimous vote of the Council:

WHEREAS, Our pastor has presented his resignation, to take effect on the 14th day of April, 1889.

Resolved, That his earnest and laborious efforts for the upbuilding of the charge, the interest taken in the welfare and prosperity, both temporal and spiritual, and the deep interest in every good work in our behalf, call for an expression of our appreciation and gratitude.

Resolved, That our prayers and well-wishes accompany him and his beloved wife to their new field of labor, and we hope that he may be spared to labor many years for the Master, and finally be gathered home to wear a starry crown dotted with many jewels.

WM. HINEBAUGH, Secretary, pro tem.

Massey Hall Preparatory School.

Examinations were held in study room Monday and Tuesday of this week and Easter term formally closed on Wednesday, April 17th. Trinity Term begins Wednesday, April 24th, for short term of 8 weeks, closing June 19. Applications for admission to fill a few vacancies will be received at once. Our country teachers will do well to take present opportunity and prepare themselves for higher grade certificates at fall examinations. The Principal shows the true spirit by making special terms for Garrett county teachers. Studies will be arranged perimetry to any normal course and to meet requirements. The past term has been one of the most satisfactory in every way and the Principal is to be congratulated upon his success. We learn that arrangements can now be made for summer studies in special or general work. Classes formed for elementary Latin course--to read one author, with special reference to grammatical construction and meaning--during summer months. Early application absolutely necessary.

Notice to Farmers.

I take this mode of informing the farmers of this neighborhood, that I will place my stallion on the stand for this season. He is known as the Theodore Beckman horse, and is well known in this neighborhood. Don't make contracts until you see me.

HENRY N. FREDLOCK.

New Dress Goods.

S. L. Townsend & Son have just received a full line of ladies dress goods, such as satteens, chailies, chambray, searsucker, dress gowns, lawns, etc.

Millinery at Mrs. Wm. E. Jarboe's.

Ladies will find a nice lot of Spring and Summer Hats. Great reduction in Silk Velvets. Will also sell left over Jersey Gloves and Woolen Hosiery at cost.

4134

The County Levy.

The County Commissioners finished the annual levy for 1889 on Saturday last. The basis for taxation is \$4,254,681.00. The amount to be levied \$45,919.47. Rate on the \$100, \$4.08, which is two cents less than last year. The amount levied is \$2,648.53 more than the total of last year. The principal items of expense are as follows: Public roads, \$7,068.91; public bridges, \$1,814.96; public schools, 9,000; contingent fund, \$4,918.17; court fund, \$3,302.50; pensions, \$1,099.00; miscellaneous, \$3,033.22. The basis was largely increased by the assessments of Military Lots which had never heretofore been on the assessment books. These assessments were made on the report of Mr. Hiram P. Tasker, who has been in Annapolis for the past year looking up the titles to these lots. The basis will be further increased in the near future.

A Garrett Boy Wins.

The contest for the gold watch offered by the proprietor of the Peninsula Grocer, Percy F. Smith, to the most popular salesman in Allegheny county, Pa., closed on April 1st, as provided in the offer, and during the past week the vote was tabulated and ballots examined to find the lucky "knights of the grip."

There was a very large vote polled, but Mr. Charles F. Frazee, the popular salesman with Arbuckle & Co., who was the first in the field and who worked with considerable energy, carried off the first prize, the handsome gold watch. Mr. Frazee had a majority over all competitors of 131, and was therefore awarded the watch.

Washington's Centennial.

New York is all in a bustle with the preparations for the coming celebration of the Centennial of Washington's Inauguration, April 29th, 30th and May 1st, and a big time is promised all who attend, independent of the other attractions, the Military Pageant will be the largest since the war. And the Naval display will embrace all the available Craft in the Atlantic Squadron.

The B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell tickets at greatly reduced rates to New York and return for all trains on April 27 to 30, inclusive. Good for return trip on all trains leaving New York until midnight of May 6th, inclusive.

This will be a rare opportunity to visit the Metropolis and enjoy a ride over the B. & O.'s new line. Remember the transfer in Philadelphia. A train runs through solid without change.

For time of trains see time tables, to be had at B. & O. Ticket Offices.

Gorman.

Messrs. Hoffman & Son are shipping materials for the tannery on their grounds by rail, the R. R. track across the river having been completed. They are preparing the foundation for their main building.

Mr. L. H. McCrum is digging out the foundation for a large hotel. Mr. McCrum lost a valuable horse Tuesday.

Mr. J. F. Nydegger is enlarging his store house and expects to carry on business more extensively.

Mr. R. T. Johnson, of Hagerstown, is erecting a store house and will commence business soon.

Mr. Whitler is building a hall seventy feet in length, we understand, for a ten-pin alley.

Mr. C. L. Law is preparing to build a dwelling house for his own occupancy.

We understand Mr. Geo. W. Moon has been appointed postmaster to succeed Mr. W. R. Neville.

Mr. S. L. Sears, artist, is here and will remain one month for the purpose of taking and enlarging pictures.

Miss Jennie McAndrews and Mrs. Dixon have rented a room of Mr. G. W. Moon and will engage in dress making.

Miss Faherty, of Piedmont, music teacher, is making up classes here and other points along the line.

Mr. B. B. Savage, of Sang Run, paid us a brief visit last week.

Rev. R. S. Welch preached Sunday and Sunday night to good audiences.

Sunday School is progressing finely. Perhaps none will contribute more to the success of the school than Mr. S. H. Mickey and his noble lady Miss Bertie, though quite young, plays the organ efficiently.

Fine Stallion for Sale.

I offer my fine young stallion for sale. He is a beautiful black, weighing 1250 pounds. He is a fine worker in harness. He has a large number of the best colts (one, two and three years old) in the neighborhood. This is one of the finest and most desirable stallions in the county.

Call on address

M. MARONEY, Oakland, Md.

830 tf

Deer Park.

H. G. Davis stopped with us over Sunday night.

Mr. K. Harvey lost a very valuable horse this week.

Did you know that Joe Lashorn is the best natured fellow in town?

That Prof. Lee wants to know where his best girl is.

That George Connell loves to visit Elk Garden.

That P. W. Connell is moving and is sad.

That somebody will get the post-office.

That Frank Thrasher is beautifying the cottage for President Harrison to rest in.

That the B. & O. Company have a number of hands working at the hotels.

That there will be an Easter service at the M. E. Church Sunday night.

That somebody will get married soon.

That I like your paper.

That I will write again if nobody gets mad at this.

Swanton.

William Tichenell, of Chestnut Grove, died of typhoid fever last week.

Phillip Davis, Sr., from near Mt. Zion, died from the effects of a cancer on Saturday night. Mr. Davis had suffered a great deal for many years.

On last Friday afternoon the U. B. Church was struck by lightning, one side of the steeple was torn out, a hole made in the roof, the flue knocked down, several holes torn in the ceiling, and the stove-pipe thrown down. The lightning went through the floor to the ground. The trustees have taken steps towards repairing the damages.

Dr. Richard Weiffel, of Cumberland, is visiting relatives and friends at this place.

There will be Easter services in the U. B. Church Sunday at 3 o'clock.

The B. & O. R. Co. are relaying the North track on the 17-mile grade with new steel 85 lbs. rails, 13 lb to yard heavier than any they have ever had. This is necessary on account of the new "consolidated" engines which weigh 75 tons, and the heavy rolling stock with which they are equipping the road.

We notice in a late issue of the Daily American the Oakland correspondent regrets the lack of a first-class nursery in our county. This is certainly very desirable, and while we cannot boast of a first-class, and disclaim any pretensions to the "first class" as to size, yet we have a young nursery which we hope will yet be a great help to our county, and outside of the many varieties of fruit trees and vines which Mr. Sweet has well started he has ornamentals of the most rare and beautiful foreign and native sorts.

Mr. Patrick Healy lost a valuable mare on account of dislocated hip bone.

The National Garment Cutter.

To cut, fit and make garments of every description that will conform with prevailing fashion and fit perfectly is a most desirable attainment. It is one that any lady will find a valuable and economic acquirement in her domestic education. To the wealthy the ability to correctly superintend the cutting and making of garments for family use is both a pleasure and a saving, while to the poor it is a necessity. By the use of the National Garment Cutter this can be accomplished. It is no Chart or paper Model, but composed of a fine folding square, a scroll or draft tool, a full set of scales, and a book of diagrams and instructions so simple that any one can understand it, a tape measure, etc., and neatly packed and put up in a nice box prepared for it.

The only true method for cutting clothing, or any other mechanical work, is by actual measurement, and this system is so thoroughly reduced and simplified that a child can read figures and guide its hands can use this system accurately and successfully. While all ladies should know how to cut, make up and trim all kinds of clothing, heretofore the tailors' and dressmakers' rules have been shrouded in mystery, or kept beyond the reach of the masses, as in most cases it requires a payment of various sums, ranging from \$25 to \$100, and weeks of time devoted to study and practice.

But by the use of the NATIONAL GARMENT CUTTER any family can not only cut but at the same time, have drafts and instructions, how to make up, drape and trim all the different articles in the latest styles, and always be in the fashion; it (to the dressmaker this is especially useful) and parties, though novices, may readily become experts.

M. P. DYER, Agent, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Geo. P. WHITE, S. D. WHITE, P. M. Mt. Lake Park, Md. Frankville, Md.

WHITE & BRO. NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!

AT FRANKVILLE, MD. Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes. Country produce taken in exchange for goods. Call and see us. WHITE & BRO. P. O. address, Floyd, Md.

JOHN A. WOLF, CARPENTER AND BUILDER, 85 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MASSEY HALL PREPARATORY SCHOOL, OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Trinity Term begins April 24th, 1889.

Regular courses continued. Lectures on Commercial Law. Special attention to Calculus and Business requirements. Classes in Literature and Free-hand Drawing. Number of Pupils Limited.

For terms, hours of study, etc., apply to REV. J. NEWMAN, Principal.

77 td

FOR SALE!

The desirable business property fronting street and B. & O. R. R., opposite Glades Hotel, and occupied by Mr. W. D. Nydegger, Jr., etc.

For price and terms, apply to D. P. MILLER, Insurance and Real Estate, CUMBERLAND, MD.

Estate of David T. Percy, Deceased

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE--That the subscriber, of Allegheny Co., Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

DAVID T. PERCY, late of Allegheny Co., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 8th day of October next; they may otherwise, by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 2nd day of April, 1889.

DAVID W. SLOAN, Cumberland, Md.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by George Frazee and others, beginning at a point along the Morgantown road, of Edward Frazee's and running thence over the lands of George Frazee North to the West (North 5 degrees West) to the North-west corner of George Frazee's meadow, thence over Kin Frazee's lands along the foot hill to a stake, thence to the upper end of the graveyard, thence to the County Road, thence over the lands of George Frazee and other specimens along the hill side at a reasonable distance from the location of railroad along the river bank to the West end of Guard's bridge, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Monday, the 23rd day of April, 1889, and determine whether the proposed location is proper, and if so locate the same

AN EASTER SONG.

We bore to see the summer
 We bore to see the
 Beat all the golden
 leaves and red
 In drifting masses
 and fro,
 Till not a leaf re-
 mained behind.
 We faced the winter's
 brown, and said:
 "There comes reward
 for all our pain,
 For every loss there
 comes a gain;
 And spring, which never failed us yet,
 Out of the snow-drift and the ice
 Shall some day bring the violet."
 We bore—what could we do but bear?
 To see Youth perish in its prime,
 And Hope grow faint and Joyance grieved,
 And Dreams all vanish in this life,
 And Beauty, at the touch of time,
 Become a memory, half believed;
 So if we could smile, and still we said:
 "Hope, Joy and Beauty are not dead;
 God's Angels guard them all and send
 Close by the grave He sits and waits—
 There comes a spring for even these."
 We bore to see dear faces pale,
 Dear voices falter, smiles grow wan,
 And life ebb like a tide at sea,
 Till underneath the misty veil
 Our best beloved, one by one,
 Vanished and varied ways.
 We stayed without, but still could say:
 "The winter dureth not away;
 Who sleep in Christ with Christ shall rise,
 We wait our Easter morn in tears,
 'Tis in the morn of Paradise."
 O thought of healing, word of strength!
 O light to lighten darkest way!
 O saving help and balm of life!
 For all our dead shall dawn at length
 A slowly broadening day of life,
 A Resurrection calm and still.
 The little sleep will not seem long,
 The silence shall break into song,
 The sealed eyes shall open and then
 We will have waited patiently
 Shall live and have our own.
 —Susan Coolidge, in N. Y. Independent.

AN EASTER BONNET.

But It Was Not Purchased Until
 In June.

"H. SAM! Sam! Sam!"
 "Shewer I never
 bought it?"
 "Oh, be silent!"
 "Silent yourself!"
 Boys made me go—
 girls, who spoke
 about boys—boys—
 boys—
 "I thank the good
 Father in Heaven
 that our parents did
 not live to see this
 day! I am glad they
 are both dead—
 you hear me? Glad—glad!"
 He may hear her, but the only answer
 she gets is a muzzling sound from the
 pillow and goes off into a stupor worse
 even than his preceding state of garrulity—
 a state that had held him long enough to
 allow him to make known to his proud
 sister a something that at its first hearing
 stifled the very beating of her heart.
 There is not a moment to be lost, but
 what shall she do? There is a small boy
 lying upon the boy's wash-stand close be-
 side the bed, a boy that looks out little
 brassy gleams to meet the flare of the can-
 dle in her hand. With a cry she pounces
 upon it, seeing her way clear to a step she
 does not for an instant hesitate to take.
 With one backward look of infinite love
 and pity, she leaves the bedside, opens the
 door, closes it softly after her, and flies
 swiftly along the passage to her own room.
 It is very late, but Virginia Waters could
 not sleep until certain of the whereabouts
 of her dear, easily-led, good-hearted, beau-
 tiful brother Sam.
 He had come lumbering in, hours past
 midnight, with a noisy effort at a stealthy
 mounting of the two flights of narrow,
 carpeted stairs; had plunged along the lit-
 tle hall—a human vessel in distress—and
 had, at last, found harbor within the
 limits of his own four walls. Then Virginia
 had come to him, and with wide eyes and
 pale lips had heard the story of his first
 crimes. Not that of drinking alone—had so
 that was in itself—but of the dishonest
 means by which he had bought the wine—
 at least that is what Virginia makes out of
 his maudlin speech to her—this young
 trusted and loved for his frankness, am-
 ability and—yes, beauty, had betrayed that
 confidence and taken money not his own.
 With a quick turning of the knob Miss
 Waters lets herself into her own room. It
 is a plain little room, containing a narrow
 couch—marvelously clean, an ordinary
 bureau and a washstand, two chairs and a
 magnificent rug; this last the only relic
 left to remind its owner of bygone days of
 plenty. It is the room of a maid, so clean,
 so sweet, so unpretending is it; a room
 strangely in contrast to the other apart-
 ments of this large building. For here,
 over the store-rooms below, are found the
 more public offices of men of business—pro-
 fessional gentlemen, in the main, who
 occupy these rooms by day but who vacate
 them at sunset. Here and her brother's are

the only living rooms in this large building,
 yet Virginia, although she knows that her
 foot-fall sounds upon no listening ear,
 walks softly all on tiptoe, as one bound up
 on a stealthy mission.
 And, alas! it is so; for out of the top
 drawer of the pine bureau comes a pocket-
 book, and from this pocket-book, a little
 roll of bills.
 "For this," she cries, as she counts the
 roll carefully over, "for this have I saved
 and saved for this. And—yet I think that
 this is mine in this hour of need! Poor
 Sam! poor boy! Thus does my love reach
 out and shield you—oh, brother, brother—
 if you only knew!"
 Down the silent, dimly-lighted stairway
 goes the girl. No fear assails her at this
 dread hour of night save the fear of being
 too late to save her brother from a public
 disgrace. The door at the foot of the stair-
 case opens at her touch upon the airy
 latch, and she is out under the cold March



THE CONTENTS OF THE POCKET-BOOK FALL INTO THE MONEY-DRAWER.

stars. From somewhere in the distance
 comes the faint, measured sound of foot-
 steps, followed by a sharp rattle of a police-
 man's club upon the curbstone. It comforts
 her a little that there is another soul set
 at this unenviable hour. With senses fearfully
 alert she thrusts a small key into the lock
 of a door that leads upon a store-room full of
 merchandise—turns the key, opens the
 door and enters.
 At the back of the long, lumbered-up
 room hangs a tiny box-jet. With but one
 thought urging her on, she hurries towards
 this, finds her way behind one of the
 counters, advances again towards the
 street a little way, reaching out her hand
 until it touches a ironed knob. Then she
 stops short.
 Her breath comes and goes in quick
 gasps—her heart-beats seem almost audi-
 ble; for now that her mission is almost a
 thing accomplished, the tension of her
 nerves causes them to become like the
 wires of some delicate instrument whereon
 agony and terror strike harsh discords.
 The contents of the pocket-book fall into
 the money-drawer and she is pushed shut
 just as the sound of coming footsteps
 strikes her ear. It is the night watchman
 going his rounds. She sees a face peer
 through the pane, and suddenly a dark
 lantern is turned full upon the long aisle
 between and behind the counters. As she
 cowers, blinded by the flash, she feels as
 though, in all the world to come, there will
 be no hour of torment worse than this.
 But after this second flash all is dark
 again, and the man, as if satisfied by what
 he did not see, goes on his way.
 It is this Virginia Waters, this white-faced
 woman, who, an hour later, stands staring
 into the mirror before her? So white, so
 wan, so sick in her very soul is this the
 cheerful girl who, until now, has battled
 so bravely with the great world—wrench-
 ing from it with her slender, muscular hands
 enough to satisfy her meager wants? Aye,
 more than enough; for dimes and quarters
 —coins smaller and even larger than these
 have been carefully hoarded of late—money
 that now lay below stairs in the small,
 dark drawer behind the counter. But the
 girl—dramatic as has brought her as often
 has counted it over and over—wondering
 as utterly and quickly as a rudely-
 grasped bubble!
 For Love came to her. The little
 blind god, in very opposition to his usual
 misfortune, had caused her own eyes to be
 opened to things unthought heretofore. Never
 until he came had the black dress—so
 rusty, the old bonnet so very old, the
 shawl so shabby, the gloves and shoes so
 hideous—patched and mended—The glori-
 ous wealth of hair shimmering in its silken
 beauty by the contrast of its loveliness
 made the headgear upon it all the uglier—
 and she, Virginia Waters, whose exquisite
 taste had, in the happy bygone, had full
 opportunity for its indulgence, fastened the
 faded basque with a pitiless glance at the
 worn seams and tattered hem, her heart
 pretty apparel like that of her favored sis-
 ters.
 To show her sister in a fitting frame—to
 feel once more the touch of never-gone
 delights of herself textures, of crisp rib-
 bon, of dainty lace! And upon Easter Day,
 this glorious day—dream was to have
 become a thing of reality; for to accomplish
 this end she had added furtively to her
 stock of small coins which she turned into
 this as they were needed, but she had never
 no word of it to Sam, who was to have been
 astonished beyond measure.
 The lights are all out now, and the great
 world is asleep. In the bed-chamber, be-
 creeps Virginia, who prays, as the tears
 flow fast and bitterly, that the dead dead on
 this one night come not into cognizance of
 her frailty—her weakness—her sin—her
 Heaven, she knew, to those who loved the
 boy and girl so fondly, could they look
 to-night into the hearts of either.
 The dream-angel folded her wings and
 poor Virginia, soft fancies, born in para-
 dise, float through the soul's liberated
 senses, soothing and comforting her.
 The early dawn finds her still locked in slumber,
 even the sun looks inquisitively in at her
 windows, making yellow ladders upon
 which the day's fairies madly climb—and
 yet she sleeps.
 "Virginia!" Her eyes slowly open. "Oh,
 Virginia!"
 "At last!" she says, sleepily, reaching
 out her hand and drawing the bolt of the
 door near her bed's head. "Is it you, Sam?"
 There is no sound—the door is closed.
 "Dance Memory has not as yet
 unlocked the portals leading to her mys-
 terious domain. "Dear old boy!"
 This pet name, so fondly given, is too
 much for the loving, remorseful brother.
 With a great cry he throws himself upon
 his knees at his sister's bedside, and, bury-
 ing his face upon the pillow beside her own,
 weeps at his young heart would break.
 It all comes back then—that shameful
 thing that seems in this, sunny hour to
 have been but a distant nightmare—grew
 some creature of the hours of darkness. With
 this thought the remembrance of the sacri-
 fice she has made comes back to her with
 four-fold bitterness, and in her heart of
 hearts she rebels.
 But the throes of agony that rock the
 foundation of his remorseful soul cut like
 many knives into the armor of her
 selfishness; and, before he has had the flood-
 gates of his stormy grief, her fair hand falls
 upon his beautiful head and her low voice
 calls his name:
 "Sam, don't, dear! Be comforted, poor
 boy! Experience is a hard school, Sam, and
 you have just learned a terrible lesson—
 that is—such a lesson as you will never
 need to learn twice, Sam—always remem-
 ber that!"
 "Oh, Virginia! Virginia!"
 "Don't, Sam!"
 "I wish I were dead—dead—dead!"
 "Sam!"
 "The disgrace is worse than death, Vir-
 ginia," says the boy, suddenly throwing
 back his head and showing a face set
 in resolve. "I don't know what I may have
 told you last night when I was—"
 "Not sober, Sam!"
 "But I will tell you now just how it hap-
 pened. The eyes club boys came down at
 dusk and asked me to go to see the run for
 a ribbon at the rink. I started out with
 five dollars in my pocket for the half week,
 Virginia, I know. Well, they went—too
 soon. I took a friendly hand with the boys,
 and I—lost. What do I do? I don't know.
 Like a flash it came to me that I had de-
 posited twenty dollars (payment for a pretty
 good bill of goods I sold after Mr. Arleigh
 left the store last night) in the money-
 drawer, as he always told me to do. I told
 the boys if they would come home with me
 I would pay this debt of honor."
 "Debt—of—honor?"
 "And so—so I took it. Twenty dol-
 lars—it might as well be twenty thousand,
 as far as I am concerned—what shall I do?
 What shall I do?"
 "Sam, have I been a good sister to you?"
 "Oh, Virginia!" wails the boy.
 "Will you try to think that it is through
 that mother and father that you
 promise secretly to resist heretofore all such
 temptations as these?"
 "Virginia—"
 "And if I should say: 'Sam, no disgrace
 shall come to you—as much money as you
 took has long since been put back into the
 money-drawer. You are free from the con-
 demnation of men, with nothing to make
 you ashamed save your own conscience—'
 how would you feel, Sam?"
 "How does the wretch upon the scaffold

feel when the pardon comes to lift the noose
 from about his neck?"
 "Thus, then, I hit the noose of disgrace—
 my poor, dear, best beloved and only
 brother, you are free!"
 When he comes to fully comprehend the
 great thing he has done for him he starts
 to his feet a new man. He catches his
 breath as one who has been suffocating with
 an awful flood, and has in the hour of de-
 spair been thrown a saving buoy. He cries
 and laughs aloud, kissing his sister as he
 pours the rich store of his gratitude upon
 her. She turns him out at last, and he goes
 flying down-stairs to his duties in the
 "shop."
 When he has gone Virginia gives herself
 up to many and various reflections—some
 bitter, some sweet. And the most bitter is
 the thought that for a long, long time she
 must grow herself in her same old worn
 habiliments.
 Next day is Sunday. The black dress has
 been carefully brushed, the bows on the
 black bonnet pulled and pinched and
 pressed, the patched shoes blackened, the
 gloves remended and all the articles of ap-
 paral dressed. It is a short walk to the
 church where Virginia fills the office of
 organist, and she finds her way up the
 little spiral stair to her place behind the
 heavy, narrow curtains as the bells ring
 out their solemn invitation to saint and sinner.
 Next day, the bass, is already there, so
 also, is Mrs. Sinden, the contralto; but it
 is only when the bells have stopped their

"VIRGINIA, WHAT IS IT?"
 pealing that the tenor and soprano enter the
 loft together—both a little anxiously, as
 if the knowledge of their tardiness is a con-
 sciousness that smites them.
 "Page 57, Miss Roosevelt—take my book,
 Mr. Arleigh," says Mrs. Sinden.
 "Oh! to play the sweet contralto—to fetch
 the brilliant young society belle, who
 comes to sing each Sabbath day because she
 loves to hear the sound of her own beau-
 tiful voice; and who loves, also, to come thus
 into a closer sympathy with the handsome
 tenor, Jack Arleigh."
 The preacher passes wearily through the
 usual routine of his service, and the "Amen"
 hour passes. Then is Mrs. Sinden, who finds
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FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

EASTER EGGS.

The top-knot biddy, with yellow legs,
Was Harry's, and every morn
He gave her orders for Easter eggs,
While he scattered the oats and corn.
Day by day, for a week, he fed
Hens of every hue;
Chosen ears of yellow and red,
And Squaw-corn, white and blue.

"Now, Biddy Top-knot," I heard him say,
Easter will be here soon;
A dozen eggs, at least, you must lay
By to-morrow afternoon;
Red ones, Biddy, the nicest kind,
And yellow and blue, real bright,
Speckled and striped and spotted; now mind
Zat you make 'em zackly right."

But in spite of feeding and coaxing, too,
His biddy would only lay,
Instead of red and yellow and blue,
Just one white egg a day.
And Harry's patience was sorely tried,
But he waited and watched the nest,
And stroked his biddy, and softly sighed,
"I fink she will do her best."

On Easter morning, wasn't it fun
To look at him through a crack—
He went to the nest, as he'd often done,
But soon came capering back
With his apron full of Easter eggs,
Striped and speckled and gay;
The top-knot biddy with yellow legs
Was petted and praised that day.

He told mamma just how it befell;
She listened again and again,
"Was such a pleasure to hear him dwell
On the skill of his wonderful hen,
And when he had gone to share his prize
With Susy and Katy and Ned,
The dear mamma looked over so wise,
But never a word she said."

—Youth's Companion.

GOOD AND BAD PREFERENCES.

Why Charley Failed to Secure a Very Desirable Place.

Charley was whistling a merry tune as he came down the road, with his hands in his pockets, his cap pushed back on his head, and a general air of good fellowship with the world. He was on his way to apply for a position in a stationer's store that he was very anxious to obtain, and in his pocket were the best of references concerning his character for willingness and honesty. He felt sure that there would not be much doubt of his obtaining the place when he presented these credentials.

A few drops of rain fell, as the bright sky was overcast with clouds, and he began to wish that he had brought an umbrella. From a house just a little way before him two little children were starting out for school, and the mother stood in the door smiling approval as the boy raised the umbrella and took the little sister under its shelter in a manly fashion.

Charley was a great tease, and, like most boys who indulge in teasing or rough practical jokes, he always took care to select for his victim some one weaker or younger than himself.

"I'll have some fun with those children," he said to himself; and before they had gone very far down the road he crept up behind them, and snatched the umbrella out of the boy's hands. In vain the little fellow pleaded with him to return it. Charley took a malicious delight in pretending that he was going to break it or throw it over the fence; and as the rain had stopped, he amused himself in this way for some distance, making the children run after him and plead with him tearfully for their umbrella.

Tired of this sport at last, he relinquished the umbrella as a carriage approached, and, leaving the children to dry their tears, went on toward the store.

Mr. Mercer was not in, so Charley sat down on the steps to wait for him. An old gray cat was basking in the sun, and Charley amused himself by pinching the poor animal's tail till she mewled pitifully and struggled to escape.

While he was enjoying this sport, Mr. Mercer drove up in his carriage, and passed Charley on his way into the store. The boy released the cat, and, following the gentleman in, respectfully presented his references.

"These do very well," Mr. Mercer said, returning the papers to Charley. "If I had not seen some of your other references, I might have engaged you."

"Other references? What do you mean, sir?" asked Charley in astonishment.

"I drove past you this morning when you were on your way here, and saw you diverting yourself by teasing two little children. A little later a dog passed you, and you cut him with the switch you had in your hand. You shied a stone at a bird, and just now you were delighting yourself in tormenting another defenseless animal. These are the references that have decided me to have nothing to do with you. I don't want a cruel boy about my store."

As Charley turned away, crestfallen over his disappointment, he determined that wanton cruelty, even though it seemed to him to be only "fun," should not cost him another good place. —Winnie E. Kenney, in S. S. Times.

BEING COURTEOUS.

True Politeness Everywhere the Same—It Consists in Doing the Kindest Things in the Kindest Way.

Spencer had an idea that courtesy went with gentle blood, for he said: "Of course it seems, men 'courtesy' do evil. For that it there most useful to bound."

We can go back to a much older and higher authority, however, and find the command laid upon all, whether rich or low degree, "Be courteous." Indeed, I believe the root of good breeding is in the Golden Rule, and more of it than most of us practice lies in the Thirtieth chapter of I Corinthians. Of course there are men who think truth must be bluntness, and sincerity must be rudeness; these pill isn't a pill even, if it happens to be sugar-coated!

Do not be deceived. I wish you may receive into your hearts the truth that

real courtesy is not inconsistent with a kind sincerity. The gentle nature shows itself in the gentle man. I believe a true gentleman might go anywhere in the world, and never be mistaken for anything else, though he might be utterly ignorant of the varying customs. "Ceremonies are different in every country," but true politeness is everywhere the same." So Goldsmith expresses it; and there is an old nursery rhyme which runs:

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest things in the kindest way."

Not long ago I made a visit of some weeks at a friend's house. While there I took a cold, and there came a day or two when I could not read, nor could I speak aloud, so conversation was impossible. Shall I soon forget one evening when Aleck brought his pile of picture books to my side, and for an hour or more turned the leaves patiently, and told me the story of every picture? He was not a bookish boy by any means; he liked active sports much better, but he did his "kindest thing in the kindest way."

Please notice also that nearly all the acts of courtesy which we are apt to consider ceremonious, and therefore meaningless, can be traced to some kindly effort, to some unselfish attention shown to another.

I know there are good men, learned men, who persistently ignore the smaller courtesies and excuse themselves on the ground of high occupation. They say: "I cannot remember to lift my hat to a lady, or to rise and open a door for her, or place a chair, or always acknowledge a favor promptly. My thoughts are full of such or such a subject." Well, I suppose such men wash their faces every morning without giving much thought to it!

Others there are who do offer these and similar attentions, but with such a fuss and appearance of trying, as to destroy all their charm. These two extremes bring the lesson I would have you heed; the lesson of a habit of courtesy. The best breeding does all kind acts, renders all polite attentions, spontaneously but quietly, as if they cost no thought—as naturally as breathing. And this can come only from the constant daily repetition of such courtesies, as opportunities occur, until it would be far more difficult to omit than to perform them. The boy must begin as a boy, if he wishes, when a man, to bear

"Without a trace."

Let us not forget also that to "do the kindest thing in the kindest way" will affect our manner toward those who are poorer, or in a lower position, or in any way less fortunate than we. Ah! what rare delicacy it requires then, not to put on airs, not to seem superior, not to condescend in our politeness.

There is a very serious side to this subject. The outward act reacts upon the inner self. He who thinks manners are of no consequence, and persist in being careless or rude, runs great risk of growing coarse in spirit. There is also much to consider in the real good to which, as well as the pleasure we afford them, by the regard we pay to the amenities of life. The great question of influence comes in here, and so you see responsibility attaches itself to what we sometimes call trivial things.

My boys, be courteous through and through, and do not forget the exhibition of it. You know a coxcomb is one who only affects to be a gentleman. But you want to be a real gentleman. Remember what Tennyson said of his friend:

"For who can always act? but he
To whom a thousand memories call,
Not being lost, but more than that
The gentleness he seemed to be."

Best seemed the thing he was, and joined
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind."

—N. Y. Observer.

Good Advice to Boys.

Horace Mann gives this bit of advice to boys: "You are made to be kind, boys—generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game that doesn't require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is than to have a great fuss. And remember who said: 'Love your enemies,' and 'Bless them which curse you.'"

A good but a very solemn minister was in the habit of talking to his little girl whenever she was guilty of any real or fancied offense. The words he always brought tears to her eyes. And one day, when he started again to proclaim most tragically at the poor little maid, she stopped him with the appeal, "I wish, papa, that when I am naughty, you would not always send me in your Heavenly Father's voice!"

"If I put my money into the savings bank," said Pat, "when can I draw it out again?" "Oh," answered his fellow countryman, "if you put it in to-day, you can get it out to-morrow by giving a fortnight's notice."

The programme of a recent concert at St. James's hall, London, announced that Mme So-and-so would sing "She Wandered Down the Mountain Side," accompanied by the composer.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—A pretty fancy in marking linen is to have the wearer's favorite flower worked in with the embroidered initial.

—Crops would suffer less from many a noxious insect or animal and its progeny were it not for the shelter of the hedge or of the rubbish in the fence-row.

—Skim-milk and corn meal make a splendid ration, but the meal or milk may be used in excessive quantities in the combination. If a larger amount of either is used than the animal can assimilate it will be lost.—Swineherd.

—As farming is in one sense a continuous round of sowing, cultivating, reaping, just as the year is ever spring, summer, fall and winter, and yet who ever saw two seasons alike, or the cultivating of the soil that ought to have been the same? We must study our work if we are going to make a success of it.

—The work of inducing farmers to discard common stock, and grade up by the use of pure bred males, has been in progress for half a century or more, and yet the farms are filled with common stock. It is satisfactory to progressive farmers that they have improved, however, and they do not resort to the inferior kinds.

—Pork baked with apple: Cut a pound of salt pork in thin slices and fry in cold water brought to a boil. Take two tart apples, an onion, and half a dozen potatoes; pare them all and slice. Mix all together with the pork in a baking tin, season with black pepper, add water to barely cover, and bake for two hours.

—It is better to plow in the manure for potatoes deeper than the seed is to be put, and to scatter phosphate in the drill before dropping the seed. There is not any danger of the phosphate injuring the seed, even when it is used at the rate of a ton to the acre. Few farmers use one-half and not many more than one-quarter that amount. The profitable amount to use, will depend very much upon the character of the soil, and something also depends upon the composition of the fertilizer.

—The season for putting away furs is near at hand, and as they should always be packed away clean, a description of the process of cleaning such garments in Russia, the country of furs, is interesting. A foreign scientific journal tells that some rye flour is put into a pot and heated upon a stove with constant stirring, as long as the hand can bear the heat. The flour is then spread over the fur and rubbed into it. After this the fur is brushed with a very clean brush, or, better, is gently beaten till all the flour is removed. The fur thus resumes its natural lustre and appears as if new.

POULTRY DISEASES.

Tuberculosis in Fowls and the Haves

Wrought by the Advertiser.

Has it ever occurred to the readers of this paper, or more particularly to those who are in the poultry business, that perhaps quite a number of fowls dying may be afflicted with consumption? I have no doubt a great many fowls in this country die yearly from the above disease. I have, in several instances in the last year or so, found unmistakable evidence of the disease in several fowls purchased at the grocery for table use.

Very frequently have I heard farmers complain of their chickens dropping off, and they can not account for it, only they "suppose they have the cholera." Might we not as well presume it was tuberculosis? At present literature is somewhat limited on avian tuberculosis; although writers have from time to time, in the past, given descriptions of isolated cases of the disease. It was impossible for some time to tell whether the disease was genuine tuberculosis or not. But after the bacillus was discovered by Koch, which gave pathologists some criterion to go by, the genuineness of the disease was soon discovered.

A well-known writer in England, who has given the disease in fowls quite a bit of study, says: "A farmer having lost a large number of fowls in a short time, requested him to examine into the cause, giving him permission to use the remaining fowls in any way he saw fit to fully acquaint himself with the disease, and he soon found out the true cause, and the disease to be tuberculosis. In this title he had been furnished with a great number of fowls from other poultry-yards throughout England, and found the disease to be widely spread."

It seems, too, that the disease differs very much from most known forms of tuberculosis, in that the lesions peculiar to the disease (tubercular deposits) are mostly found in the alimentary canal and the associated viscera, which are the parts most exclusively affected. Writers who have inquired into the disease have been struck by the myriads of bacilli present in birds so affected, and those who have cultivated the bacillus are unanimous in the opinion that it thrives best at a temperature varying from 37 degrees C. to 39 degrees, the average temperature of fowls being about 40 degrees C., and this increase of temperature over that of man may explain the luxuriant growth of the bacilli.

The writer further on says: "I feel confident, if this attention be directed to this disease in various parts of the world, it will stand a good chance of being included in the diseases communicated to man from the lower animals. The list of fatal cases of tuberculosis occurring in man, appalling though it is, is small compared to the relative mortality from this disease among the grain-eating members of the feathered tribe."—Cor. Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

GARDEN AND ORCHARD.

Helpful Hints and Suggestions on Many Points of Importance.

Ashes lighten up a stiff soil and aid to make a loose soil loamy.

In growing berries for market the good point is to have them showy, firm and well-flavored.

The soil in which the grapes are grown should be well drained and also given thorough cultivation.

The effect of using small potatoes for seed may not be shown to any extent with the first crop but is certain to develop sooner or later.

When it can be had a southern slope is best for grapes. Plow deep and thorough and work into the good till before planting out the vines.

The hot-bed and boxes of plants growing in the house should be aired on every occasion that the weather will permit; thrifter, stockier plants will result.

There is no question but that in certain localities the growing of special varieties can be made very profitable. With fruits and vegetables, as with other crops, the aim should be to grow what the market demands.

Very often considerable benefit can be given to the blackberry and raspberry by nipping back, thereby preventing too tall a growth, producing more side branches and giving stockier, thrifter canes.

With fruits and vegetables thorough cultivation is as important as with any other crops. Very often failure to give this is the principal cause for not realizing profitable results. The work should be commenced early and be continued all through the growing season. Where fruits and vegetables are raised for market at this time earliness is quite an item. A few days' delay will often make the crop unprofitable, when the same crop set in earlier would have yielded a good profit.

In competing with Southern markets, nearby growers have the advantage of freshness only. If, in addition to this, they can furnish a crop of the best quality and to have that in a good, marketable condition, good prices can be realized that under other conditions would be impossible.

While, with any thing like a favorable season, prices for the common grades of fruit often fall below the actual cost, it is rarely the case that first-class fruits, marketed in a neat, attractive condition, can be sold at a price that will leave a fair per cent. of profit to the grower. It is the lower grades of fruit rather than the best that are over-produced.

There are many farms where nut trees—chestnuts, pecan, walnut and hickory—can be grown to a decided advantage, and in addition to furnishing a good supply of nuts for the winter, they will provide a good shade in summer, and add much to the appearance and value of the place. Care should be taken not to set them too close. Allow space for them to grow for fruit, or ornament, or in the orchard for fruit, with small fruit plants, with shrubs and flowers in the yard, as well as with plants in the garden, care should be taken not to set too thick. In order to make a strong, vigorous growth, plants must have room to grow according to their size; there is no possible benefit to be gained by overcrowding.—St. Louis Republic.

Dancing at Eighty-Five.

The island of Nantucket is off the track of the modern world. The modern customs are very unlike those in any other part of the world—the "off-island part," as the Nantucketers are wont to call it.

Old-fashioned customs and habits prevail. They know but little about the new-fangled manners and methods of modern social life. They follow the beaten paths of a century ago, live simple, thrifty, laborious lives, and furnish little business for the doctors. They thrive financially and physically. A visitor at an evening gathering on the island, not long since, tells how one lady, aged ninety-one, presided at the piano, and another, aged eighty-five, danced. "And you may take my word for it," adds the visitor, "that the dancing was sure-enough dancing, if one might judge from the lady's snapping eyes, nervous speech and decisive character."

Locality and climate would seem to have comparatively little effect on health and longevity if people live simply, as nature dictates, and when aided built up with nature's simple remedies, like Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, instead of pulling down the system by using poisonous mineral drugs.

People who hasten to the physician every time they have a headache, or experience any of the minor evidences of nature's sure signs against disobedience of her laws, will not be found dancing at eighty-five. The mineral poisons of the apothecary lead to early physical decay.

Long-lived, rugged Nantucketers, who enjoy life's pleasures when octogenarians, illustrate what the "off-island" portion of the world may experience if they live by nature's law and use old-fashioned log-cabin remedies of roots and herbs for the ordinary ills that flesh is heir to.

A Dog's Remarkable Intelligence.

The possession of an intelligent dog in the family may be a useful means out of emergencies. Not long ago some members of a family returning from an evening entertainment were unable to gain an entrance into their house. The key had been forgotten and the servants were evidently asleep. Ringing the door bell produced no response. The only sound indoors was that of the dog's tail gently thumping against the rug, but after a time that ceased. The dog had recognized his friends and refused to bark. When all efforts to enter seemed fruitless, the door was opened by a sleepy servant accompanied by a wide-awake dog. It seemed that this friend of the family had made his way to the servant's room and had gently awakened her to a realization of the situation. As he had never been permitted to enter the room before it was evident that his sense of the need of the occasion had shown him that he should not wait for a ceremonial invitation.—Boston Journal.



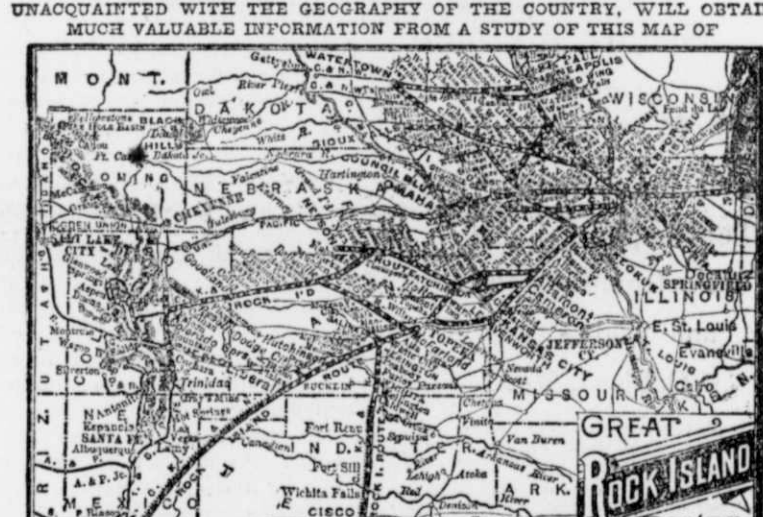
CUPID'S HARNESS.

Most women naturally look forward to matrimony as their proper sphere in life, but they should constantly bear in mind that a fair, rosy face, bright eyes, and a healthy, well-developed form, are the best passports to a happy marriage. All those wasting disorders, weaknesses, and functional irregularities peculiar to their sex, destroy beauty and attractiveness and make life miserable. An unfailing specific for these maladies is to be found in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years. \$1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

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The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.
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SONG OF THE SEA.

The song of the sea was an ancient song
In the days when the earth was young
The waves were gossiping loud and long
And mortals had found a tongue.
The heart of the waves with wrath was wrung
Or soothed to a stentorian strain
As they tossed the primitive Isles among
Or slept in the open main.
Such was the song and its changes free,
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea took a human tone
In the days of the coming of man;
A mournful meaning swelled her moan,
And forever her rite ran.
Because that her stately voice began
To speak of our human work;
With music mighty to grasp and span
Life's tale and its passion throes.
Such was the song and its changes free,
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea was a hungry sound
As the human years unfolded;
For the notes were hoarse with the doom and
Dread.
Or choked with a shipwreck's gold;
Till it seemed no dirge above the mould
So sorry a story said
As the midnight cry of the waters old
Calling above their dead.

Such is the song and its changes free,
Such is the song of the sea.
The song of the sea is a wondrous lay,
For it mirrors human life:
It is grave and great as the judgment-day,
It is torn with the thought of strife;
Yet under the stars it is smooth and rife
With love lights everywhere.
When the sky has taken the deep to wife
And their wedding day is fair—
Such is the ocean's mystery,
Such is the song of the sea.

—Richard E. Burton, in Harper's Weekly.

A LIVELY EXPERIENCE.

The Truth About Fox Hunting by One Who Has Given It Up.

"My dear fellow, it's most awfully good of you; awfully kind. But I—I make it a rule never to hunt another man's horses—never." I sat back in my chair as I said this to Pudge, whose guest I am, and assume a look which ought to convince him that I am making a sacrifice to principle which causes me profound regret and disappointment; but somehow he doesn't seem to believe it.

"Nonsense, Jones," he says. "I'll give you the old gray; it's the quietest hunter I have in the stable. Steady as a horse, and as clever on his legs as a cat. I defy you to bring that horse down, sir!" he concludes, with an emphatic thump on the dinner-table.

Now, strictly between ourselves, I had never occurred to me that there was the least likelihood of my bringing the horse down. Well-founded apprehensions lest it should bring me down prompt my disinclination to accept Pudge's offer; but of course I don't leave the matter to him. I was speaking the truth when I told him that I made it a rule never to hunt another man's horses; I made it a rule long ago, and never having hitherto met any one who tempted me to break it, have found no difficulty in adhering to it. When I told Mr. Jones that I was Pudge's guest, he was surprised to hear that I was in the place in the first place. I told him that I was in the place in the first place. I told him that I was in the place in the first place.

"I don't like refusing your offer, Pudge," I said; "and I should have enjoyed a day with the hounds immensely, but I have brought no riding things except what I ought to be reluctant, I think. But no." Pudge cast a critical eye over my figure, and says thoughtfully: "My clothes wouldn't fit you, I'm afraid. But George, you remember my brother George?—left all his hunting kit here, and he is just the same build as you are. I'll lend you some of his things."

Every loophole of escape seems to be closing up. I cast an appealing look at my wife, who is sitting opposite me. She is a clever woman, Mrs. Jones, though I say it; wonderfully ready, and of boundless resources. I give her a glance which is intended to convey to her the meaning of the fact, which she fails to grasp my meaning, and helps me a little further into it.

"When Mr. Pudgewood is so kind as to offer you a mount, Algernon, I really think you ought to take it," she says.

"Quite right, Mrs. Jones," assents Pudge. "I shouldn't like your husband to go away from Barnstable without having galloped with the Stonehills hounds. I know how fond of hunting he is; he has often told me of his doings."

Things are growing worse. I'm afraid I must have given Pudge a wrong impression when I talked to him about hunting. My experience of the sport of kings has been that of an onlooker from the seat of a dog-cart. I used to enjoy that thoroughly, particularly the lurching part of the day's business, when I was staying up in Yorkshire last winter. I have sometimes been for a ride along the road; but I never rode to hounds in my life, and ought to have mentioned the fact, which Pudge does not appear to be acquainted with. I wish there weren't so many people present; I really have not the courage to explain how I have gained the knowledge of hunting matters which I have been airing so freely all dinner-time before such a crowd. It would look too foolish.

"I'm desperately afraid that it's going to freeze to-night," said a young gentleman, drawing aside the window-blind as soon as the ladies have left the room; "it's looking horribly clear."

The remark is received with a chorus of indignant dissent, in which I join feebly. Every body has good reason to believe that it won't freeze; the thermometer has been rising, and the barometer has been steady all day. There's a south wind; and Jinks, the first whip, said only yesterday that there wouldn't be frost again for a fortnight. Jinks appears to be an infallible authority on the weather, judging from the manner in which his opinion is quoted and received. Every body is soothed by the assurance, and we draw in our chairs, directing scornful glances at the upstart who took upon himself to look out of the window, and who now releases into snubbed silence. I breathe an inward prayer for at least ten degrees of frost, and try not to hate the unknown Jinks. That is my one hope now; if it freezes I am saved; if not I'm lost.

I must confess there is something about hunting-gear which gives the wearer a feeling of confidence; and as I stand before the mirror in my dressing-room this morning, rigged out in George Pudge's boots, breeches and top-boots which fit me admirably, I begin quite to look forward to the day's

outing. It didn't freeze last night; on the contrary, there was a little rain, and the ground will be tolerably soft if I meet with an accident.

"I wish you had a red coat," says my wife who has come to inspect me; "and I may be wrong—but I think, Algernon, you have put your spurs on upside down."

"Dear me! So I have. Thanks for noticing it. I'll put them right at once." Mrs. Jones' father was a noted huntsman in the shires, and she ought to know something about these matters.

"Dear me! So I have. Thanks for noticing it. I'll put them right at once." Mrs. Jones' father was a noted huntsman in the shires, and she ought to know something about these matters.

"Morning, Jones," said Pudge through a stratum of buttered toast. "Come along; we haven't much time to spare. The meet's at Holly Copse, seven miles away, at eleven o'clock; and it's near ten now. Will you ride out, or take a seat in the dog-cart?"

If I could take a seat in the cart and keep it, I should select that without hesitation; but a little practice in the saddle will do me good, perhaps, so I say that I will jog out quietly.

Pudge nods approvingly. "Always best to ride to cover, I think," he says; "you have time to shake down in your saddle before the day's work."

I hear the horses being walked up and down on the gravel outside, and then I rather takes away my appetite. I should like to know a little more about the animal I am to ride before I mount, and therefore seize an early opportunity of asking Pudge about it.

"This gray, which you have been good enough to lend me, Pudge, have you had him long?"

My host screws up his eyebrows and makes a brief mental calculation. "I've owned him now for nine seasons; he's never given me a single kick, and I never knew him turn his head from any thing yet."

"Thank you, indeed!" I ask faintly.

"Not once," affirms Pudge, solemnly. "He can take a five-foot wall as easily as you could jump over a straw. He loves jumping, does he? I listen with sickly interest while Pudge continues to dilate upon old Diamond's merits. He appears to be a very good horse, but the strength of character, from his master's account; and I fear that if he insists upon indulging in his taste for jumping, which is an on his back, he will be a great deal like y to arise between us. I do not 'love jumping.'"

Pudge is certainly a most thoughtful man. He arms me with a huge bundle of crop, whose horn handle, he says, will be useful to open gates with. It's a trouble some to carry, and gets fearfully en cumbered with the reins; but if it is to serve me as a gate-opener, no earthly power shall induce me to leave it behind.

I am mounted now. I felt a little pale when I came out of the house, but the exertion of climbing into the saddle, with the groom's assistance, has made me purple in the face. For I am a stoutish man of no great stature, and not so active as I used to be.

"It's a trifle fresh, sir," says the groom as he puts my right foot into the stirrup. "Don't you think, sir, that you're a bit on the curb, and I'll go like a lamb." The horse is tossing his head and champing his bits with most unamiable ferocity; he seems to be wholly unconscious of the fact that he is being ridden, and he is treating his peculiarities with the utmost indifference. I screw my armed heels painfully to my seat, and, to my surprise, he sides and picks the bridle up very gingerly. I won't pull the curb-rein for any consideration. I try to look comfortable and happy, and I find that I am not.

Diamond is a long loving look over from his head to his heels.

"He will carry you splendidly," he says to me. "I should like to see you in the first flight the whole day."

It's far more than I expect myself. I am not at all ambitious to be in the first flight; but I am a little bit of a show-off, and I don't like to let Diamond jump so much as a plain if I can help it.

The horse calms down by and by; and when we pull up at the cross-roads, where the hounds are waiting, I feel much at home in the saddle than I did when we started. There are at least fifty horses standing about, and numbers of carriages full of ladies. Every body looks so animated and jovial, that I make a spasmodic effort to appear pleased. "If I'm afraid the attempt is a rather a failure, for the sight of the hounds has roused Diamond's spirit, and he is very anxious to be off. Presumably, he will be off in a moment, and I shall be left to my own devices, streaming slowly up a muddy lane behind the hounds; we pass through a gate into a large field; and the master, aided by the huntsman and whips, sends the pack into cover."

Pudge trots up to give me a final word of advice: "Don't touch his mouth once you put him at an obstacle; let him take his own pace, and you are quite safe." I nod a despairing affirmative; somebody beside me says, "They have found," and I sit in awful suspense awaiting the result. One of the whips appears at the corner of the wood into which the hounds were sent, and he blows his cap. The hounds are there, baying, butting up their coats, and press their hats well home. I feel dreadfully limp, as we trot towards a white gate in the corner of the field. Suppose it won't open, and that I am called upon to push Diamond at the railings? They are nearly three feet high, and look awfully strong. The gate is not locked, however; and when we get through it, we see the hounds pouring out of the wood, noses down and tails up. "They've got the line," says a man near me; "come on." He canter away and in ten seconds more we are all galloping across the pasture after him. My hat gets over my eyes and I can't see anything; I have lost a stirrup, and in my frantic plunges to recover it, I have spurred Diamond to the top of his speed, in what direction I have not the idea.

"Hold hard, sir!" bawls a man as I flash past him; but I am oblivious to all things save the certainty of tumbling off if I don't get that stirrup back at once. "Ware hounds!" screams some one else, as a shapeless splash of liver and white, which I subsequently ascertain was a hound, appears below Diamond's horse, and howls pitifully as we pass over it. I have got all the reins and my whip in one hand, and am holding on to the saddle like grim death with the other. Suddenly the stirrup swings itself back onto my foot again, and with a supreme effort I succeed in pulling the horse up. I don't like to look around. I hear floods of opprobrious language levelled at me, at which I must say I'm a good deal surprised, as I have always been told that the hunting field is a school for manners.

"Perhaps, sir," says an old gentleman in whom I recognize the person Pudge pointed out to me as the Master of the Hounds, "if you can not control your horse, you had better keep well in the rear. You have already disabled one of my hounds."

He says this very benevolently, and, by the way, without paying the least attention to my apologies. I quite agree with him about keeping in the rear, and shall be perfectly satisfied to stay there if Diamond would consent to the arrangement.

After we have gone a good long way, every one stops galloping, and I come up with the rest of the field. I am stared at a good deal, I don't know why, and I hear something said about a cheque, which I suppose refers to that stupid dog I rode over. It rather dampens my ardor, for I have as on surprisingly well up till now; there have been no jumping, for all the gates are open, or there have been friendly guys in defence. I have been asked sometimes for not awfully my turn at these places; but I can't explain that the anxiety to get on is all in Diamond's past and not on mine. I am glad to stop for a bit; but in a few minutes a man says, "They've hit off the line," and as all this thundering down towards a hedge of most forbidding aspect, and without a sign in its whole length. "Now, then, Jones," sings out Pudge, cheerily, "sit down, and give the old horse his head."

For the advice levelled at me, but unnecessary, the old horse has got his head, but I have quite lost mine. We are at the hedge, there is a frightful lurch, and I am bound back. The three officials good Samaritans, who I find the road, and set out on my way to Barnstable, which must be a good eight miles off. Never mind; it's better than hunting.

Hallo! what's this! I am tramping steadily on the ground to keep up my spurs when, suddenly, I feel a sharp pain in my back, and a cold shiver down my back. It comes nearer and nearer, and my heart beats like a hammer, keeping time with the thud of my horse. The three officials good Samaritans, who I find the road, and set out on my way to Barnstable, which must be a good eight miles off. Never mind; it's better than hunting.

I have had quite enough hunting for one day, and as soon as ever I get off my horse, I shall make the best of my way homewards. I find the road, and set out on my way to Barnstable, which must be a good eight miles off. Never mind; it's better than hunting.

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FASHIONABLE FOLLIES.

AB About the Latest Kinks in Stylish Gowns and Millinery.

The pussy is the favorite among flower pins.

A new lace pin is an emerald frog with diamond eyes.

In Paris gowns of nettle green are worn with dull-blue sashes.

Very "loud" stripes and plaids are now permissible where striking effects are desired.

A fashionable material for inexpensive tea-gowns is mousseline de laine.

It is in high favor in Paris.

A new tint of crushed strawberry promises to be a great favorite. It is softer in tone than the original shades.

With empire and directoire gowns Marie Antoinette fashions of white or colored linen will be worn this summer.

With elegant dress toilets the coiffure is arranged to correspond with the empire, Grecian, or other style of dress adopted.

The most stylish handkerchiefs are finished with a deep hem, above which is a dainty device in drawn work or an insertion of real lace.

The newest tints in millinery are English rose, magnolia, anemone, anemone pink, wisteria, lily-leaf green, heart, summer sky, and opal.

Don costumes indulge in daring combinations. Such combinations as green and tan, turquois and amber, old rose and pale green, lily leaf and biscuit, peach and amethyst, are frequent.

Dress shoes are slightly pointed at the toes and are cut down deep in front. They have plain pompadour heels.

A narrow strap runs through an oblong buckle of French brilliants and holds the shoe over the instep.

A new costume called the Boulevard is very striking. The dress, which is of sea-rose silk, is embroidered all over with red carnations. The hat which accompanies it has a bunch of carnations and a garland of spinach for trimming.

The Empress Frederick displays great taste in her mourning outfit. She wears gowns of crepe and nun's veiling, which are softened by linings of white satin. Deep collars and elbow cuffs of white, embroidered with black, decorate her dresses, and one of her gowns has long angel sleeves of white crepe, which flow and fall outside the black ones with an odd but artistic effect.

A lady well known in London society recently appeared at a drawing-room before the Queen in a Paris toilet of palest golden-green satin, draped with amber-brown tulle, and trimmed with a thick garland of pink roses and tender green and brown foliage, the flowers and leaves arranged straight up from the hem in easy grace, as if they were growing.

The broadened train was copied from a lovely old design, showing pink and damask roses, with curving stems on a ground of yellow-green bractlets.—Chicago News.

THE CHARMED RING.

A Curious Superstition Concerning the Prussian Royal Family.

From the "Life of Emperor William." One morning of the winter of 1865, in the Adjutant's chamber of the royal palace, the royal Treasurer, Mr. Geisling, entered, carrying a long, doubly sealed package. The address on the package, written by King Frederic William IV., was in effect: "I have opened this package in the presence of my sister Louise of the Netherlands, have taken cognizance of its contents, and then sealed it again with my seal, thereupon restoring it for safe keeping to the Prince Wittgenstein." A few days afterward there was found accidentally in the manuscript collection of the Berlin Royal Library, in an old folio volume, entitled "Alchemy of the Old Electors and Various Other Superstitions," a notice that King Frederic II., at the commencement of his reign, had found various other things, also sealed in a package, and a slip of paper by King Frederic I., on which was written about the following: "This ring has been given to me by my father of blessed memory, upon his death bed, with the remark that so long as this ring shall be preserved in the house of Brandenburg this would not only grow but increase and thrive visibly." Another notice, referring apparently to the same ring, said: "It is said that a princely person has brought in a large toad and set it upon the head of the Princess, who was at that moment in child's raiment, and she vomited forth a golden ring, mounted with one diamond and two rubies. This ring is still at present transmitted to the first-born of the house to the memory and intended good fortune and preservation of the owner."

Rumor has connected this ring with one said to have been drawn from the dying King Frederic William II.'s finger by the Countess Lichtenau. This says that luck left the Hohenzollerns in 1806, when the Countess possessed herself of the ring; she was treated harshly and unjustly by Frederic William III., and when finally she returned in 1815, for a pension, luck accompanied her. When she took the ring from the dying King's finger he exclaimed, feebly: "Her den ring" (return the ring); it was overheard by other persons, and, upon being interrogated, the witty Countess said the King had expressed a desire for her ring.

The late Emperor William was thoroughly free from mysticism, yet, from his manner of talking on the subject, he appeared as if he placed implicit faith in the power of the ring credited to it by the accompanying notices and remarks by his ancestors.

THE BOWSER FAMILY.

How Mr. B. Conducted Himself Under Very Trying Circumstances.

I wanted to send off for a lady's fashion magazine, and on a dozen different occasions I begged of Mr. Bowser to write the letter and send off the money. He kept promising and neglecting, man-like, but one evening he said:

"Give me the name of that magazine and I will get a letter off to-morrow."

"It's gone," I answered.

"Who sent it?"

"I did."

"Humph! Do you mean to tell me that you wrote a business letter?"

"I do. I ordered the magazine and sent in a year's subscription."

"What did you write?"

"O, in the usual form."

"And chucked the two dollars into the letter, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's about what I would expect of you. You'll never see money or magazine again."

"I won't? Why?"

"Because, in the first place, it stood just as good a chance of going to some machine shop as to a magazine office, with your style of directing an envelope; and because, secondly, if some post-office official doesn't steal the money, they'll gobble it at the end of the route and swear they never got it. Mrs. Bowser, you are as simple as a child."

"But it may come all right."

"Yes, and we may discover a box of gold in the back yard. There's but one way to do business."

"How's that?"

"See this P. O. money order for \$38? I am going to send that to Boston to-morrow. It will go straighter than a line, and there's no cause for worry. However, it's useless to try to learn a woman how to do business."

Three or four days went by, and then he suddenly inquired:

"Have you heard from that magazine, Mrs. Bowser?"

"Not yet."

"I suppose not. When you do hear please let me know. After forty or fifty experiences of this sort you may learn how to do business."

Two days later he asked me again, and I was then able to show him a letter acknowledging receipt of the money, and a copy of the magazine.

"It seems to have gone through," he said as he handed the letter back, "but that was owing to Providence. Probably the parties had heard of me and hesitated to defraud you for fear I'd raise a row."

"What about the order you sent off, Mr. Bowser?"

He jumped out of his chair and turned pale and gasped:

"By gum! but I'd forgotten about that! I ought to have had an acknowledgment three days ago."

"It may have been lost, eh?"

"No."

"It was the only proper way to do business, wasn't it?"

"Of course it was, and of course it got there all right. I'll probably get a letter to-morrow."

When the morning came I asked him if he had heard from his order, and he replied: "Not exactly," he replied, "but I am certain that it got there safe."

"They ought to acknowledge it."

"Yes."

"There is but one way of doing business, Mr. Bowser. When I send off money I receive an acknowledgment of its arrival. You are sure you sent it?"

"Sure I sent it? Do you take me for a lunatic, Mrs. Bowser?"

"But it's so queer."

"I don't see any thing so queer about it. I wrote again two days ago, and I shall have a letter to-morrow begging my pardon for the delay."

A letter arrived next day. I saw by Mr. Bowser's perturbation when he came home that something was wrong, and he finally handed me the letter. It read:

"No post-office order has been received from you. Please do not try any more chicanes on us."

"But you did send it," I protested.

"Of course I did."

"Decoded your letter all right?"

"Certainly."

"Stamped and posted it?"

"Look here, Mrs. Bowser, you talk as if I didn't know enough to get aboard a street car and pay my fare!"

"But it's so queer. There is but one business way of doing business, Mr. Bowser. After forty or fifty experiences of this sort you may learn how to do business."

He glared at me and was too insulted to reply. He went to the post-office and made complaint, and for the next two weeks that lost order was the topic of conversation. The officials sought to trace the letter, and Mr. Bowser made affidavits to that effect, and the hunt was still going on when, in dusting off his secretary and straightening up his loose papers, I found a letter sealed and addressed to the Boston firm. I had no doubt it contained the missing order. I quietly handed it to Mr. Bowser as he came up to dinner, and his face turned all colors before he could open it.

"Mr. Bowser," I said, "you men folks have curious ways of doing business. It is sing—"

"You left it here, of course."

"Never! Because I scolded you about your careless way of sending off money, and because you wanted to get even with me for it, you took this letter from my pocket and detained it. Mrs. Bowser, this is the last straw to the camel's load! Do you want all money or a lump sum?"

Next day he was all right again, and he even stopped at the sale and brought me up half a dozen pairs of gloves.—Detroit Free Press.

THE CHARTREUSE MONKS.

Lore and Legends Connected With the Ancient French Monastery.

A native of Grenoble who has known this ancient monastery and its inhabitants all his life, and has visited it on various occasions, and on tour

SIDE BY SIDE.
"Is Marriage a Failure?"
Side by side in the evening time,
Lovers walk in the long ago;
He so strong in his manhood prime,
She so fair with her cheeks aglow.
Hope as bright as the vesper star,
Love as pure as the heart's desire;
Fortune, fame in the future are,
Life as sweet as an angel's dream.
Side by side where the stars stand,
Crowned with leaves of the autumn gold,
Love and trust with their clasping hands,
Fighting all that their lips have told.
Wedding ring and the bridal veil,
"God be with you"—and then, "Good-bye."
Side by side, and they can not part,
How'er steep is the path they try.
Side by side through the trial years,
Side by side with a will to do;
Side by side in their joys and tears,
Side by side in all honors, too.
Side by side when the touch of pain
Comes to teach what the heart must know,
Fondest ties must be broken again,
Life and love live not here below.
Side by side over the coffin lid,
Death takes all—they are left alone;
Side by side where their love is laid,
Only traced by a mossy stone.
Side by side in the twilight days,
As they were in the twilight days;
Love still young, but life is lost in prime,
Each would wait while the other stays.
Side by side in the churchyard laid,
Loved and loved of long ago,
Moonlight, sunlight, in which they strayed,
Falling now where they sleep below.
Side by side in their life and love,
Faithful, true to the marriage vow;
Side by side in the bliss above,
Here and there they are wedded now.
—L. B. Calkins, in America.

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

Clever Action of an Operator During Imminent Danger.

Miss Lily Somers, night telegraph operator at the Floodwood station, sat before her table, on which the telegraph instrument clicked busily, a thoughtful expression upon her face.

A face whose expression was its charm, that never could be called pretty, but that, nevertheless, suggested a possibility—only a possibility—of being handsome. For there is a vast difference between pretty and handsome. Pretty people seldom know very much; but to be handsome, a person must have brains; an inner as well as an outer beauty.

Floodwood was a forlornly desolate spot, and one where any woman, except Lily, would have been afraid to come, much less to stay alone all night with nothing but the wind, sadly sighing through the wires overhead and the shrill shrieks of the wild cats away up on the mountain side to keep her company through her night vigils. But to her there was something fascinating in the very desolation of the place. From early childhood she had been accustomed to commune with nature in her wildest scenes, and played and wandered at will in the mountain glens and canyons. With no foolish old woman or silly nurse girl to frighten her childish senses with stories of hideous ghosts and monstrous goblins, she had grown to womanhood naturally brave and fearless. In truth she did not yet understand the meaning of the word fear.

Her office was nothing more than a roughly built, shanty, seven or eight feet square, with a small window in each end, and one in the door which faced the railroad track. It had been hurriedly put together with green lumber while the road was in course of construction, with the intention of only using it temporarily until a better one could be built, but as usual in such cases, it had done duty for its original purpose ever since.

The rough, unpainted boards were now badly warped and shrunken by long exposure to the elements, and in many places large knots had fallen completely out.

No doubt, in the winter time, the bleak mountain wind cheerily whistled through these many apertures, and while one side of the unhappy operator was being nicely browned like a piece of toast by the red-hot stove, the other side would be refrigerated like a frozen rabbit.

It was about one o'clock in the morning when Lily received an order from the train dispatcher which read as follows:

"TO OPERATOR, FLOODWOOD: Hold No. 21 until No. 22 arrives.
E. K. C."

On receipt of this order she immediately displayed a red signal light, which was furnished all telegraph stations for this purpose, in a conspicuous place, in plain sight of passing trains, and also where it could be seen from the office window.

The necessity for this order and position of the two trains, briefly stated, were as follows:

No. 22 had arrived at Silver Creek ten miles west of Floodwood, a few minutes after No. 21 had passed Floodwood, which was thirteen miles east of Floodwood. As No. 22 was late and could go no further on the schedule, according to the rules of the road, they would be compelled to lay at Silver Creek until No. 21 arrived there, unless they could get orders by telegraph to meet them at some other station. Floodwood, being the only intervening telegraph office between the two trains, the dispatcher gave the above order to that station, and as soon as it was properly acknowledged by Lily he sent another order to No. 22 at Silver Creek, which read in this manner:

"TO CONDUCTOR AND ENGINEER No. 22: Meet No. 21 at Floodwood. Approach carefully.
E. K. C."

The intelligent reader will readily understand that by means of these orders the two trains would meet each other at Floodwood in perfect safety, notwithstanding that one of them knew nothing of the arrangement.

To explain: If No. 21 should arrive first, they would be stopped by the red light, which showed that there were orders for them at the station. The

conductor and engineer would immediately proceed to the telegraph office, where the operator would deliver them a copy of the order to hold them for No. 22. This would be sufficient, and they would wait until No. 22 arrived. If No. 22 should arrive first, the execution of the order would be yet more simple. No. 22 would take siding, and as soon as they were clear the red signal light would stop No. 21, and as No. 22 had instructions to "approach carefully," they would do so, expecting to find No. 21 occupying the main track.

Lily perfectly understood the importance of the order she had just received, and during the long hour, which was slowly away, she kept careful watch of the signal light, which, however, continued to burn as brightly as ever. At last she heard a rumbling noise away in the west, which gradually became louder and louder and more distinct. By this time she knew that No. 22 was coming, and would probably get in on the siding before No. 21 should arrive.

The rumbling became louder and louder each moment; the earth began to tremble, and the peculiar vibration in the air which gives warning of a rapidly approaching train hummed loudly in her ear.

She began to feel anxious as they were evidently coming at a high rate of speed and not approaching as carefully as the order had instructed them, she also had not yet heard the whistle which is always sounded by trains when approaching a station, and this omission increased her fears that something was wrong.

But she was given no time for further reflection, as the train now suddenly dashed around a curve not a hundred yards distant, running at full speed.

Lily flew out and stood between the rails swinging her hand lamp wildly across the track and shouting at the top of her clear young voice. But no attention was paid to her signal, the train coming madly on, with such a rattling crash, that it drowned the sound of her voice.

The roaring, rushing train was now upon her and she barely had time to spring from the track and escape with her life. With a rattling crash and an awful rush of air hissing, throbbing monster sped swiftly past her, while the clank, clank, clank of the car-wheels passed over a loose splinter near by was so rapid that it resembled the rapid hammering on the anvil in a blacksmith shop.

For a moment Lily was unnerved and bewildered, but suddenly arousing herself to action, she rushed into the office and seizing a piece of firebrick she did duty for a stone, she turned and hurled it through the window of the caboose which was just passing. An instant later the red lights on the rear end of the train had disappeared around a curve in the cut, and the rattle of the runaway train quickly lessened in the distance.

Lily's heart throbbed painfully and she was seized with a sudden fit of shivering which most persons of delicate organizations are subject to when under great excitement. As soon as she had somewhat recovered, she went into the office and calling the train dispatcher, who answered at once, she said:

"No. 22 passed at full speed and No. 21 not yet arrived."

"My God!" telegraphed back the dispatcher as swiftly as his frightened fingers could form the letters, "the crew must be asleep. They will strike in that cut and pile up fifty feet high! Heavens, this is horrible!"

Lily then went on to explain that she had attempted to awaken them by throwing a brick through the caboose window, and on hearing this the dispatcher opened his key without waiting for her to finish and said excitedly:

"Run to the east end of the siding, and if you see them backing up through the switch and let them in on the siding. No. 21 is not due here for five minutes, and there is a chance for them yet."

"I have no switch key," said Lily.

"Break the lock with a hammer, a rock, or anything," was the quick reply. "Run, fly!"

Lily seized an old axe that was lying handy, and with a vague idea that she might also need the red light, she took it in her other hand and flew up the track with the speed of the wind, at the imminent risk of falling and breaking her neck in the rocky darkness.

Once she stumbled and fell, and the lantern was dashed from her hand and went rolling along the ground far beyond her reach by the sudden impetus which her fall had given it; but without pausing to regain it she sprang to her feet and bounded on.

The switch at the east end of the siding was fully half a mile from the office, and about the same distance from the beginning of the cut. If No. 22 could back in on the siding in time, they would be safe; but if they attempted to back down the main track past the telegraph office, they were liable to be overtaken by No. 21 before they could get the signal light, according to the dispatcher's figures, No. 21 should now be very close.

As Lily reached the switch, a pair of gleaming red lights suddenly appeared around the curve in the cut; and she knew that the train was already rapidly backing up, and that she had not a moment to lose.

Feeling for the lock in the darkness she then struck it several heavy blows

with the axe, which she still retained. Luckily one of the blows taking effect, the broken lock dropped to the ground. She then grasped the switch lever and attempted to throw it over, but it resisted her utmost efforts to move it.

The train was now only a short distance away, and with the energy of despair she braced her feet against the switch-standard, and, putting forth her strength in one mighty effort, the obstinate lever came over with a sudden jerk and No. 22 glided safely into the siding.

The shrill scream of a whistle was now heard in the cut, and as soon as the train was clear she again exerted all her strength and threw the switch back to its former position. A headlight now flashed around the curve, and a moment later No. 21 rushed roaring by.

Lily, by her bravery, promptness and presence of mind, had averted a terrible calamity.

At the official investigation which took place a few days later, the entire crew of the runaway train acknowledged that they were asleep, and the conductor had been awakened by a brick thrown in at the caboose window. The only excuse they had for their neglect of duty was that they had been on the road for thirty-two hours, and had not slept for rest, and that they were completely worn out.

Notwithstanding the fact that the management of the road was responsible for requiring the men to run this long double trip, the crew were summarily discharged for criminal neglect of duty, as though man's endurance was an infallible bank, to be drawn on at pleasure.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.
One of the Most Interesting Royal Personages of the Century.

One of the most interesting of royal personages, three-quarters of a century ago, was Charlotte, the Princess Royal, daughter of George IV. Had she lived, she would have been Queen of England, and it is safe to say that she would have become a well-beloved sovereign. Her childhood was peculiar, and in some respects a sad one, for her father and mother were hopelessly estranged from each other, and the child was brought up by her somewhat formidable grandmother, Queen Charlotte.

The Princess was the zealous champion of her mother, and it is said that when she was once refused permission to pay an accustomed visit to her, she insisted upon going. The Queen attempted to detain her by force, but the naughty little girl broke away, and ran off to the palace, took a hackney coach, and was soon in her mother's arms.

Warm-hearted though she was, she was also an imperious and self-willed child, and dearly loved to be obeyed. One summer when she was staying at a country-house, she took pleasure in opening the gate to visitors, and courtesying to them as they passed. On one occasion, when a royal guest came to lunch, the chop reached the table unfit to be eaten, and it was then discovered that the little Princess had gone to the kitchen and insisted on broiling it herself.

When the Princess reached a proper age for marriage, various suitors were proposed to her. The Prince of Orange, afterward King of the Netherlands, was rejected by her, and after he had made his unsuccessful proposal the Princess walked to the window and gazed thoughtfully after him. He looked very grand in his red uniform, with a white plume in his hat, and one of the ladies in waiting fancied her Royal Highness might be watching him in a reflecting mood.

But no! The Princess turned away with a light laugh, saying only: "How like a radish he looks!"

Her heart was finally touched, however, and she married Leopold, of Saxo-Coburg. The young couple lived together for about eighteen tranquil and happy months, when the sudden death of the Princess Charlotte roused in all English hearts an intense and almost passionate grief. When she was told that her baby boy was dead, she said:

"I am grieved for myself, for the English people, but O, above all, I feel it for my dear husband!"

Then being told that she also must die, she said to the physician: "Tell it to my husband; tell it to my husband; and be sure to say to him, from me, that I am still the happiest wife in England."

A year and a half later was born her cousin, Victoria, destined to take the place which she would have filled had she lived, as England's sovereign.—Youth's Companion.

Three Bad Social Sins.
"I beg your pardon, Madam, but you are sitting on my hat," exclaimed a gentleman. "O, pray excuse me; I thought it was my husband's," was the unexpected reply. In another instance of conjugal amenities, a wife said to her husband: "I saw Mrs. Becker this morning, and she complained that on the occasion of her last visit you were so rude to her that she thought she must have offended you." "Nothing of the kind," he answered. "On the contrary I like her very much; but it was rather dark at the time, and when I entered the room at first I thought it was you." "Poor John—he was a kind and forbearing husband," sobbed John's widow on her return from the funeral. "Yes," said a sympathizing neighbor, "but it is in the best. You must try to comfort yourself, my dear, with the thought that your husband is at peace at last."—Chambers Journal.

MISCELLANEOUS.
—The Texan women are the largest individual sheep and stock owners in the world.

Atlanta, Ga., has a tower clock with four faces looking in as many directions. They are all run by the same works and each indicates different time.

A citizen of Hagerstown, Md., claims that the inside of a box in his possession was made of a part of the Penn treaty tree, and the outside of a part of the original coffin of Washington.

Ninety-four per cent of all the rum manufactured in the United States is made within five miles of Boston Statehouse, and nearly all the liquor exported from this country to Africa is shipped from the port of Boston.

Enterprise, even though it be of a funeral kind, is always appreciated in the West. And so there is not a little subdued rejoicing among the live citizens of Chardon, Neb., because that town can now support a hearse. The first funeral at which the vehicle was used occurred a few days ago.

Portland, Me., has more Odd Fellows in proportion to its population than any other town in the world. One out of every four of the citizens over twenty-one belong to the order, and the seven lodges of the city have a fund of \$149,615.74. The richest lodge is the Unity, which has \$34,439 in its treasury.

There has been a great development of lumbering in the South since 1880. There are also 160 per cent. more hands employed, and 100 per cent. more capital invested. Syndicates are rapidly buying up all the southern timber lands that they can get their hands on.

Four new States are added to the Union and four more stars to our flag. The President very appropriately signed the bill for the admission of South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana and Washington. On Washington's birthday in the centennial year of his inauguration as the first President of the United States.

There is a man out in Walla Walla who always celebrates his birthday by eating an egg for each year of his life. He has just reached thirty, and he emphasized the event, of course, by eating thirty eggs. It's all very well, so far, but when that man reaches the nineties he will be apt to wish that he had contracted less original habits in his youth.—Troy Times.

A New York man was so disagreeably persistent in pressing his suit with a widow, that he was finally compelled to have him arrested, and he was fined ten dollars. He paid the fine and went directly to her house to renew his plea. She had him again arrested, and when asked if he would promise to stay away from her she said that he could not, as he loved her too much. So he went to jail for thirty days.

An old fellow in a Wisconsin town who has been running a private bank for some years was recently requested to publish some sort of a statement. So he posted the following on the door of his bank: "Notice—This bank has got \$1,000 behind her. She don't owe nobody a cent. Good paper discounted, as heretofore, and nobody proposes to cut sticks for Mexico or Canada."

Says Professor Hadley: "The speed of railroad trains is restricted by three theoretical limits. First, the physical limit of eighty miles an hour, beyond which it is found impossible for a train to hold the track; second, an operating limit of sixty miles an hour, which practical experience has found trains can not run without much damage to life; third, a commercial limit of thirty miles per hour, at which all things considered, it is found most economical to run a train."

A shoe manufacturer in Portland, Me., being asked to assist in providing bread for the suffering poor, said he would contribute to the extent of 100 sacks of flour and 100 bushels of meal, one sack of flour and one bushel of meal to be given to every man in Portland who neither kept a dog, drank rum nor used tobacco, and was in need of bread. According to the local papers, nobody appeared to claim the gift.

What He Saw in the Fire.
"Ethel, my love," said the young husband, tenderly, "what a delight it is to sit here and look at the glowing fire in the grate! The bleak wind whistles drearily outside, but in this retreat all is warmth, peace and comfort. The shades of night have settled down on the earth, and not a star pierces the gloom that overhangs the landscape, but in this cozy room the genial glow from our cheerful fireplace seems to illumine even the darkest corners with the subtle yet unmistakable radiance of a happy home. The shadows that dance fitfully on the wall are themselves almost luminous. And look at the faces in the fire! Can you not see them, Ethel? Lovely, beautiful faces, with the hus of—why, what is the matter my darling?"

"G-Gerald, don't touch me, you—you deceitful man!" she sobbed. "You never loved me! Whose faces are they you see—"

"The faces of my saluted grandfather and grandmother, Ethel, so help me Deuteronomy!" exclaimed the young husband, in an agony of propitiation. "I wouldn't see a face in that fire that would awake the green-eyed demon of—er—that you could possibly object to, my precious, for a thousand worlds! There, there, Ethel!"

But let us retire. There are some scenes too sacred for the cold, curious gaze of an unfeeling world.—Chicago Tribune.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.
—Astronomy has been declared to be a subject of intellectual pleasure rather than an economic one.

The number of men's linen collars made in this country every year is 4,000,000. About one collar to every eight men.

Barium sells for \$76 a pound, when it is sold at all, and calcium is worth \$1,800 a pound. Cerium is a shade higher—its cost is \$160 an ounce, or \$1,920 a pound.

One Dr. Terv, in England, is advocating the stinging of bees as a remedy for rheumatism. He declares that he has treated with success 173 cases and has given in all 39,000 stings.

The process of manufacturing India ink has been a secret with the Chinese for many centuries, but a firm of English chemists claim to have discovered a process of treating camphor with sulphuric acid that produces a pigment identical with India ink.

There are, according to Rev. George Henslowe, more than 100 varieties of maize, which differ among themselves more than those of any other cereals. Some come to maturity in two months; others require seven. Some are many feet high as others are inches. They vary similarly in shape and size of ears, color of the grain, and also in physical and chemical composition.

A new and effective method has been introduced for protecting dyers' rags against damp and fire. It consists in grinding oxide of zinc—not a sulphite of zinc white—with glue water until it forms a stiff paste, and with this covering the wood, which latter must be quite dry. After it has dried two or three hours it is again painted with glue water, in which ten per cent. of its weight of chloride of zinc has been dissolved.

A recent writer says that those nations which are given to the cultivation of vocal music are strong and vigorous, with broad, expansive chests. Vocal music is a good lung exercise; it increases expansion of the lung tissue; it calls into action the entire lung, thus making the apices less likely to develop organic disease.—Virginia Medical Monthly.

A process of engraving on glass and crystal by electricity has been communicated to the French Academy of Sciences by M. Plante. The plate to be engraved is covered with a concentrated solution of nitrate of potash, and put in connection with one of the poles of a battery, and the design is traced out with a fine platinum point connected to the other pole. The results are said to be of marvelous delicacy.

Experiments have been made on the preservation of wood placed in the ground. Piece of oak sunk in the ground in the direction of the growth of the tree, decayed in twelve years, while identical pieces, coming from the same tree, but inserted in the opposite way, showed hardly any trace of decay in the same time. The phenomenon is explained by the moisture which follows the capillary tubes in the wood. The simple precaution of placing the wood in the ground opposite to the way in which it grew would seem to augment considerably its durability.

Nitro-glycerine bids fair, say the doctors, to become an important remedy for diseases of the kidneys, and experiments are now making in cases of Bright's disease. Nitro-glycerine of a pure quality, possessing all the explosive powers of the substance, is prepared in alcohol (which removes the explosive quality) in the proportion of one part of the nitro-glycerine to ninety-nine of alcohol, and is then prepared with sugar or milk in tablets. Thus prepared it is called "Trinitrin."

A patient in a Philadelphia hospital has had the dose increased until it reached eighty grains a day. He had Bright's disease, and the effects were said to be highly satisfactory.

Interesting Facts About Wood.
It has long been assumed that the wood on the north side of a tree will not warp as much as that of the south side, and that if trees are sawn in planes running east and west, as the tree stands, it will warp less than if cut in the opposite direction. However this may be, the fact appears to have been well ascertained that the tendency to warp when sawn into boards is much greater in green than in dry wood, and that the convex side of the curve is always toward the heart. Such warping, due to unequal shrinkage, and to the more open texture of the external portion of the tree, is said not to occur in the middle plank or board of the log, excepting as it may, in slight degree, reduce the breadth. This quality of not warping, which is in many cases absolutely indispensable for certain uses—as, for example, in the sounding boards of pianos—is secured in the case of spruce timber by first quartering the logs, and then sawing them with the angle downward; it is then sawn into boards very nearly at right angles with the line of annual growth, and a small strip is taken off irregularly, to have the board square edged, qualities of stability and strength being thus secured, not otherwise obtainable.—N. Y. Sun.

A Bargain All Around.
Customer—I tell you I don't want the coat. It's faded and the color don't suit me.

Issues—It's faded and der color don't suit you. Well, take it for seven and a half.

Customer—Besides, it is half worn out already.

Issues—So much der better, my child. If der goat don't suit yer id you'd date you so long to wear it out. Hast du gesehen?—America.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.
—It is the man who is neither just nor generous, who is most apt in the use of the phrase, "Be just before you are generous."—Boston Courier.

A young physician was showing a friend a recent purchase that he had made in the way of a skeleton. "Very interesting," commented his friend. "One of your patients, doctor?"—Life.

—What does it profit a man to get a modern society novel for twenty-five cents, if he has to buy an unabridged dictionary and an encyclopedia before he can understand it?—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

—Scribner—"Have you read my new novel, 'A Story Without a Hero'?" Carper—"Yes. I think it misnamed, however. Any man who reads it clear through proves himself a hero."—Terre Haute Express.

—A lawyer, entering the office of his family physician, said, in a hoarse whisper: "Doctor, I've got such a cold this morning that I can't speak the truth." "I'm glad that it isn't anything that will interfere with your business," responded the doctor in a tone of sympathy.

—Hobbs—"I understand that Dobson's wife is a German, and that he mastered the German language to win her." Jones—"Well, he must have expended all his energies on the language, then. He has never mastered her."—Burlington Free Press.

—About ninety per cent. of all the men who start out in business fail before they get through, and there is a disheartening suspicion in some quarters that it is about what forty per cent. of them set out to do.—Somerville Journal.

—Familiar Fellow (tapping a dignified old gentleman on the shoulder): "Ain't my face familiar to you?" Old Gentleman (brushing him off): "It's not alone your face that's familiar. You are altogether the most familiar man I ever saw."—Texas Siftings.

—Pshaw," said a lady to her husband, who had been criticizing her attire, "what does a man know about woman's clothes, anyway?" "He knows the price, my dear," he replied, gently, and she retired.—Washington Critic.

—Mrs. Gibson—"How did your husband make his money, Mrs. Bankstock?" "I remember when you were living." "Living in the hall bedroom of a cheap boarding-house, as you are living now, I presume you mean?" "Well, you needn't get touchy. Honest people don't get rich as fast as some folks I might mention."—Chicago Herald.

—Men who live by their wits, who profess no definite occupation, but who are said to "speculate," are the outcasts usually of some profession in which, had their talents been properly applied, they might perchance have won a respectable position, or even fame. They leave the straight and correct path, and with strange ups and downs try to reach the goal of success by the insane process of seeking it through blind and devious ways.

—No girl under twenty," says a wise woman, "has any business to think of marriage." Bless you, no. We know that. At that age no girl thinks of marriage as a "business." She just jumbles head over heels in love and marries the dear fellow just because she would cry her eyes out without him. It is when she is no longer what you would exactly call a "girl," when she is rising thirty-eight and has out her last new tooth, full set, that she begins to make a "business" of it.—Buffalo Express.

SAVED BY LIGHTNING.
Visions of a Man Who Dreamed That He Was to Be Executed.

I was to be shot. No bandage was put over my eyes. I stood facing the file of soldiers in the middle of the quadrangle, and noticed that the officer with the drawn saber placed himself at the extremity of the line, composed of six men. In that supreme moment I also noticed that their uniforms were bright with steel accoutrements. Their helmets were of steel, and their carbines, as they pointed them and pointed them at me, glittered with the same burnished metal. There was an instant's hush while the men took aim; then I saw the officer raise his bared saber as the signal to fire. It flashed in the air. With a suddenness impossible to convey, the whole quadrangle blazed with a awful light. It crossed my brain with instantaneous conviction that this amazing glare was the physical effect of being shot, and that the bullets had pierced my brain or heart, and caused this frightful sense of all-pervading flame.

"It is over," I said, "that was the bullets." But presently there forced itself on my dazed senses a sound—a confusion of sounds—darkness succeeding the white flash—steadying itself into gloom; daylight; a tumult; a heap of stricken tumblers men lying senseless before me. Then it all burst on me with distinct conviction. The storm which had been gathering all the morning had culminated in its blackest and most electric point immediately overhead. The file of soldiers appointed to shoot me stood exactly under it. Sparkling with bright steel they stood shoulder to shoulder, a complete lightning conductor, and at the end of the chain they formed, their officer, at the critical moment, raised his shining, naked blade towards the sky. Instantaneously heaven opened, and the lightning fell, attracted by the burnished steel. From blade to carbine, from helmet to breastplate it ran, smiting every man dead as he stood. They fell like a row of nine-pins. The electric flame licked the life out of seven men in a second—not one moved again.—From "Dreams and Dream Stories" by Anna Bonus Kingsford.

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NOTICE.
All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hopwood Road, adjoining the land of Bowle Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 261, as for feloniously stealing goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees so cut down.
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"For two years I suffered from a severe pain in my right side, and had other troubles caused by a torpid liver and dyspepsia. After giving several medicines a fair trial without a cure, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than three bottles healed the sore. In all my experience with medicine, I never saw a more complete cure."—John W. Benson, Lawrence, Mass.
"I was confined to my bed for eight weeks. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than three bottles healed the sore. In all my experience with medicine, I never saw a more complete cure."—John W. Benson, Lawrence, Mass.

Wonderful Results.
Another marked case of the use of this medicine was the strengthening of my sight."—Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.
"I had a dry scaly humor for years, and suffered terribly; and, as neurologists equally valuable in Constipation, curing the same by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I presume the malady is hereditary. Last winter, Dr. Tyson, (of Ferdinand, Ind.) recommended me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continue it for a year. For five months I took it daily. I have not had a blotch upon my body for the last three months."—T. E. Wiley, 146 Chambers St., New York City.
"Last fall and winter I was troubled with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I did not notice it much at first, but it gradually grew worse until it became almost unbearable. During the latter part of this time, disorders of the stomach and liver increased my troubles. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after faithfully continuing the use of this medicine for some months, the pain disappeared and I was completely cured."—Mrs. Augusta A. Furbush, Haverhill, Mass.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.
CURE
SICK
HEAD
ACHE
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing the same by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I presume the malady is hereditary. Last winter, Dr. Tyson, (of Ferdinand, Ind.) recommended me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continue it for a year. For five months I took it daily. I have not had a blotch upon my body for the last three months."—T. E. Wiley, 146 Chambers St., New York City.
"Last fall and winter I was troubled with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I did not notice it much at first, but it gradually grew worse until it became almost unbearable. During the latter part of this time, disorders of the stomach and liver increased my troubles. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after faithfully continuing the use of this medicine for some months, the pain disappeared and I was completely cured."—Mrs. Augusta A. Furbush, Haverhill, Mass.

COLLECTION OFFICE!
Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, etc., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to return and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harris & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.
ANDREW J. HARNE,
Oakland, May 10th, 1885-17

FARM FOR SALE.
COAL & FIRE CLAY.
I am authorized to sell a farm of 250 acres, 125 acres of which are cleared, situated on the Oakland and Song Run road, six miles from Oakland and near the Youghiogheny river. This is a very desirable farm, and is under laid with three veins of Coal, one vein being 6 feet, another 3 feet and another 4 feet. Also an abundance of Fire Clay.
The improvements consist of two dwelling houses, a barn and other outbuildings. Also a good orchard, and a young orchard just coming into bearing.
The farm is well watered, and is in every way a very desirable property. One hundred and twenty-five acres of valuable timber. Call on or address
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
1530 Republican office, Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE,
A VALUABLE TRACT OF LAND,
OF 1250 acres, situated 12 miles North of Oakland, near the Yough River. The improvements consist of two dwelling houses, barn, stable and all other necessary outbuildings, twenty acres under cultivation. A fine young orchard is on the place.
For terms and further information, apply to
THOMAS & SINCELL,
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Poultry Yards.
PURELY BRED PIT
GAME FOWLS!
EGGS \$2.00 PER SETTING.
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Over 40 years under the same Management.
Devoted to FARMING, STOCK RAISING, FRUIT GROWING, MARKET GARDENING, THE DAIRY, THE POULTRY YARD, etc., etc. Special attention is paid to FERTILIZERS and MANURES, including those of commerce and the farm.
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AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property.
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I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."
DAVID LITTLE.

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FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

A HOME-MADE SCARE.

Carl was a jolly little fellow. With eyes of blue and curls of yellow, And rosy cheeks, and just the chin To hold a pretty dimple in. He found himself alone one day. And wondered what was best to play. While his mamma remained away. Pencil and paper soon he saw. And seated them both. Said he: "I'll draw An acre like the one so grim. Poor Jack heard growling 'Pee-to-fum.' First, here's his forehead full of bumps, And then his nose with three big humps, And then two ears of enormous size, And then a mouth from ear to ear. With long, sharp, tooth-like tusks, 'Buthere The artist, with eyes opened wide. In fright, gazed on his work and cried: 'Mamma, mamma—come, come please, do, I'm very lonely without you; And oh! mamma, I'm so afraid Of this old scare that I've made.'"

DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER.

No such thing as "luck."—Man the Natural Result of What He Was When a Boy.

There is a spirit in every healthy American boy which urges him to make a success in his life. Some boys have a vague idea that to get rich means having "luck." If you are lucky you will get rich, otherwise you will remain poor," is the conclusion of some boys.

This seems very singular when you see how clearly every boy recognizes that if he is to take any position in school he must work for it. He does not expect to learn his lessons through "good luck," but work. He does not expect to win the regard of his schoolmates through "good luck," but by being truthful, constant, honest, manly; these are the qualities that lead to success in school, and this world is a great big school.

We sometimes make the mistake of thinking that we come to certain places or points in life where we can break off old habits and begin entirely new. That is a great mistake. Watch your younger brother and sister. Can any one tell just when they ceased being babies, stopped playing with baby toys? The change was so gradual that no one saw it; they passed into the boy and girl period without those who loved them best finding it out. Yet they showed certain traits even then which were indications of the kind of boys and girls they would make. So the boy or girl in thousands of days the kind of man or woman that will develop. There is no "luck" in it. It is as gradual and as sure as the growth of the oak from the acorn. No one expects to see a lily-of-the-valley grow from the acorn, or a thistle, or a stalk of corn. Every one knows that the acorn will produce the oak. When we see a bunch of thistles down floating off lightly in the air we know that when it alights and the seeds settle in the ground a thistle will develop, not an apple tree.

No one expects a quiet, earnest, business-like man to develop from a boy noted for his carelessness, his noise and forgetfulness. No one expects to see a rough, lazy, indifferent, unambitious man develop from a boy who is gentle, thoughtful for others, industrious, ambitious to make the most of himself. The boy is the bud, the man is the flower; it is always the same stalk, either an oak or a thistle.

If a boy starts out to have a good time—that is, gives as little time as possible to work, makes just as many engagements to fill evenings socially as he can make, is indifferent or nearly indifferent to the kind of friends he makes so that time is filled—and then trusts to "luck" to have his salary raised and grow into money, bad judgment, and lack of knowledge or confidence. We build our own futures, and we begin to build as babies. The moment the first stone is laid in the foundation of a house, you speak of it as part of the house. You do not wait until it is partly built, but at once recognize it as the beginning of what will be by and by a whole. So the boy-baby in the cradle is the promise of the man, and every day helps build the man. A rich man who had begun life as a poor boy was asked about the chances of success for a young man, and answered:

"I will tell you from my own experience how a young man in this country, with nothing but his hands and good health, may get a 160-acre farm, or almost any thing else he chooses. He has only to go to work, say at sixteen or eighteen years of age, as a farm hand, or in any other way, begin to save from the first, live a strictly temperate, honest and truthful life, and keep entirely clear of bad company. Instead of loafing, he must spend his leisure in reading good books and getting all the information he can get about his country's history. Any young man who starts out in that path and keeps in it is sure to succeed. He will soon be known in the place where he lives, and his good character will be the best kind of capital for him to begin on. Every body will respect him, and the first thing you know he falls in love with some good girl who is worthy of him, and of whom

he is worthy, and a little while afterward you will find him well started in life, with a good wife and a home of his own. Why, it's just as certain as day and night, and the only reason so many fail is because they won't take the road that leads to success.

"If, on the contrary, a young man starts out as a loafer, spending his time in rum-mills and where loafers congregate at street corners, the habit will grow upon him, and after awhile he is fit for nothing else. He becomes a confirmed tramp or something worse. A man must be broken in to work in harness just the same as a horse or mule, but those who find themselves without any body to break them in have the advantage of mules or horses. In the fact that if they will begin in time they can break themselves, and it often happens that those who have succeeded through self-discipline have really trained themselves better than any parent or other person could have done. Therefore, no man in this country has the right to say that he came to grief because his parents or somebody else failed to train him."

No one can make or mar a man without his own help. If a man fails, there are as many causes inside of the man as outside for that failure. He can not succeed because God and the world and declare that he has no share of responsibility for that failure, or say it was his "luck." He is as a man the natural result of what he was as a boy—he used the opportunities and pleasures that appealed most to him.—Christian Union.

RUTHIE'S VICTORY.

She Finds Out How Much Power There Is in Gentle Words and a Kindly Smile.

Harry was standing in the road, on the way home from school. There had been a heavy shower an hour before, and there was a large puddle in the road. He had a switch, and was switching the water from side to side.

Nettie came along, and looked very crossly at Harry.

"You stop that!" she said.

Harry did not like the way she spoke, nor the look on her face.

"Say 'please,' and I will," he said.

"I'm not going to say 'please!'"

"Then I shall do it as long as I like."

"I can't get by till you stop."

"Yes, you can. I'm not hindering you."

"You are. I shall get all splashed."

"Then step where you are. You can't make me stop."

Now, the truth was that Harry did not care a bit about switching the water any longer. If Nettie had spoken pleasantly he would have stopped at once. But now he felt as if he would stay there all day just to spite her.

"I shall tell your mother, you mean boy, if you don't stop," went on Nettie.

Harry laughed louder as Nettie tried to run by. He gave a harder switch and laughed more loudly than ever as he saw Nettie's white apron spotted with mud. She scowled back at him as she went on.

Nettie had just turned a corner when Ruthie came up. Harry looked at her a little sourly, for he did not feel half so pleasantly as he had before Nettie came.

Do you wonder why? Was it because Nettie had been cross? Partly so; for no one can speak or look crossly without leaving a shadow behind. But Harry felt that he had been wrong, too, and that is worse than to suffer wrong from others.

"Stop a minute, and let me get by, Harry," said Ruthie.

"I don't have to stop," growled Harry.

"But I can't get home till you let me pass."

"I don't care. You can't make me stop."

"Oh, yes, I can," said Ruthie, with a laugh.

"I should like to see you try," said Harry, holding his switch tighter than before while he looked at Ruthie.

"You're as big as I am; but who cares for that?"

"I can, though," said Ruthie.

How do you think she did it? She came nearer, still smiling, and said:

"Harry, please let me pass. You wouldn't be ugly to me, I know."

Harry had never thought of an attack of kind words. If Ruthie had tried to take away his stick, or to push him out of her way, he would have made a good fight; but what could he do now?

He gave a little laugh as he stood back to let her pass, saying:

"Well, if that's the way you're going to make me, I guess I'll have to give up."

Try it, little children. You have all seen how one angry word or look will bring another, and how little good they do, and how much harm. Try how much power there is in a gentle word and a smile.—Sydney Davro, in Our Little Ones.

A Selfish Boy.

Jamie took the largest banana on the dish the other day when the fruit was passed to him. He did this before his grandmamma had been invited. He looked ashamed when he saw her take the small one, but he was glad that his was so big.

But when he took off the skin the fruit was black and unfit to eat. His papa's eyes twinkled, and he said:

"The largest isn't always the best, is it, Jamie?"

And his mamma said: "Selfish boys often lose what they want to get."—United Presbyterian.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The essentials of a watering place may be alliteratively summed up as Sea, salt, sun, sand, shells, shrubs, steamers, ships, sailors and shingle.

A man in Milwaukee was indicted on the charge of putting sticks loaded with gunpowder in divorced wife's wood-pile. He was to get even somehow.

"Where were you born, little girl?" asked a philanthropist of a street beggar. "I'm not sure, sir," was the reply. "But I often heard my ma say that I was born in poverty."—N. Y. Ledger.

Despite the talk about Smith being such a common name, those of Great Britain and the United States by fifteen per cent. Even "John" is not as common as "Joe."

Some one has figured that only one young man out of fifty who marries asks the old man's consent. If he is asked of the doorstep or chucked by the dog he has it as a sign that the old man is willing, and he reasons correctly.

They are drawing the color line in a Jamaica, L. I., school that the principal expelled two boys, a day said, for being too dark complexioned.

Some one was allowed to "stand" that in the mass tenor employed week in Pat Brady's concert saloon, he was to be idle on Sunday, will accept engagement in some church choir, for that day only.

A lady who has just taken a house in the suburban portion of the town would like to purchase a young calf not over five years of age, which would yield about two pounds of liver daily.

Having imported a few hundred anarchists, we are in a position to apply to every household of New York and Brooklyn a new brand of natural gas at ten cents per thousand feet below regular price.

Tommy: If you haven't lost the cheese knife you took with you and come home at once, I will persuade father not to speak you this time. You will find no wild Indians to fight over in Hoboken.

A wealthy but invalid gentleman, a great sufferer from gout and corpulence, having been ordered by his physician to pay stricter attention to his diet, would like to engage a first-class gastronomic director.

Five Dollars Reward.—Stolen or strayed, a dingo who answers to the name of Cholly. Was last seen on Broadway following a female member of burlesque troupe. The above reward will be paid to any one returning it to its keeper.

Pennsylvania coal-mine owners desiring to replenish their supply of imported Poles and Italians before the passage of the Ford bill, should send in their orders at once. All are invited to examine our stock, which is kept well disinfected.

Desiring to get rid of a few hundred of our more useless paupers, we beg to inform all keepers of almshouses in the United States that they can be supplied with any number of inmates by addressing Poor-House Superintendent Europe.

To allay any fears the inhabitants of New York may feel concerning the city's safety in case of hostilities breaking out between this country and Germany, this is to announce that I, Brigadier-General Slaughter, second in the honorary command of B company, Fourth Kentucky bloodshedders, will remain in New York until the settlement of the Samoan difficulty.—N. Y. Evening Sun.

SOME CHOICE ADS.

Collection of "Wants" Whose Publication Didn't Cost a Cent.

Wanted—A hostler. Must also be a waiter.

Adams pressman wanted. No Adams pressman need apply.

A butcher wanted. Second-rate butchers need make no application.

Wanted—A vice hand. Said hand must not belong to party addicted to any particular vice.

A young man would like a job as floor-walker. Can do seven miles an hour when in training.

For Sale—A revolver, bowie knife and a dead head of hair. Reason for selling—owner in reduced circumstances. Address Cowboy.

A poor young man with an over-riding ambition to be President of the United States would like a job either as a canal-boat boy or at splitting rails.

Wanted—Chain-makers. Parties who have been in the habit of forging another link in the chain of love which binds the two countries, etc., need not apply.

Wanted—By a well known temperance lecturer, a reformed burglar; also, a reformed gambler. Applicants must be temperance as to sobriety and states in furnishing their own wine.

A young man tenor employed week in Pat Brady's concert saloon, he was to be idle on Sunday, will accept engagement in some church choir, for that day only.

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LEGALIZED NICKNAMES.

A Custom That Was Once Quite Generally Observed in the East.

Nicknames are not likely to go out of fashion so long as human nature remains what it is. School-boys will nickname each other, collegians will nickname their professors, and soldiers speak of their commanders as "Little Mac," "Uncle Billy," "Fighting Joe," or what-not. In these days, however, it is not customary to spread such titles upon official records as was formerly the habit, according to the author of the "Antiquities of Long Island."

In 1644, in the Dutch records, we have John Pieterse, alias Friend John. In the Newton purchase from the Indians, dated in 1656, one of the boundaries is "by a Dutchman's land called Hans the Boore." and in the Bushwick patent, dated October 12, 1667, one of the boundaries is "John the Swedes meadow." In 1695, in the Kings County records, a man is named "Living at Gowanus as 'Tunis the Barber.'"

The Common Council of New York, in 1671, ordered fish to be brought into the dock "over against the City Hall, or the house that Long Mary formerly lived in," and in the same year an order was passed "that Knot Betty and her children be provided for as objects of charity."

The explanation of this custom, in many cases, was that the persons in question either had no family names or had forgotten them, so that the use of their generally accepted nicknames became a necessity.

So numerous were the Smiths living upon Long Island that it was thought necessary to distinguish the various original families by some peculiar name. Thus we have the Rock Smiths, the Blue Smiths, the Bull Smiths and the Weight Smiths.—Youths' Companion.

There has been a great development of lumbering in the South since 1880. There are 160 per cent. more sawmills now than then, 197 per cent. more hands employed, and 100 per cent. more capital invested. Syndicates are rapidly buying up all the Southern timber lands that they can get their hands on.

THE DRUNKARD.

Opinion of an Expert in Nerve and Brain Diseases.

In a recent interview with a reporter of the Indianapolis (Ind.) Journal, Dr. William B. Fletcher, of that city, said: "It is an undoubted fact, that the English-speaking world can not use alcoholic drink without creating a diseased appetite, dementia and death. It is an undoubted fact that drink kills more persons, directly and indirectly, among English-speaking people each year than are killed by all the plagues—small-pox, cholera, yellow fever, diphtheria and scarlet fever—in the whole world."

"What are the causes leading to drunkenness?"

"They are many, some purely accidental. No sane person ever started out with the intention of becoming a sot. Overwork, either mental or physical, naturally calls for refreshment. The process of digestion of solids is slow, but the influence of an alcoholic drink is effectual in a few minutes to restoring one from the sense of weariness. It has a fascination about it. The changes in man's condition as a worker during the past century has changed him in his physical condition. The greedy grasping for wealth, for social recognition, for political or educational preferment has caused overwork. Where one man was an all-night worker one hundred years ago, there are now ten thousand all-night workers. Our railroads, telegraphs, telephones, machine shops, mills, furnaces and factories require all-night work. These tens of thousands of night-workers are mostly men—overworked men—who crave a stimulant to renew violated nature. Many of these men will be fathers of a nervous and degenerate progeny, who will have a natural craving for stimulants. You could not expect the beautiful bloom on the ripe peach if you plant the tree in the cellar. It is the hurry-scurry life, particularly of the American, that is causing a flood of nervous derangement to sweep the world."

"The manner in which the young men of to-day are brought up is prolific of drink tendencies. They are not taught to work nor are they taught self-denial, nor to say 'no' to wrongdoing in childhood. They have lots of good teaching in the schools, perhaps some parental instruction at home, but they have no physical training that should go with mental culture. They most frequently begin by using tobacco, which causes a feeling of debility which they soon find can be relieved by a stimulant. However it begins the effect is the same. A stimulant taken makes the drinker feel more comfortable until another drink augments the feeling, and so on until mind and body surrender to the poison. The repeated poisoning of the system with alcohol produces serious effects upon all the digestive and secretory organs, and especially upon the delicate lining of the minute blood vessels of the brain. It is the gradual change going on in the brain which renders the constant drinker, the tippler and the frequent social drinker alike oblivious to the fact that they are becoming changed in the whole nature and greatly shattering that governor of the man, 'the will power.' If the will power be totally gone through disease the man is a hopeless, powerless, incurable, imbecile sot."

"What would you advise in the treatment of inebriety?"

"The treatment is plain. It must start out with the full consent and desire upon the part of the individual to be cured. If the man has stimulated within him a strong belief that he is deriving power of will from God, so much the better. As long as he holds that faith he is cured. The moral nature should be stimulated also by a change from former conditions. He should be removed to a quiet retreat, good, clean, well-fitting clothing, nourishing food, clean associates, music, pleasing employment, which should never continue to weariness."

"How about the use of alcoholic medicines, and the tapering-off process?"

"No alcoholic medicines should be used. Narcotics give no refuge for the appeasing of the diseased appetite; but the patient may drink freely of buttermilk, sirup and water; juices of fruits and good well water or soda-water may be used freely. Lean meats, game, fish, poultry and eggs are good diet; and fresh greens, lettuce, salads, etc., may be used abundantly, while but little bread, potatoes or starchy food should be taken. The taking of medicines as specifics is an absurdity. Medicines have no effect in creating physiological conditions, or in building up will power and moral courage. The treatment is almost entirely hygienic, and the method of application would only vary as the general health and character of the individual is concerned."

THE DISEASE OF DRUNKENNESS. It Is Self-Produced, and the Victim Is Himself Responsible for It and All Its Terrible Consequences.

Drunkenness is a disease of the body as really as typhoid fever or any other physical disease. No man who is drunk is at the time in the normal condition of health. His body is over-stimulated with intoxicating liquor. His stomach, heart and brain feel the effect. No one who has the habit of drunkenness, so that he freely drinks intoxicating liquors every day, is really a healthy man. He has an inflamed stomach, a disordered nervous system, and imperfect digestion of his food, and may have organic changes of the body. He is the victim of a slow poison that is constantly sapping the foundations of health, and will ultimately destroy him altogether unless the habit be abandoned. The direct effect is always upon his body, and this is one of impaired or ruined health, as really as if he should form the habit of eating arsenic or swallowing laudanum every day. Drunkenness is not a disease which comes upon one without his fault, and which he could not avoid. It is a self-produced disease, which it is in the power of the man himself to prevent and also to cure, by avoiding its cause, and, hence, it is a sin against himself and against the God who made him and holds him responsible for a right use of all his powers, both physical and mental. No one has a right to do anything the direct tendency of which is to damage or destroy his body. The temptation to drink incident to, and the consequences of the habit of drinking, is no excuse for drunkenness, and no excuse for any crime which a drunken man may commit. Both God and man treat the drunkard as an offender, and he is such. We may pity him when we think of the power of his appetite over him, operating through his diseased physical nature; but we should never so pity him, as to condemn him, and do our utmost to lead him to condemn himself and reform his life. The truth is that a drunkard is a sinner as really as a murderer, and he must repent and forsake his sin or he can not enter the Kingdom of God. Drunkards do not go to Heaven, any more than blasphemers. They are enumerated in the list of those who will not enter the Kingdom. The essential sinfulness of drunkenness is an idea that must not be lost sight of in the effort to reform drunkards.—N. Y. Independent.

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TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

A COMANCHE INDIAN clergyman is reported as saying: "What we need is the Bible taught in a plain manner, instead of the whisky-flask."

RUSSIAN statesmen, from Count Tolstoi down, are aiding in the organization of societies for the prevention and suppression of inebriety.

Of all our industrial classes one man in twenty is unfitted by the liquor traffic for steady and continuous work; unfitted, indeed, for any work at all.—Neal Dow.

SHIGE KUSIDA, a young Japanese woman who had been doing successful Temperance work among her own people, is to be sent to the United States to study the methods here.

The death rate in the case of brewers, commercial travelers and other classes exposed to the temptation of frequent alcoholic drinking, is said to be six times greater than in all other industries combined.

A MINNEAPOLIS young woman, while accompanying her lover to the court house to get a marriage license, detected that he had been drinking. In a kind but determined way she told him that she could not marry him, and they separated then and there.

An inmate of an insane asylum composed the following lines about drink that warrant the belief he is not so crazy as he might be:

"In this foam foul murder glides, And in this tide does ruin swim, Destruction at the bottom hides, And death is dancing round the rim."

Fifty thousand dollars have been contributed in London to defray the expense of imparting sound instruction, in an interesting form, to the children attending public schools, and other schools, on the physical dangers attending the use of stimulants.

The report of the New York Committee of Minors makes this appalling statement: "Careful investigation shows that at least 150,000 children, many of tenderest years, are in the habit of daily visiting the saloons of the city. It is a fact well known to your committee that in a large number of drinking places bar-tenders are in the habit of giving the little ones candies and pennies as inducements to patronize their places."

The evils of intemperance can hardly be overestimated. It is the immediate cause of an incalculable amount of crime, misery and degradation. Surely all earnest and high-minded citizens ought to unite in every consistent effort for its suppression. That the State has a right to regulate, restrict or suppress the evil which saps its own life can not be doubted. If it can legislate against crime, still more is it bound to remove the very cause which produces it.—Christian Register.

A Good Investment of Sheep.

A farmer once employed a young man. All too soon the farmer found that his new hand was addicted to drinking alcoholics.

"John," said the farmer, "I'll give you one of my best sheep if ye'll give up drinkin' while ye work for me."

"It's a bargain," declared John. A son of the farmer looked up and asked:

"Pa, will you give me a sheep, too, if I will not drink this season?"

"Yes," replied the father, "you may have a sheep."

Then the little boy spoke up and said:

"Pa, will you give me a sheep, too, if I'll not drink?"

"Yes, son, you shall have a sheep, also."

After a moment's pause the little boy turned to his father and said:

"Pa, hadn't you better take a sheep, too?"

"I dunno, I dunno," the farmer replied, doubtfully, and then suddenly concluded: "I declare, I'll try it and see."

The old gentleman was heard afterwards to declare that he had made the best investment of sheep that season that he ever made in his life.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, MAY 11th, 1889.

The new railroad along Yough river is taking shape pretty rapidly. A large force of hands are at work grading, cutting timber, &c. The furnace tract of land has been purchased and it is now thought that important public works will be started once the railroad is completed.

A big sigh of relief has gone up from the citizens of our county now that the McClellandtown gang has been arrested. They were too close to be comfortable. People generally feel greatly relieved, and old folks living out in the country particularly. They feel that a load has been taken off their minds.

People coming to court bring favorable news as to the condition of the grain throughout the county. The acreage was about as usual. Spring crops are generally backward owing to the amount of cold and rain in April. The prospects for peaches, cherries, currants, &c., is somewhat poor. Apples and pears promise abundantly.

We notice a large attractive advertisement of the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Hotels in the New York magazines. It looks now as though we would have the most prosperous season we have ever had in the mountains. All our people will profit, and it is the duty of every one to add their mite to the general appearance of our mountain country.

No better investment could be made by our citizens than to spend a little time and money for the purpose of improving their properties. White wash is a good thing in many ways; lime is not only a disinfectant but white wash on fences and buildings adds much to the appearance of the property and the country in general. If all the old buildings and many of the new ones would receive a coat of white wash and paint Garrett county would look up this season.

We don't wonder much that the birds are happy after the long cold winter, we feel like singing ourselves. The days are getting so balmy, the grass and leaves are coming out and all nature seems glad. A country where they have no regular succession of season would not, we think, be desirable in many ways. We would prefer shorter winters, more snow, while it lasts, and a good many ways we imagine we could improve matters, but the great secret of success in Garrett, as everywhere else, is a contented mind.

It seems that "Cal" Gorman, deeming prudence the better part of valor, has decided to step down and out, as will be seen by the following Washington dispatch:

P. Calvin Gorman, brother of Senator Gorman, whose reinstatement as special agent of the treasury has created such a stir among Maryland Republicans, has written a letter to Secretary Windom resigning his place. In his letter Mr. Gorman says: "As I am an active Democrat I cannot consent to retain the position, as it has and will subject you to criticisms of your party friends."

The administration of "Corporal Tanner as Commissioner of Pensions is already exemplifying the facility with which obstacles to the granting of pensions in meritorious cases, which proved insurmountable under Democratic control of the Department, may be overcome by the application of a little of the spirit of justice and sympathy. Commissioner Tanner has already picked many technical knots which baffled his predecessors, and has gladdened the hearts of many suffering veterans and needy dependents of such by rulings which validated the pension claims which had long been denied recognition as outside the letter of the law and regulation.

We feel so anxious to see our county prosper that we know that the readers of the REPUBLICAN will pardon us for recurring to the matter so often. "Line upon line, precept upon precept," is the only way, and we will feel abundantly repaid if only one of our readers will go to work. The prospects now are for the most

prosperous season ever known in our county, thousands of dollars will be brought here and every stranger coming simply adds another to the friends of the mountains, which may bring many more. President Harrison is coming with his family, and part of the cabinet it is thought will come also. This alone will make things boom and our people should get ready for the good time coming. We must not only improve our premises but add our mite to the general boom.

The editors of the State met at Baltimore Monday, to take action regarding the Maryland Exposition which is to be opened at Pimlico next September. They adopted plans to further the interests of the enterprise and elected the following officers: Hon. Henry Vanderford, of Carroll county, president; Henry Torbert of Elkton, vice-president, and William S. McCombs, of Hayre de Grace, Secretary. In connection with the exposition will be an elaborate celebration of the Battle of North Point and the formal opening of Baltimore's new postoffice.

Mr. McCombs illustrates the Law of Rotation.

A few days ago Mr. McCombs administered the following dose of comfort to some of his Democratic colleagues who were expressing regret for the removal of several of their appointees:

"I can't for the life of me see what you fellows have to complain of. You ought to accept the situation gracefully; not merely because it is the inevitable, and the fortune of war but for the reason that rotation in office is a universal law of nature, observed even by the wild denizens of the forest."

Being called upon to explain, Mr. McCombs narrated the following:

"A friend of mine," he remarked, "went off for a few weeks' shooting in the Shenandoah Valley, and upon his return gave me several amusing incidents of his expedition. 'One day,' said he, 'I felt quite tired during the afternoon and lay down in a little nest among the bushes near a stream with my gun beside me. I had slept for a little while, when I was awakened suddenly by a loud thump upon the ground, caused, apparently by something falling from a considerable height. The sound repeated quite regularly at stated intervals of about half a minute each, and appeared to come from a thick wood at a little distance from the spot where I was lying. My curiosity was thoroughly aroused, so I crept cautiously through the bushes, dragging my gun after me. Presently, I discovered the cause of the disturbance. There, right in front of me, stood a tall popular tree, or rather the remains of one, for the top of it had been torn off about forty feet from the ground, while the diameter of the remainder was about five feet near the roots. From the top of the trunk a large 'coon' looked warily out for a second and then jumped down with a resounding thud, upon the ground, taking the forty-foot leap quite as a matter of course. I immediately upon reaching the ground the 'coon' made a bee line for a hole in the roots of the tree, disappeared, and presently emerged again at the top, when he again proceeded to take the flying leap, repeating this curious performance until I grew tired of watching him. This was too much for me, so I skinned the 'round, got several farmers together, and we set out in a posse comitatus to the spot, with dogs and guns and axes. Well, sir, we cut down that tree and split it up the middle and what do you suppose we found? The trunk was hollow all the way up from the roots, and I'll be darned if it wasn't packed chuck full of live 'coons, just as full as you could stick 'em. Then we understood the whole thing at a glance. There was one additional 'coon for whom there wasn't enough room, and when he fought his way into the hole of the tree, he just forced the whole heavy column of live 'coons above him upward, and at the top one had to leap down and out. It wasn't the same 'coon that I saw jumping all the time, but a different and at every trip, they all took it in rotation.'"

Editor and officeholder.

St. Paul Press (Rep.): As a matter of practical politics this Administration would seem to have gone astray in its numerous selections for Federal office from the list of leading editors and working journalists. The appointments of Whitelaw Reid and Murat Halstead are but the most conspicuous items of a policy which found expression in the choice of a large number of other newspaper men for Federal office; so that this idea, as an accompaniment of Mr. Harrison's Administration, has already become matter of public note and general comment.

Whether it is viewed from the side of the public or from the individual, the policy indicated is one involving a grave error of judgment and mistake in principle. For, as there is no man more unsuited to the routine work of officeholding than the active journalist, so is there none upon whom the acceptance of all the obligations imposed in a Presidential appointment can work more harmfully. The director of a great newspaper enjoys a position which, by common consent, is far superior to any within the gift of the President of the United States. If he is honest,

fearless, independent, patriotic in views and courageous in their expression, there can be nothing tempt him in the sweets of office. And if he be a mere partisan clinging to himself subservient to party as to a god, then there is man more unfit for either honor or trust.

There are no two situations more irreconcilably at odds than the intensely active life of the editorial vocation and the *dolce fer niente* of officeholders. For one accustomed to a ruler to abdicate, or the successful candidate of a great party to enter into voluntary exile. To place before such a man the temptation of office is to do him an injury. To place before him the high duty or peril of his performance by placing him in bonds not to be candid in criticism and frank in opinion is to wrong the public. For it must be remembered whenever we are to consider the relation between the editorial function and the Federal service, that we owe a duty to the people.

railway, that there is a striking contrast between the public as a whole and the public as a stake in the administration of the tender and acceptance of Federal place under these circumstances.

The editor who takes office under an administration must break faith with the people or with his official superior. He cannot serve two masters. It is part of his duty to report the events of the day just as they occur, and to pass upon those events an opinion according to its ability and capacity for independent judgment. He who willfully suppresses an important fact or renounces a settled opinion commits treason against the people to whom he is at once servant and instructor. But this he must do at times if he keeps the compact of honor which compels him to swear loyalty to the man who has put him in a place of trust and responsibility as his personal representative. By the nature of the profession journalism must be the loser, must lose heavily, must lose when it can least afford to lose, by the policy which President Harrison has adopted. In as far as it operates to muzzle the opinion of the press it is a public wrong and misfortune. And where it does not do that it can scarcely be other than a reward for sycophantic prostitution of a great public duty to the ends of party. The editor has plenty of work to do, work of a high and ennobling order, within the confines of his office. He can only lose in dignity, in influence, and in independence by accepting honors that he cannot always earn or sustain without proving himself false to the higher duty which he owes to his country, to the public and to himself.

Flying in the Face of History.

Among the many expressions by distinguished Americans of all professions and pursuits, that were interesting contributions to our Centennial Souvenir, was one by Bishop F. D. Huntington, that we regard worthy of special attention. The Bishop gave this as his opinion of Washington:

It is that if Washington were now living in the United States he would find the political atmosphere offensive and the political morality intolerable; that he would be so far superior to the motives and influences which prevail in the administration of the government as to be virtually isolated; that he would steadily refuse to give pledges of party allegiance; that he would hold unscrupulous and impertinent party "bosses" in contempt; would yield nothing of favor or advantage to corporate or individual wealth, and, as well by the elevation of his manners as by the righteous independence of his judgment, would stand apart from the mercenary seekers of popularity and place who obtrude themselves where they have no rights by character, learning or disinterested patriotism; and, therefore, that, in spite of the commanding genius in statesmanship and in soldiery, and in the wisdom of rule which have set him foremost among the founders of States, he would probably be at this day ineligible to the Presidency, to Congress or to any office controlled by political machinery.

We give this remarkable expression entire, that we may do justice to its author, although there is such a mixture of incorrect assumptions and with generalities and commonplaces about our present politics, that no reply at once clear, concise and comprehensive could be made. The beginning and the end of the Bishop's long and involved sentence are, however, perfectly intelligible and easily answered. That is—when he says that Washington would find the political morality of this day intolerable and that he would now be ineligible to the Presidency or to any office controlled by political machinery.

Well, let us see about this. If

Bishop Huntington had studied the political history of the time when Washington was elected he would now that the tone of politics was far more prevalent corruption, though far less money was needed than now, and that for virulence the politics of that time were especially noted. That Washington was elected by common consent does not contradict the logic of these historical facts. It was because no other man had the confidence of the people and no one else could have attempted the Presidency with any hope of success. The growth of national feeling and the improvement in our politics were shown when the Union became so strong and the government so well established that no man's election to the Presidency was essential to the preservation of the government.

Nor is Bishop Huntington entitled to say that Washington could not get the Presidency if he were now living. The generation that twice elected Abraham Lincoln is quite capable of appreciating Washington. — N. Y. World Express.

Pension Decisions.

Corporal Tanner, the Commissioner of Pensions, has rendered an important decision in passing upon the application of John Webb, late of an Indian cavalry regiment, for an increase of pension from \$24 to \$30 per month. Webb is receiving the former rate of pension for various veins of the leg, and asked for an increase on the ground that a disability in the foot now exists. Referring to the increase asked for, the Commissioner says in his opinion that it was not the intention of Congress in using the words "total disability" to debar claimants from pension from the benefits of the act until the hand, foot, arm or leg is a worthless member. Hereafter he says total disability shall be held to exist when the affected member, by reason of wound, injury or disorder, is useless in the performance of ordinary manual labor.

Assistant Secretary Bussey has reversed a decision of the pension office, and decreed the issue of a certificate for additional pension to John B. McMenus, of the 19th Illinois volunteers. The pension office refused to grant the additional pension because of lack of sufficient proof of the incurrence of various veins in the service and in the line of duty. Gen. Bussey says that the presumption of law is that the applicant was free from disability when he entered the service. The testimony of a physician of high standing is presented to show that the disability at the date of the soldier's discharge. The applicant states that it is impossible for him to produce better evidence to sustain his claim. It appears therefore that under the circumstances of this case the evidence filed should be accepted as sufficient to establish the right of the applicant for an additional pension.

Gen. Bussey has also directed that the name of Emanuel P. Steed, of the first West Virginia cavalry, be restored to the pension rolls, from which it had been taken by order of the commissioner of pensions. The information, says Gen. Bussey, upon which the commissioner suspended the payment of the pension was traced to a personal enemy. He adds that such testimony is inadequate to overthrow the official statements upon which the pension is based.

Religion and Business.

It is possible to put into one's doing and going, and into one's doing a glow of reverence for God; and to make it evident in every transaction that one is trying to be obedient to the divine will. Men may be strictly honest—true in speech and all that—and yet be worldly. How often one hears the remark that business is business. Very true. But business may be more than business; it may be a means of grace. It may be, and ought to be, a school in which the soul grows in gratitude, in patience, in faith in love, and in all the qualities through which a soul comes into fitness to fellowship, now and evermore, with the Lord Jesus Christ. It is a pitiable sight to see a man hard and cold in his business life, as though this were a great section of his existence in which there is no possibility of cultivating religious principle, and having the Grace of God. It is a refreshing sight to see a man living in the world, and doing with his might what his hands find to do, and yet doing all in his spirit of loyalty to the Master.—Advance.

Lieutenant R. M. G. Brown, the gallant naval officer, to whose professional ability the Government probably owes the saving of the Trenton at Samoa, and the hundreds on board of her owe their lives, is a brother-in-law of S. B. Elkins. They married daughters of ex Senator Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia. Just two days before he sailed away for the South Pacific Lieutenant Brown and

Captains Kimberly and Farquhar were guests at dinner at Mrs. Elkins' house in this city. Some half jocular remark was made upon the probability of some of the departing naval officers never returning. Lieutenant Brown exclaimed that he intended to come back if he had to walk.—Philadelphia Press.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 6th, 1889.—The President had some very pleasant visitors to-day in the persons of the Tippecanoe Veteran Club of York, Pennsylvania. They were escorted to the White House by the Pennsylvania Republican association of this city. The club presented the President with a very handsome banner, which he received with a few feeling remarks that greatly affected the veterans of 1840, as well as everybody else present. The club has received every attention since its arrival early this morning, everybody seems to want to do something for its members.

Secretary Blaine has entirely recovered from his recent indisposition and resumed his duties at the Department of State.

Secretary Proctor left Washington Saturday on a tour of inspection of the Western Military posts. He was accompanied by Adjutant-General Drum and Col. Blanchard. The party will be joined at Chicago by Gen. Schofield.

Secretary Noble has called upon the Government officials in Oklahoma to explain their connection with the alleged fraudulent location of town lots and homesteads, and unless the explanations are prompt and satisfactory there will be a sudden falling of official heads in the new country.

Gov. Foraker, of Ohio, stopped here on his return from the New York celebration, and he has not yet been able to get away. He is being lionized, not only by the large contingent of Ohio people in Washington, but by everybody else; he has been twice invited to the White House in the evenings, and Ohio office-seekers are all in the throes of "great expectations" therefrom. On Saturday ex-Gov. Foster, of Ohio, arrived. He was recently appointed a member of the Commission to treat with the Sioux Indians for the purchase of a portion of their lands. Somebody asked one of the Ohio party whether they were after any particular office. He answered by asking the inquirer if he ever saw an Ohio man that did not want an office.

Gov. Hovey, of Indiana, stopped in Washington on his way home to pay his respects to his old friend Gen. Harrison. Gov. Hovey is very popular here, and particularly so with the old soldiers for whom he never tired working. He was a member of the House of Representatives.

Secretary Tracy has given the contract for the construction of the monster armored coast-defense vessel provided for at the last session of Congress, to the Union Iron works of San Francisco. The price is to be \$1,628,000. Five years ago no one would have believed it possible to build such a vessel on the Pacific coast, owing to lack of facilities. But this concern now has one of the finest plants for iron ship-building in America.

Ex-Congressman Ryan, of Kansas, the new minister to Mexico was given a farewell dinner Friday by admiring friends. Representative Cannon, of Illinois, was the presiding genius.

The New York celebration proved too much for Secretary Windom. He has been under the weather ever since his return.

Joshua Hill, of North Carolina, for the Eastern district of North Carolina; Carter B. Harrison, of Tennessee, (brother of the President) for the middle district, and Jas. W. Brown, of Tennessee, for the Western district of Tennessee, were appointed United States Marshals.

Superintendent of the census, Porter, has regularly opened the census bureau. The work for many months to come will be merely preliminary. Secretary Blaine has formally presented the New British Minister to the President, and once more everything is smooth between the Great Britain and the Greater Britain.

Great efforts are being made by friends of the President to get him to take a week or ten days vacation, but he has so far refused to do so owing to the mass of important business that he wants to straighten up.

The following appointments have been made by the President since his return from New York: United States Attorneys, S. N. Hawkins, of Tenn., for the Western, and John Ruhn, of Tenn., for the middle district of Tennessee; D. S. Alexander, of N. Y., for the Northern district of New York, (Mr. Alexander was Fifth Auditor of the Treasury when the Cleveland administration came in. After his resignation he went to

Buffalo, N. Y., and opened a law office. When Gen. Harrison was nominated he requested Mr. Alexander to come to Indianapolis and take charge of his correspondence. After the election Mr. Alexander returned to his law practice of Buffalo.) P. R. Borland, of Va., for the Eastern district of Virginia; A. J. Evans, of Texas; W. H. H. Clayton, of Ark., for the Western district of Arkansas.

Religion in Virginia 100 Years Ago.

The Rev. Mr. Jarrett, an Episcopal minister in Virginia a hundred years ago, gave the following account of a religious awakening in his parish:

"Last night three or four score of my neighbors met together to keep watch-night, at which it is the custom to spend three or four hours in religious services and to break up at twelve. Such was the distress of those that were convinced of sin that they continued in prayer all night, till two hours after sunrise. Here, also, fourteen or fifteen received a sense of pardon; so that in two days thirty of my own parish have been justified, besides others of other parishes.

"Indeed I do not take it for granted that they are so. Some, I fear, are mistaken. But I shall judge better of this when I see the fruits."

About a week after Mr. Jarrett penned the above he wrote: "The work of God still increases among us. I believe within these eight days more than forty have been filled with joy and peace in believing. Of these I have had an account, but there may be many more, and several who have been justified some time believe God has blessed them with perfect love."

"I have no doubt but the work now carrying on is genuine, yet there were some circumstances attending it which I disliked—such as loud outcries, tremblings, fallings, convulsions. But I am better reconciled since I read President Edwards on that head, who observes 'That whenever these most appear there is always the greatest and deepest work.'

"There is another thing which has given me much pain—the praying of several at one and the same time. Sometimes five or six, or more, have been praying all at once in several parts of the room for distressed persons. Others were speaking by way of exhortation, so that the assembly appeared to be all in confusion, and must seem to one at a little distance more like a drunken rabble than the worshippers of God. I was afraid this was not doing all things in order. Indeed, Dr. Edwards defends this also. But yet I am not satisfied concerning it. I had heard of it, but never saw it till Sunday evening. But this is a delicate point. It requires much wisdom to allay the wild, and not damp the sacred fire."

PITIFUL CONDITION OF OKLAHOMA PEOPLE.—A special from Arkansas City says: "The suffering of the baffled boomers finds most prominent evidence along the Northern border. Yesterday 1,000 wagons on the march down and 800 wagons on the way back were counted. The groves in the Arkansas and Walnut river valleys that offered camps for the boomers before the returning unfortunates. There are hundreds of families among them who have sold everything to make the trip and now have nothing left. The sight of men, women and children who are thus unprotected and desolate, with the mere frames of horses to drag them along, is pitiful. Guthrie still holds the majority of population, and is not yet symmetrically formed. Oklahoma City is the most promising town site. Captain Crouch, the old successor to Boomer Payne, was Saturday elected mayor, defeating a preacher, whose platform was against gambling and whisky. As long as whisky is excluded, as it is now, serious trouble cannot occur in Oklahoma.

If a man is good for anything in this world he will die leaving a large share of his planned and attempted work unfinished. Whether he dies early or late, it will make no difference at this point. The more he does, the more he will see that needs doing, and that he thinks that he can have a part in. If he should live a century it would be the same. Let no man, therefore, worry over the fact that he may die before he has finished the things he has in hand to do. If he should ever come to the point where he has nothing more that he wants to finish before he dies, he would already have lived too long.

GEO. P. WHITE, S. D. WHITE, P. M.
Mt. Lake Park, Md. Frankville, Md.

WHITE & BRO.
NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!

AT FRANKVILLE, MD.
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes.
Country produce taken in exchange for goods.
Call and see us. WHITE & BRO.
P. O. address, Floyd, Md.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in Sturges' Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

THE Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the same Hall Friday night of each week and Sunday afternoon.

SHEALTEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lege's Hall every Monday night.

PATMON COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

NOTICE!

W. H. HAZEN, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—Plow shoes for 75 cents, at Jamesson & Shartzer's.

—The Mrs. Israel cottage in Catonsville is for rent. Apply at this office.

—20 yards gingham check for \$1.00, at Jamesson & Shartzer's.

—Mr. Mathew Cullen, of Salt Lake City, is now in Oakland.

—Died, Sunday, at the residence of his son, near Sunny Side, this county, after a long and painful illness, Nelson Baker, in the 74th year of his age.

—Melvin C. Garlitz was tried last week in Cumberland for the killing of his wife in that city a few weeks ago, and found guilty of murder in the first degree.

—46 bolts of wall paper for \$1.00 at Jamesson & Shartzer's.

—Messrs. Jacob Brown, R. T. Semmes, W. E. Walsh, Robert Gordon and F. Williams were among the Cumberland attorneys in attendance at court this week.

—FOR SALE—An eighteen horsepower steam saw mill, of the "Geiger" pattern, nearly new. Address

JOHN F. BROWNING, Oakland, Md.

—A special meeting was held in the Y. M. C. Hall in Oakland Tuesday evening, when Miss Jennie Smith delivered an address with more than her usual power.

—The Town Council met Monday night and organized by electing A. G. Sturges, Esq., (the only Republican member,) President, John Hart Clerk, and Geo. M. Mason Treasurer.

—We are receiving large quantities of fresh Potomac Shad and Herring, also several varieties of fresh fish from the lakes, at Felty's Fruit and Vegetable store, Brooks building, R. R. street.

—Married, April 30th, 1889, at the residence of the bride's parents, at Braddock, Pa., Mr. Howard Minard, formerly of Selbyport, this county, and Miss Katie Ebner, of Braddock, Pa.

—Mr. John E. Gnagey passed through Oakland Wednesday for Baltimore for the purpose of purchasing a large stock of spring and summer goods for his store at Accident.

—The entertainment by Prof. Ford, at Offutt's Hall Tuesday evening was highly appreciated by those present. The Professor consented to come again in the near future, when we predict for him a full house.

—At Felty & Co.'s Fruit and Vegetable store you will find a full stock of Flowers, Plants, &c. Orders for cut flowers, bouquets, &c., will receive prompt attention. Brooks Building, R. R. street.

—Mr. S. P. Specht, formerly of McHenry, is now located at Deer Park, where he is engaged in general merchandising. We can recommend "Sammy" to the people of Deer Park as a worthy young man.

—Garthright, at Mountain Lake Park, is closing out a large stock of Shoes, Hats, Clothing, Grass seed and other things too numerous to mention at cost for cash. Come one and all for best bargains ever offered. Good pair shoes for \$1.00. 543

—The Oakland District M. E. Conference will be held at Fellowship, Preston, county, W. Va., June 11th, 12th and 13th, next. Local Preachers, Exhorters, Class Leaders, Sunday School Superintendents and District Stewards are members of District Conference.

—Rev. David Tasker, of the Central Illinois Conference, who has been spending the winter in evangelistic work in Florida, will visit his friends and family in Oakland about the first of June. He will probably be stationed in or near Philadelphia after a brief stay here. He has held successful revivals in Orange City, Deland, New Smyrna, Tampa and St. Augustine, and is now at Gainesville, Florida.

—Who brought coffee down to 25 cents? Who brought canned goods down to 3 cents for 25 cents? Who brought granulated sugar down to 11 pounds for \$1.00? Who brought corn meal down to \$1.10 per 100 lbs? Who brought bran down to 90 cents per 100? Who brought good flour down to 75 cents per sack? Who stirred up the merchants of Oakland to decorate their windows? If Jamesson & Shartzer did all of the above, why not buy your goods of them.

—The best paint made for \$1.25 per gallon, at Jamesson & Shartzer's.

Church Services—Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M., and 7½ P. M., by Rev. C. J. Trippett.

Song service every Sunday evening at 6:45.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hopkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

—There will be services at the Lutheran Church in Oakland on Sunday, May 12th, 1889, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., and at Deer Park at 2:30 P. M., by the Rev. J. A. Dunlop, from Mansfield, Ohio.

For Sale.

Surveyors Compass made by one of the best New York manufacturers. Can be seen at Mr. Sturges' Drug Store in Oakland.

511 4t W. M. BROWN.

A Good Appointment.

We are pleased to note the appointment of Mr. Thos. H. Bittinger, of Grantsville, this county, as a postal clerk on the Pittsburgh division of the B. & O. railroad. He has already entered upon the discharge of his duties.

Auction! Auction!

I will offer at auction sale my entire stock of general merchandise, on Saturday afternoon, May 11th, beginning at 3 o'clock P. M., and will also continue selling at cost in the meantime. Everybody come, because you will be offered bargains in dry goods, boots, shoes, hats, clothing, &c., that can be had no where else.

W. C. L. CORRELL, Oakland, Md.

Circuit Court.

The May term of the circuit court for Garrett county, commenced Monday morning, with Hon. A. K. Syester, associate judge, on the bench.

The following persons were drawn to serve on the grand jury: William A. Brydon, foreman; E. F. Droge, Daniel Fiske, E. Kitzmiller, J. W. Boyer, A. Warnick, S. Hirschler, S. R. Franz, D. McLane, John A. Dehewer, W. L. Rawlings, M. L. Scott, John W. Daniels, L. Merrill, John Helbig, J. Glatfelter, J. W. Abernathy, E. Merrill, Johnson King, S. A. McBride, James B. Dorsey, Jonas Yutzky.

The several dockets were called over and judgments entered in uncontested cases.

There are seventy-four cases on the appearance docket, fifteen appeals and eighty-three trials.

APPEALS.

No. 1. Alex McLean vs. State. Dismissed.

No. 2. J. B. Fay vs. Democrat Newspaper Co. Verdict for appellee for \$3.00.

No. 3. B. F. Lung vs. M. C. Beachy. Dismissed for non-payment of costs.

No. 4. Same vs. S. C. Beachy. Dismissed for non-payment of costs.

No. 5. Peter Keefe vs. George Reitz, admr. Continued.

No. 6. A. J. Merrill vs. J. F. Robeson. Judgment reversed. Judgment for appellee for \$25.00 and costs.

No. 7. Nancy Kerr vs. State. Set-aside.

No. 8. B. F. Friend vs. G. H. Williams. Continued.

No. 9. John Shartzer vs. J. B. Lyons & Bro. Continued.

No. 10. David W. Miller vs. F. R. Nethkin. Judgment for appellee for \$30.00, each party to pay his own costs.

No. 11. J. F. Nydegger & Co. vs. Dr. Jayne & Son. Held Sub Curia.

No. 12. John Fear vs. Charles Hetrick et al. Continued.

No. 13. Nathan Augustine vs. J. E. Bowzer. Continued.

No. 14. Nancy Kerr vs. Amaziah Turney. Continued.

No. 15. H. C. Duckworth et al. vs. Nancy E. Morgan. Judgment affirmed.

Brant's Fancy.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN—Thinking a few items from this part of the county might be acceptable to some of your readers, we will try our hand. "Brant's Fancy" is situated on Savage river in District No. 11. The two first settlers were Solomon Monroe, who settled upon the place now owned and occupied by the widow of Geo. Wilt, and Levi Knotts, who settled upon the place now owned by Oliver Broadwater. These settlements were made fully a century ago. The first occupant of the old burial ground was a young man named John Stackpole. Since then quite a number of old settlers have found their last resting place, among them being many of the Broadwaters and Wilt.

History of the National Garment Cutter.

There is no one line of industry that is of greater importance to the people than the making of their clothing. Many can do without wagons, buggies, plows, engines or many other articles of greater importance, but none can do without clothing. But the knowledge of the methods of constructing this clothing is not general yet, as it should be.

Nearly every family is supplied with part of the necessary means of making their own clothing, yet they are much like a railroad company with plenty of cars and no engines. The people have the sewing machines but lack the means of cutting so they are much like the railroad company—cars, but no means to use them. The people feel and know that they are only half equipped for this work.

It is a disagreeable fact to mothers that they do not know enough to cut a garment for their little children or for themselves.

The sewing machine is in use, yet something else is needed. The public has been waiting and anxious for that something else.

It was this feeling of need that caused the inventor of the National Garment Cutter to study the details of the work and produce it in tangible form.

M. P. DYER, Agent, Oakland, Md.

Mr. Dyer has opened a school in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Oakland, where he will meet his Oakland class every Friday, for the purpose of teaching them the art of cutting and fitting.

For Rent, at Mountain Vista, Oakland.

Furnished cottage of six rooms, four bedrooms, sitting-room, kitchen and a large well tent 14x16 feet—good floor. Can be used as a dining-room. Well of good water at the door. 1½ acres of well shaded ground. Ten minutes walk to station. Is one of the highest points in Oakland, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country and mountains. Terms for the season, \$300. For further information apply to Richard Magoney, at the cottage, or address

DR. J. W. JOYCE, 510 I St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Bargains! Bargains!

Best bargains in Dress Goods, Hats and Shoes ever offered. Good plow shoes for \$1.00. Button shoes for men, \$1.20. Best dress gingham 8c, per yard. Apron gingham 7½c, per yard. 16 yards check goods for shirts and aprons, for \$1.00. Lake Herring, Big Clover and Timothy seed. There has been for twenty years. Head quarters for Green Castle grain cradles and Oliver Chilled plows. Want ten thousand lbs. wool. Come every body and examine my stock before buying.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Obituary.

Mrs. Margaret Custer, of near Bittinger, Garrett county, Md., departed this life on the 22d of April, 1889, in her 81st year. She came to this country early in life and settled down in what is known as the Forks of the Caseelman, where she remained and died. She was of Irish extraction. She united with the Lutheran church at the Forks, of which she remained a member up to her demise. She died in full hope of a blissful immortality. The large number at her funeral obsequies showed the esteem in which she was held in the community.

WM. M. S.

Mountain Lake Park.

After the heavy rains we have been having a number of hard frosts, and two nights the ground was frozen, but it does not appear to have hurt vegetation.

Drs. J. Lee and H. W. McComas performed an operation on Mr. Sellers last Saturday, which we hope will enable him to recover in a short time.

Mr. Shesley grows weaker every day.

Mr. Thos. H. Mong, of Wheeling, who has rented the Ballard cottage, came on to occupy it Monday evening. His family will be on in a short time.

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Those arrested were Charley Lewis, Jack and Maurice Sullivan, Decatur Tasker, Manna Thomas, Clarence Anderson, Bill Hill and wife, Net Sullivan and Louisa Teat.

The clues that led to the capture of the desperadoes were furnished by M. H. Thomas, a young school teacher, who heroically sacrificed his brother that justice might be done. It seems that the young man Thomas, probably smitten by liberal pay, had persisted in furnishing them with food in one of his well disposed brother's residences. The young school teacher at last gave the knowledge he possessed to some of the more resolute citizens of Markleysburg, Mr. Umbel among them. They, as Mr. Umbel says, felt that they could not look to the Fayette county officials for help so they opened a correspondence with the Somerset officials.

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"Throw up your hands or I'll blow the heart out of you."

The hands went up promptly and were as promptly manacled. Dr. Fichtner then called out:

"There are more men in there and they must come out. We will stand no fooling."

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Several of the party covered him with their guns, and Hiram Umbel walked up to him. Dr. Fichtner replied for the party: "No, we won't come in, but you will have to come out or the whole crowd of you will be shot."

Lewis again repeated the invitation to come in and added that no one would be hurt. The Somerset men were by this time getting impatient to open fire upon the house, and after very little more parley, Lewis, as captain of the gang, ordered them to come out and surrender.

They then marched forth and submitted to being hand-cuffed. As the bracelets were being placed upon the wrists of Decatur Tasker he exclaimed: "My God, I wish I had fought until you had killed me." Eight of the party had been taken here.

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A Salary.

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A very desirable cottage, in Mountain Lake Park, delightfully situated, containing eleven well furnished rooms, extensive grounds, stable and all other necessary out-buildings.

Apply to F. A. THAYER, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Farmers, Attention! REDUCTION IN PRICES.

For the past ten years we have been furnishing the WORLD FAMOUS "Hagerstown Horse Rake," of which there are 2000 in use. We have had a limited number, BUT LET THIS YEAR for our mountain trade alone, possessing more strength and durability than is generally required. This Rake is either a Hand or Foot Rake, or both, and so simple that a boy or girl can operate it with ease. The wheels are No. 1 rollers, the spokes young hickory, thoroughly seasoned with tough Wood Hubs, or iron, if preferred, boiled in oil, which makes the best wheels in the world. The Teeth, 20 in number, best Spring Steel tempered in salt. It is the longest tooth in the market. Each tooth works independent of the other, by a special spring attachment. Thousands have used the Rake from 10 to 15 years, not costing one cent for repairs. Every Rake WARRANTED for THREE YEARS. Any defect in material will be repaired free of charge. We append the names of some of our farmers who will testify as to the superiority of the "Hagerstown Horse Rake":

John Llanabe, R. K. Shaffer, R. M. Perry, Henry Kidder, Geo. H. Gayer, J. E. Cito Geo. B. Walter, C. W. Wilder, Geo. Blumel, J. W. Harvey, Ed. Miller, Dan'l Conaway and 7 others.

We are agents also for the U. S. Corn Planter, U. S. Thrasher, U. S. Portable Saw Mills, Shingle Mills, Wood Saws, Cutting Tools, Bag Trucks, and the Star Wind Mill. To fully demonstrate what we say, call and examine or send for circulars.

Terms—Cash on application.

Very respectfully,

WM. E. ROBERTSON, Oakland, Md.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the proposed Public Road is prayed to be located, will be at the following places on the lands of Thomas W. Frost, thence through lands of James W. Frost, Henry Poteman, George Lins and William Bepler, to National Road, will meet at Thomas W. Frost's the 7th day of June, 1889, for such purpose and to determine whether the proposed road requires the said location of said proposed public road, and if so, to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

GEORGE W. BLOCHER, SAMUEL JOHNSON, SAMUEL J. BEACHY, Examiners.

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P. C. BOUTCHER, C. J. OTTO, SAMUEL C. LACHEL, Examiners.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from Sarah J. Broadstock and Thome Broadstock to Richard Graham, assigned to James Little, and recorded among the public records of the county in Liber W. H. T. No. 4, folio 461. The undersigned will sell at Public Sale at Oakland, in front of the Postoffice, at 10 o'clock A. M. on

SATURDAY, MAY 18th, 1889,

Military Lots Numbers 536,

537, 538, and 539.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash.

JAMES LITTLE, Assignee of Mortgagee.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel J. Miller, et al., No. 67 Equity. In vs. Joel J. Miller, et al. J Garrett county.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity, this 23rd day of April, A. D. 1889, that the sale made and reported by Samuel J. Miller, trustee in or above cause be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the first day of May next, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 20th day of May, A. D. 1889.

The report states the amount of sale to be \$200.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk Circuit Court. 427 3t

FOR SALE!

The desirable business property fronting street and R. & O. R. R., opposite Glades Hotel, and occupied by Mr. W. D. Nydegger, Druggist.

For price and terms, apply to D. P. MILLER, Insurance and Real Estate, CUMBERLAND, MD.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

The undersigned will offer for sale the Engine Grist Mill and the farm on which it is located, containing 200 acres of land. Also the farm on which Wm. Jenkins now resides, containing 80 acres of land, improved by a good house and barn. There are also a large number of sugar trees on this land.

5114 RALPH ENGLE, Admr. of Samuel Engle, deceased.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

The regular annual meeting of the Stockholders of The Garrett County Bank, of Oakland, Garrett county, Md., all that valuable Real Estate known as the

Tuesday, May 21st, 1889,

between the hours of 10 A. M. and 3 P. M.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.

EXECUTOR'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

The undersigned surviving executor of the last will and testament of Wm. Combs, deceased, will offer at Public Sale on

Saturday, May 11th, '89,

AT THE HOUR OF 4 O'CLOCK P. M.,

In front of Offutt's store, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md., all that valuable Real Estate known as the

"MCKIMMEE FARM,"

containing 194 acres, more or less, and situated in Garrett county, Md., at the head waters of the Potomac River, near the "Fairfax Stone." Said tract is fertile and productive and improved with good farm buildings, underlaid with

VALUABLE VEINS OF COAL

and is well timbered with Cherry, Oak, &c. This tract of land lies within a short distance of the West Va. Central and Pitsburg R. R., which is of easy access, from the farm for the shipment of coal and timber to market.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash on day of sale; balance in one and two years, with interest at 6 per cent.

H. WHEELER COMBS, Surviving Executor of the last will and testament of Wm. Combs, deceased.

For further information inquire of THOMAS A. SINCELL, Attorneys for Executor.

ANNUAL REPORT

—OF—

RECEIPTS & DIS

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 83, of the Iron Hall, meets in Sturgis' Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.
ALFA LODGE, No. 374, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.
The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the same Hall Friday night of each week and Sunday afternoon.
SHRIMP LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lege's Hall every Monday night.
PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

NOTICE:

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—Plow shoes for 75 cents, at Jamesson & Shartzer's.

—The Mrs. Israel cottage in Catonsville is for rent. Apply at this office.
—20 yards gingham check for \$1.00, at Jamesson & Shartzer's.

—Mr. Mathew Cullen, of Salt Lake City, is now in Oakland.

—Died, Sunday, at the residence of his son, near Sunny Side, this county, after a long and painful illness, Nelson Baker, in the 74th year of his age.

—Melvin C. Garlitz was tried last week in Cumberland for the killing of his wife in that city a few weeks ago, and found guilty of murder in the first degree.

—46 bolts of wall paper for \$1.00 at Jamesson & Shartzer's.

—Messrs. Jacob Brown, R. T. Semmes, W. E. Walsh, Robert Gordon and F. Williams were among the Cumberland attorneys in attendance at court this week.

—FOR SALE—An eighteen horsepower steam saw mill, of the "Geiser" pattern, new mill. Address
JOHN F. BROWNING.
420 3m Oakland, Md.

—A special meeting was held in the Y. M. C. Hall in Oakland Tuesday evening, when Miss Jennie Smith delivered an address with more than her usual power.

—The Town Council met Monday night and organized by electing A. G. Sturgis, Esq., (the only Republican member), President, John Hart Clerk, and Geo. M. Mason Treasurer.

—We are receiving large quantities of fresh Potomac Shad and Herrings, also several varieties of fresh fish from the lakes, at Felty's Fruit and Vegetable store, Brooks Building, R. R. street.

—Married, April 30th, 1889, at the residence of the bride's parents, at Braddock, Pa., Mr. Howard Minard, formerly of Selby, this county, and Miss Katie Ebner, of Braddock, Pa.

—Mr. John E. Gnagey passed through Oakland Wednesday for Baltimore for the purpose of purchasing a large stock of spring and summer goods for his store at Accident.

—The entertainment by Prof. Ford, at Offutt's Hall Tuesday evening was highly appreciated by those present. The Professor consented to come again in the near future, when we predict for him a full house.

—At Felty & Co.'s Fruit and Vegetable store you will find a full stock of Flowers, Plants, &c. Orders for cut flowers, bouquets, &c., will receive prompt attention. Brooks Building, R. R. street.

—Mr. S. P. Specht, formerly of McHenry, is now located at Deer Park, where he is engaged in general merchandising. We can recommend "Sammy" to the people of Deer Park as a worthy young man.

—Garthright, at Mountain Lake Park, is closing out a large stock of Shoes, Hats, Clothing, Grass seed and other things too numerous to mention at cost for cash. Come one and all for best bargains ever offered. Good pair shoes for \$1.00. 543

—The Oakland District M. E. Conference will be held at Feltowsville, Preston, county, W. Va., June 11th, 12th and 13th, next. Local Preachers, Exhorters, Class Leaders, Sunday School Superintendents and District Stewards are members of District Conference.

—Rev. David Tasker, of the Central Illinois Conference, who has been spending the winter in evangelistic work in Florida, will visit his friends and family in Oakland about the first of June. He will probably be stationed in or near Philadelphia after a brief stay here. He has held successful revivals in Orange City, Deland, New Smyrna, Tampa and St. Augustine, and is now at Gainesville, Florida.

—Who brought coffee down to 25 cents? Who brought canned goods down to 3 cents for 25 cents? Who brought granulated sugar down to 11 pounds for \$1.00? Who brought corn meal down to \$1.10 per 100 lbs? Who brought bran down to 90 cents per 100? Who brought good flour down to 75 cents per sack? Who stirred up the merchants of Oakland to decorate their windows? If Jamesson & Shartzer did all of the above, why not buy your goods of them.

—The best paint made for \$1.25 per gallon, at Jamesson & Shartzer's.

Church Services—Sunday.
M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M., and 7½ P. M., by Rev. C. J. Trippe.

Song service every Sunday evening at 6:45.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hopkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

—There will be services at the Lutheran Church in Oakland on Sunday, May 12th, 1889, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., and at Deer Park at 2:30 P. M., by the Rev. J. A. Dunlop, from Mansfield, Ohio.

For Sale.
Surveyors Compass made by one of the best New York manufacturers. Can be seen at Mr. Sturgis' Drug Store in Oakland.
511 4t W. M. Brown.

A Good Appointment.
We are pleased to note the appointment of Mr. Thos. H. Bittinger, of Grantsville, this county, as a postal clerk on the Pittsburgh division of the B. & O. railroad. He has already entered upon the discharge of his duties.

Auction! Auction!
I will offer at auction sale my entire stock of general merchandise, on Saturday afternoon, May 11th, beginning at 3 o'clock P. M., and will also continue selling at cost in the meantime. Everybody come, because you will be offered bargains in dry goods, boots, shoes, hats, clothing, &c., that can be had nowhere else.
W. C. L. CORRELL,
Oakland, Md.

Circuit Court.
The May term of the circuit court for Garrett county, commenced Monday morning, with Hon. A. K. Syester, associate judge, on the bench.

The following persons were drawn to serve on the grand jury: William A. Brydon, foreman; E. F. Droege, Daniel Fiske, E. Kitzmiller, J. W. Boyer, A. Warnick, S. Hirschler, S. R. Frantz, D. McLane, John A. DeLewer, W. L. Rawlings, M. L. Scott, John W. Daniels, N. Merrill, John Helbig, J. Glatfelter, J. W. Abernathy, E. Merrill, Johnson King, S. A. McBride, James B. Dorsey, Jonas Yutzy.

The several dockets were called over and judgments entered in uncontested cases.

There are seventy-four cases on the appearance docket, fifteen appeals and eighty-three trials.

APPEALS.

No. 1. Alex McLean vs. State. Dismissed.

No. 2. J. B. Fay vs. Democrat Newspaper Co. Verdict for appellee for \$3.00.

No. 3. B. F. Lung vs. M. C. Beachy. Dismissed for non-payment of costs.

No. 4. Same vs. S. C. Beachy. Dismissed for non-payment of costs.

No. 5. Peter Keefe vs. George Reitz, admr. Continued.

No. 6. A. J. Merrill vs. J. F. Robinson. Judgment reversed. Judgment for appellee for \$25.00 and costs.

No. 7. Nancy Kerr vs. State. Settled.

No. 8. B. F. Friend vs. G. H. Williams. Continued.

No. 9. John Shartzer vs. J. B. Lyons & Bro. Continued.

No. 10. David W. Miller vs. F. R. Nethkin. Judgment for appellee for \$30.00, each party to pay his own costs.

No. 11. J. F. Nydegger & Co. vs. Dr. Jayne & Son. Held *Sub Caria*.

No. 12. John Fear vs. Charles Hetrick et al. Continued.

No. 13. Nathan Augustine vs. J. E. Bowzer. Continued.

No. 14. Nancy Kerr vs. Amaziah Turney. Continued.

No. 15. H. C. Duckworth et al. vs. Nancy E. Morgan. Judgment affirmed.

Brant's Fancy.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Thinking a few items from this part of the county might be acceptable to some of your readers, we will try our hand. "Brant's Fancy" is situated on Savage river in District No. 11. The two first settlers were Solomon Munroe, who settled upon the place now owned and occupied by the widow of Geo. Wilt, and Levi Knotts, who settled upon the place now owned by Oliver Broadwater. These settlements were made fully a century ago. The first occupant of the old burial ground was a young man named John Stackpole. Since then quite a number of old settlers have found this their last resting place, among them being many of the Broadwaters and Wilt.

History of the National Garment Cutter.

There is no one line of industry that is of greater importance to the people than the making of their clothing. Many can do without wagons, buggies, plows, engines or many other articles of greater importance, but none can do without clothing. But the knowledge of the methods of constructing this clothing is not general yet, as it should be.

Nearly every family is supplied with part of the necessary means of making their own clothing, yet they are much like a railroad company with plenty of cars and no engines. The people have the sewing machines but lack the means of cutting so they are much like the railroad company—cars, but no means to use them. The people feel and know that they are only half equipped for this work.

It is a disagreeable fact to mothers that they do not know enough to cut a garment for their little children or for themselves.

The sewing machine is in use, yet something else is needed. The public has been waiting and anxious for that something else.

It was this feeling of need that caused the inventor of the National Garment Cutter to study the details of the work and produce it in tangible form.

M. P. DYER,
Agent, Oakland, Md.

Mr. Dyer has opened a school in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Oakland, where he will meet his Oakland class every Friday, for the purpose of teaching them the art of cutting and fitting.

For Rent, at Mountain Vista, Oakland.
Furnished cottage of six rooms, four bedrooms, sitting-room, kitchen and a large wall tent 14x16 feet—good floor. Can be used as a dining-room. Well of good water at the door. 14 acres of well shaded ground. Ten minutes walk to station. Is one of the highest points in Oakland, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country and mountains. Terms for the season, \$300. For further information apply to Richard Maconey, at the cottage, or address
DR. J. W. JOYCE,
510 I St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Bargains! Bargains!
Best bargains in Dress Goods, Hats and Shoes ever offered. Good plow shoes for \$1.00. Button shoes for men, \$1.20. Best dress gingham 8c. per yard. Apron gingham 7c. per yard. 16 yards check goods for shirts and aprons, for \$1.00. Lake Herring, Big Clover and Timothy seed lower than has been for twenty years. Head quarters for Green Castle grain cradles and Oliver Chilled plows. Want ten thousand lbs. wool. Come every body and examine my stock before buying.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Obituary.

Mrs. Margaret Custer, of near Bittinger, Garrett county, Md., departed this life on the 22d of April, 1889, in her 81st year. She came to this country early in life and settled down in what is known as the Forks of the Casselman, where she remained and died. She was of Irish extraction. She united with the Lutheran church at the Forks, of which she remained a member up to her demise. She died in full hope of a blissful immortality. The large number by her funeral obsequies showed the esteem in which she was held in the community.
W. M. M. S.

Mountain Lake Park.

After the heavy rains we have been having a number of hard frosts, and two nights the ground was frozen, but it does not appear to have hurt vegetation.

Drs. J. Lee and H. W. McComas performed an operation on Mr. Sellers last Saturday, which we hope will enable him to recover in a short time.

Mr. Shepley grows weaker every day.

Mr. Thos. H. Mong, of Wheeling, who has rented the Bullard cottage, came on to occupy it Monday evening. His family will be on in a short time.

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"Throw up your hands or I'll blow the heart out of you."

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Farmers, Attention!

REDUCTION IN PRICES.

For the past ten years we have been furnishing this and the adjoining counties with the WORLD FAMED "Hagerstown Horse Lake," of which there are now in use. We have now a new and improved method of making this lake, and we have reduced the price of the lake to \$1.00 per acre. This lake is either a Head or Foot dam, or both, and so simple that a boy or girl can operate it with ease. The wheels are No. 1, follows, the spokes young Hickory, thoroughly seasoned with tough Wood Hubs, or iron, if preferred, boiled in oil, which makes the best wheels in the world. The Teeth, 2 1/2 inch, best Spring Steel tempered in oil. It is the longest tooth in the market. Each tooth works independent of the other, by a special spring attachment. Thousands have used the lake from 10 to 15 years, not costing one cent for repairs. Every Lake WAREHOUSE FOR THEE YATES. Any defect in material will be replaced free of charge. We append the names of some of our buyers who will certify as to the superiority of the "Hagerstown Horse Lake": John Bantle, R. F. Shaffer, R. M. Perry, Henry Riddle, Geo. H. Gauer, J. E. Cito, Geo. B. Wale, J. C. Wilkerson, Garrett, Blamuel, J. W. Harvey, Ed. Miller, Dan'l Conway and 70 others.

We are agents also for the U. S. Corn Planter, U. S. Thrashers, U. S. Portable Saw Mills, Shingle Mills, Wood Saws, Cutting Boxes, Bag Trucks, and the Star Wind Mill. To fully demonstrate what we say, call and examine or send for circulars.

Terms and prices on application.
Very respectfully,
W. M. ROBERTSON,
Oakland, Md.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the proposed Public Road is proposed to be located, crossing and severing the lands of Thomas W. Frost, thence through lands of Israel Glatfelter, Thomas W. Frost, Henry Polman, George Liles and William Reiter, to National Road, will meet at Shingle Mills, Wood Saws, Cutting Boxes, Bag Trucks, and the Star Wind Mill. To fully demonstrate what we say, call and examine or send for circulars.

GEORGE W. BLOCHER,
SAMUEL J. BEACHY,
Examiners.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by P. Dorsey and others, to begin at the Pennsylvania line and running thence through lands of Joseph Mount, Abraham Mount and John S. Compas, estate to intersect the National road at Little Glade road, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on Saturday, June 15, 1889, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said proposed public road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

P. C. BOUTCHER,
C. J. OTTO,
SAMUEL C. LACHEL,
Examiners.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from Sarah J. Broadstock and Thomas Broadstock to Richard Grainger, assigned to James Little, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county in Liber W. H. T. No. 4, fol. 401. The undersigned will sell at Public Sale, at Oakland, in front of the Postoffice, at 10 o'clock A. M., on

SATURDAY, MAY 18th, 1889,
Military Lots Numbers 536,
537, 538, and 539.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash.

JAMES LITTLE,
Assignee of Mortgagee.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel J. Miller, et al., No. 427 Equity. In vs. Joel J. Miller, et al. } Garrett county.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity, this 23rd day of April, A. D. 1889, that the sale made and reported by Samuel J. Miller, trustee in the above cause be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 26th day of May next, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 26th day of May, A. D. 1889.

The report states the amount of sale to be \$200.00.

True copy—Test:
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
427 3t

FOR SALE!

The desirable business property fronting Street and B. & O. R. R., opposite Clinton Hotel, and occupied by Mr. W. D. Nydegger, Druggist.

For price and terms, apply to
D. P. MILLER,
Insurance and Real Estate,
CUMBERLAND, MD.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

The undersigned will offer for sale the Engine Creek Mill and the farm on which it is located, containing 200 acres of land. Also the farm on which Wm. Jenkins now resides, containing 400 acres of land, improved by a good House and Barn. There are also a large number of sugar trees on this land.

511 4t RALPH ENGLE,
Assignee of Samuel Engle, deceased.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

Thereof annual meeting of the Stockholders of The Garrett County Bank, of Oakland, Md., will be held at their Banking House on

Tuesday, May 21st, 1889,
between the hours of 10 A. M. and 3 P. M.
D. E. OFFUTT,
President.

EXECUTOR'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

The undersigned surviving executor of the last will and testament of Wm. Combs, deceased, will offer at Public Sale on

Saturday, May 11th, '89,
AT THE HOUR OF 4 O'CLOCK P. M.,

in front of Offutt's store, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md., all that valuable Real Estate known as the

"MCKIMMIE FARM,"

containing 104 acres, more or less, and situated in Garrett county, Md., at the head waters of the Potomac river, near the "Fairfax Stone." Said tract is fertile and productive and improved with good farm buildings, underground wells, and timber to market.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash on day of sale; balance in one and two years, with interest at 4 per cent.

H. WHEELER COMBS,
Surviving Executor of the last will and testament of Wm. Combs, deceased.

For further information inquire of
THOMAS A. SNELL,
427 4t Attorneys for Executor.

ANNUAL REPORT

—OF—

RECEIPTS & DISBURSEMENTS

—OF THE—

CORPORATION OF OAKLAND.

For year ending May 1st, 1889.

RECEIPTS.

Amount of taxes collected	\$1,000.00
Am't received from County Commissioners	34.92
Amount received from town scales	68.45
Amount received for fines	280.87
Amount received for licenses	14.75
Total	\$1,509.73

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Bailiff for lighting lamps	\$	20.00
Paid Bailiff one half receipts of scales		34.92
Paid Bailiff per cent on taxes collected		50.12
Paid on order of fines		8.00
Labor on streets, crossings and sewers		119.58
Oil, lamps, chimneys and burners		25.54
Leimber and Council vs. Hassen		19.58
New street lamps and repairing old		40.25
R. R. tickets for paupers and care of same		15.65

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



Shower—Is not this the 5th time I have half sold these boots?
Customer—Yes. Since I have used WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING my boots wear longer than before and are always bright and clean.

Wolff's ACME Blacking

Is the Blacking for Men, Women and Children.
The RICHEST BLACK POLISH.
Making Leather Waterproof and Durable.
No Brush. A Shine Lasts a Week.
Can be washed with water, same as Oilcloth.
The Finest Dressing for Harness.

Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, and Retailers generally.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 18th, 1888:

GOING EAST.	
No. 1	7.41 A. M.
No. 3	10.34 A. M.
No. 5	1.01 P. M.
No. 7	3.48 P. M.
No. 9	6.13 P. M.
GOING WEST.	
No. 2	5.54 A. M.
No. 4	8.40 A. M.
No. 6	11.21 A. M.
No. 8	2.02 P. M.
No. 10	4.35 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.
C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hoopole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hoopole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road runs near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank H. Nelkin, Wm. Schaefer, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhoades and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE!

The desirable business property fronting street and B. & O. R. R., opposite Glades Hotel, and occupied by Mr. W. D. Nydegger, Druggist.

For price and terms, apply to
D. P. MILLER,
Insurance and Real Estate,
CUMBERLAND, MD.

WHITE & BRO.
NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!
AT FARMVILLE, MD.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes. Country produce taken in exchange for goods. Call and see us.
P. O. address, Floyd, Md.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel J. Miller, et al., No. 427 Equity. In vs. the Circuit Court for Joel J. Miller, et al., J. Garrett county.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity, this 29th day of April, A. D. 1888, that the sale made and reported by Samuel J. Miller, trustee in the above cause be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 24th day of May next, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 24th day of May, A. D. 1888.

The report states the amount of sale to be \$20.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk Circuit Court.
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Salary and Commission if preferred. Salesmen wanted everywhere. No experience needed. Address, stating age,
H. W. Foster & Co., Nurserymen, Box E, Geneva, N. Y.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President.
B. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 11278

What Saved Him.

One Christmas morning, many years ago, a young reporter on a daily paper had occasion to call with a message at the office of one of the foremost editors and publishers in the country.

The younger man was a sickly country lad of keen sensibility and nervous temperament, who, finding himself homeless and friendless in a great city, had yielded to temptation, and had fallen into the habit of drinking and gambling. The publisher, as he listened to the message, noted the lines which dissipation had already left on the boy's face. He was a man who made it his work in the world to help others. No man touched his hand in passing who did not gain from him new courage and hope in life.

He answered the message which the reporter brought, and then, holding out his hand cordially, said, "Let me wish you a merry Christmas, my lad." He took from a shelf a book, containing sketches of the lives of the greatest English, French and German authors, with extracts from their works.

"Here," said he, "are some friends for the new year. When you spend an hour with them, you will have noble company."

The surprise of the gift and the unexpected kindness from the man whom he regarded with awe had a powerful effect upon the lad. He spent all of his leisure poring over the book. It kindled his latent scholarly tastes. He saved his money to buy the complete works first of this author and then of that; he worked harder to earn more money to buy them. After a few years he began to gather and to study rare and curious books, and to write short papers upon obscure literary subjects.

Men of similar tastes sought him out; he numbered some of the foremost scholars and thinkers of the country among his friends, but he never forgot the lonely, friendless lad who had been sinking into a gambler and a drunkard until a kind hand drew him back, and he in his turn sought out other lonely, friendless boys in the great city, and gave them a helpful hand out of the gulf. So, year by year, his life widened and deepened into a strong current, from which many drew comfort and help.

He died last winter. The sale of his library gathered all the collectors of rare books in the seaboard cities. During his illness the newspapers spoke of him with a sudden appreciation of the worth which had so long been hid in obscurity.

"A profound scholar, with the heart of a child," "A journalist who never wrote a word to subvert a base end," they said. He read these eulogies with a quiet smile. The actor who has left the stage forever cares little for the faint plaudits of the crowd in the distance.

One day he put into the hands of a friend an old, dingy volume. "When I am gone," he said, "take this to Mr. —, and tell him whatever of good or usefulness there has been in my life, I owe to him, and this Christmas gift of his thirty years ago."

The little story is absolutely true. We venture to tell it because there is no one living whom it can hurt, while there are many whom it may help to hold out friendly hands to their brothers who have stumbled into darker paths in life than they.—*Youth's Companion.*

When Your Head's Cut off.

In the second part of his interesting volume, which treats of the decapitation of human beings, Doctor Love, relates the following strange story, taken from the archives of the Austrian Police Office, and relating to an execution said to have taken place in Vienna in 1689: A well known bandit named Schayenburg was caught, together with four of his associates, and they were all condemned to death. They were all ready on their knees, ready to submit to their fate, when Schayenburg addressed the Judge, asking that his four companions might be ranged in single file in front of him, at a distance of eight feet from each other. "If," he said "after I am beheaded, I get up and walk up to the first of my comrades, will you pardon him?" The Judge thought he was pretty safe in complying with the request. "But if I walk up to the second, the third and the fourth, will you pardon them also?" The Judge replied that he would obtain their pardon from the Emperor. The partisan was satisfied, bent his head, received the mortal blow, and his head rolled down. But, to the great surprise of the Judge and the spectators, the body got up, walked alone, passed the first, second, third and fourth of the condemned men and fell down. The occurrence was told to the Emperor, who pardoned the four criminals.—*Pull Mail Gazette.*

There is little influence where there is no great sympathy.

Out of the Current.

Said a Christian lady sadly: "I feel that my religious life is empty and joyless. I still read my Bible daily, and say my prayers morning and evening, but the peace and joy I possessed before changing my residence are gone." The kindly answer was: "What you need is to get into the current again—the current of the Christian life of to-day."

This lady had been reared in a Christian household, and in a community remarkable for its Christian culture and activity. She had been an active worker in her own church, and a participant in the co-operative activities that now engage the service of Christian women of all evangelical denominations. In her new place of residence she had, from one cause and another, failed to identify herself fully with the work of Christ. Still maintaining the forms of personal devotion, she had isolated herself from the working forces of the church. No longer keeping in the current of Christian activity, she found herself spiritually stranded. But her heart was too true for her to be satisfied in this state. God level her too well to allow her to be idle while in such a state. She desires she felt for departed blessedness, were kindled by the touch of the Spirit of life; the anguish of her aching heart was the evidence that God still loved her, and that he would lead her by the path of Christian service back again to the joys of his salvation.

Here is the secret of many a joyless Christian life. He who voluntarily separates himself from the living world around him will become morbid, miserable, and possibly mean. The Christian men and women who stand aloof from the activities of the living church, and take no part in the practical ministries that engage the hearts and hands of the disciples of Christ who follow him in beneficent service, will surely pay the penalty. They will become morbidly fastidious and cautious, or cool into heartless indifference, or fall into doubtings—or, being too true and too deeply rooted in the Christian life to sink into any of these moods or states, the cry of their hungry souls will not be hushed until they recover their forfeited peace by resuming their neglected duties. All such persons must get into the current of contemporary thought, enterprise, and activity, serving their own generation by the will of God, or they will be stranded on the barren beach strewn with the wrecks of lives that might have been fruitful and blessed, but were ruined by the folly of disobedience to the command of the Master to go and work in his vineyard to-day.—*Nashville Advocate.*

A Trout's Gratitude.

"A man named Hicks, who lives out in the hills of Arkansas, has on his farm a beautiful stream," says a writer in the *Amateur Sportsman*. "He attempted to stock it with trout but soon discovered the water was too warm. Not discouraged, he proceeded to cool the water. He started an ice factory, and every morning during the summer he deposits ice in the pools. Well, sir, it would tickle you to see the fish. When a wagon draws up to a pool the driver yells 'Ice!' and the fish come flying out from under the rocks. They get up on the ice and carry on in a perfect flutter of glee. Beats anything I ever saw."

"You know Hicks, do you?"

"Know him? Why, he doesn't live more than two miles from my place."

"Does he allow anybody to catch the trout?"

"He will give you all you can catch with a hook."

"I believe I will go out some time."

"Won't do you any good."

"Why?"

"The fish won't bite for anybody but Hicks."

"They won't?"

"No, sir; you couldn't get a nibble."

"How do you account for it?"

"Gratitude."

"What?"

"Gratitude, I tell you. They know Hicks. They know how much he has done for them. Why, sir, he can pull them out as fast as he can throw in. You ought to see them look up in his face and smile. One day I was with him. Two of the biggest trout I ever saw began to fight for the hook. One of them got it, and the other one, determined not to be outdone, came out on the bank and lay down. I never saw such gratitude."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Gathered Treasures.

Destiny is largely the product of conduct.

There is no sculpturing like that of character.

Our character is but the stamp on our souls of the free choice of good and evil we have made through life.

Every path of our own is the path of fate—take care how and where you walk.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

The highest form of Christian life is self-denial for the good of others.

A higher morality like a higher intelligence, must be reached by a slow growth.

Nothing shows greater abjectness of spirit than a haughty demeanor towards inferiors.

No serpent distills such a fatal poison as that which drops from the lips of a slanderer.

All our actions take their hues from the complexion of the heart, as landscapes their variety from light.

To secure a contented spirit, measure your desires by your fortunes, not fortunes by your desires.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

A man should never be afraid to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

The warm sunshine and the gentle zephyr may melt the glacier which has bid defiance to the howling tempest, so the voice of kindness will touch the heart which no severity could subdue.

It may not be your lot to command an army, light battles, or rule a nation, but it is the rebellious and warring region of your own heart there are many chances for you to show yourselves as heroic, patriotic and Christian as the noble Prince, who found and conquered, and died hundreds of years ago.

A Curious Religious Sect.

A curious religious sect has sprung into existence in the Northwest; several meetings having been held in Minneapolis recently by a body of persons who believe that Christ is on earth. They are led by one C. C. Whitney, who claims that the fifty-fourth chapter of Isaiah refers to a new Christ. This woman, he says, was a Mrs. Beekman, whom he met in Kansas twenty years ago. She was filled with the spirit of the Lord, and fulfilled the prophecy of Isaiah. Her son is Rev. George J. Schwenfuth, now a resident of Rock Island, Ill., who, Whitney says, is the true Christ. There is none of the ordinary signs of lunacy about Whitney or his followers. As citizens, they are quite ordinary persons.

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use Rogers' Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, etc. 25 cents a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.

Use Rogers' Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns, Bruises, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cents.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Speedily cured by a few doses of Appleby's, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cents.

Piles! Piles! Pile!

Rogers' Specific Ointment Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated cases of itching, protruding, bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 25 cents, a bottle.

Rogers' Specific Worm Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cents.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.

Use Pungent Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Itchiness and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cents.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturges' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Oregon and adjoining countries.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from Sarah J. Broadstock and Thomas Broadstock to Richard Grahame, assigned to James Little, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county in Liber W. R. T. No. 4, folio 461. The undersigned will sell at Public Sale, at Oakland, in front of the Postoffice, at 10 o'clock A. M. on

SATURDAY, MAY 18th, 1889,

Military Lots Numbers 536,

537, 538, and 539.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash.

JAMES LITTLE,

Assignee of Mortgagee.

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Spring Disorders



Shattered nerves, tired brain, impure blood, debilitated system, all are the natural outcome in the Spring. A medicine must be used, and nothing equals Paine's Celery Compound. We let others praise us—you cannot help believing a disinterested party.

Brigadier-General W. L. Greenleaf, Burlington, Vt., writes: "I have used Paine's Celery Compound on several occasions, and always with benefit. Last spring, being very much run down and debilitated, I commenced taking it. Two bottles made me feel like a new man. As a general tonic and spring medicine I do not know its equal."

Order Anything any Color, Simple, Durable, Economical.

IT IS EASY TO DYE WITH DIAMOND DYES. 50 Colors, 10 cents each.

Paine's Celery Compound

Is prescribed by physicians, recommended by druggists, endorsed by ministers, praised by users, and guaranteed by the manufacturers, as a spring medicine which will do all that is claimed for it. Use it this spring, and see how quickly it tones you up.

Purifies the Blood.

Full accounts of wonderful cures made by Paine's Celery Compound after other medicines failed, and the best physicians had failed, sent free. There's nothing like it.

\$1.00, Six for \$5.00. Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

A Model Newspaper

THE NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS

The Advocate of the Best Interests of the Home.—The Enemy of the Saloon. The Friend of American Labor. The Favorite Newspaper of People of Refined Tastes Everywhere.

The New York MAIL AND EXPRESS, the favorite American newspaper of many people of intelligent and cultivated tastes, has recently made some noteworthy improvements, materially increasing its general excellence. It is in the broadest sense

A National Newspaper,

most carefully edited, and adapted to the wants and tastes of intelligent readers throughout the entire country—North, South, East and West. It is a thoroughly clean paper, free from the corrupting, sensational and demoralizing trash, miscelean news, which defiles the pages of too many city papers.

OUR POLITICS.

We believe the Republican party to be the true instrument of the POLITICAL PROGRESS of the American people; and holding the honest enforcement of its principles to be the best guarantee of the national welfare, we shall support them with all our might; but we shall always treat opposing parties with consideration and fair play.

AGAINST THE SALOON.

THE MAIL AND EXPRESS is the recognized National organ of the great Anti-Saloon Republic movement. It believes that the liquor traffic as it exists to-day in the United States is the enemy of society, a fruitful source of corruption in politics, the ally of anarchy, a school of crime, and with its avowed purpose of seeking to corruptly control elections and legislation, is a menace to the public welfare and deserves the condemnation of all good men.

Send for Sample Copy

They are sent free to all who apply. SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—WEEKLY, per year, \$1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 35 cents. DAILY, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.00; three months, \$1.50; one month, 50 cents.

VALUABLE PREMIUMS are given to all subscribers and agents. We want a good agent in every town and village where we have not one now. Send for our Special Circular to Agents and see our liberal offers.

You Can Make Money

by accepting our Cash Commission offers or working for our valuable and popular premiums. Address the MAIL AND EXPRESS, New York City.

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be brought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,

3378 1y Cranestown, W. Va.

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables

and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Cranestown, W. Va. About 200 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing. For particulars and terms, apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER,

Registration Notice.

(MAY SITTING, 1889.)

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for their respective Election Districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective Election Districts in said county, with open doors, for two successive days in the month of May, commencing with and including the second Monday of said month of May, that is to say on the

13TH and 14TH DAYS OF MAY,

IN THE YEAR 1889,

from the hour of 8 o'clock A. M. to the hour of 6 o'clock P. M. on each said day, for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registers of voters and poll-books, all persons qualified to vote in their respective Election Districts who shall present themselves for registration, and for the further purpose of carefully going over the list of names upon said registers in their respective Election Districts, and to rule out striking off the names of all persons whom they have good reason to believe to be proper to be stricken off, as provided by Article 57 of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland.

The places of sitting of each of said Officers of Registration in their respective Election Districts on the days named and hours stated as follows, to-wit:

- Election District No. 1, at Swanton.
- " " 2, at Friendsville.
- " " 3, at Grantsville.
- " " 4, at Bloomington.
- " " 5, at Arden.
- " " 6, at Mellery.
- " " 7, at Oak.
- " " 8, at Elkins.
- " " 9, at Johnsons.
- " " 10, at Deer Park.
- " " 11, at Gregg's Mill.

All naturalized citizens applying for registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the Officers of Registration.

Signed,

H. O. HAMILL, District

Office of Registration 1st Election District.

R. E. FRIEND, District

Office of Registration 2d Election District.

ISAIAH FULLER, District

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MAKING UP.

Was it all a mistake? Ah, told your arms
And press my head nearer your breast;
For my brain has grown weary with thinking
And my soul heart is longing for rest.
Was it all a mistake when within your dear
And you clasped mine with quickening breath
And vowed before God that, forsaking all
Others, you would love me and keep me till death.
Was it all a mistake? There are any dearer,
For whom your man's heart cries aloud?
Is there any sweeter love lying dead in your
bosom?
That your marriage vow hides like a shroud?
Was it all a mistake when I thought I could
cheer you,
And brighten your pathway through life?
Do you dream of a face that is fairer than my
face?
Of a name you hold dearer than mine?
Was it all a mistake? Are you longing for freedom?
Ah, I pray that release may be near.
That death's arms may take me and bear me to
heaven.
To await—what was that? Not a tear?
Ah, my own, you are weeping! I'm sorry
you said it.
"Wasn't I the one that made those words fair?
Then take me yourself, dear, and don't let death
have me.
For I don't want to die after all."
—Toronto Globe.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

Terrible Experience With a Man-Eating Tiger.

Mr. James Hartley, a well-to-do merchant doing business in the city of New York, resides in one of the numerous suburban towns of New Jersey. The train takes him to his business in the morning, and returns him safely to his home at night. Last Thursday evening a surprise awaited him on his arrival home. The usually peaceful suburb presented a scene of extraordinary excitement. Substantial and staid citizens were patrolling the streets armed with shotguns and revolvers, and the whole village appeared to be as if on the eve of a sanguinary revolution. On inquiry Mr. Hartley learned that this unruly condition of affairs was occasioned by the escape of a large Bengal tiger, said to be of the man-eating species and very fierce, which had that afternoon made its escape from a traveling circus which had been encamped just outside the village for the last two days. Up to that time, six p. m., no trace of the animal had been discovered. The proprietors of the circus thought that he had taken to the woods, and knowing from experience that animals which have been long confined do not, as a rule, wander far from their cages, they cheerfully predicted his easy capture in the morning. They pooh-poohed the idea of any danger to any of the inhabitants of the village, and indulged in much merriment at the expense of the hastily improvised patrol, the members of which, in their opinion, were simply wasting so many good hours which could have been more profitably devoted to sleep. So far from sharing the confidence of the showmen, the village people, on the contrary, viewed the escape of the ferocious animal with feelings of undisguised alarm, and not entirely without good reason. Only the day previous the vicious animal had made a desperate and unprovoked attack upon one of the keepers who happened to be standing near its cage. With one blow through the bars, it had stripped the man's arm of the flesh from the shoulder to the elbow. Public feeling had been much aroused by this ghastly accident, and the village authorities, the good people of the village were not to be blamed for feeling a little nervous. On reaching his house, the merchant, in lieu of the warm welcome which usually awaited him, found all the doors and windows tightly closed. For the first time in their married life Mrs. Hartley was not at the front door to greet him. Instead, he found her with spectral face peering timidly through the parlor window.

"O, my dear, such an awful thing has happened!"
"I've heard all about it," interrupted the husband. "You needn't be at all frightened. The beast is miles off by this time, deep into the woods."

When the time for retiring had arrived the merchant had succeeded in laughing away his wife's fears, and by dint of much verbal soothing syrup had restored her badly-shaken nerves to something like their normal tranquility. Thus reassured, Mrs. Hartley soon sank into a sound slumber, but, to his good, the merchant's attempts to follow his good lady's example that night proved singularly abortive.

Hour after hour passed, which he had vainly occupied in going through all the well-known formula for producing sleep, such as counting the sheep, sheep jumping by myriads over impossible fences, and running the gamut of those curious devices popularly supposed to induce slumber, but he suddenly became aware, by a peculiar instinct which man shares in common with the lower animals, and which, in times of danger, sometimes become intensely and abnormally acute, of an unseen presence in the apartment.

Another minute crept slowly by, during which the merchant lay in a state of nervous apprehension, vainly endeavoring to shake off the indefinable feeling of dread which had taken possession of him. It was while he thus lay listening intently that he became for the first time conscious of a low, deep, ominous whisper, which seemed to issue from the further corner of the room, into the remotest parts of which the rays of the young moon, but then hardly arisen above the neighboring tree-tops, hardly penetrated. He listened to this peculiar noise for some moments, the sound increasing in volume and seeming to move from place to place, and gradually deepening into a hoarse and cat-like purr, a sound which sent a cold thrill of horror through his whole frame, as at the same instant there flashed through his mind the words: "The tiger! the tiger!"

Hardly daring to breathe, he slowly raised himself on his right elbow and peered cautiously in the direction from which the sound proceeded. As he thus raised himself, the moon, which had been for a few seconds obscured by a passing cloud, broke forth from its fleecy covering and shot a pale gleam of light into the interior of the apartment. The hoarse purring sound still continued, and as the merchant concentrated his gaze in the direction from which it came, with cat-like and noiseless tread there slowly emerged into the strip of moonlight an object which held him motionless in a sudden paroxysm of terror, as with straining eyeballs he saw, brought out in full relief against the further wall, the head and shoulders of a full-grown Bengal tiger.

Even in the extremity of his terror he could not help noticing it minutely. It was an enormous beast. Without a trace of mane, its smooth and sinuous form uphold-

ing the small but ferocious head, it seemed the embodiment of redoubtable courage. Its bright lustrous yellow, its body was beautifully marked with dark transverse bands, passing into pure white on the under parts. The tail was long and full and undulated in snake-like movements. Its fang-like teeth, bared by the dropping under jaw, shone white and cruel in the moonlight. The expression on its face as it moved silently forward and raising its head sniffed eagerly in the night air, was appalling. It was the expression of a demon.

Mr. Hartley does not know what prevented him from screaming aloud with terror. Perhaps the thought of the helpless woman sleeping in peaceful unconsciousness by his side, perhaps sheer inability to utter an articulate sound, prevented him. Fascinated by the beast, the feeling grew upon him that if he should once remove his eyes from the fierce and glaring orbs which glistened with such a baleful gleam as they met his own, that at that moment the animal would spring upon him. Rapidly, as he became by degrees a little calmer, he resolved in his mind the best thing to be done. He must wake his wife, but how to do so without attracting the attention of the animal and hastening the impending attack was a problem difficult of solution. Somehow or other, as with really brave men in the most trying situations, when face to face with danger, his innate courage nerved him to the emergency. Keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon the tiger, he placed his left hand behind him and very slowly and with infinite caution pressed it gently down over Mrs. Hartley's mouth. It was a dreadful moment. If she should cry out the ferocious beast, which had already begun to show symptoms of anger, and appeared to be gathering itself for spring, would undoubtedly leap upon them.

At that moment Mrs. Hartley half roused herself from sleep. She murmured something unintelligible.
"My dear," said the merchant, in a low constrained voice, "are you awake?"
"Yes," came back the dreamy response; and again he pressed his hand, this time more decidedly, upon the face of the half-conscious woman.

"What is it?" she asked.
"Hush! Do not stir; on your life. Look over my shoulder. Quietly; be brave, little woman; remember, your life depends upon your silence!"
The unfortunate man felt his wife tremble from head to foot, as in obedience to his instructions, she glanced in the direction indicated, where their awful foe confronted them.

"I see it," she whispered. But beyond this, and the involuntary tightening of her grasp upon the husband's arm, the plucky woman made no sign. Face to face with danger, her courageous nature asserted itself, and the woman who would have shrieked from a mouse lay comparatively calm and collected in the presence of almost certain death.

Having thus awakened his wife to the dangers of their situation, the merchant, a man of much resource, was quick to act. The bed upon which they lay was an old-fashioned and heavy one, and the tiger, in a moment, he was upon the bed, his head and shoulders reaching over the edge, and his eyes fixed upon the man and woman. Like most old-fashioned beds, it stood close to the floor, so that a man could not barely squeeze under it. Their one chance of escape lay in their being able to get beneath this shelter before the animal should make the fatal leap, which was now every moment expected.

With admirable coolness, never for a moment removing his eyes from those of the tiger, he instructed his wife to creep out softly on her side and get under the bed, she being next the wall. In a few moments, the words "All right" coming from beneath, assured him that the plucky little woman had successfully accomplished her feat. Now to get there himself. Suddenly seizing all the bedclothes in his hands, with a loud cry the merchant sprang towards the tiger, and ere the latter had time to retaliate himself from the coverings thus hurled upon him, Mr. Hartley had also squeezed his way in under the bed.

"The corner! The corner!" he shouted desperately, and realizing the intentions of her husband, Mrs. Hartley assisted him to push the heavy bedstead up into the corner of the room, thus leaving only two sides of the tiger, the terror-stricken pair clung desperately to the slats. Twice the animal succeeded in forcing the forepart of his head underneath, and twice he was repelled by the weight above him to abandon the advantage thus gained. O, if the bedstead was only an inch or two lower!

"The castors," James, shouted Mrs. Hartley, "remove the castors!"
Quick as a flash the merchant, dragging himself to one side, reached the bedstead, the heavy piece of furniture and withdrew the castors; and he did to the other three corners in succession as the opportunity occurred, thus bringing the bedstead down so low that the animal could no more than get his nose under the sides. The merchant, however, by this time so much exhausted by his terrible exertions, he was physically incapable of longer holding the bed down upon the floor. Breathing heavily, the man leaving only two sides of the tiger, he awaited with a feeling akin to despair the moment when the huge man-eater, which, baffled for a moment, had drawn off to a little distance, should renew his fierce attempts to reach them. Just then his foot struck against a hard substance. It was the sharp edge of a small box of tools which he had but a short time previously given to his son, a boy of twelve, then absent on a visit to a schoolmate in New York, and which the little fellow had, no doubt, placed under his parents' bed for greater security during his absence. Thank heavens! his own generosity to his son now provided a means of deliverance. If the tiger would but remain where he was for a minute longer he could screw the bed down to the floor and thus effectually prevent the beast from getting them. With trembling hand he drew the box toward him. What if it should be locked? A cold sweat broke out upon him as it resisted his efforts to open it. So, he was trying to open it on the hinged side. The other! It opened readily, and a little fumbling brought to light four long screws and a crooked screw-driver. A grimace, almost rewarded his further search. In two minutes the bed was securely screwed to the floor, and not a moment too soon, for aroused by the noise which this operation rendered necessary, the infuriated animal again sprang to the attack. Time after time he savagely thrust his head as far as he could reach under the bed, the desperate man, guided more by the sound of the animal's breathing than by any else, thrust his foot into the tiger's mouth, and the sharp screw-driver. Suddenly, however, the huge cat changed his tactics. Taking a rapid turn around the room as if to reconnoiter with a furious bound it sprang upon the bed, and with its sharp claws rapidly stripped one of the mattresses from its surface. A woken wife and the slats now alone intervened an apparently frail

barrier between the enraged animal and its helpless victims.

Maddened with rage, the huge man-eater tore fiercely at this fresh obstacle, its sharp claws, however, failing to make any impression upon the tempered spring steel. But it bent dreadfully. Will it hold? Yes, it bends, it is true, but even those claws, terrible weapons though they be, rebound harmless from the slippery and springy surface. Thank Heaven! It forms a coat of mail through which the huge beast cannot penetrate. After a few minutes of futile endeavor the tiger, exhausted with its exertions, lay crouched above them. The man, white with terror, could see the saliva dripping from its jaws and mark the ferocious gleam in its yellow eyes as it glared savagely down upon them. Without covering, it was bitter cold. A deadly chill crept over him. Would he and his wife survive the horrible experience. His wife! He reached out his hand and touched her. He spoke to her, low at first, then louder. There was no response. Overcome with the horror of the situation the unfortunate woman had fainted. Each minute seemed an hour as he lay there, the immense form of the tiger above them, while his face was turned away to escape the prurient odors which its body emitted. In their exposed situation his wife lay pale and cold and rigid. Some-thing must be done. He saw that beneath the repeated onslaughts of their foe even the steel mattress showed signs of yielding.

Suddenly the thought struck him. "That box of tools again." With the auger and saw it contained why should he not cut his way through the floor, drop into the parlor below, and summon assistance. No sooner said than done. He seized the auger, and hit on this plan, then he proceeded to put it into execution. Turning over on his face, he bored with as little noise as possible a hole two feet in length in one of the boards, and inserted the edge of the saw. It was new and sharp, and the soft wood readily yielded to his efforts. Soon he had cut a hole two feet in length in one of the boards. The tiger had not moved. Mrs. Hartley was lying face downward, and groaned from time to time wearily. She had regained consciousness, but pressed to all her husband's questions in an incoherent manner, and the poor man thought pitiously that perhaps her reason had given way under the fearful strain. The thought occurred to him to renew efforts. The second plank was now cut through. Breaking away the plank beneath, he thrust his legs into the hole thus made, and hung suspended by his fingers. Whilst in this position the thought involuntarily flashed through his mind that his wife might fall down stairs and seize him, and he gripped the rough boards tightly with his tired fingers. He would soon have to let go his hold any way. The thought occurred to him to renew efforts. The second plank was now cut through. Breaking away the plank beneath, he thrust his legs into the hole thus made, and hung suspended by his fingers. Whilst in this position the thought involuntarily flashed through his mind that his wife might fall down stairs and seize him, and he gripped the rough boards tightly with his tired fingers. He would soon have to let go his hold any way. The thought occurred to him to renew efforts. The second plank was now cut through. Breaking away the plank beneath, he thrust his legs into the hole thus made, and hung suspended by his fingers. 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THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One copy, one year, \$1.00
Six months, .60
Three months, .35

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
First insertion, \$1 per square of ten lines
Second insertion, .75 per square of ten lines
Third insertion, .50 per square of ten lines
Special contracts for advertising longer than three months.

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SATURDAY, MAY 18th, 1889.

The small boy now makes life miserable with his whistle. He is heard on all sides. One consolation, it cannot last long. As the sap goes up the whistle grows beautifully less, and soon the whistle will be heard in the land no more. The small boy is a great institution and should not be suppressed. Don't forget that we too were once boys and delighted in chestnut whistles, marbles and mumbly-peg.

We have long felt that the educational influences within our reach, through the medium of the lectures at Mountain Lake Park, are not appreciated as they should be by the citizens of Garrett county. We believe that Mountain Lake Park is one of the institutions of our county that has come to stay, and each year will see it increase in size and usefulness. The situation is far superior to Chautauque, we have more room, more beautiful grounds, and more convenience of access. But they are not rivals. There is room for both, and the friends of Mountain Lake Park will rejoice in the great prosperity of Chautauque and vice versa.

There seems to be a disposition on the part of many Democratic newspapers and politicians to start the fall campaign early, and we do not see why we should not gratify them in every respect. The affairs of this State are getting in a worse condition every year. The same old managers, the same old leaders and the same old tactics are going to be pursued. There will be much talk about reform, much talk of putting good men on the State and county tickets, a loud noise will be made from Garrett to Wicomico, and it will all end as it always has ended and always will end, with gas. We are so used to the old song of "reform" within the party, "reform at home," as it is called, that we have rather come to the wise conclusion, remembering the Legislature of 1887, that the loudest cry the more danger of the same old methods and the same old men to run things. Poor old Maryland. Demagogues have had you by the throat so long that nothing else seems natural. Year after year we have been deluded with false hopes, year after year fruit has been turned to dead sea fruit on our lips, and Democrats who are honest must acknowledge that he must be sanguine indeed who trusts to another Democratic Legislature to reform the manifold abuses which have so long afflicted our State.

At a Convention of the Editors of the State of Maryland, held at the Eutaw House, Baltimore, on the 6th inst in pursuance of a special invitation of the Maryland Agricultural Association, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we publish in our columns such articles of information and news as shall emanate from the Maryland Agricultural Society, in order to give to the farming community a full knowledge of the exposition proposed by that society. And, further, that the president of the society be requested to furnish a copy of these resolutions to every paper in the State.

Resolved, That a secretary be appointed for each county, by the State Society, to have power to appoint a committee of one or more persons in each election district, said committee to report to the Secretary what is worthy to be exhibited, and the secretary to urge the owners of such horses, cereals, minerals and manufactures to exhibit the same. And, that the editors of the several counties aid the Secretaries by such publications as may be deemed expedient.

OAKLAND, MD., May 13, 1889.
ED. REPUBLICAN.—We are enabled to lay before the readers of the REPUBLICAN the proceedings of a secret meeting of the Democratic "State central committee auxiliary," a piece of newspaper enterprise which we have not the slightest doubt will be highly appreciated, and for which we hope you may receive full credit and the usual number of subscribers—reduced rates for the campaign. It was remarked that what the meeting lacked in enthusiasm was fully made up by the number of "old war horses" present. The number of old war

horses was large, larger in fact than usual. In fact quite a number of faces were recognized whose countenances helped to brighten the meetings some years ago before they transferred their valuable services from Baltimore to the environment of a friendly administration which for the last four years has dispensed "official pap" from Washington.

The committee was called to order as usual by the Senator who represents this State at Washington and Baltimore, and who usually calls the meetings to order. The proceedings were written out in full to save time, on a type writer, and we noticed that it was one of the most "harmonious" meetings held by the committee. We also noticed "Brother Cal," whose countenance, cast in gloom, still intensified further the saddening features of a sad occasion. We hope the readers of the REPUBLICAN will excuse us for thus dwelling on the what might be called "by-notes" of the meeting. We have spent much time and money on this report and we don't wish to be cheated out of a piece of commendable enterprise. The committee was called to order, we repeat, by the Senator who usually fulfills this duty, and in calling the meeting to order he took occasion to make a few remarks which we have endeavored to the best of our feeble ability to give your readers.

The speaker congratulated the meeting on the fact that the prospects so far were very good for a successful fall campaign, and while he regretted that things were not as they were a few years ago, and things had changed sadly at Washington; yet the meeting had the great satisfaction of knowing that the grand old State, the State which had fostered us from the head waters of the Canal at Cumberland to the House of Protection at near Baltimore, still remained. If the leader at Washington had been compelled by force of cruel circumstances to move to a flat in New York, we must still remember that we have left to us the great men who are always ready and willing to put up our tickets, as usual, and draw their percentage when we get down to Annapolis, as usual. If the offices are not as plenty the "pickings," to use the vulgar, still are good. Remember always that a "foul corn crib makes fat hogs." Don't forget we still have Annapolis. Let your watch-word be Annapolis! and you are bound to succeed.

Fellow-citizens, a crisis has come in our affairs. The Republican party, that party which had the impudence to claim the election of Stockbridge and Mudd, that party which has so long fretted our souls with McComas from the Sixth, that party I say now has the temerity, the supreme impudence, the effrontery to claim to carry the whole State and what is the trouble, I am afraid they are going to do it. Fellow-Democrats, never let it be said that we faltered in a duty. We have carried this grand old State so long in this very room that it shall not be said of us by our friends in Mississippi and Louisiana that we faltered for a single moment in our duty to the ballot boxes on election night. I say for one that never shall I tamely submit to a surrender of my usual perquisites. All I ask is that you stand by me and help me fix the lists, help our noble and true Registrars in their painful duty of striking off Republican votes; help, I say, our noble Police force; help our Election Judges of Baltimore City do their duty. See that the minority judge, as required by law, be men after our own heart. Then go to work; let us revenge "Brother Cal." Let us report these resolutions, which, as usual, I prepared down in Washington, unanimously, and let us report them with full confidence that they will have their usual effect. I thank you, gentlemen, for your attention:

WHEREAS, The election of 1889 has demonstrated the fact that politics are getting too close to be comfortable, and

WHEREAS, We have pulled the wool over the people's eyes by promising great reforms heretofore, and

WHEREAS, We firmly believe that the only true way to get a safe majority is to manufacture it before hand, therefore be it

Resolved, That Negro supremacy is the great danger of the hour.

Resolved, That the Democratic party is the only true friend of the Negro.

Resolved, That Glass ballot boxes are all "O. K." if the bottom only is loose.

Resolved, That we have great confidence in the noble army of Registrars of this State who have always been ready and willing to strike off Republicans.

Resolved, That we sympathize fully with "Brother Cal." and that we believe him to be a martyr in a noble cause.

Resolved, That we will help him to a good fat job down at Annapolis as soon as possible.

Resolved, That the State convention have a full set of resolutions all ready prepared to save trouble.

Resolved, That we talk reform for all it is worth and our newspapers be asked to assist us in our work of

pulling the wool over the people's eyes.

Resolved, That so far as possible, for safety, we nominate the same old "war horses" for office so we will not be disappointed.

Resolved, That we meet here frequently before the election, and that "Bro. Cal." be put in charge.

Resolved, That we hold our selves subject to the call of our President, who so kindly comes from Washington with resolutions and proceedings all written out on a type writer.

Resolved, That we adjourn.

We hope to give full proceedings of the convention soon, as we were kindly permitted to see a partial list of state and county tickets. It is thought that many of the usual nominees who have been living at Washington and Baltimore will have leisure to again assume their places on the county tickets this fall.

"OLD ABE."

Commissioner Tanner's Speech.

There is a convention in session at Columbia, Tenn., of descendants of the Scotch-Irish settlers of this country. Before this body, yesterday, Corporal Tanner delivered an address; and he spoke, not only in his capacity as a Scotch-Irish American and as a veteran of the war, but in his capacity of Commissioner of Pensions for the United States. His audience was largely of Southern men, and many, perhaps a majority, of his audience had been on the Confederate side in the war. Standing before such an audience, he said:

Take me to that city which is located at the most extreme southern point of this Republic, pack its largest public hall with humanity, permit to enter that hall no man except myself but those who wore the gray, and let me put the question to them, and I will go under bond that the men who aided in the defense of the Confederacy will give a unanimous vote in the affirmative to the proposition that not only in common decency and the natural promptings of the human heart, but the best and highest exposition of wise political economy demands, that the boys who are growing up to-day must not see the defenders of the Union, who in the past held life so cheap and country so dear that they freely flung life in a willing offering in the defense of country, permitted to go hungry or in rags.

Commissioner Tanner is not one of those who would bridge the "bloody chasm" with declarations that the South was just as right as the North in the great civil war. There is nothing nearly-mouthed about him. He calls treason, treason. But his heart beats in sympathy with all good and noble aspirations South as well as North, just as do the hearts of the men he represents as a commander of the G. A. R., and of the party he has served in so many political campaigns. Those men and that party will stand by him in carrying out the pension policy he has advocated, and patriotic men the whole country over, South as well as North will think the better of them for doing so.—N. Y. Mail and Express, May 11.

Y. M. C. A. International Convention.

Quite an interesting convention was opened Wednesday of last week in the City of Philadelphia. It was the twenty-eighth International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association. There was a large gathering of delegates, as many as one thousand being present at the opening ceremonies, among them representatives from the British Isles, from Germany, from Switzerland, from Sweden, and even from Japan.

The convention was called to order by Gen. O. O. Howard, the retiring president; and a feature of the opening services was singing by the entire multitude, led by Ira D. Sankey, the famous revivalist. Among the leading strangers who were introduced and who in succession addressed the convention were Robert Byrne, of London, general secretary of the association there; Robert McCann, traveling secretary for Ireland; Baron von Stark, of Berlin, who spoke in English, and Carl Fries, of Stockholm. All of these gentlemen were the bearers of warm congratulations from their respective associations.

After the introduction of the new president, Mr. Humphrey B. Chamberlain, of Denver, Col., further reports were heard, and interesting papers were read on "The Responsibilities of Members of the American Associations in Foreign Mission Lands," and upon association work among colored men. At the evening session Bishop Foss, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was present and opened the meeting by prayer. This was followed by the grand distinctive feature of the day—an address on "Modern Unbelief Among Young Men, and Its Antidote," by President Francis L. Patton, of Princeton. According to report the address was a triumphant success, repeatedly calling forth enthusiastic applause. Later in the evening there was a reception at the Academy of

Fine Arts. Mayor Filler being among the distinguished persons who honored the delegates with his presence.

The associations, general and special, which, in these peculiar times, are unquestioned powers for good, are in all protestant lands in a highly flourishing condition. "The statistics in the International Committee's elaborate report show total number of associations, 1,273; reports received from 1,141, of which 1,110 show an aggregate membership of 195,456, a large increase in every particular over the last biennial report. The total net property of the associations reporting is \$8,944,685, as against \$6,052,259 at the last report. Building funds are pledged amounting to \$1,397,285 by 120 associations. General secretaries and other paid officials number 869."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 13th, 1889.—Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, or as most people hereabouts call him, "Joe" Hawley, is not a native down easter but, this, few people who know his peculiar faculty for always "getting there," would believe, so well has he imbibed the shrewdness which seems to come natural to most citizens of his adopted State. I am reminded of this by the manner in which Senator Hawley stole a march on all his Republican colleagues by getting invited to accompany the President during a three days pleasure trip on the U. S. Despatch. When the fact is remembered that great trouble is constantly being undergone by Senators, Members and other influential Republicans in order to get the President's ear for a few minutes it can be fully understood what a very fortunate man Senator Hawley is in being able to speak to the President at any time he may desire for three whole days. The other members of the Presidential party which left here Saturday morning bound for Chesapeake Bay and is scheduled to return some time tonight were Mrs. Harrison, the two McKee children and Secretaries Windom and Rusk. There are a number of men in Washington who would have paid a big price to have taken Senator Hawley's place.

To-day the count of the cash in the United States Treasury begins. It is expected that it will take nearly or quite three months to complete it. The count is made necessary by the charge in the office of Treasurer. The count will be made under the personal supervision of a committee of three, two representing the Treasury department and the third Mr. Huston, the new Treasurer. The money which is to be counted is \$10,935,197 in United States notes, \$3,538,522 in National bank notes, \$148,199,511 standard silver dollars, \$2,092,648 in fractional silver, \$25,544,706 in gold, \$702,240 in gold certificates and \$773,412 in silver certificates.

First Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson has gained the goodwill of all the lady clerks in his office by issuing an order prohibiting smoking by employees located in rooms where lady clerks are employed. To most people it would seem that such an order should have been unnecessary. But it wasn't. Hence Mr. Clarkson's order.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, the newly appointed civil service Commissioner, arrived here to-day and at once assumed his duties. The new Democratic Commissioner, Ex-Gov. Thompson, of South Carolina, was qualified the day after his appointment, which he had been anxiously awaiting ever since the 4th of March. The Commission is now full for the first time in many months, and it is said that one of the first things it will do will be to endeavor to get the President to reverse the decision of the Interior department putting the appointments in the Census bureau outside of the civil service rules. But in this matter the Commissioners are almost certain to be disappointed, as the decision was made strictly in accordance with the act of Congress that created the Census Bureau.

The President's departure on his little three days holiday was an entire surprise to the office-seekers, some of them being selfish enough to "kick" about it in a wild manner among their personal friends.

The honor of being the first colored appointee of the President has fallen to Rev. Jas. M. Townsend, of Richmond, Indiana, who has been appointed Recorder of the General Land office. Mr. Townsend was a member of the fifty-fourth Massachusetts regiment during the rebellion. Since the war he has been a member of the Indiana Legislature, and is at present the Missionary Secretary of A. M. E. Church. He has been a warm personal friend of the President for many years.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker does not believe that the time has quite come for one cent letter postage, so he has adopted as his motto, "Don't reduce the rate, but

improve the service." That is just the right sort of idea to have of our postal service; give us four or five years of improvements at the present rate, and then let's talk about penny postage. Of course everybody knows that it has got to come in a few years.

Secretary Tracy in his general order, has carried joy to a great majority of the officers in the Navy by making it plain that no favoritism is in future to be shown in detaining officers for special duties.

It is said to be about settled that Ex-Senator Saunders of Nebraska and Ex-Lieutenant Governor Robertson, of Indiana, are to be appointed members of the Eutaw Commission. The Commission is to have five members, but there are only two yet agreed upon. Robertson's appointment has been announced.

Secretary Tracy has awarded the contract for supplying boilers and machinery for the battle ship Texas, now being built at the Norfolk, Va., Navy Yard, to the Richmond, Va., Locomotive works. The price is \$634,500.

A Celebrated Case.

WASHINGTON, May 13.—The United States Supreme Court to-day in an opinion by Justice Bradley awarded the executors of the will of Myra Clark Gaines the sum of \$576,000 against the city of New Orleans for the use of property sold by the city, but recovered by Mrs. Gaines after long litigation. The judgment of the lower court awarding the executors \$130,000 for the use of unimproved property sold by the city was not concurred in.

This case probably has been the most interesting and hardest contested and the most prolonged known to the judicial history of this country. Over thirty years ago Justice Wayne of the United States Supreme Court said that when the historian of the American bar should come to write up the case it would be registered as the most remarkable in the history of our courts. The case had then been before the Supreme Court five times, in one form or another, and has now been decided as many times again. The first suit in the case was brought by Mrs. Gaines (then the wife of General Whitney) in 1834, and since that time decision has followed decision in regard to it until it has become a by-word that there was always a Gaines case pending. This first suit sought to recover what was known as the Everiste Blanc tract in New Orleans. Blanc bought the tract for about \$4,500 from the executors of General Daniel Clark, a prominent citizen of New Orleans. He sold it and some other land to the city of New Orleans for \$45,000, and the city sub-divided the tract, and sold it to a number of persons for between six and seven hundred thousand dollars, agreeing to defend all questions of title, Mrs. Gaines having a few months before claimed it. The grounds on which Mrs. Gaines set up her claim were that she was the child of General Clark by a secret marriage between him and Zolime Carriere, a woman well known in the city, and that Gen. Clark had left a later will than the one under which the property was sold. This secret marriage formed the axis on which the litigation revolved, and the case was fought with bitterness by both sides. It was not until a few years before the war that Mrs. Gaines was finally declared to be the legitimate child, as well as the lawful heir of General Clark. Even then the City of New Orleans did not surrender, and after the war Mrs. Gaines was compelled to bring suit for damages. In 1881, the Circuit Court of the United States for the Louisiana district gave judgment in her favor for \$1,925,667, and it is on the appeal from this judgment that the case to-day was decided. The present case, it is generally conceded, exhausts all the resources of the law, and is regarded as a final settlement of the litigation. Mrs. Gaines, fighting to the very last for her rights, is dead, and so it is believed are all her immediate relatives, except her daughter-in-law, Hattie L. Whitney, in whose name as administratrix of the estate of Mrs. Gaines, the case stands on the court docket.

Justice Bradley rendered the decision of the court, which was unanimous. Justice Lamar and Justice Fuller were not members of the court at the time the case was argued, and took no part in the decision.

Wants to Disfranchise the Negroes. RICHMOND, VA., May 10.—Mr. William L. Royall, counsel for the foreign bondholders and a prominent figure in Virginia politics, created a commotion to-day, in response to a question by a reporter he said: "If the voters of the district should think me worthy of a seat in Congress my aim would be the disfranchisement of the negro. No white man in the South would for a moment entertain a proposition to re-enslave the negro or treat him unfairly in respect to

his rights of person and property. But all of us know and feel that it was a cruel piece of injustice to us to put the ballot into his hands in his present half-civilized state. It is further fully conceded by the intelligent men of the North that giving him the ballot was a mistake. All that is necessary is the repeal of the fifteenth amendment, and I believe there is a prospect of its repeal. The South has a large vote in the Electoral College and a number of Representatives in Congress based on the negro as a voter. The Northerner thinks we don't let him vote as he wishes, and thus get an unfair voice in both those bodies. Well, let us give up that part of our electoral vote and these Representatives in consideration of the repeal of the fifteenth amendment. The South will never have peace while the negro has a voice. It will remain the bad land—the Ireland of America—for the next 10,000 years if the negro remains a voter that long."

The Divorce Evil.

Society owes to Judge Bartlett, of Brooklyn, a debt of gratitude for giving a backset to the modern plan of "divorce made easy." A case came before him to which the parties were of high standing in society, and great pressure was brought to bear to secure secrecy in the proceedings. "It would bring shame upon the families of both parties," it was asserted.

But Judge Bartlett said no, he wanted no secret proceedings in such a case, involving, as it did, the holiest and most sacred relations between man and woman. Then it came out that the husband, the applicant for the divorce, had, on no foundation in fact whatever, brought the most outrageous charges against his wife, by getting the matter brought before a secret tribunal, to prevent publicity, gain his end, and, after ruining the reputation of his innocent wife, be able to go once more into the world and seek another fortune to squander.

This matter of secret divorce has come to be a disgrace not only to the United States, but to England, and it is time an end was put to it. We do not, please understand, advocate the publication in the newspapers of the evidence in such cases, but we do think that where there is good cause for divorce between man and wife it should be plainly and publicly demonstrated.

Our divorce laws as heretofore administered have come to be a stench in the nostrils of decent people, and it is time there was a reformation. It is gratifying to know that the reformation has been instituted, and that it starts in one of the oldest States in the Union, Rhode Island.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Race War in Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS, May 12.—A small race war has been in progress at Gretna, opposite this city, since Tuesday evening, on which date two whites, R. Rau and Killary Roberts, were stabbed, and a number of whites and blacks more or less injured with pistols and knives in a fight between members of a white fire company and a number of negroes.

Early this evening it was seen from this side that the colored engine company's house was burning, and a large number of people went across by ferry. They were met by the Gretna military and escorted to the fire. By this time the colored company's building next the engine house was burning. Whites with guns congregated and kept the negroes away. The only fire engine in the place broke down and the fire did not stop until both buildings were destroyed. Then armed squads scattered through the town, entering negro cabins, ostensibly in search of arms.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

The undersigned will offer for sale the Eagle Grist Mill and the farm on which it is located, containing 200 acres of land. Also the farm on which Wm. Jenkins now resides, containing 40 acres of land, improved by a good house and barn. There are also a large number of sugar trees on this land.

5114 RALPH ENGLE, Adm'r. of Samuel Engle, deceased.

GEO. F. WHITE, S. D. WHITE, F. M. Mt. Lake Park, Md. Frankville, Md.

WHITE & BRO.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!

AT FRANKVILLE, MD.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes. Country produce taken in exchange for goods. Call and see us. WHITE & BRO. F. O. address, Floyd, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

DAVID BITTLE.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in Sturges' Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the same Hall Friday night of each week and Sunday afternoon.

SHEALTHEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legee's Hall every Monday night.

PATMON COUNCIL, No. 586, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

—The Mrs. Israel cottage in Catonsville is for rent. Apply at this office.

—4 Tin Types for 40c at Brooke's Gallery, till May 27th only.

—The closing out sales are still going on. Everything at cost at Correll's.

—Dr. D. Murray Cheston, of Philadelphia, is here for a few days fishing.

—The wife of Mr. John G. Knauer, of Sunny Side, this county, died suddenly Wednesday.

—Mr. L. E. Friend has been appointed postmaster at Friendsville, this county.

—Died, May 2, 1889, Ephraim L. son of Z. C. and Eliza Gibson, aged 2 years, 8 months, and 7 days.

—Married, by Rev. J. M. Davis, at Oakland, May 9th, Mr. John B. Cassidy and Ida May Freeland, of Terra Alta, W. Va.

—Died, May 10, 1889, near Grantsville, Maud Ellen, daughter of Conrad and Nancy Bodis, aged 3 years, 2 months and 2 days.

—H. Wheeler Combs, Esq., formerly of Oakland, but now of New York City, was in Oakland last week on legal business.

—FOR SALE—An eighteen horsepower steam saw mill, of the "Geisler" pattern, nearly new. Address JOHN F. BROWNING, 4 20 3rd Oakland, Md.

—A majority of the members of the Cumberland bar were here at Court Tuesday and Wednesday, as council and witnesses in the removed case from Allegany county.

—The ladies of the M. E. Church Mite Society propose holding a strawberry festival in the near future, for the benefit of the M. E. Church and Parsonage.

—At Brooke's Gallery Cabinet Photos \$2.50 per dozen; Card, \$1.50, Petite Panels, \$1.00. This offer good only till May 27th. After that prices will go up.

—Died, Feb. 5th, 1889, at her home near Mt. Lake Park, Md., Mrs. Eliza Gibson, aged 38 years, 2 months and 17 days. Deceased had been a faithful member of the M. E. Church from her youth.

—Married, on the 11th inst., at the residence of Joseph McBride, in the town of Deer Park, by Rev. W. E. George, Mr. Michael Maddigan and Miss Bettie McBride, both of Garrett county.

—Mr. W. A. Wortman, the jeweler, desires to inform his customers and the public, that he will be in Oakland about the 1st of June with the largest stock of jewelry, &c., ever brought to this county. He will be found in the Feltz building, next door to the post-office.

—Garthright, at Mountain Lake Park, is closing out a large stock of Shoes, Hats, Clothing, Grass seed and other things too numerous to mention at cost for cash. Come one and all for best bargains ever offered. Good pair shoes for \$1.00. 5 4 3

—Nathan Faugh, of near Bloomington, this county, was arrested and brought to Oakland last week and lodged in jail, charged with being implicated in the grave robbery near Firm Rock a few weeks ago. It is said that other parties will be brought to Justice. This is one of the most horrible crimes which has ever occurred within the borders of Garrett county.

—The Fairview Sunday School was reorganized Sunday, May 5th, with the following officers and teachers: Superintendent, Rev. Isaac W. Abernathy; Assistants, John D. Everts and Jacob V. Anderson; Secretary, Merritt Wilson; Treasurer, Isaac A. Rinker. Teachers, Isaac A. Rinker, John D. Everts, Sophie Abernathy, Sophie Nine.

—The Oakland District Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church will meet at Fallowville, W. Va., on June 11th, 1889. Preachers and delegates attending the same, who expect to come by way of the railroad, will please stop off at Tunnelton, where they will find conveyance to Fallowville, provided they have given timely notice to me, of their coming in that way. Please come on the morning train, as conveyances will leave Tunnelton at eleven o'clock A. M. on June 10th, and only at this time. Persons coming with private conveyances will find accommodations for horses.

Respectfully,
D. A. FRIEND,
Preacher in Charge.

—Trinity Sunday School, at New Germany, this county, was re-organized Sunday, May 5th, with the following officers and teachers: Superintendent, C. J. Otto. Assistant, S. S. Durst; Librarian, William Fresh; Secretary and Treasurer, Louis Warnick. Teachers, C. J. Otto, S. S. Durst, Lloyd Warnick, Jacob Fresh, Mrs. Fresh, Anna Durst and Miss M. J. Otto. The M. E. Sunday School of the same place was also partially organized the same day, with Samuel Willard as Superintendent and Wm. F. Durst as Assistant. The balance of the officers and teachers will be elected next Sunday.

Church Services—Sunday.
M. E. Church—Preaching at 7 1/2 P. M., by Rev. C. J. Trippett.
Song service every Sunday evening at 6:45.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hopkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Circuit Court.
Very little business of general interest has occupied the attention of the Court since our last report. Thursday evening of last week the Pettit Jury was discharged until Tuesday morning of this week. In the interim a few unimportant cases were disposed of, and Tuesday morning a removed case from Allegany county was taken up, which occupied the time of the Court until we went to press Thursday morning. The Grand Jury was discharged Friday of last week.

New Goods.
I have just received a new stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, which will be sold cheap. Also a lot of Country Bacon and Lake Herring. Also headquarters for Oliver Chilled Plows and Repairs. A lot of Clothing which will be disposed of at a very low figure.

JOHN E. GNAGEY,
5 18 4t
Accident, Md.

A New Green Grocery.
The undersigned will open, on or about the 25th of May, a first-class Green Grocery in Oakland. Having unsurpassed facilities for the procuring and handling of everything in that line they confidently believe it will be to the interest of housekeepers to encourage and sustain them in their efforts to cater to their wants. They will have at all times the freshest vegetables, fish and fruits. Also cut flowers and potted plants. A share of your patronage is respectfully solicited.

WARNER & Co.,
5 18 2
From Cumberland.
At Weber's old stand, Railroad street.

New Time-Table—B. & O. R. R.
The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 12th, 1889:

GOING EAST.
No. 1.....5:22 A. M.
No. 2.....7:41 A. M.
No. 3.....10:04 A. M.
No. 4.....12:24 P. M.
No. 5.....2:43 P. M.
No. 6.....5:02 P. M.

GOING WEST.
No. 7.....3:21 A. M.
No. 8.....5:40 A. M.
No. 9.....8:04 A. M.
No. 10.....10:23 P. M.
No. 11.....12:42 P. M.
No. 12.....5:01 P. M.

For Sale or Rent.
A very desirable, new and well built cottage on one of the principal avenues in Mountain Lake Park, containing nine good-sized rooms; necessary outbuildings; fine view, double lot and a well of excellent water on the premises. Also,

For Rent.
A very desirable cottage, in Mountain Lake Park, delightfully situated, containing eleven well furnished rooms, extensive grounds, stable and all other necessary out-buildings. Apply to
F. A. THAYER,
Oakland, Md.

Bargains! Bargains!
Best bargains in Dress Goods, Hats and Shoes ever offered. Good plow shoes for \$1.00. Button shoes for men, \$1.30. Best dress gingham 8c. per yard. Apron gingham 7c. per yard. 16 yards check goods for shirts and aprons, for \$1.00. Lake Herring, Big Clover and Timothy seed lower than has been for twenty years. Head quarters for Green Castle grain cradles and Oliver Chilled plows. Want ten thousand lbs. wool. Come every body and examine my stock before buying.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
5 4 4
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Grand Jury Report.
To the Honorable the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett county:
The Grand Inquest of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, respectfully report that we have with care and impartiality examined all witnesses brought before us, investigated all violations of law coming to our knowledge, and made such presentations as deemed proper, to the best of our ability.

According to duty we have visited the jail, inquired into the condition of the prisoners and examined jail premises. We find the prisoners well cared for, premises clean, and the place as healthy as the imperfect ventilation will allow. We recommend that strong iron gratings be placed on the windows in such manner as to make the jail more safe against the escape of prisoners. The Court House we find in fair condition. By reference to the levy of this year we find over eighteen hundred dollars levied for pensions and paupers and medical services and medicine for same. We believe that this is a burden on the tax-payers, which can and ought to be lessened or remedied by providing an alms house for the county. The annual application of eighteen hundred dollars for five or six years would pay for a good farm, and build ample and substantial accommodations, and by the expiration of that time, with ordinary good management, the institution would become self-sustaining. Eighteen hundred dollars a year would pay the interest on the cost of quite a princely estate for our pensioners and their care. We specially call the attention of the Honorable Board of County Commissioners and tax-payers to this subject.

We ask to be discharged.
Respectfully,
WM. A. BRYDON,
Foreman.

History of the National Garment Cutter.
There is no one line of industry that is of greater importance to the people than the making of their clothing. Many can do without wagons, buggies, plows, engines or many other articles of greater importance, but none can do without clothing. But the knowledge of the methods of constructing this clothing is not general yet, as it should be.

Nearly every family is supplied with part of the necessary means of making their own clothing, yet they are much like a railroad company with plenty of cars and no engines. The people have the sewing machines but lack the means of cutting so they are much like the railroad company—cars, but no means to use them. The people feel and know that they are only half equipped for this work.

It is a disagreeable fact to mothers that they do not know enough to cut a garment for their little children or for themselves.

The sewing machine is in use, yet something else is needed. The public has been waiting and anxious for that something else.

It was this feeling of need that caused the inventor of the National Garment Cutter to study the details of the work and produce it in tangible form.

M. P. DYER,
Agent, Oakland, Md.

Mrs. J. S. Laughlin, of Deer Park, is my agent for Deer Park and vicinity.

For Rent, at Mountain Vista, Oakland.
Furnished cottage of six rooms, four bed-rooms, sitting-room, kitchen and a large well used 14x16 feet—good floor. Can be used as a dining-room. Well of good water at the door. 1 1/2 acres of well shaded ground. Ten minutes walk to station. Is one of the highest points in Oakland, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country and mountains. Terms for the season, \$300. For further information apply to Richard Maroney, at the cottage, or address
Dr. J. W. JOYCE,
510 I St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Mountain Lake Park.
The Association has changed the name of their boarding house from Park Dining Hall to Assembly House. Mr. W. H. Hagans is again occupying and will manage the house again this season.

Rev. J. W. Webb, of Manington, W. Va., was visiting at Major Alderson's this week.

Mrs. Alderson was summoned to the valley of Virginia to see her brother who was supposed to be dying with heart disease.

Mrs. Hardy who has spent part of the winter in Baltimore returned last week.

The frame of Miss Swan's building is up and is being weather-boarded.

The work of cleaning up and improving the grounds is going steadily on. The Park begins to look very inviting. Mr. Mong, who came last week says he would like to stay here the rest of his life, as he finds it so pleasant.

J. A. E.

Obituary.

Mrs. Hannah Foster, wife of Jos. Foster, of Swanton, died on the 6th of this month, after a long and painful illness. Mrs. Foster was a very estimable and Christian lady. She was born in England in 1816. At the age of 11 years became a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, with which organization she maintained her membership until she came to America in 1842, when she united with the M. E. Church in this country by letter. In 1843 she withdrew from that organization on account of its connection with slavery and episcopacy and joined the Wesleyan Methodists, which took its rise in this country about that time, and in which organization her husband was a minister for a number of years. She remained a member of this church until her death. She was always an earnest and active advocate of temperance and warmly in sympathy with the cause of women and their progressive and charitable movements in this country for the past thirty years. For upwards of 60 years she was a Christian, and when she came down to the valley and shadow of death she realized how true was the promise of her Master that he would never leave her nor forsake her, and although suffering a great deal she could say God's promises were very precious, and she was resigned to His will. For her to live was Christ, to die was gain. She had reached her third score years and ten, being in her 73rd year, and was like a shock of ripe grain, ready to be gathered into the garner of God, and she fully realized that for her, as for all God's Israel, there is no death. What seems so is transition. This life of mortal breath is but a suburb of the life Elysian, whose portal we call death. Her body was interred at Deer Park on Wednesday, the 8th inst., Rev. Cool, pastor of M. E. Church, officiating. The pall-bearers were John Ashenfelter, C. M. Miller, I. W. Landsdale, C. T. Sweet, A. F. George and Hamlin Friend. The relatives have the sympathy of the entire community.

A. F. G.

Deer Park.
Mrs. Hannah Foster, wife of Mr. Jos. Foster, of Swanton, died on the 6th inst. of lung fever, in the 73rd year of her age. Although her illness has been of some months duration, her death was quite sudden and unexpected to her family, who had fancied there was a change for the better. Mrs. Foster has left many friends outside of the family circle who mourn her loss. She was a devoted wife, mother and sister, and a thoroughly true consistent Christian. She leaves two daughters—Mrs. Arthur Lewis, of Vienna, Va., and Mrs. E. F. Riggs, of New York City. Mrs. Lewis, with her daughter, Miss Daisy Lewis, was present at her mother's funeral, although she did not arrive in time to see her alive. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Foster, his daughters and Miss Danby. Mrs. Foster's invalid sister, who has made her home with her for many years.

The Band of Hope had a very interesting meeting last Saturday evening. The programme was particularly interesting. Many very excellently arranged tableaux. Mr. W. D. Hoge made a short, but quite forcible anniversary address—it being the close of the seventh year of the organization, speaking very feelingly of former President, Rev. J. S. Laughlin, and a bright little girl, who was very often one of the performers on the programme—Bessie Thresher, who had gone before to the better land. Prof. Lee made some very interesting remarks to the little ones, closing with a goodbye to the society for the present—but hoping to re-unite with them at some future time.

Prof. Lee closes his school here this week, and the parents generally are hoping he may return in the fall for our next public school.

Mr. D. F. Graham has just returned from Baltimore with new goods.

Mr. J. B. Bantz was in Deer Park last Sunday.

Mrs. Harrison, of Piedmont, has just made a visit to her daughter Mrs. D. F. Graham.

Mr. S. P. Specht has opened his store here.

The R. R. and Express office has been moved to the building formerly used for that purpose.

A Salary.
With expenses paid will come handy to anyone who is now out of employment, especially where no previous experience is required to get the position. If you want a position, see advertisement on 8th page headed "How to Make Money." 4 27 4t

For Sale.
Surveyors Compass made by one of the best New York manufacturers. Can be seen at Mr. Sturges' Drug Store in Oakland.

5 11 4t W. M. BROWN.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending May 18, 1889:

Buckner, R. H., Prude, Julia.
Curry, J. M., Shipley, Allan D.
Melville, Mrs. James, Thompson, Ida, Walter, Martha.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.
P. HAMILL, P. M.

Gorman.
Farmers are very busy tilling the soil. At present there is an excellent prospect for fruit and an abundant harvest seems likely to crown the labors of the industrious farmer.

Messrs. Ash & Lashley, of Flintstone, have purchased a lot here and will erect a large store house. They have stores at Davis and Thomas, and do an extensive business.

We understand that Mr. J. H. Beckman, formerly of this place, and who is engaged in the mercantile business at Parsons, W. Va., will return here soon.

The Elkins House is for sale, and we think some person of experience would do well to purchase.

Mr. Augustus Dettinburg has been having a very serious time with the measles in his family.

We are informed that the public school term will be reduced to four months or less, which will be a reproach to our citizens, new school houses, which are being demanded will remain unbuilt, and the spirit of education, which should ever be progressive, will be greatly retarded. The cause, we understand, is insufficiency of funds. Certainly it is time "something was done," and the important question is who will do it? and when?

Oklahoma.
Captain Payne will go down to posterity as the founder of the coming State of Oklahoma.

He was a Western adventurer—a bold and brainy man, full of schemes and expedients, and gifted with some of the magnetic qualities of leadership.

Some ten or a dozen years ago Captain Payne took a trip through the "Beautiful Land," as the Indians call it. He saw a fertile territory with a genial climate, where every prospect pleased, and where there was nothing vile but man.

Why not seize this attractive country, and turn it over to white domination? With this dazzling idea in his mind, this enterprising filibuster harangued the people of Kansas until he had collected a crowd of boomers. A land company was organized, and shares were sold at five dollars each. A colony company was also organized with two-dollar shares.

Finally, in 1880, Payne made a break into Oklahoma with twenty-five men, and started a town. At the end of three weeks federal troops marched in, captured the village, and sent Payne and his men to prison. At the expiration of two weeks the boomers were discharged.

Finding that he was regarded as a hero, the captain organized a camp of 200 men on the Kansas border, and waited for another opportunity. For four or five years there were occasional invasions of Oklahoma. Squads of men would slip in, locate lands, and be followed by the troops, and ejected, to begin their work over again.

In 1884 Payne carried a colony of 600 into the coveted land, and built a town, with a newspaper, church and school. The soldiers broke up the settlement, and its founder went to prison again. He was released, and was getting ready for another expedition, when death struck him down in his prime.

But Payne's work went on. He had started the Oklahoma craze, and men continued to talk about it, and collect in camps on the border. The idea spread like a prairie fire, until speculators and statesmen gave themselves up to it, and at last congress yielded to the pressure, and enabled Payne's followers to accomplish in a lawful way what was unlawful during the lifetime of their leader.

So the dead adventurer was the first Oklahoman. When his colony grows into a state it will honor his memory, and perhaps vote him a statue or a portrait in its capital. Although he knew it not, death overtook him just when success was about to crown his efforts.—Atlanta Constitution.

How to Tell a Good Horse.
"I can't explain what a good horse is," said a well-known dealer. "They are as different as men. In buying a horse you must look first to his head and eyes for signs of intelligence, temper, courage and honesty. Unless a horse has brains you can't teach him anything any more than you can a halfwitted child. See that tall bay there, a fine-looking animal, fifteen hands high. You can't teach that horse anything. Why? Well, I'll show you a difference in heads, but have a care of his heels. Look at the

brute's head, that rounding nose, that tapering forehead, that broad, full place below the eyes. You can't trust him.

"That's an awful good mare," he added. "She's as true as the sun. You can see breadth and fullness between the ears and eyes. You couldn't hire that mare to act mean or hurt anybody. The eye should be full, and hazel is a good color. I like a small, thin ear, and want a horse to throw his ears well forward. Look out for the brute that wants to listen to all the conversation going on behind him. The horse that turns back his ears till they almost meet at the points, take my word for it, is sure to do something wrong. See that straight, elegant face. A horse with a dishing face is cowardly, and a cowardly brute is usually vicious. Then I like a square muzzle, with large nostrils, to let in plenty of air to the lungs. For the under side of the head, a good horse should be well cut under the jaw, with jaw bones broad and wide apart under the throatle.

"So much for the head," he continued. "The next thing to consider is the build of the animal. Never buy a long-legged, stilty horse. Let him have a short, straight back and a straight rump and you've got a gentleman's horse. The withers should be high and the shoulders well set back and broad, foreleg should be short. Give me a pretty straight hind leg, with the hock low down, short pastern joint and a round mulish foot. There are all kinds of horses, but the animal that has these points is almost sure to be slightly, graceful, good-natured and serviceable.—Medical Classics.

How She Conquered.
George Paul, a young civil engineer, while surveying a railway in the Pennsylvania hills, met a plain, lovable little country girl, and married her. After a few weeks he brought her home to his family in New York, and left her there while he returned to camp.

Marian had laid many plans to win the affections of her new kinsfolk. She had practiced diligently at her music; she was sure they would be pleased to hear stories of her beautiful sister and her brother; she imagined their admiration of her new blue silk gown and winter bonnet.

But the Pauls, one and all, were indifferent to her music, her family and her gowns. They gave "George's wife" a friendly welcome, and then each went on his or her way, and paid no more attention to her.

After the first shock of disappointment Marian summoned her courage. "If I have nothing to give them, they have much to give me," she thought cheerfully.

She listened eagerly while Isabel sang and her smiles and tears showed how keenly she appreciated the music. She examined Louisa's paintings every day with unflinching interest, discussed every effect, and was happy if she could help mix the colors or prepare the canvas. She questioned grandma about her needlework, advised new remedies, or listened unwearied to the account of old ones day after day.

When Uncle John, just returned from Japan, began to describe his adventures, Marian was the only auditor who never grew tired nor interrupted him. After a two-hours' lecture, in which her part had been a dumb, bright-faced listener, Uncle John declared that George's wife was the most intelligent woman he had ever met.

When George came home, the whole family was loud in her praises. She was a fine musician; she had unerring taste in art; she was charming, witty and lovable; but George soon saw that she had won them unconsciously; not by displaying her own merits, but by appreciating theirs.

If you can honestly forget yourself and take an interest in others, you will soon find yourself surrounded by hosts of friends; but if you dishonestly affect this interest, you will deceive no one. Your duldest companion will recognize you as a snob and a toady.—Fourth's Companion.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from Sarah J. Broadstock and Thomas Broadstock to Richard Graham, assigned to James Little, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county in Liber W. H. P. No. 4, fol. 881. The undersigned will sell at Public Sale, at Oakland, in front of the Postoffice, at 10 o'clock A. M. on

SATURDAY, MAY 18th, 1889,
Military Lots Numbers 536,
537, 538, and 539.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash.
JAMES LITTLE,
Assignee of Mortgagee.

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 88, of the Iron Hall, meets in Sturges' Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 874, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the same Hall Friday night of each week and Sunday afternoon.

SHEALTEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Leggo's Hall every Monday night.

PATMON COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

—The Mrs. Israel cottage in Catonsville is for rent. Apply at this office.

—4 Tin Types for 40c at Brooke's Gallery, till May 27th only.

—The closing out sales are still going on. Everything at cost at Correll's.

—Dr. D. Murray Cheston, of Philadelphia, is here for a few days fishing.

—The wife of Mr. John G. Knauer, of Sunny Side, this county, died suddenly Wednesday.

—Mr. L. E. Friend has been appointed postmaster at Friendsville, this county.

—Died, May 2, 1889, Ephraim L. son of Z. C. and Eliza Gibson, aged 2 years, 8 months, and 7 days.

—Married, by Rev. J. M. Davis, at Oakland, May 9th, Mr. John B. Casady and Ida May Freeland, of Terra Alta, W. Va.

—Died, May 10, 1889, near Grantsville, Maud Ellen, daughter of Conrad and Nancy Bodis, aged 3 years, 2 months and 2 days.

—H. Wheeler Combs, Esq., formerly of Oakland, but now of New York City, was in Oakland last week on legal business.

—For SALE—An eighteen horsepower steam saw mill, of the "Geiser" pattern, nearly new. Address JOHN F. BROWNING, 4 20 3m Oakland, Md.

A majority of the members of the Cumberland bar were here at Court Tuesday and Wednesday, as counsel and witnesses in the removed case from Allegany county.

—The ladies of the M. E. Church Mite Society propose holding a strawberry festival in the near future, for the benefit of the M. E. Church and Parsonage.

—At Brooke's Gallery Cabinet Photos \$2.50 per dozen; Card, \$1.50, Petite Panels, \$1.00. This offer good only till May 27th. After that prices will go up!

—Died, Feb. 5th, 1889, at her home near Mt. Lake Park, Md., Mrs. Eliza Gibson, aged 38 years, 2 months and 17 days. Deceased had been a faithful member of the M. E. Church from her youth.

—Married, on the 11th inst., at the residence of Joseph McRobie, in the town of Deer Park, by Rev. W. E. George, Mr. Michael Maddigan and Miss Bettie McRobie, both of Garrett county.

—Mr. W. A. Wortman, the jeweler, desires to inform his customers and the public, that he will be in Oakland about the 1st of June with the largest stock of jewelry, &c., ever brought to this county. He will be found in the Feltz building, next door to the post-office.

—Garthright, at Mountain Lake Park, is closing out a large stock of Shoes, Hats, Clothing, Grass seed and other things too numerous to mention at cost for cash. Come one and all for best bargains ever offered. Good pair shoes for \$1.00. 5 4 3

—Nathan Paugh, of near Bloomington, this county, was arrested and brought to Oakland last week and lodged in jail, charged with being implicated in the grave robbery near Firm Rock a few weeks ago. It is said that other parties will be brought to Justice. This is one of the most horrible crimes which has ever occurred within the borders of Garrett county.

—The Fairview Sunday School was reorganized Sunday, May 5th, with the following officers and teachers: Superintendent, Rev. Isaac W. Abernathy; Assistants, John D. Evans and Jacob V. Anderson; Secretary, Merritt Wilson; Treasurer, Isaac A. Rinker. Teachers, Isaac A. Rinker, John D. Evans, Sophie Abernathy, Sophie Nine.

—The Oakland District Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church will meet at Fellowsville, W. Va., on June 11th, 1889. Preachers and delegates attending the same, who expect to come by way of the railroad, will please stop off at Tunnelton, where they will find conveyance to Fellowsville, provided they have given timely notice to me, of their coming in that way. Please come on the morning train, as conveyances will leave Tunnelton at eleven o'clock A. M., on June 10th, and only at this time. Persons coming with private conveyances will find accommodations for horses.

Respectfully,
D. A. FRIEND,
Preacher in Charge.

—Trinity Sunday School, at New Germany, this county, was re-organized Sunday, May 5th, with the following officers and teachers: Superintendent, C. J. Otto. Assistant, S. S. Durst; Librarian, William Fresh; Secretary and Treasurer, Louis Warnick. Teachers, C. J. Otto, S. S. Durst, Lloyd Warnick, Jacob Fresh, Mrs. Fresh, Anna Durst and Miss M. J. Otto. The M. E. Sunday School of the same place was also partially organized the same day, with Samuel Wiland as Superintendent and Wm. F. Durst as Assistant. The balance of the officers and teachers will be elected next Sunday.

Church Services—Sunday.
M. E. Church—Preaching at 7 1/2 P. M., by Rev. C. J. Trippett.
Song service every Sunday evening at 6:45.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Circuit Court.
Very little business of general interest has occupied the attention of the Court since our last report. Thursday evening of last week the Pettit Jury was discharged until Tuesday morning of this week. In the interim a few unimportant cases were disposed of, and Tuesday morning a removed case from Allegany county was taken up, which occupied the time of the Court until we went to press Thursday morning. The Grand Jury was discharged Friday of last week.

New Goods.
I have just received a new stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, which will be sold cheap. Also a lot of Country Bacon and Lake Herring. Also headquarters for Oliver Chilled Plows and Repairs. A lot of Clothing which will be disposed of at a very low figure.

JOHN E. GNAEVEY,
5 18 4t Accident, Md.

A New Green Grocery.
The undersigned will open, on or about the 25th of May, a first-class Green Grocery in Oakland. Having unsurpassed facilities for the procuring and handling of everything in that line they confidently believe it will be to the interest of housekeepers to encourage and sustain them in their efforts to cater to their wants. They will have at all times the freshest vegetables, fish and fruits. Also cut flowers and potted plants. A share of your patronage is respectfully solicited.

WARNER & Co.,
5 18 2 From Cumberland.
At Weber's old stand, Railroad street.

New Time-Table—B. & O. R. R.
The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 12th, 1889:

GOING EAST.

No. 8.....	5:22 A. M.
No. 2.....	7:41 A. M.
No. 4.....	10:00 A. M.
No. 16—Accommodation.....	10:24 A. M.
No. 46.....	2:25 P. M.
No. 72—Accommodation.....	2:59 P. M.
No. 4.....	5:20 P. M.

GOING WEST.

No. 7.....	3:21 A. M.
No. 1.....	5:40 A. M.
No. 71—Accommodation.....	8:40 A. M.
No. 3.....	10:59 A. M.
No. 15—Accommodation.....	6:23 P. M.
No. 1.....	9:15 P. M.

For Sale or Rent.
A very desirable, new and well built cottage on one of the principal avenues in Mountain Lake Park, containing nine good-sized rooms; necessary outbuildings; fine view, double lot and a well of excellent water on the premises. Also,

For Rent.
A very desirable cottage, in Mountain Lake Park, delightfully situated, containing eleven well furnished rooms, extensive grounds, stable and all other necessary out-buildings. Apply to

F. A. TRAYER,
Oakland, Md.

Bargains! Bargains!
Best bargains in Dress Goods, Hats and Shoes ever offered. Good plow shoes for \$1.00. Best dress gingham 8c. per yard. Apron gingham 7c. per yard. 16 yards check goods for shirts and aprons, for \$1.00. Lake Herring, Big Clover and Timothy seed lower than has been for twenty years. Head quarters for Green Castle grain cradles and Oliver Chilled plows. Want ten thousand lbs. wool. Come every body and examine my stock before buying.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Grand Jury Report.
To the Honorable the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett county:

The Grand Inquest of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, respectfully report that we have with care and impartiality examined all witnesses brought before us, investigated all violations of law coming to our knowledge, and made such presentments as deemed proper, to the best of our ability.

According to duty we have visited the Jail, inquired into the condition of the prisoners and examined Jail premises. We find the prisoners well cared for, premises clean, and the place as healthy as the imperfect ventilation will allow. We recommend that strong iron gratings be placed on the windows in such manner as to make the Jail more safe against the escape of prisoners. The Court House we find in fair condition.

By reference to the levy of this year we find over eighteen hundred dollars levied for pensions and paupers and medical services and medicine for same. We believe that this is a burden on the tax-payers, which can and ought to be lessened or remedied by providing an alms house for the county. The annual application of eighteen hundred dollars for five or six years would pay for a good farm, and build ample and substantial accommodations, and by the expiration of that time, with ordinary good management, the institution would become self-sustaining. Eighteen hundred dollars a year would pay the interest on the cost of quite a princely estate for our pensioners and their care. We specially call the attention of the Honorable Board of County Commissioners and tax-payers to this subject.

We ask to be discharged.
Respectfully,
WM. A. BRYDON,
Foreman.

History of the National Garment Cutter.
There is no one line of industry that is of greater importance to the people than the making of their clothing. Many can do without wagons, buggies, plows, engines or many other articles of greater importance, but none can do without clothing. But the knowledge of the methods of constructing this clothing is not general yet, as it should be.

Nearly every family is supplied with part of the necessary means of making their own clothing, yet they are much like a railroad company with plenty of cars and no engines. The people have the sewing machines but lack the means of cutting so they are much like the railroad company—cars, but no means to use them. The people feel and know that they are only half equipped for this work.

It is a disgraceful fact to mothers that they do not know enough to cut a garment for their little children or for themselves.

The sewing machine is in use, yet something else is needed. The public has been waiting and anxious for that something else.

It was this feeling of need that caused the inventor of the National Garment Cutter to study the details of the work and produce it in tangible form.

M. P. DYER,
Agent, Oakland, Md.

Mrs. J. S. Laughlin, of Deer Park, is my agent for Deer Park and vicinity.

For Rent, at Mountain Vista, Oakland.
Furnished cottage of six rooms, four bedrooms, sitting-room, kitchen and a large wall 14x16 feet—good floor. Can be used as a dining-room. Well of good water at the door. 1 1/2 acres of well shaded ground. Ten minutes walk to station. Is one of the highest points in Oakland, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country and mountains. Terms for the season, \$300. For further information apply to Richard Maroney, at the cottage, or address

DR. J. W. JOYCE,
510 I St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Mountain Lake Park.
The Association has changed the name of their boarding house from Park Dining Hall to Assembly House. Mr. W. H. Hagans is again occupying and will manage the house again this season.

Rev. J. W. Webb, of Manington, W. Va., was visiting at Major Alderson's this week.

Mrs. Alderson was summoned to the valley of Virginia to see her brother who was supposed to be dying with heart disease.

Mrs. Hardy who has spent part of the winter in Baltimore returned last week.

The frame of Miss Swan's building is up and is being weather-boarded.

The work of cleaning up and improving the grounds is going steadily on. The Park begins to look very inviting. Mr. Mong, who came last week says he would like to stay here the rest of his life, as he finds it so pleasant.

J. A. E.

Obituary.

Mrs. Hannah Foster, wife of Jos. Foster, of Swanton, died on the 6th of this month, after a long and painful illness. Mrs. Foster was a very estimable and Christian lady. She was born in England in 1816. At the age of 11 years became a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, with which organization she maintained her membership until she came to America in 1842, when she united with the M. E. Church in this country by letter. In 1843 she withdrew from that organization on account of its connection with slavery and episcopacy and joined the Wesleyan Methodists, which took its rise in this country about that time, and in which organization her husband was a minister for a number of years. She remained a member of this church until her death. She was always an earnest and active advocate of temperance and warmly in sympathy with the cause of women and their progressive and charitable movements in this country for the past thirty years. For upwards of 60 years she was a Christian, and when she came down to the valley and shadow of death she realized how true was the promise of her Master that he would never leave her nor forsake her, and although suffering a great deal she could say God's promises were very precious, and she was resigned to His will. For her to live was Christ, to die was gain. She had reached her three score years and ten, being in her 73rd year, and was like a shock of ripe grain, ready to be gathered into the garner of God, and she fully realized that for her, as for all God's Israel, there is no death. What seems so is transition. This life of mortal breath is but a suburb of the life Elysian, whose portal we call death. Her body was interred at Deer Park on Wednesday, the 8th inst., Rev. Cool, pastor of M. E. Church, officiating. The pall-bearers were John Ashenfelter, C. M. Miller, I. W. Landisale, C. T. Sweet, A. E. George and Hamlin Friend. The relatives have the sympathy of the entire community. A. F. G.

Deer Park.
Mrs. Hannah Foster, wife of Mr. Jos. Foster, of Swanton, died on the 6th instant of lung fever, in the 73rd year of her age. Although her illness has been of some months duration, her death was quite sudden and unexpected to her family, who had fancied there was a change for the better. Mrs. Foster has left many friends outside of the family circle who mourn her loss. She was a devoted wife, mother and sister, and a thoroughly true consistent Christian. She leaves two daughters—Mrs. Arthur Lewis, of Vienna, Va., and Mrs. E. F. Riggs, of New York City. Mrs. Lewis, with her daughter, Miss Daisy Lewis, was present at her mother's funeral, although she did not arrive in time to see her alive. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Foster, his daughters and Miss Danby. Mrs. Foster's invalid sister, who has made her home with her for many years.

The Band of Hope had a very interesting meeting last Saturday evening. The programme was particularly interesting. Many very excellently arranged tableaux. Mr. W. D. Hove made a short, but quite forcible anniversary address—it being the close of the seventh year of the organization, speaking very feelingly of former President, Rev. J. S. Laughlin, and a bright little girl, who was very often one of the performers on the programme—Bessie Thrasher, who had gone before to the better land. Prof. Lee made some very interesting remarks to the little ones, closing with a goodbye to the society for the present—but hoping to re-unite with them at some future time.

Prof. Lee closes his school here this week, and the parents generally are hoping he may return in the fall for our next public school.

Mr. D. F. Graham has just returned from Baltimore with new goods. Mr. J. B. Bantz was in Deer Park last Sunday.

Mrs. Harrison, of Piedmont, has just made a visit to her daughter Mrs. D. F. Graham.

Mr. S. P. Specht has opened his store here.

The R. R. and Express office has been moved to the building formerly used for that purpose.

A Salary.
With expenses paid will come handy to anyone who is now out of employment, especially where no previous experience is required to get the position. If you want a position, see advertisement on 8th page headed "How to Make Money." 4 27 4t

For Sale.
Surveyors Compass made by one of the best New York manufacturers. Can be seen at Mr. Sturgis' Drug Store in Oakland. 5 11 4t W. M. BROWN.

List of Letters.
List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending May 18, 1889:

Buckner, R. H., Prude, Julia,
Curry, J. M. D., Shopley, Allan D.,
Melville, Mrs. James, Thompson, Ida.,
Walker, Martha.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.
P. HAMILL, P. M.

Gorman.
Farmers are very busy tilling the soil. At present there is an excellent prospect for fruit and an abundant harvest seems likely to crown the labors of the industrious farmer.

Messrs. Ash & Lashley, of Flintstone, have purchased a lot here and will erect a large store house. They have stores at Davis and Thomas, and do an extensive business.

We understand that Mr. J. H. Beckman, formerly of this place, and who is engaged in the mercantile business at Parsons, W. Va., will return here soon.

The Elkins House is for sale, and we think some person of experience would do well to purchase.

Mr. Augustus Dettinburg has been having a very serious time with the measles in his family.

We are informed that the public school term will be reduced to four months or less, which will be a reproach to our citizens, new school houses, which are being demanded will remain unutilized, and the spirit of education, which should ever be progressive, will be greatly retarded.

The cause, we understand, is insufficiency of funds. Certainly it is time "something was done," and the important question is who will do it? and when?

Oklahoma.
Captain Payne will go down to posterity as the founder of the coming State of Oklahoma.

He was a Western adventurer—a bold and brainy man, full of schemes and expedients, and gifted with some of the magnetic qualities of leadership.

Some ten or a dozen years ago Captain Payne took a trip through the "Beautiful Land," as the Indians call it. He saw a fertile territory with a genial climate, where every prospect pleased, and where there was nothing vile but man.

Why not seize this attractive country, and turn it over to white domination? With this dazzling idea in his mind, this enterprising filibuster harangued the people of Kansas until he had collected a crowd of boomers.

A land company was organized, and shares were sold at five dollars each. A colony company was also organized with two-dollar shares.

Finally, in 1880, Payne made a break into Oklahoma with twenty-five men, and started a town. At the end of three weeks federal troops marched in, captured the village, and sent Payne and his men to prison.

At the expiration of two weeks the boomers were discharged.

Finding that he was regarded as a hero, the captain organized a camp of 300 men on the Kansas border, and waited for another opportunity. For four or five years there were occasional invasions of Oklahoma. Squads of men would slip in, locate lands, and be followed by the troops, and ejected, to begin their work over again.

In 1884 Payne carried a colony of 600 into the coveted land, and built a town, with a newspaper, church and school. The soldiers broke up the settlement, and its founder went to prison again. He was released, and was getting ready for another expedition, when death struck him down in his prime.

But Payne's work went on. He had started the Oklahoma craze, and men continued to talk about it, and collect in camps on the border. The idea spread like a prairie fire, until speculators and statesmen gave themselves up to it, and at last congress yielded to the pressure, and enabled Payne's followers to accomplish in a lawful way what was unlawful during the lifetime of their leader.

So the dead adventurer was the first Oklahoman. When his colony grows into a state it will honor his memory, and perhaps vote him a statue or a portrait in its capital. Although he knew it not, death overtook him just when success was about to crown his efforts.—Atlanta Constitution.

How to Tell a Good Horse.
"I can't explain what a good horse is," said a well-known dealer. "They are as different as men. In buying a horse you must look first to his head and eyes for signs of intelligence, temper, courage and honesty. Unless a horse has brains you can't teach him anything any more than you can a half-witted child. See that tall bay there, a fine-looking animal, fifteen hands high. You can't teach that horse anything. Why? Well, I'll show you a difference in heads, but have a care of his heels. Look at the

brute's head, that rounding nose, that tapering forehead, that broad, full place below the eyes. You can't trust him.

"That's an awful good mare," he added. "She's as true as the sun. You can see breadth and fullness between the ears and eyes. You couldn't hire that mare to act mean or hurt anybody. The eye should be full, and hazel is a good color. I like a small, thin ear, and want a horse to throw his ears well forward. Look out for the brute that wants to listen to all the conversation going on behind him. The horse that turns back his ears till they almost meet at the points, take my word for it, is sure to do something wrong. See that straight, elegant face. A horse with a dishing face is cowardly, and a cowardly brute is usually vicious. Then I like a square muzzle, with large nostrils, to let in plenty of air to the lungs. For the under side of the head, a good horse should be well cut under the jaw, with jaw bones broad and wide apart under the throatle.

"So much for the head," he continued. "The next thing to consider is the build of the animal. Never buy a long-legged, stilty horse. Let him have a short, straight back and a straight rump and you've got a gentleman's horse. The withers should be high and the shoulders well set back and broad, foreleg should be short. Give me a pretty straight hind leg, with the hock low down, short pastern joint and a round mulish foot. There are all kinds of horses, but the animal that has these points is almost sure to be slightly, graceful, good natured and serviceable.—Medical Classics.

How She Conquered.
George Paul, a young civil engineer, while surveying a railway in the Pennsylvania hills, met a plain, lovable little country girl, and married her. After a few weeks he brought her home to his family in New York, and left her there while he returned to camp.

Marian had laid many plans to win the affections of her new kinsfolk. She had practiced diligently at her music; she was sure they would be pleased to hear stories of her beautiful sister and her brother; she imagined their admiration of her new blue silk gown and winter bonnet.

But the Pauls, one and all, were indifferent to her music, her family and her gowns. They gave "George's wife" a friendly welcome, and then each went on his or her way, and paid no more attention to her.

After the first shock of disappointment Marian summoned her courage. "If I have nothing to give them, they have much to give me," she thought cheerfully.

She listened eagerly while Isabel sang and her smiles and tears showed how keenly she appreciated the music. She examined Louisa's paintings every day with unflagging interest, discussed every effect, and was happy if she could help mix the colors or prepare the canvas. She questioned grandma about her neuralgia, advised new remedies, or listened unwearied to the account of old ones day after day.

When Uncle John, just returned from Japan, began to describe his adventures, Marian was the only auditor who never grew tired nor interrupted him. After a two-hours' lecture, in which her part had been a dumb, bright-faced listener, Uncle John declared that George's wife was the most intelligent woman he had ever met.

When George came home, the whole family was loud in her praises. She was a fine musician; she had unerring taste in art; she was charming, witty and lovable; but George soon saw that she had won them unconsciously; not by displaying her own merits, but by appreciating theirs.

If you can honestly forget yourself and take an interest in others, you will soon find yourself surrounded by hosts of friends; but if you dishonestly affect this interest, you will deceive no one. Your dullest companion will recognize you as a snob and a toady.—Youth's Companion.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from Sarah J. Broadstock and Thomas Broadstock to Richard Grahame, assigned to James Little, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county in Liber W. H. T. No. 4, fol. 60. The undersigned will sell at Public Sale, at Oakland, in front of the Postoffice, at 10 o'clock A. M. on

SATURDAY, MAY 18th, 1889,

Military Lots Numbers 536, 537, 538, and 539.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash.

JAMES LITTLE,
Assignee of Mortgagee.

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
88 East 2nd Oak St., Oakland, Md.

LONGEVITY.
He sat at his door one summer eve,
And smoked his pipe with the latest air
Of one whom nothing has power to please—
Whose life itself is a burden to bear.
His hair was white as the silvery raps
That lightly toss on the ocean's blue;
His form was bent, 'neath the weight of years—
But just how many nobody knew.
The babe he saw in its mother's arms,
Was a woman now, and every night
To her children's children she told the tale
Of the man whose hair was always white.
For 'en the oldest inhabitant
(And one who never spoke ought but truth)
Declared that this man was bent and gray
When he, himself, was a careless youth.
The wonder grew—it had leaped its bound,
If, by chance, had let fall this hint;
'He wrote for a magazine in his youth,
And lived to see his poems in print.'
—Grace S. Brown, in *Yankee Blade*.

A SUGAR CAMP IDYL.
How a Catamount Helped in Winning a Bride.

"Sit down here and I will tell you a story," said Lijh Pitkins, moving an empty nail keg into place before the blazing fire of pine and beech that glowed under the sap pines.
It was Fast day morning, and sap must be boiled on these days as well as on any other day when sap will run. The Sunday question is a poser to many a conscientious church goer when the spring sunshine fills the veins of the sugar maples.
"You wouldn't 'pose we had catamounts here in these woods, would you?"
"No, I should hope not."
"Are there any catamounts prowling around at this season of the year?" I asked. And the great trees seemed to me to bend their leafless twigs in the breeze as if the very question startled them. How still they stood in the lovely air! "Now, you city fellow, you needn't get your heart in your throat. 'Tain't very often that we see them. Besides, you are 'spected to spend the night with me bolin', and you do not want to get yourself so you can't sleep on the soft side of a pine board, and a good buffalo and sheepskin robe by and by."
"Go on, sit down beside me and let us have your wild best tragedy, within five hours' ride of Boston, if you have got one."
"You probably remember the old red school-house as you come over the brow of the hill. Well, it was two winters ago that one of the sweetest of all girls kept school over there. Her father was a soldier, and major of one of our regiments, and my father and Joe were with him in the war. He died, and she had to go and keep school for a living. Well, she kept our school. Call her Lizzie Brown, though that ain't her name," and the big fellow laughed in his sleeve as he spoke with a sort of gleaming pleasure at the mere hint of what her real name might now be. My sensibilities were too near frozen, or I might have seen through a ladder at that moment, to have guessed what her name really was now. Lijh sat pensive for a moment, then I said:
"Well, she kept the school?"
"Yes, God bless her. It was the first winter I was over. I run the farm, fendered and snow-plowed, and helped father all that winter he was sick. I began to feel myself a man. I wished I had a farm of my own and was settled down on it. At any rate, I knew I would have no more schoolin', and I worked hard all that winter."
"And you took Miss Brown sleigh-riding frequently. I have no doubt, with that smart coat of yours, and that fine Portland sleigh. Perhaps that was better than sitting on the back seats over arithmetic with her to help you."
"Well, now, you hold on; I am telling this story. As I was saying, I was out of school, and he marked all around with his big cowhide boots in the sawdust in front of him, thoughtfully a moment, and then went on: "It was about the first of April, when the sap began to run, and that was about the time that the folks in our district were havin' a spellin' match with the district folks over at Knobb's Hill. Miss Brown was very anxious that our school should come out ahead and she made great preparations. She kept the boys and girls after hours to train them, and they all loved her well enough to stay. I told her to always let me know when she was kept late, because I wanted to come over with my mare, that sorrel, you know, that I showed you standing in the further stall, and my new sleigh. Yes, you were right. It was a Portland sleigh, and father said I was a fool for buying it, but I didn't think so. I didn't want Jim Southworth to come around with his colt after her, see? Speaking of catamounts, I knew that wasn't the worst, for I had seen tracks of bears in the mountains when we had a light sugar snow. No doubt the varmints came over from Canada. Bears are nothing in these parts. We don't mind them in the summer, but in spring all this sort of critter gets hungry and live on sheep or any thing they can get. Now, you wouldn't believe it so near to Boston, would you? You would not believe that right here in this sugar camp that I had my dog Snip tied one night when I went down home, because there wasn't any sap that day, and I had nothing to do. When I came back in the morning, there was the chain, but no Snip. Well, along the very day of the spellin' match was to come off I had a sort of gatherin' to put in over near the school house. The sun was shinin' and we had a lot of new tin buckets, and they gloamed from the trees so that they made the hillside look like a great silver mine. I felt pretty good.

My heart was as light as a feather, because I knew I had the girl's heart. She got on the ox sled with me, and rode round a few turns. We talked about the spellin' match, and I was sorry I could not come in, because I wanted to see her school whip that other district, and I knew it would. I tell you, my sap yoke was nothin' on my shoulders that afternoon. We fetched sugar out of his tipper tied around it, and I made into cakes for her; and she ate it, lookin' her pretty self sweetener 'n the sugar.
"That top spoon, up there, is the very one she used, I will guarantee," I said, as I pointed to a whittled shingle, hung up high on the side of the shanty, with a bit of yellow worsted, swelled out of his tipper tied around its shank, and underneath it was scrawled in charcoal: "Fast day, 1885."
The big fellow would have blushed, but that the bronze face painted by the March winds, made his honest, heavy features incapable of deeper hues.
"Well, I could not get over to the spellin' match, as it was such good sap weather, after all went back, and sugar was twenty-five cents a pound that season, I kept thinkin' I would go about breakin' up time; but if I didn't forget myself for business, I 'pose I ain't the first man that has let his wish to save some pesky property get between him and his lady love. I kept thinkin' I would get the syrup down so as I could leave it long enough to run over just about the time they got through which was about midnight."
"I suppose that other fellow, Southworth, was there with his colt and sleigh to take your Dulcinea home," I put in.
"You hit it exactly! And I was a fool too. I 'posed actually that he would rather walk home with me than to drive home with him. That's the conceit of a lover, but as I was a hard worker and he was a lazy fellow livin' on his old father, and lettin' him work his sugar orchard all that season, I thought she would see through things. Hadn't a girl ought to consider such things as that?"
"Yes, but girls like attention, you know. You can not win a fair lady without putting yourself out some," I replied.
"You are right. But, howsomever, I got over just as they were breaking up, and I was all in my working clothes, too, and I had on my long woolen frock, for it was rather frosty, and my pant legs were tucked in my boots. I thought she would consider that, while trying to be a lady."
"But a young man must pay his lady love some little compliment by slickin' up when he goes to see her."
"Now, you be still," he said, biting his lip. "Of course I got to the Lizzie house just as Joe Southworth drove up. His colt was dancin' and standin' straight on his hind legs, and he looked mighty pretty. The boys were just pourin' out and hurrahin' for we had got the victory. I just strode up by Southworth, scowlin' at him as I went by, and walked right up to Miss Brown just as she came out of the school-house door. O, wasn't she pretty, all flushed with the trouncin' she'd give Knobb's Hall. Good evening, Miss Brown. I shall walk home with you," said I. She beamed on me as she always beams on every body to this day, and then she says: "Why Elishah, Mr. Southworth has invited me to ride home with him." I said not another word, but just tumbled back over the snow, and threw my leg over that rail fence, and just legged it towards this 'ere sugar camp. I heard Southworth's bells jingling down the highway and I went on my lonely journey. I was mighty mad. I sat down here on this very seat. I had not been in the camp more than three minutes when I heard the yow of a catamount. I just wished the creeper would eat me. I felt so pesky mean, and I knew I would sour on a stomach of a catamount. Well, as the yow-yow continued, I took the side out of the stack up there and put off out through the woods determined to shoot myself or the animal. And, sounds! If I did not see down there at the turn of the road Southworth's sleigh all smashed to smithereens! And the next minute I saw the catamount right up there again a hemlock tree all crouching down! But where was the girl? My blood got cold. Now, a fellow used to getting up stories could make this into a long story, but I will only tell you in a word. Well, that moment I heard a pretty voice cry, "Elishah, Elishah, quick!" It was my lady, who was sittin' on a pile of buffalo robes all crouched down in terror. Whether the beast would have touched the angel or not, I don't know. Well, I just fired at that beast and he dropped in a heap in no time."
"O, I see," said I. "That is the skin you have got in your best room lead to the farm-house."
"You are right," he replied.
"And you and Miss Brown walked back to the sugar camp that night, and no wonder you let the sap burn for the sake of walking to your father's house with her, and really she has not got away from your father's house to this day."
"Well, now, you are about right. She is the pretty woman that got our good breakfast this morning. See?"
—Emory J. Haynes in *Boston Globe*.
—Among the replies to an advertisement of a musical committee for a candidate as organist, music teacher, etc., was the following: "Gentleman—I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."
—The *Electrotypor*.

MISCELLANEOUS.
—A good share of the letters intended for Horseheads, N. Y., are addressed Muleheads. ("Horsefores," etc.)
—A Milwaukee man made a cannon, filled it with powder and double B shot, got in front of it and touched the thing off. His purpose was to commit suicide and he succeeded.
—"In the hands of men entirely great the pen is mightier than the sword." It is the same way with the parol in the hands of a woman. It will stop a horse-car. —N. O. Picayune.
—Master of the house (clerical): "Bridge, your clothes vigorously." —Bridget: "You would be sittin' down in it presently, and I thought it wasn't necessary."
—Napoleon I. declared that agriculture was the basis of all natural prosperity, and set aside a million francs for the establishment and maintenance of six experiment stations for the development of the beet sugar industry.
—The New York Sun says that laws intended to check the use of tobacco by children are well meant, but ineffectual, and that "only the establishment of public and the multiplication of private spankeries" will accomplish any thing.
—An Irishman, having stolen a watch from a burning building and left a large sum of money to be consumed, was asked why he took the one and left the other. "For the want of time, yer honor," he laconically replied. —*Jeweler's Weekly*.
—Tourists who go up the Nile are taxed every fifteen miles on some pretext or other, and annoyed the other fourteen by beggars, insects and reptiles. Any one who can go up Nile-Salt River should not go up the Nile. —*Trois Free Press*.
—A Washington Territory farmer was digging a post hole on the banks of Smoke River when he unearthed a skeleton richly dressed in old-fashioned clothing. The coat was especially fine and was adorned with velvet collar and cuffs. The place where the skeleton was found had been used as a horse corral for the past fifteen years.
—A clever horse thief, who had been stealing many animals in Queens County, New York, was arrested, when considerable difficulty was experienced in identifying him. Witnesses stated that while trying to dispose of his stolen horses he had two eyes. When arrested he had but one eye. A glass eye was found in his clothes and when placed in the socket every person recognized him.
—In 1880 some thirty young women in Berlin started an Old Maids' Club, with a provision for a fine of 1,000 marks upon every one who married. The club was a great success, but suddenly an epidemic of marriage set in, and at the annual meeting this year only one member was left, and she found herself called upon to dispose of 28,000 marks, the accumulation of the fines paid by the former members. She took the advice of the ex-members, and it was decided that half the sum should go to a hospital and that the solitary old maid should have the rest for herself.
—The natural soap mines of Owens Lake, Cal., are thus accounted for by one of the company now working them. He says that the waters of the lake contain a strong solution of borax and soda. In these waters there breeds a grub which becomes a fly. The flies die in the water and drift ashore, covering the ground to the depth of a foot or more. The oily substance of the flies blends with the borax and soda, and the result is a layer of pure soap. These strata repeated from year to year form the soap mines, where large forces of men are now employed.
—Here was a private soldier who would have made a good judge. He would have known how to "construe the law," as the phrase is, so as to get justice done. Two men were cooling a fat fowl at their camp-fire, when a corporal sniffed the unaccounted odor. "Hello, boys! where did you get that chicken?" "O, we confiscated him for talking treason." "Talking treason! What do you mean? Chickens can't talk." "No, but they can crow; and as sure as you live, we caught this rooster, this very afternoon, crowing with all his might for Jeff Davis." The corporal passed on.—*Youth's Companion*.
—Belief in voodooism has not yet died out from among the colored brethren. In Macon, Ga., there is an educated negro who, when he grew ill, consulted a woman with some reputation for cures. She gave him medicine and cured him, and then drew from his side live frogs and worms and bugs. He therefore began to make a mental survey of his friends to see if he possessed an enemy, and, finding that he did, knew then and there that it was he and no other who had put powdered frogs and snakes' heads into his whiskey. The enchantress keeps herself in seclusion and none of her patients are willing to betray her whereabouts.
—One of the keenest things ever said on the bench is attributed to Judge Walton, of Georgia. While holding a term of Supreme Court at Augusta, he sentenced a man to seven years in prison for a grave crime. The prisoner's counsel asked for a mitigation of the sentence, on the ground that the prisoner's health was very poor. "Your Honor," said he, "I am satisfied that a very short time would cure him, and I beg of you to change the sentence." "Well under those circumstances," said the Judge, "I will change the sentence. I will make it for life, instead of seven years." The prisoner chose to abide by the original sentence, which the Judge permitted him to elect.

CENTRAL AMERICAN TRADE.
A Field of Commerce Which Should Be Controlled by Yankee Merchants.
The republics of Central America, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua and San Salvador, although geographically closely related to the United States, give, according to the latest statistics scarcely more than one-seventh of the total of import and export trade to the United States, which would seem a little strange. For the reason given above, and also because of the increasing similarity of institutions, the United States ought to control a much larger proportion of the trade of these small but increasingly prosperous republics. The stability of government in these countries has become almost assured, and during the last decade the people have come to see that there is more money in developing the vast resources of a country where nature supplies all wants in a most prodigal way, than in disturbing the peace. In the republic of Honduras, which, although possessing vast territories favorable to farming and cattle-raising, is essentially a mining country, many reforms and innovations have been introduced, and the country is now full of skilled native workmen who are eager in learning the use of modern complicated machinery and improved methods. Honduras also offers considerable inducements to immigrants, including free land to till, and advancement of the cost of the necessary agricultural implements and other requisites, besides immunity from civil and military service. As in all tropical countries, the lowland coasts are malarial; but on the mountains, where the air and water are pure, it is healthy enough. Is it not a pity to let English, German and French merchants occupy almost exclusively so favorable a field of commerce? It is said that these have studied carefully the packing and shipping of goods, which arrive damaged much less than those shipped from the United States. It would seem worth while to study the requirements of the Central Americans and secure our rightful share of this trade. Far-away Samoa and revolutionary Hayti occupy much of our attention, but these youthful republics offer special inducements towards the exchange of commodities, etc. If the Nicaragua Canal be completed before long, it will shorten the distance to be traveled by over eight hundred miles on the present route, and greatly facilitate commercial and other intercourse. — *Democrat's Monthly*.
THE LOVER'S RUSE.
How a Smart Young Man Won a Mother-in-Law and Won a Wife.
CHAPTER I.
Edwin—And I may have this little hand?
Angelina—With all my heart—but oh, Edwin, I'm afraid mamma will never give her consent to our union.
E.—Why not, dearest?
A.—I will be plain with you: For two reasons. First, she can not make up her mind to part with me; second, she does not admire you. But perhaps we may persuade her when she finds that you are so good, and that my happiness is involved.
E.—Leave the matter to me to manage, darling, and all will be well.
A.—I will be plain with you: What is your object, sir in seeking this interview?
Edwin—Madame, I love and admire your daughter, and wish to marry her, but—pray hear me out—to be frank with you, with all my love and admiration for her, I would not have sought to make her mine if I had not been thoroughly convinced of her amiability and sterling worth of disposition and the sterling worth of her character, which indeed are equal to the charms of her person, and that is saying much. How have I arrived at this conclusion? By close observation of her mother as of herself—pardon me for the liberty—an observation entirely respectful and prompted by the best of motives. You are aware that the mother-in-law has long been made the target for the arrows of satire and ridicule. In some cases she has been justly served; in the majority of the cases she has been deeply wronged. To become the champion of the mother-in-law has long been my ambition. But I could not be her champion unless I had one of my own. It would be said of me, "Wait till he gets one himself, and then hear what he says." I determined to get one. But the getting of a mother-in-law involved the getting of a wife, and here arose a difficulty. I wanted a perfect mother-in-law to enable me to carry out my pose, and for my own happiness I wanted a perfect wife, too. Could I get both? Fate was kind to me. I saw and fell in love with your daughter, who made me acquainted with you. I admired her beauty. I studied your character and as the noble qualities of your mind revealed themselves I marked in hers their exact reproduction. In these two, I said to myself, I find the perfect wife and the perfect mother-in-law. I have gained the heart of the one and have come to ask the consent of the other."
Angelina's mother (smiling)—Upon my word, sir, you have argued your case well, and it only remains for me to say yes and give my daughter a perfect husband and myself a perfect son-in-law. — *Detroit Commercial Advertiser*.
Working His Way Up.
"See that young man with the team?"
"Yes."
"A year ago he was a vagrant on the streets. Now he handles large amounts of real estate."
"On commission?"
"No; at fifteen cents a load—half to the owner of the team." — *Free Press*.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.
—Files can, it is said, be recut by cleaning them in acidulated water between two plates of carbon and closing the circuit so as to form a real voltaic cell.
—One of the chief features of the use of paper fabric for building purposes is the ease with which it can be worked into sheets of any required width or thickness that will not be affected by changes of temperature or humidity.
—The Italian Admiralty, as the result of numerous experiments, have given orders that henceforth all exposed parts of machinery are to be lubricated exclusively with castor oil, while mineral oils are to be used for cylinder and similar lubrication.
—To withdraw an excess of blood from the brain, Professor Freyer, of Jena, makes his patient stand with one arm outstretched until the limbs ache violently. This conducts an excess of blood to the arm, and seldom fails to relieve the brain. — *Medical Bulletin*.
—Housecleaning that some animals are capable of measuring time that particularly interest them. He says that female crocodiles abandon their eggs in the sand for ten or fifteen days, according to the species, and return to the spot at the exact time when they are to be hatched.
—A tack machine will make from 250 to 275 tacks per minute. The work, however, does not end here, as the tacks are galvanized, tinned, polished, leached and a variety of processes are gone through with before the tack reaches the packing room. The total output of tacks in the United States is 300 tons a day, all of which are readily consumed.
—Mr. Friese Greene, a British photographer, has actually produced a picture with only the light issuing from his eye. Having stared for fifteen seconds at a 2000-candle electric arc only three feet away, he closed his eye and quickly brought it over a sensitive plate at a distance of one inch. The result was a very faint but distinct image of the arc and the carbons, due, probably, to momentary phosphorescence of the retina. A second attempt failed, and gas lights proved too weak to produce effect.
—In Dalmatia chrysanthemums are largely cultivated to supply the chemists with the substance from which the well-known "Dalmatian insect powder" is made. The island of Lesina is the chief seat of cultivation, and the flower most generally grown is C. cinerariofolium Trev. It is said that no other local crop pays so well, the product of a single acre of ground selling from \$500 to \$1,500, and the Government yearly distributes plants at very low rates in order that the industry may be still further developed.
—The Austrian bent-wood furniture is manufactured of ordinary red beech, which is plentiful in Hungary. The timber is sawed into strips from an inch and a half to two inches square, and these are turned into round rods. They are placed in an air-tight case and exposed for fifteen minutes to the action of superheated steam, which makes them so pliable that they can be bent by hand to the iron patterns, where they are secured and left to dry for several days, after which they are ready to be used in the manufacture of the furniture.
—The treatment of the insane is a subject which penetrates social and domestic life to the very core. The Lancet lays down "three great desiderata in the practical solution of this far-reaching problem: 1. That the insane should be conducted to the recovery of their proper senses by the quickest, the most efficacious, and the most kindly means. 2. That the greatest possible amount of teaching as to what insanity is in all its relationships should be got out of the experience derivable from practical work in connection with the insane. 3. That the confidence of the public should be established in the assurance that every thing that can be done is being done for those members of the community who are insane."

WASHINGTON'S TRUNK.
What It Looks Like and How Its Interior Was Arranged.
George Washington's hair trunk has been fished up—the very one he used just a hundred years ago—and is now on exhibition in the show window of an enterprising dealer in leather goods on the Upper Rialto. George's purse, boots, swords, breeches, spauls, gauntlets, body servants, farwell addresses, hatchets, racing accounts and betting books have from time to time been exhibited under the due authentication of his grateful foster-countrymen. It is evident, now that his trunk has been found, that there will be "more to follow." It is a small hair trunk, apparently in excellent preservation, about thirty-two inches long by fourteen high, adorned and secured as well by red leather straps nailed on with brass-headed tacks and fitted out with black, solid-looking iron handles of much the same outward semblance, on a smaller scale, as the old-fashioned iron door-knocker. This trunk was the nearest approach George had to a dressing-case. A change of ruffles and stockings and an extra suit with his silver dressing-case—for George was very neat and particular about his personal habits—would just about have filled this trunk up. It could not have possibly held more than an extra pair of shoes in addition, for George wore number thirteens, and never found them unlucky. This size of his boot is historic. Somebody ought to find a boot of the father of our country, and exhibit it, likewise a cork-screw, a pack of cards, a pocket pistol and a ready letter writer. This is George's year. — *N. Y. Letter*.
IN SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.
Luxurious Quarters in Which "New York's Wealthy Bachelors Reside."
The rich bachelors of New York are to my mind the most comfortably and luxuriously housed men in the world. I do not know exactly how to account for it. It seems to me a condition of things which exists only in New York. The London bachelor may be a tremendous swell if he is rich, but in nine cases out of ten he is satisfied with quiet chambers in Jermyn street or in a locality that is similarly near the clubs, while the larger portion of his income is expended for guns, dogs, horses and a house or shooting box somewhere in the country. In Paris the apartments of bachelors are nearly always pretty and tasteful, but seldom expensive. The Frenchmen have a great fancy for Cretan hangings and white paint well gilded. The pictures in their rooms are invariably good, but the decorations do not display anything like the magnificence that prevails in the homes of New York's unmarried men. I think that this is largely because there are very few confirmed bachelors in France. Every man in France looks upon marriage as his fate. It is largely a business transaction, and he simply waits until he can make a good bargain. Pending that time he lives comfortably, but does not invest fortunes in his surroundings. I had breakfast once in Paris with a man whose reputation as a viveur is more than national. His name has been associated with those of a number of famous women, but aside from this phase of his life he is a promoter of cable companies, a man of title, a member of the jockey club, and a Parisian to his finger-tips. He was just the sort of a man, in fact, that one would expect to find housed in magnificent fashion. I found that he lived in an apartment on the first floor of a big house on the Boulevard Haussmann. His stable was in the rear of the house. There was a drawing-room, a dining-room, two or three bed-rooms, and then a long passageway, at the end of which were the servants' quarters and the kitchen. The dining-room was the most pretentious room in the apartment. We took breakfast there at a table that would accommodate about ten guests. The decorations were in blue and gold. The table was oval, to match the room; the chairs were oak and the hangings neither notable nor particularly valuable. It was precisely like the interior of any one of five thousand flats in New York City.
Yesterday, on the other hand, I met a man on Broadway as I was walking up toward home to dinner whom I knew slightly, and who insisted upon my going into his apartment for a glass of sherry as an appetizer. He is the manager or junior partner, or something of that sort, in an importing house on Worth street. His age is about forty years, his habits are stocky and methodical, and he is not particularly attractive. I had not seen him for two or three years, and he evidently had an abundant fund of gossip. We turned into the Metropolitan opera house building, went up in the elevator and entered his apartment. The reception room was neutral tinted and every thing was perfectly harmonized. We went up from there into the drawing room, and for a moment I was astonished. There were \$50,000 or \$75,000 worth of paintings on the walls, and the room might have served fittingly for the ante-chamber of the Czar. Indeed, I doubt if the Czar has so cozy and beautiful an apartment in either of his palaces. The room was octagonal, and in the middle of it was a plush lounge or settee precisely the shape of the room in miniature. The back rose to a marble base, which was surmounted by a superb bronze water nymph, life-size and wonderfully graceful and perfect in outline. There were several smaller bronzes about the room, and all the divans and chairs were built so that they fitted into certain niches in the wall or corresponded to the general contour of the room.
The dry goods man lives alone in this magnificent place, indulging his fancies with a lavish hand. I do not care to surmise, but he said in the course of our short talk: "It is much better this way." — *N. Y. Cor. Philadelphia Times*.
Prevention of Seasickness.
A friend of mine was talking to Lieutenant Craven, U. S. N., in New York the other day about seasickness. Said Lieutenant Craven: "When you go aboard ship take a broad towel and tie it about you in such a way as to compress the abdomen, generally with tolerable tightness. Wear this bandage during the voyage, and I'll be bound you will not suffer from seasickness." The gentleman to whom Lieutenant Craven gave this recipe said to me: "I believe that a bandage applied as Mr. Craven suggests is an excellent preventive. I had generally been a very bad sailor until the last sea trip I made, when I wore for the first time an electric belt. This belt was fastened about me as the bandage should be. In spite of the fact that the voyage from Bermuda was excessively rough, and nearly every one was sick, I passed through the ordeal without even a qualm." — *Pittsburgh Dispatch*.
—Man can be afflicted with 1,145 different ailments known to medical science, and on top of that his dog may die, his wife run away, and his home burn down without insurance. — *Detroit Free Press*.
—There are 200,000 models in the United States Patent Office, illustrating almost every conceivable phase of human ingenuity, but the model husband yet remains to be invented. — *Somerville Journal*.

A CAVALRYMAN'S STORY.

His Escape From a Tight Place Made Possible by a Timely Leap.

Though differing in power, the amount of endurance possessed by the average man and horse exceeds belief until a severe trial puts it to the test.

In the month of February, 1863, our cavalry headquarters were in the vicinity of Bell Plain, Va., and from that point details were sent to maintain a picket-line extending from the left of the main army before Fredericksburg, down along the Rappahannock, on the south side of the Peninsula region lying between this river and the Potomac. Owing to the high condition and width of the river, the apparent small force of the enemy below, and the small amount of trouble they gave us, our line was light; one regiment often guarding or watching, by picket and patrol, the whole extent of country reaching from the left of our infantry nearly to the Chesapeake Bay. During the time this duty was assigned to our regiment, lasting, as it did, about three weeks, we saw scarcely any fighting, but the terrible marching imposed upon us in patrolling such a distance at regular intervals, with the fact that the roads were made almost impassable by rain and mud, told with destructive effect upon horseflesh and the health and strength of the men.

By reference to the maps of Virginia, it will be seen that the distance by an air-line from Falmouth to the Chesapeake is about eighty miles. As we started from a point about half way between Falmouth and Port Conway, and at the end of our march down the Peninsula retraced our steps at a point about twenty miles from the bay, the distance ridden is probably fifty or sixty miles; but as we were obliged to follow a round the windings of which were difficult to trace on paper, the march back and forth must have comprehended a distance of more than 125 miles. We found it next to impossible to ascertain distances from citizens and negroes whom we saw and questioned; the ideas of the negroes in regard to distances being, as they expressed them, very vague to us.

On the afternoon of the 9th day of February our regiment received orders to relieve another regiment of the brigade then picketing at King George Court-house; so at five o'clock we were on the march, and reached the reserve at twelve o'clock that night. We passed three days picketing. At twelve o'clock on the night of the 12th, however, we were suddenly aroused, the outpost withdrawn, and were soon on the march. From that time until we reached our destination we stopped only when it became absolutely necessary.

About noon one day near the last part of our hard march my horse gave out, and I was obliged to abandon him by the roadside and undertake the almost hopeless task of keeping pace with the regiment on foot. To best accomplish this I left the road and struck off across the country in a straight line, through brambles, bogs, pine thickets and uncultivated fields, trusting to shorten my own walk, and, if possible, strike the road again. After about three hours searching over this trackless route, I was finally favored with the sight of a cluster of plantation buildings, and upon reaching it found to my unspeakable delight a stable, and in that stable three fine-looking horses.

My presence brought a concourse of woolly heads about the stable and two white women, fairly dressed, set up a terrible outcry when I saddled a bay horse and proceeded to lead him out. An elderly white man then appeared, and with menacing manner commanded me to relinquish the horse. I simply tapped the handle of my revolver and sprang into the saddle. He then began to beg me to take the black horse. Just then I noticed an old darky close by the horse, and felt by his actions that he wanted to say something, but was afraid. I leaned over on his side as though to adjust the stirrup-strap, when he hurriedly whispered:

"Don't take de black horse, ca' so he de Lord's own. Take de bay, and fo de Lord's sake git out of dis quick!"

Straightening up I glanced at the white woman and the old man, and saw that they had seemingly lost all interest in the fate of the bay horse, but were expectantly glancing in a particular direction to the east. Becoming interested, I rode the horse past the corner of the stable, and, looking in the same direction, saw what caused me to wheel the horse into a field and start him in a rapid gallop in an opposite direction. I had ridden but a few rods when I heard a great uproar in the vicinity of the stables, caused by yells, curses and the sharp reports of rifles and revolvers. Looking back I saw three citizen-dressed horsemen following me into the field, shouting and firing at me. To my right, and near the road, four others were urging their horses to head me off from a gap in the trench-and-brush fence so common in that country.

I know well enough that to fall into the hands of those men meant certain death. I saw, also, that I could not reach the gap in the fence ahead of those who were riding for it. My only alternative was to wheel suddenly to the left and ride for the nearest point in the fence, and try the leaping qualities of the horse I rode. Touching him with the spur he bounded away with long and strong leaps, and arriving at the fence just gathered himself for an extra effort and cleared the brush hedge and trench with perfect ease. The leap, as any one acquainted with that style of fence will agree with me, was one that so other except the best of saddle-horses could accomplish. In the road I turned

to the left, met one of the guerrillas, exchanged shots with him, swept by him like a storm-driven cloud, and urged my horse to his swiftest pace. Until, distancing my pursuers, I could no longer see or hear them. I class this escape as one among the most exciting that I experienced during the years of active service that followed it. I had been hemmed and cornered in a field by at least seven well-armed horsemen; had faced and met one in a narrow road, and had been a target for forty or fifty shots, but had escaped without a scratch.

After distancing the guerrillas I rode on more leisurely, and in a few moments met the advance of the regiment hurrying forward to ascertain the cause of the firing. We saw no more of those who pursued me. As before stated, we marched until midnight, and then rested until noon on the following day. When we again started we took a short route, and reached our camp after forty-eight hours of marching.—Joel B. Sweet, Scranton, Pa., in National Tribune.

A MIDNIGHT DUEL.

End of a Romance on the Top of a Spar of the Blue Ridge.

"There is no doubt," said an old soldier yesterday, "that many singular things occur as we journey through life," and he looked as though memory was struggling with some sad feature of his existence. He sighed as he continued: "I remember as though it was yesterday, the march of Hill's corps along the winding Shenandoah up to the famous Luray gap. Who could ever forget that march? The road winding with the beautiful river, and overhung with a majestic chain of Blue Ridge mountains, while across the crystal water the magnificent valley, with its charming cottages dotting the bounteous land with white-like balls of snow, was a sight to behold. But the most engaging and lovely objects paled into insignificance beside the peerless women of this blessed country, and you may well believe that when the camp was struck the soldiers lost no time in making their way to the surrounding cottages. Soon the music of the violin was heard and the shuffling feet kept time to the music while, for a time, the soldier's face was lit with old-time joy. At one of these cottages the bells of the valley reigned supreme, while several Southern soldiers vied with each other in paying homage to the queen. Among others were two young soldiers—one from Georgia and the other from Mississippi—who were especially energetic in their attentions, and so marked had this become that those present watched the play with constantly increasing interest, fully believing that both exhibited a case of love at first sight. This surmise on the part of those present was only too true, as the tragic event which followed fully proved. The Georgian seemed to have the lead on the Mississippi, and when the dancers were called to take their places, he led the belle of the valley to a place in the set. At this point the Mississippi was seen to approach the couple and heard to claim the lady's hand for the dance. An altercation ensued, but both were cool, brave soldiers—two of the best shots in the army—so it did not believe in a war of words. So it was ended by the Georgian dancing with the lady and the significant remark of the Mississippi that 'I will see you after the set!'

"When the dance was over the Georgian was seen to seek the Mississippi, and together they called each a friend from the crowd and departed. When outside both claimed that an insult had been passed which could only be wiped out in the blood of the other, and that a duel to the death should be arranged at once. A full moon was just appearing above the tops of the surrounding forest, and I tell you this talk of blood in the silence of the night was anything but pleasant. No argument, however, would avail with these men, so it was arranged that the duel should take place on the top of Blue Ridge, near the center of the road that passes through the gap, that the weapons should be pistols at fifteen paces, and to fire at or between the words 'one, two, three,' firing to continue until one or both were dead. "The point was reached, the ground measured off, and the men took their positions without a tremor. The moon shed its pale light on a scene never to be forgotten. A moment or two, and the silence was broken by the signal: 'One, two, three.' At the word 'one' the report of two pistols rang out to the midnight air, but the two principals maintained their respective positions. The Georgian's left arm was seen to drop closer to his side, but the Mississippi was immovable, and still held his pistol to the front. Again a pistol shot was heard, coming from the Georgian, and the Mississippi still held his position, but he did not fire. The Georgian protested that he had not come there to murder him, but no answer was returned. The Mississippi's second approached his principal and found him dead, shot through the eye on the first discharge of the weapon. Death, it seems, had been instantaneous, so much so as not even to disturb his equilibrium. I may forget some things, but the midnight duel on the top of a spur of the Blue Ridge, with its attendant circumstances, is not one of them.—Detroit Free Press.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Fresh milk boiled with cut sugar will soothe a cough when other things fail.

—Every dead limb on a tree should be cut away, not only for the appearance of the tree, but to avoid the incumbrance.

—I make glue that is very good by dissolving the gum to be found on cherry trees in water. Keep water on it all the time, and it is always ready for use.

—For seed potatoes for next year select those which are well matured, clear of disease, fair size, even and smooth, carefully handle them and store them separately from the crop.

—Cut a fig once or twice in two, put it in a cup, pour boiling water on it, let it stand till cool, not cold; then bathe the eye with the water quite frequently. It is a sure cure for a sty on the eye.

—Sir J. B. Lawes gives as the results of his very careful experiments that the pig utilized 20 per cent. of the dried substance of its food, while the sheep only utilized 12 per cent. and cattle only eight per cent.

—Peach Pudding: Pear and slice several peaches into a pudding dish, cover with sugar, pour over this a cold custard, cover the top of this with frosting made from the white of an egg and one teaspoonful of sugar; brown in an oven; eat when cold.

—Eggs and Asparagus: Boil the tender parts of asparagus in a little salted water; when done drain and chop fine. Have beaten eggs as required. Put the asparagus in a saucepan in which is melted butter, pour in the eggs and cook three minutes, stirring to prevent burning.

—Trowsers that are in constant wear will invariably "bag" at the knee, though a little intelligent care will ameliorate the difficulty, and where there are several pairs to wear, turn and turn about, it may be entirely obviated till the cloth is considerably worn and has lost its firmness.

—There is nothing a laying hen likes better than a variety, not only in her soft food, but in her grain. With bran for the bulk of their morning food, add one day ground oats, another ground wheat, with always moist and vegetables, if available, and the table scraps. Wheat, oats and barley form a regular grain diet, but corn, buckwheat and grass seeds make fine relishes.

—Potato Pudding: Boil four large potatoes and press them through a sieve; stir into them powdered sugar to taste, and the yolks of two or three eggs; add a few drops of essence of lemon, then the whites of the eggs whisked to a stiff froth; mix quickly and well, pour into a plain mold, buttered and bread-crumbed. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Poor crops of almost any thing else may be laid off upon the season or some other excuse, but a poor crop means poverty of soil and poor cultivation, or both combined. Land can not be too rich for grain, as it may for almost any other grain. It can not be too thoroughly tilled. Knowing this the poor crop is all through the season a standing reproach to the careless, shiftless farmer. Sometimes the carelessness begins even with the seed. If that is poor nothing after can be done to remedy the defect.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Poor, Foolish Men.



TAKE A WOMAN'S ADVICE.

This is only the second time in eight weeks that I have had to polish my boots, and yet I had had to do so before. I had been told that the new shoe polish was good, but I had not tried it. I had been told that it was good, but I had not tried it. I had been told that it was good, but I had not tried it.

Wolff's ACME Blacking

A magnificent Deep Black Polish, which takes on Men's boots a week, and on Women's a month. **WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.**

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 18th, 1888:

GOING EAST.	
No. 38—Accommodation.	7:41 A. M.
No. 6—Express.	8:00 P. M.
No. 52—Accommodation.	4:25 P. M.
No. 4—Express.	4:43 P. M.
GOING WEST.	
No. 5—Express.	5:54 A. M.
No. 38—Accommodation.	6:00 P. M.
No. 6—Express.	5:21 P. M.
No. 52—Accommodation.	5:39 P. M.
No. 4—Express.	5:45 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 c. to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
General Passenger Agent.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hoopole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hoopole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road runs near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nettles, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodes, and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to **JAS. A. HAYDEN,** Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Farmers, Attention!

REDUCTION IN PRICES.

For the past ten years we have been furnishing to the adjoining counties with the "WORLD FAMOUS" "Hagerstown Horse Rake," of which there are 80,000 in use. We have had a LIMITED TIME OFFER for the YEAR for our mountain trade alone, possessing more strength and durability than is generally required. This Rake is either a Hand or Foot dump, or both, and so simple that a boy or girl can operate it with ease. The wheels are No. 1, fellows, the spokes young Hickory, thoroughly seasoned. The Teeth, Hubs, or Iron, if preferred, boiled in oil, which makes the best wheel in the world. The Teeth, 20 in number, best Spring Steel tempered in oil. It is the longest tooth in the market. Each tooth works independent of the other, by a special spring attachment. Thousands have used the Rake from 10 to 15 years, not costing one cent for repairs. Every Rake WARRANTED FOR THREE YEARS. Any defect in material will be replaced free of charge. We append the names of some of our farmers who will certify as to the superiority of the "Hagerstown Horse Rake": John Bumble, E. F. Shaffer, R. M. Perry, Henry Kildner, Geo. H. Gauer, J. E. Cito (Geo. E. White, J. C. Wilkeson, Geo. Bumble, J. W. Harvey, Ed. Miller, Dan'l Conaway and 75 others.

We are agent also for the U. S. Corn Planter, U. S. Thrasher, U. S. Portable Saw Mill, Shingle Mill, Wood Saws, Cutting Boxes, Bag Trucks, and the Star Wind Mill. To fully demonstrate what we say, call and examine or send for circulars.

Terms and prices on application. Very respectfully,
WM. E. ROBERTSON,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE!

The desirable business property fronting street and B. & O. R. R., opposite Glades Hotel, and occupied by Mr. W. D. Nydegger, Druggist.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMIL, V. President.
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 11725.

On a Man-of-War.

The instant it is officially announced that a United States man-of-war is ordered into commission a pennant is run up to the masthead, and this bit of bunting never comes down until the vessel is temporarily or permanently retired from active service. So long as the pennant flies the quarter-deck must be patrolled by an officer in uniform. This vigilance is never relaxed night or day, whether the ship is sailing hostile waters in war time or tied to a navy-yard wharf in a period of absolute peace. For twenty-four years the United States have been at peace with themselves and all the world, yet in all that time there has not been an instant, night or day, when the officer of the deck has not kept watch on every ship in commission. Discipline, order, precedence, cleanliness are the gospel of the United States man-of-war.

Here lies a ship in commission, moored at a navy-yard wharf. Step on board, and see how all is done. An orderly halts you, learns your business and permits you to pass the gang-plank. It is 9 o'clock in the morning. The fires in the cook's galley have been lighted since 2:30, and it is nearly four hours since the drum and fife sounded the reveille that brought all hands on deck. At this sound the seamen awake, dress, lash up their hammocks and make ready for bread and coffee.

Then, after a short session of smoking, the men "turn to" and wash down the decks. All is done at the boatswain's whistle. Two hundred stout seamen with hose and what not can make a ship's deck very clean, but for a time extremely uncomfortable. While this operation goes on the imperturbable officer of the deck, in rubber boots, or shocking to say, sometimes in bare feet, keeps up his ceaseless tramp. At 7:30 the squeaker, long handled boards with rubber strips on the lower edge, are applied to the decks and the water disappears. At 8 o'clock the seamen have their breakfast of oatmeal, sausage and coffee, or perhaps of hominy, canned meat and chocolate. Jack is very well fed, and the witticism that "one man's canned meat is another's poison," inspired by the horrors of the British commissariat in the Crimea, has not been applied to the food of the United States man-of-war's man. At this hour the colors are hoisted: that is, if it be a week day the United States flag is sent up to the gaff, or if it be a Sunday or a holiday the Union Jack is displayed at the bow. At 8:30 the men have finished breakfast, and at 9:30 they are ready for work. At this hour the "sick call" sounds, and those who are unwell visit the surgeon in the "sick bay" or ship's hospital, a tiny space well up in the eye of the ship.

By this time the "uniform of the day" has been announced to the officers. It may be any one of half a dozen outfits, and there is a disposition to accuse the powers that be of ordering white duck on cold days in the north and blue cloth in the tropics. The Captain decides upon the uniform of the day unless his ship be in the presence of an Admiral, in which case the uniform is signaled from the flagship to all the other vessels lying in the same port.

Odd stories are told to illustrate the rigidity of discipline in the matter of dress. Should an officer present himself above the gang-plank with the slightest deviation from the uniform of the day he would be instantly ordered below by the officer of the deck. The wrong hat, the wrong tie, or a single button out of place would procure this reprimand.

At 9:15 the decks are cleared for "quarters," and at 9:30 the call is sounded for that interesting performance, "Quarters" is simply the assembling of all on board at their proper posts. When the sound to quarters is heard there is a scurrying into uniforms and a buckling on of swords in the ward room. The line officers rush on deck, the paymaster stands by his safe and the surgeon looks to his knives. In five minutes the line officers return to the ward room with the announcement that the country is saved once more. Drill follows quarters. It may be with small arms, with muskets or what not. One thing is assured, and that is that no seaman shall long remain in the possession of leisure. If nothing needs to be done, employment is invented. There is painting, mending, washing, splicing and a dozen other more or less useful things of which a landsman would not dream.

At 11:30 the officers, who have had coffee and eggs some hours before, are served with a regular breakfast. As it is paid for by themselves it may be as good or bad as they choose. At the same hour the ship's cook solemnly approaches the officer of the deck and presents for his examination samples of the seamen's dinner. The officer with equal solemnity tastes each dish, and mayhap makes a hearty meal. The dinner consists of excellent soup, some sort of fresh or salt meat, two or three vegetables,

perhaps coffee, and bread. The meal is served noon and followed by pipes and tobacco. At 1 P. M. the seamen are again ready for work. More drill follows and the afternoon is filled up with whatever needs to be done or can be invented. At four o'clock the men take a light supper, and from five to six they "stand by" to do whatever work is provided. At six the boatswain pipes down hammocks and the men take the hammocks from the place on deck where they have been airing all day long. Pipes, music, and yarn spinning follow until 9 o'clock, when all lights in the forecabin are extinguished and the men are supposed to have turned in. After that all must be quiet.

At 10 o'clock the ship's Corporal enters the ward room, or officer's quarters, and, turning on the lights, says, "Ten o'clock, gentlemen." He then asks each officer whether he wishes permission to keep a light for some time longer in his room. An extension of two hours may be granted. The Corporal reports the wishes of the officers to the officer of the deck, the officer of the deck reports them to the Captain, if he approves, says: "Very good." The Officer says to the officer of the deck, "Very good, sir;" the officer of the deck says to the Corporal: "Very good," and the Corporal says to each officer, "Very good, sir." This occurs 365 times in each ordinary year and 366 times in leap year. No officer dares to keep his light burning after 10 o'clock without the Corporal's "Very good, sir."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Dr. J. P. Durbin on Holiness.

We publish the following extract from an editorial in the *Christian Advocate*, of New York, published in 1833. Dr. Durbin was at that time the editor of that journal:

"Next to the conversion of souls, the leading one of the church to the perfection of holiness (italics his own) should be the object of the minister of Christ. The honor of Christ, the prosperity of the Church, and the happiness of individuals, all require them to pursue this course. And here we may inquire why so little has been done in reference to this object. It cannot be that the necessity is not apparent. Look which way you will, lukewarmness and the love of the world are prevailing evils among Christians. From the evil roots which remain in them every evil practice may spring up, to the wounding of the cause of Christ, the grief of the few truly pious, and the exultation of enemies,—all of which evils would be prevented by the perfection of holiness.

"Why, then, we ask, has so little been done to perfect the saints? To this we may answer, that little, comparatively, has been done to set the subject fully before the Christian. The evils growing out of this neglect are frequently felt, and almost as frequently palliated by saying, 'That is human nature.' We do not expect perfection here, or something to the same effect.

"Sometimes, indeed, the duty of perfecting holiness is asserted, but to little effect, while Christians are given to understand that they cannot be perfectly holy in this life (we speak only of moral holiness); nay, that they can never rise above being carnal; sold under sin while they remain in the body.

"Now, we cannot think that the minister of the gospel does his duty while he asserts the duty of holiness, but offers no encouragement to expect it. Holiness can only be obtained by faith. If, therefore, we repress expectation, we repress faith, or rather cut it up, root and branch, and induce a state of lukewarmness as the natural result of our erroneous instruction."

"The views which the Scriptures give us of the perfection of holiness lead to the conclusion that it is a distinct thing from what is commonly understood by regeneration; distinct not in nature, but in degree and in its completeness. This being the case, all who obtain regeneration should be taught to seek that high moral state of evangelical righteousness which the Scriptures describe as the perfection of holiness. And if they seek it with all their heart, they shall obtain it. For 'if we confess our sins, he is faithful and to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'"

"But how can this succeed without the aid of the ministers? These must show 'the household of faith' what is in this respect the hope of their calling, what the length and breadth of the commandment, what is implied

in the provisions of the gospel, and what the character of the covenant of promise. Let the conviction of remaining depths of depravity in the nature be deeply fixed in their consciences, and let an earnest desire after a full conformity to the will of God be produced within them. This will enable the minister to point out the course, and to lead them like a flock. He must be as attentive to this branch of his work as to that which goes before it; and never till this is the case, will this work revive with power, and appear in all its glory."

"Here is the great responsibility of the ministers of Christ; and yet here they most frequently fail, not, indeed, in respect to preaching the doctrine occasionally, but in following it up in private as well as in public, in introducing it into prayer-meetings, class-meetings, and love-feasts. And here let me mention one thing more which deserves the most serious attention of all ministers, and that is the institution of meetings expressly for this object. Till this is done, little will be done towards filling the earth with righteousness and peace. While it is impossible for a number of Christians, however small, to meet together for this object without being benefited, on the other hand, if no meetings are instituted, this work, when it occasionally revives, will be greatly limited and decline. Brethren, let us think on these things."

Entire sanctification as a work distinct from, and subsequent to regeneration was by our fathers considered a vital truth, and we personally believe it to be vital to our best work in these last years of the nineteenth century. We trust that, with our pastors especially, this experience may be clear, and the presentation of this "Central Idea of Christianity" frequent and explicit.—*Pacific Christian Advocate.*

Some talk of "repeated baptisms of the Holy Ghost." There is evidently a mistake about this. There is not only not one baptism, but there are no repetitions of it. It is true that if you lose the blessing of purity you need the baptism again; yet mark it, not another baptism, but the same one that you have lost. In fact, the baptism of the Holy Ghost is designed to be perpetually abiding. It continues to the pure as long as time continues. Amen. What are called "repeated baptisms" are real experiences, but they are evidently misnamed. They are not re-cleansings, but re-touchings of the Holy Ghost. They are movements upon the emotional nature; nay, more, they are movements upon the heart itself, which confer new strength and power. Nowhere does the New Testament mention the "baptism of the Holy Ghost," but it is called, "endowment of power," as it is called, comes in with the Holy Ghost, but is susceptible of increase and diminution. The root of it always continues while the personal Holy Ghost is retained, but its manifestation is variable. In this sense we are "leaky vessels." But this endowment is not baptism, because it is addition, while baptism means subtraction, or separation.—*Westleyan Methodist.*

An Enormous Time Teller.

Philadelphia will not be at a loss to learn the time of day or night after the big clock that is to ornament the tower of the public building is put into position. A person can form some idea of its immensity when influential clock makers say that it will take a whole calendar year to place the clock machinery in the tower after the building shall have been completed. The bell is to weigh between 20,000 and 25,000 pounds, second only in weight to the great Montreal cathedral bell, which weighs 28,000 pounds, and its pealings are calculated to be heard even to the most distant parts of the city. The Westminster chimes will be used, ringing on the quarter, half, three-quarters and hour. The centre of the dial twenty-five feet in diameter will be 361 feet above the street. In order to distinguish the time at night the dial will be illuminated by electricity, so that the position of the hands can be located from any point in the city. The minute hand is to be 12 feet and the hour hand 9 feet in length, while the Roman figures on the dial will each measure 2 feet 8 inches in length. A steam engine will be placed in the tower to wind up the giant time-piece each day. All in all it is fitting emblem to the giant building now in course of erection.

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a safe and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.

Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetizer, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Files! Files! Files!

Roger's Specific Soothe Pain Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of itching, protruding, bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Sp. cific Worm Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and Efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.

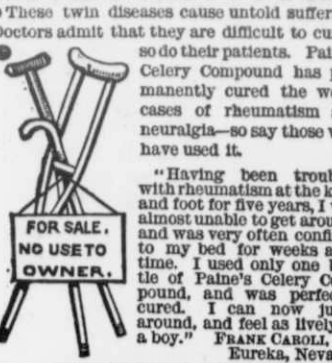
Use Roger's Fragrant Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness in Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Blisters and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturge's Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA

"These twin diseases cause untold suffering. Doctors admit that they are difficult to cure—so do their patients. Paine's Celery Compound has permanently cured the worst cases of rheumatism and neuralgia—so say those who have used it.



FOR SALE. NO USE TO OWNER.

Having been troubled with rheumatism at the knee and foot for five years, I was almost unable to get around, and was very often confined to my bed for weeks at a time. I used only one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and was perfectly cured. I can now jump around, and feel as lively as a boy." **FRANK CARROLL, Elmira, Nevada.**

\$1.00. Six for \$5.00. Druggists. Mammoth testimonial paper free. **WELLS, HATHAWAY & CO., Props., Burlington, Vt.**

DIAMOND DYES Give Faster and Brighter Colors than any other Dye.

BABIES Lying upon Lactated Food are Healthy, Plump, Healthy, &c. &c. &c.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints—Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrup. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, &c. &c. &c. It is a thoroughly clean paper, free from corruption, sensational and demoralizing trash, mislabeled news, which defiles the pages of too many city papers.

OUR POLITICS.

We believe the Republican party to be the true instrument of the POLITICAL PROGRESS of the American people; and holding that the honest enforcement of its principles is the best guarantee of the national welfare, we shall support them with all our might; but we shall always treat opposing parties with consideration and fair play.

A Model Newspaper

THE NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS

The Advocate of the Best Interests of the Home—The Enemy of the Saloon. The Friend of American Labor. The Favorite Newspaper of People of Refined Tastes Everywhere.

The New York MAIL AND EXPRESS, the twentieth American newspaper of many people of intelligent and cultivated tastes, has recently made some noteworthy improvements, materially increasing its general excellence. It is in the broadest sense

A National Newspaper, most carefully edited, and adapted to the wants and tastes of intelligent readers throughout the entire country—North, South, East and West. It is a thoroughly clean paper, free from corruption, sensational and demoralizing trash, mislabeled news, which defiles the pages of too many city papers.

AGAINST THE SALOON.

The MAIL AND EXPRESS is the recognized National organ of the great Anti-Saloon Republican movement. It believes that the liquor traffic as it exists to-day in the United States is the enemy of society, a fruitful source of corruption in politics, the ally of anarchy, a school of crime, and with its avowed purpose of seeking to corruptly control elections and legislation, is a menace to the public welfare and deserves the condemnation of all good men.

Send for Sample Copy

They are sent free to all who apply. SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—WEEKLY, per year, \$1.00; six months, 60 cts; three months, 30 cts. DAILY, per year, \$5.00; six months, \$3.00; three months, \$1.50; one month, 50 cts.

You Can Make Money

by accepting our Cash Commission offers or working for our valuable and popular premiums. Address the MAIL AND EXPRESS, New York City.

J. F. LEWIS,
—MANUFACTURER OF—
LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!
SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,
33 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 20 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms, apply to or address **RICHARD CUSTER,**

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Paine's Celery Compound

"Paine's Celery Compound has been a god-send to me. For the past two years I have suffered with neuralgia of the heart, doctor after doctor failing to cure me. I have now taken nearly four bottles of this medicine, and am free from the complaint. I feel very grateful to you." **CHAS. H. LAW, Central Village, Ct.**

Effects Lasting Cures.

Paine's Celery Compound has performed many other cures as marvelous as these—Cures of letters sent to any address. Pleasant to take, does not disturb, but aids digestion, and entirely restores a child can take it. What's the use of suffering longer with rheumatism or neuralgia?

SAKULI HUTCHINSON, So. Cornish, N. H.

What is CASTORIA

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EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the proposed Public Road is to be located, as follows: Commencing on the lands of Thomas W. Frost, thence through lands of Israel Gifford, Thomas W. Frost, Henry Deane and George W. Frost, thence to National Road, will meet at Thomas W. Frost's the 7th day of June, 1889, for such purpose and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said proposed public road, and if so, to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

GEORGE W. BLOCHER, SAMUEL L. JOHNSON, SAMUEL J. BEACHY,
5115 Examiners.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by P. Dorsey and others, to begin at the Pennsylvania line and run easterly thence through lands of Joseph Maust, Abraham Thayer and John S. Conner estate to intersect the National Road at Little Glade road, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on Saturday, June 15, 1889, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

P. C. BOTCHER, J. C. OTTY, SAMUEL C. LACHEL,
5115 Examiners.

MASSEY HALL PREPARATORY SCHOOL,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Trinity Term begins April 24th, 1889.

Regular courses continued. Lectures on Commercial Law. Special attention to Classics and Business requirements. Classes in Literature and French and Drawing. Number of Pupils Limited.

For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to **REV. J. NEWMAN,** Principal.

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about six miles from Oakland, and containing 405 acres. About 200 acres are under cultivation. The improvements consist of a large dwelling house, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the farm. The farm will be sold for \$10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,
Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the farm. The farm will be sold for \$10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN,

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Business and Expenses paid, or Commission 25% per cent. Salesmen wanted a very where. No experience needed. Address, calling age, **H. W. Foster & Co., Nurseries, Box 8, Geneva, N. Y.**

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
88 East Mod Oak St., Oakland, Md.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE HUSKIN' BEE.

The huskin' bee wuz over, ex the sun wuz goin down
In a yaller blaze o' glory jist behind the maples
The gals wuz gittin' ready 'n the boys wuz standin' by
To hitch on whar they wanted to, or know the reason why.

Of all the gals whar set aroun' the pile of corn
That day,
A-twistin' off the rustlin' husks ez ef 'twas only play
The pearliest one of all the lot—'n they wuz poaty, too—
Wuz Zury Hess, whose laffin' eyes cud look ye through and through.

Now it happened little Zury found a red ear in the pile,
Afore we finished huskin', 'n ye orter seen her smile,
Fur, o' course, she hed the privilage, ef she wud only dare,
To choose the frieler she liked best 'n kiss him then 'n there.

My! how we puckerd up our lips 'n tried to look our best,
Each feller wished he'd be the one picked out from all the rest,
'Til Zury, arter hangin' back a leetle spell or so,
Got up 'n walked right over to the last one in the row.

She jist reached down 'n teched her lips onto the ol' white head
O' Peter Hess, who's eighty year ef he's a day,
'n said:
She looked so sweet ol' Peter tho' 'n angel cum to say,
As how his hary wuz ready in the land o' ternal day.

Mad! Wal I should say I was; 'n I tol' her goin' hum,
As how the way she slighted me hed made me sorter gum,
'N that I didn't think she'd shake me right afore the crowd—
I wuzn't pointer stand it—'n I said so poaty loud.

Then Zury drappd her laffin' eyes 'n whispered to me low:
"I didn't kiss ye 'fore the crowd—'cause—'cause—
—I love ye so,
'N I thought ye wudn't mind it ef I kissed ol' Pete instead."

But the grave is closin' jist above his pore ol' head,
Well—winnin' ways is queer, sometimes, and we don't allus know,
Jist whar a throbbin' in their hearts when they act thus 'n so—
All I know is, that when I had good night to Zury Hess,
I loved her more 'n even 'n I'll never love her less.

—T. P. Ryder, in N. Y. Sun.

FRED'S COVERLET.

A Chapter From the Life of a Private Soldier.

Ward No. 9 was to any casual inspection precisely like the other nineteen with which it formed the General Hospital of Jeffersonville, Ind. It was clean, and the long rows of cots on each side of the wards were always in order. But whatever the necessity for it, its uniformity was a little trying. The meals were served to the minute, and the food was never known to vary in kind or quality. This even extended to the sourness of the bread, the hairs in the hash and the flies in the soup.

After a stay of six weeks, Fred Raymond, of Company B, —th Minnesota, began to find it a little monotonous. Not meaning to be ungrateful for the uniform kindness of his treatment here, he began to long for a little more variety. It seemed to him as though he had about exhausted the simple pleasures that the hospital had to offer. He had read several of the memoirs of great and good men, which formed the bulk of reading matter; and these, too, he had found singularly alike. Even the interest and pleasure to be had from a perusal of Baxter's "Saint's Rest" failed after a single reading.

Many of his comrades had a never-failing resource in writing letters to friends, which was not open to Fred Raymond, for reasons that will presently appear. After debating the matter in his mind for a few days, he finally ventured on a course which might greatly relieve the tedium of his enforced leisure, which was likely to last a few weeks longer. At some time during his stay there had been received from the North a considerable supply of hospital-stores—shirts and drawers of all shapes and sizes, with openings made to fit all sorts of men with all sorts of wounds. Upon trial, of course, none of them were ever found quite adapted to any particular case, but by cutting open here and sewing up there, they did very well, especially as the weather was warm.

Among other things received were a number of sheets and coverlets for the beds. These, although generally plain, were not quite uniform, and introduced the only bit of novelty to be seen any where in the hospital. It happened that the coverlet which fell to Fred Raymond had been made by the young ladies of one of the churches in B—, Ohio, and many of them had written their names and addresses on the blocks. He had studied these over until he not only knew them all by heart, but had formed a pretty distinct conception of the young ladies themselves. There was more character and individuality in the handwriting than one would have supposed, considering the difficulty of tracing letters on cloth. He was not the least bit of a ladies' man, or one who would think of answering an "object, fun and amusement." But then, these names and addresses seemed to say to him that he might write if he chose. One of these names had struck him as very pretty, and the handwriting was indeed neat. He had amused himself with picturing the writer to

himself many times, until he felt partially acquainted. To her, therefore, he would indite a very general letter, and if she chose to reply and a correspondence grew out of it, it would give new interest to the days that must yet be passed before he could return to his regiment. His letter, addressed to Miss Lillie Meline, was not an eloquent epistle; it simply told the story of the writer's loneliness, the gratitude of himself and comrades for the interest shown in the comfort of the Union soldiers, and the satisfaction it would give the inmates of the hospital if "any of the young ladies should feel at liberty to relieve the dullness of their life by an occasional letter."

It was not long before he received a reply in a handwriting which he promptly identified. He was more excited when he opened the envelope than he had been for a long time, and far more than he had supposed he could be over a letter from a stranger. Like his own, it was a very simple epistle. "The girls were delighted," it said, "to know that their work had done some good. The soldiers deserved every thing," and so on, "and if he cared to hear from her, why, she would write, although she was only a school-girl." And then, asking that he would tell something about himself, she signed her name, Lillie Meline. There was this P. S.: "What is the number of your regiment?"

Surely this sort of correspondence was sufficiently mild. Neither party to it had the intention to begin anything like a flirtation by mail. Indeed, Lillie had purposely conveyed the impression that she was very young, so that there might be no temptation on Fred's part to change the scope of his letters. She was a school-girl, eighteen years of age, hence none of her vacation. As she had meant, he got the impression that she was much younger, a mere slip of a girl. That was just the thing. He could write freely about himself to amuse her, and her letters and her sympathy would be none the less pleasant because of her youth.

Now, I am bound to confess that the correspondence which followed was not in any way very remarkable. In looking it over, I have been, perhaps, as much interested in the handwriting, the faded letters, the dates, as in the little glimpses of personal history and character which it reveals. It does not greatly concern our story to follow it. Rapidly it changed, both as to form and substance. It came to be "My Dear Miss Lillie" and "Dear Mr. Raymond." It was no longer general and formal, but personal and sympathetic. Had they fallen in love with each other? That would have been very absurd in them, seeing that she was only a little girl, as he supposed. Can people who have never seen each other really fall in love?

Can people fall in love with each other through the medium of letters alone? What is that process through which we have most of us gone—some of us, despite the poets and novelists, many times? Is it not in all cases the ideal conception which we have, rather than the person to whom we attribute it? Two elements always enter into this ideal. The one is the physical perfectness of the beloved object. Beauty of form or feature, grace in action, manly strength—these are what we see. But so blind are we, that any thing short of monstrosity may, under some circumstances, strangely displease us. Certain mental and moral qualities must also always seem to be present, and here the chances are that a truer conception may be gained by correspondence than by personal interviews. In any case, the conception is likely to be wrong. The physical ideal might, of course, be so grossly absurd that it would utterly and instantly disappear upon acquaintance. The other may also disappear, but much more slowly, fading gradually through long years.

So, while neither had intended it, and as yet were unaware of it, they had entered upon a state when only a touch is needed to change their warm personal interest into the deepest and tenderest passion. Thus a few weeks passed, and Raymond was permitted to join his regiment.

But while he had only sought to lighten the weariness of hospital life in the beginning, he now found these letters none the less adapted to the brightening of camp life, and they were still continued. But, as his regiment was often on the move and the mails were uncertain, they were less frequent and regular. With the battle of Chickamauga they came to an abrupt end. Lillie's letters were returned, with the sad intelligence that Raymond was killed in battle. If she had heretofore deceived herself with regard to her interest in this soldier whom she had never seen, she did so now no longer. It was in the spirit of widowhood that she mourned her dead here and king of men. Foolish it may have been, and unreasonable, but when has love reason? Nor was this loss alone. Peace has its vicissitudes and its tragedies, as well as war. Her father sickened and died. The mother had gone years before. Overwhelmed with her sorrow, Lillie went to live with an aunt in a neighboring State. Her father had once been well-to-do, but had lost his property, and there was but little left. Until the estate was settled that little was not available. She did not want to feel dependent on her relatives, and so engaged in teaching in the village. She often thought of offering herself as a nurse, but now she felt quite unequal to the work. With a good con-

stitution, a lively disposition, and in perfect health when troubles came upon her, she now grew listless, thoughtful and sad. Thus had the gold become dim.

Raymond was not killed. A shell had burst near his head, and the tremendous concussion had felled him to the earth, where he lay a long time unconscious. None of the fragments of the shell had touched him. When he finally recovered his senses so far as to sit up, he looked around, bewildered. He only partially recalled what had occurred. The battle had ebbed away, but the thunder raged and roared in the distance. A blind instinct led him to try to regain his regiment. He stood up dizzily at last, and with his musket for a support started in the direction of the firing. He had no idea of his bearings, and did not know that his regiment and the whole line had fallen back, and he soon ran into a group of Confederates and was captured.

The accident was more serious than the reader might be led to suppose. With care, rest and good food, he would probably at no distant day have regained his former condition. As it was, while he soon recovered his physical health in part, it left him in a curious mental state. The past had at first been entirely blotted out. Little by little he recovered his experiences, but he could not for a long time recall names. Months of imprisonment followed, filled with suffering, privation and starvation, until there was little left of him, mentally or physically. At last he managed to escape, and after incredible hardships reached the Union lines more dead than alive. And now another hospital experience followed, lightened by no correspondence, for he could not remember Lillie's name or address—he had, of course, lost all letters—and the more he tried to remember the more hopeless seemed the attempt. Finally, he gave it up altogether. At last he reached his regiment again, greatly to the astonishment of his comrades, but not to see much more service. The three years for which the men had enlisted were about to expire, and although the Government gave them the inestimable privilege of re-enlisting as veterans, most of the "boys" decided that they would first go to their homes.

Early one morning, therefore, in the autumn of 1864, the cars brought them to the little town of H—. They had no money, and were hungry. Arrangements had been made for their breakfast at a large place on the road a little farther along, but for some reason they were delayed several hours before. Naturally they began to spread about the little village, and the citizens bestirred themselves to do the best they could under the circumstances. With-out preparation or request, their efforts were not very systematic, but they were hearty. The groceries, restaurants and hotels were taxed to their utmost. Raymond was walking through the little town, looking for the chance of breakfast, but not seeing how he could exactly press himself upon these citizens, who already seemed much overworked.

As he was passing a modest cottage on a side street a middle-aged lady, standing in the yard, and holding a child by the hand, addressed him: "Soldier!"

He turned and brought his hand to the visor of his cap as though it was a superior officer, instead of a superior being, he saluted.

"Did you speak, ma'am?"

"Have you had breakfast?" she said.

He said that he had not yet had that pleasure.

"Come in, then," she returned. "Ours is just ready."

He looked at his hands and his clothes with some anxiety. It was three years since he had eaten a really civilized meal, and his ambition now did not extend beyond a slice of bread and meat. Perceiving the kindness of the intention, however, he accepted the invitation.

Opposite him at the table sat a young lady dressed in black, whom the hostess spoke of, in a half-introduction, as her niece. His own name was not asked. There was something in the air and manner of this young lady, even more than in her dress, suggesting some recent great sorrow. She did not hold herself out as a wretched being whose only refuge is the grave. She was not gloomy or woe-begone. She listened politely to the conversation, taking little part, except now and then to ask a question, which finally brought the young man to speak something of his experiences. She was attentive, while she was somewhat thoughtful and sad. As he went on he noticed that her interest deepened, and once, as he looked up, he was surprised and a little startled at the intenseness of her look. When he spoke of Chickamauga her pallor deepened so visibly that her aunt asked suddenly if she were ill. She regained her composure in a moment, and said she was quite well. Still her voice was very low, with a slight tremor in it, as she asked the number of his regiment, and she turned white as he gave it.

The next question came slowly. She struggled hard to control her voice, which vibrated painfully, and sank almost to a whisper:

"Did you know—Fred Raymond, of Company B?"

It was his turn now to be astonished. Who was this who asked so unimportant a question with such a tragic air, and who waited the answer as though life or death might hinge upon it? The aunt looked from the one to the other in open-mouthed wonder.

"I am Fred Raymond," he faltered.

But before he had said it she saw the answer in his face, and slipped to the floor.

He held her head while the aunt ran for the smelling-salts. It was not the right thing to do in a case of fainting, but few people ever do treat such a case properly. He had never, in all his life, had a young lady's head on his arm, and was awkward and excited.

He thought rapidly, but could not understand the situation. He remembered his correspondent, and, curiously enough, at this moment the name came like a flash. But this was not the town where she lived, and this was not the young girl he had pictured.

"Who is this young lady?" he asked. "My niece, Miss Meline."

"Meline? Lillie?" he gasped.

"In the name of wonder," said the aunt, "what does all this mean? Were you acquainted with her?"

"Yes—no—I believe so," he answered, rather obscurely. "I will explain by and by."

Miss Meline soon recovered, in spite of the unphysiological treatment. She looked at her aunt to see whether any further revelation had taken place. Her embarrassment was extreme, and the color in her cheeks gave way to a bright crimson.

"I was sick," she apologized, forgetting that she had once denied it. He was also agitated, and exceedingly doubtful as to what he ought to do or say. She was about to leave the room with her aunt, when he spoke.

"Miss Meline"—and she saw that the secret was out—"I don't know at all what to say. I don't know any thing at all about the customs of society. I have never had anything to do with young ladies in my life except my correspondence with you. My accident at Chickamauga affected my brain for a long time, so that I could not remember. Perhaps now I have gone quite crazy. It is too absurd, I know, but I cannot go now without saying more—if you will hear it."

He paused a moment, but she did not forbid it, and he went on:

"I do not know how to explain it. Either from the effect of that shell, or from the weakness and half-starvation that followed, I was never able to remember your name; though you don't know how hard I tried to think, and how much I should have liked to hear from you again. All this time I thought you were a little girl. But now, if I die for it, I must say—I love you, dear Miss Lillie."

He did not die for it. She took a step nearer, held out her hand, and then leaned her pretty head on his shoulder.

"It is also so sudden," she murmured, "but she needed closer, and with a sort of sob she added: "And all this time I thought you were dead."—Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

THE CLIFF DWELLERS.

Interesting Relics Recently Brought to Light in New Mexico.

The recently-discovered collection of cliff-dweller relics in New Mexico have been brought to Durango, Col., where they are being examined by the collector. The collection consists of human remains, comprising seventeen skulls, the skeleton of a child, mummified feet, hands, human hair, etc., making a total of thirty pieces. The pottery is comprised of eighty-five pieces, running from gigantic celled vases of four feet two and a half inches in circumference to tiny fragments of painted pottery.

Among the relics are a number of turkey bones, and the discoverer relates that in one of the cliff-fosses he found the roosts of these fowls, also the nests with egg shells still in them, showing plainly that our National bird had been domesticated by these people. The discoverer also tells of a loom in one of the cliffs which originally extended to 300 pieces, but this has been practically destroyed by successive inroads of curiosity-hunters, and very little can now be determined regarding its original form and mode of operation.

He says that in his estimation La Plata County once had a population of over 100,000, as the ruins in some parts of the country assume dimensions of cities. One thing is plain to the most superficial observer of these relics, and that is that the ancient cliff-dweller was a marvel of industry and economy. The classification of these relics will be published in pamphlet form and sent through the country.—Denver (Col.) Letter.

Coffer-Dam Construction.

As an improvement in the ordinary method of constructing coffer-dams, the plan has recently been resorted to of having it consist of two parts, hinged together. Both parts of the dam, according to this arrangement, are built in air-tight tank form, and the water may be readily pumped out or admitted at will. The whole structure is floated into position, and sunk by letting water into the lower compartment, or caisson, as it is termed. A skirt of cloth, or other elastic material, is attached to the bottom of the upper or tilting part of the dam, which makes a water-tight joint between the dam and the bottom of the river. When the dam is tilted up in place by means of internal chains and levers the lower part lies flat on the earth, while the upper part extends from the ground upward at an angle of about thirty degrees.—N. Y. Sun.

—The dearest spot on earth to the gambler is Jack's-pot.—Florida Times-Union.

RAVAGES OF INSECTS.

How to Apply Insecticides so as to Secure Satisfactory Results.

Considerable interest has developed lately on the subject of applying insecticides, and it is very opportune. The pressing need of a better understanding of methods for successfully resisting the ravages of our insect enemies as the recurring seasons increase the number and rapacity of the foe. It has been very evident (to close observers at least) that a great part of the work done, especially in the use of poisonous compounds, has proved of actual damage; that is, the insects themselves would not have done more harm if left alone than the misuse of poison did. A treatment for insects that may do very well in a growing, productive season is liable to do great harm to the crops in an unfavorable one. To apply poisons effectively (without doing injury) and cheaply, is equally of importance.

After quite an extended experience in using insecticides in nearly all ways, I have decided that there is only one way in which satisfactory results can be reasonably expected every time, and that is by spraying. Poisons should be used in liquid form always, and in applying to the foliage, to insure success, it must be broken up into fine, misty spray, like fog or steam. To accomplish this desired result, there is nothing yet made to excel the spraying machine. It is built on simple, mechanical principles, and the amount of the application can be gauged perfectly. By the aid of one horse (or team) and man, this machine operates on four rows of potatoes at a time, delivering a fine, misty spray with force, penetrating every part of the plant and thoroughly impregnating the foliage with poison (but not drenching), so that if the leaves feed on any portion they must get the poison. The danger of burning the leaves is greatly lessened. In fact, the plant can hardly be harmed if ordinary care is taken. I have sprayed eighty acres of potatoes in three days, using only \$3.50 worth of London purple, and in thirty-six to forty-eight hours after the poison was put on hardly a slug could be found alive. The expedition and economy with which poisons can be applied in this way enables the grower to use weaker solutions often, and thus obviates all danger from doing harm to the growing crops.

The Colorado bugs bade fair to give us the most trouble we ever experienced during the dry season of 1887, yet by two timely applications of London purple by spraying, we succeeded in almost totally destroying them, without apparent damage to any part of the crop, at a cost of less than 50 cents per acre, including labor and poisons for the two jobs. I saw a great many fields of potatoes that were almost ruined that season by applying poisons in a careless manner, both in liquid and powder form. When potatoes bring 75 cents to \$1 per bushel at harvest time, it is poor policy to ruin a crop by being short-sighted in any way. Wetting or drenching the vines with water alone during dry, hot weather is a dangerous experiment, and when the water is incorporated with active poisons and applied in a haphazard manner, it is most sure to do harm. The whole business of mixing and applying insecticides should be done in a systematic and methodical manner. Guess work will not pay. As Prof. W. B. Alwood has well said, in his station report on Insects and Insecticides: "Lack of exactness in the details often defeats the purpose of work with insecticides." Defeat is the price of carelessness or ignorance.—Cor. Ohio Farmer.

THE COMING FARMER.

He Will Be a Man Competent to Bring Forth New Ideas.

The coming farmer is on the way. He is the new-school farmer, the one who is cutting loose from the ancestral ways and stepping far in advance of his fellows; he is adopting and bringing forth new ideas, putting into practice methods which will eventually double and treble the productive powers of the soil. The coming farmer will be a man of thought as well as of brawn. Specimens of him may be occasionally seen in the retired merchant who takes up farming as a happy means of putting in his closing years. That force of thought which gave him success in mercantile life he now applies to tilling the soil and to the various departments of agriculture, and thereby proves that thought is as profitable in farming as in any other business. One of the leading characteristics of the coming farmer is that he will be a specialist. He will devote his efforts, his thoughts, his whole energies to one line of agriculture as much as the merchant who twenty years ago kept a general purpose store. The most successful farmers of the present time are those who are pursuing special lines, whether in the production of dairy products, of draft horses, road horses, special breeds of sheep, cattle or hogs. The coming farmer will send forever to the block the scrub sire in all classes of stock, which is now a greater curse to Wisconsin than all the monopolies which prey upon the people. The coming farmer will provide his wife all those modern appliances for doing her work, which will make her life one of comfort and happiness, and lighten her labors as much as the most modern appliances lighten the labors of the farmer. The coming farmer will make the whole country smile under the tillage of wisely-directed effort guided by the intelligent thought of a well-cultivated and a thoroughly trained brain.—G. G. Gordon, at Wisconsin Farmers' Institute.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Using small potatoes for seed may not seriously affect the first crop, but if kept up will cause the seed to run out.

—The farmer who wishes to feed properly must study his cows as individuals, and learn how much each can appropriate.

—Do not use sprouted seed of any kind. Potatoes that are kept at too high a temperature will sprout, which injures them to a certain extent.

—The question is, not how little can I keep the cow going on, but how much can I induce her to eat and turn into milk and butter, which is worth more than the feed.

—Give the boy a chance to get a good business education by giving him a piece of ground for his own exclusive use, the proceeds of it to be used as his educational fund.—Western Plowman.

—A heavy plank dragged over a lawn-plot will serve to render it smooth, thus greatly aiding the lawn-mower after the grass is in. The lawn grass, being very short, may be cured and stored away for the use of poultry in winter.

—When trees or plants are received, take pains to keep the roots moist. An hour or two's exposure of the roots of plants to either the sun or the drying wind, will often seriously impair the vitality of the plants.

—In raising any kind of young stock, one should remember they are somewhat like babes and need warmth above all, and proper food to do well. Many a young bird or animal could be saved by early attention to their comfort and warmth. Cold checks nutrition.

—Rice Layer Pudding: One-half of a cupful of rice soaked in four cupfuls of milk, two hours; add four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of melted butter. Put layers in pudding dish, alternately with layers of jam, and bake.—Good Housekeeping.

—At the New York Agricultural Station experiments made in growing tomatoes without transplanting proved very successful. Plants grown entirely in the open ground matured fruit in twenty-five days' shorter time than those which were cared for in the hotbed the first two or three months of their existence.

—While with many it is not so considered, yet counting what is used for the family table, poultry pays as large a profit as any other class of stock kept upon the farm. There is, too, the additional advantage that what is not marketed at a price that will pay a profit can nearly always be used to good advantage at home and will add much to the variety and healthfulness of the food supply.

—Spiced Beef: Get about three pounds of beef off the round and boil until very tender. Then take out of the water, chop fine and season to taste. Put in a tablespoonful each of ground cloves, allspice and cinnamon. Mix well and pack in a square tin. Take the water it has been boiled in and let it boil down to about two-thirds of a cupful, salt and pepper a little and pour over the meat.

RANGE FOR POULTRY.

How to Keep Fowls of All Kinds in a Healthy Condition.

It is desirable, where it is possible, to give fowls ample range. The care is reduced to the minimum in such cases, and the expense of keeping is much less. But range is not absolutely indispensable. The number of fowls which can be kept in health and made to pay in very limited quarters is much larger than many, perhaps the most suppose. But to do this it is necessary to supply what fowls upon a good range obtain for themselves.

Fowls upon an extensive range obtain plenty of food for themselves, and their health is promoted. Fowls in narrow quarters must be induced to take a corresponding amount of exercise if they are to be kept equally healthy. To do this various expedients like burying grain, hanging up articles of food just within their reach, and a constant turning up of the soil must be resorted to. Fowls upon an extended range obtain a variety of food, especially of green food and insects. Fowls in narrow quarters must be furnished with a variety of food, especially of green and animal food. This is not difficult, but it is very often neglected.

Fowls upon an extended range obtain clean ground, good dusting places and the like. The first is obtainable by constantly stirring the soil, using disinfectants and the like, and the second by furnishing a box provided with road dust, sulphur, and so forth. In brief, if quarters are kept clean, variety of food furnished and exercise promoted, fowls may be kept in close confinement and their health will remain vigorous. Some of the finest specimens have been raised in narrow quarters. But much greater care is necessary to produce the same results.

It remains exceedingly desirable, where practicable, to furnish a good range, but there are many men who are deterred from keeping fowls simply from the mistaken notion that what is desirable is also indispensable. This notion ought to be removed, because it is wholly false. It is difficult to imagine any man, living out of the compact parts of a city, who cannot keep a few fowls if he is willing to take the necessary care. But if a man who has but limited space desires to keep fowls, he should understand that he must supply the things necessary to health which fowls having a free range are able to obtain for themselves.—Poultry World.

TWO VISIONS.

My friend is dwelling in spacious halls,
Paintings and statues adorn her walls.
She wears a crown and robes of down,
Laces and jewels cover her gown.
The earth's four corners yield up to her
Their gold and purple, perfumes and myrrh;
The artist and sculptor find new grace
In every curve of her radiant face.
The silver strings of the poet's lyre
Swell to the tune of her heart's desire.
I only muse to myself and say:
"The fashions of this world pass away."
Here the palaces, statues and rings—
The joys of the world—"wicker lane sings."
But while I muse there passes from me
"That glowing vision, and this I see:
Her palace walls are risen apart—
From broken statues winged creatures start;
I see the dust on her garments' hem,
Her mirrors cracked, distorted and dim;
Moths are rotting over her gown.
Meadow invading her bed of down:
Purple and gold and jewels and myrrh,
Like smoke have vanished away from her;
The poet's lyre with its trailing strings
No more of her love and beauty sing;
The glory gone from her summer day,
Her world and its fashions have passed away;
While her soul in travail with evil things,
Learns all too late that "wicker lane sings."
—M. H. Lawrence, in *Demorest's Weekly*.

COMMON HABITS WHICH FREQUENTLY INJURE THEM.

Common Habits which Frequently Injure Them.

Methods to Pursue When Symptoms of Disease Appear—Danger From Picking the Ears and the Indiscriminate Use of Favorite Remedies.

The ears are so often subject to disease, especially in early life, that people should know more of them than they now generally do. A little, but not much, can be said about the care they need. The real apparatus of hearing is, fortunately, so well constructed, and so well protected in its situation, that it does very well, as a rule, under the "hot alone treatment."

Anatomists have divided the ear into three parts. A description of two is comparatively easy, but the other is too difficult to undertake. The drum of the ear is the dividing line between the external and the so-called middle ear. The drum lies about an inch and a quarter within the passage. Beyond the drum is the internal hearing apparatus. The outermost part of the external ear is trumpet-shaped, so as to receive and collect sounds from all quarters. The middle ear, lying back of the drum, is a small cavity which communicates with deep caverns, which are also a part of the hearing apparatus. The middle ear also communicates with the upper part of the throat—properly the pharynx—by a narrow passage called the eustachian tube. Hence it will be seen that but for the drum of the ear there would be one continuous passage from the outer ear to the throat. Patients who have suffered perforation of the drum will very readily appreciate this fact, for in blowing the nose the air escapes through the ear with a whistling sound. The eustachian tube plays several important parts. Were it not for the drum, owing to the absence of air on one side, would not vibrate, and the hearing power, while not necessarily wholly destroyed, would be very much impaired.

Although the drum of the ear lies an inch and a quarter within the passage it is very often injured, and, in fact, destroyed by the wanton carelessness in picking the ears. An instrument quite often used for that purpose is the hair-pin. In picking the ears possible injury to the drum is by no means the only danger to be apprehended. The lining of the ear passage is quite sensitive to irritation. It requires but very little rubbing or scratching to inflame it, and even if that irritation be limited to the outermost part of the passage, as it is where only the finger is used, there is a decided tendency for the trouble caused to extend up to and involve the drum. Many people must have noticed that when they are gently picking the ear there soon was felt an uncomfortable sense of fullness deep within, giving evidence of an extension of the irritation. Picking the ear, even if limited to the outer part of it, also gives rise to small abscesses, which are exceedingly painful and slow to disappear. There is naturally always a small amount of wax in the ears. People generally think that they should remove that from time to time, and for the purpose a variety of ear spoons have been constructed. It is true that there are occasional cases where the wax accumulates to such an extent it threatens to fill up the passage. But that condition of things is scarcely ever noted in a healthy state. Nature has made such provisions that the wax is properly disposed of if it is not meddled with. The glands which secrete it are on the upper wall of the passage, which has just sufficient "pitch" to let it roll out. If one knows the fact he need not try to aid nature in removing the wax, for in so doing he will most probably defeat her plans by pushing it far within, where the floor of the canal slopes in the opposite direction. That done, the wax is liable to remain there until picked out, or in some other way removed. It is generally the rule that where one is careful to keep the ear free of wax, its secretion is very greatly increased in consequence of the irritation set up. All interference with the outer passage of the ear is fraught with danger, and even in using the towel after bathing the face the parts about the ear should be touched with great gentleness. Many people incautiously make themselves deaf by using a towel or handkerchief, rolled in the shape of a wedge, to wipe out the ear. An occasional itching of the ear is almost always overcome by rubbing near the passage just in front of the ear. Where the itching is quite constant, a diseased condition of the lining of the passage will be found, and to effect a cure the

services of a physician will be needed. The itching may be temporarily relieved with warm, weak salutaris water, dropped into the passage. It is a common practice in such cases and many others to drop into the ear sweet oil or glycerine. Their use can scarcely ever be justified, and certainly in some conditions of the ear it is absolutely forbidden as harmful. Not only is itching when severe an evidence of trouble within the ear, but all such sensations as of fullness, or burning or of pain, also indicate that there is some disease going on therein, and, of course, a physician should be consulted. For these symptoms and for some others the syringe is frequently brought into service. Very generally that instrument is a small glass affair which is well nigh useless for the purpose to which it is put. To syringe out the ears is a very nice operation, and one can scarcely do it properly without being instructed by a physician. Where there is any deposit in the ear, as of hardened wax, etc., a considerable quantity of water must be thrown into it in order to do any good. Again, the stream must be properly directed or more harm than good will result; instead of being dislodged and washed out, the offending substance will be removed will be driven further in and become packed against the drum. Then, there are other things to be considered in this connection. In using a syringe, if a stream of water is thrown against the drum with too great force, injury is sure to result. In that way it is possible to rupture the drum, but if that is not done inflammation will very likely be the consequence. Again, water too hot or too cold may set up an inflammation. Therefore, all things considered, the rule is fixed that syringing the ear should never be done unless a physician has advised it and given ample instructions as to all its details.

In all cases of earache, the sufferer should consult a physician—a specialist in diseases of the ear, if possible—instead of trying the effects of poultices, "earache drops," onions or tobacco smoke and similar favorite remedies. These never need to be used to relieve painful ears. Oftentimes the earache is only a sign of disease in distant parts; as, for instance, decaying teeth often cause reflex pains in the ear. It is easy to see the utter absurdity of treating the ear in such cases. Usually, and, indeed, almost always in children, an earache signifies an inflammation in the middle ear, which, as has been stated, lies beyond the drum. In every case where that symptom is complained of, the parent should determine whether or not the hearing power is impaired. That is easily done by stopping up the unaffected ear and asking the child a question. If he does not answer promptly, then his hearing power is lessened, and there is disease. In such cases an accurate knowledge of the condition of the ear must be had before rational treatment can be given. About the only remedy which is safe to be administered by parents on their own responsibility is dry heat over the ear by the means of hot flannels, bran bags and the like. Young children by far the most often suffer from earache, and they are the ones who have not learned "how to blow the nose," and so mechanically open the passage from the throat to the ear, through which the air enters to the cavity beyond the drum. Among the children who frequently suffer from earache it is also noted that quite a large proportion have chronic, or nasal troubles, enlarged tonsils, "catarrh" and the like. When this is the case a perfect cure is impossible unless these affections are overcome.

An irritation in one part of the body will oftentimes give rise to a peculiar manifestation in some other part of it, even quite distant. One illustration—That of tooth decay. The decayed, aching ear—has already been given. As another illustration is instanced the fact that when one tickles his ear with his finger he feels quite a strong inclination to cough. Now, children often have a dry nervous cough without any apparent trouble about the throat or chest. Very often in such cases the cause is in the ears. A thing or other, like lumps of wax, which excites an irritation, and so induces the cough, which is then called "ear cough." From this it will appear that for which there is no apparent reason, such as bronchitis, etc., then the ears ought to be carefully examined. Rupture by concussion of air is one of the most common accidents which happen to the drum of the ear. Sudden and intense noises, such as cannon firing, are likely to cause it, and more especially if the mouth is closed. Rupture may even be caused by screaming suddenly into a person's ear. Blows on the ear are a frequent cause of the accident, and, hence, boxing the ears, a form of punishment quite often resorted to by parents, is absolutely sinful. Rupture of the drum takes place most easily where there is some disease of the ear, like that which occasionally complicates catarrh of the nose. But there is something to our way of thinking much pleasanter in the light and heat furnished by a vegetable substance than in that resulting from burning animal fat, however thorough the process.—Harper's Bazar.

Plenty of men can tell you what the score of the day's base ball game was, and be at the same time utterly unable to say anything about their own scores at the corner grocery.—Merchant Traveler.

—A little boy, on returning from Sunday school, said to his mother: "This catechism is too hard; isn't there any kitty-cats for little boys?"

The extent of hearing power left where there has been rupture and a perforation of the drum exists varies much in different cases. In one case the hearing may be very good notwithstanding there is quite a large hole in the drum, whereas in another there may be almost total deafness. Of course the difference is due largely to the changes which take place in the deeper parts of the hearing apparatus.—Boston Herald.

RELIGIOUS RAG BAGS.

What Mr. Kennan Saw While Riding Through the Trans-Baikal.

All day Wednesday we rode southward through a rather dreary and desolate region of sandy pine barrens or wide stretches of short, dead grass, broken here and there by low hills covered with birches, larches and evergreens. Now and then we met a train of small, one-horse wagons loaded with tea that had come overland across Mongolia from Peking, or two or three mounted Burials (Boor-yas) in dish-shaped hats and long brown kaftans (kaftans), upon the breasts of which had been sewn zigzags of red cloth that suggested a rude Mongolian imitation of the Puritan "Scarlet Letter." As a rule, however, the road seemed to be but little traveled and scantily settled, and in a ride of nearly fifty miles we saw nothing of interest except here and there on summits of hills, small sacred piles of stones, which Mr. Frost called "Burial shrines." All over Siberia it is the custom of the natives when they cross the top of a high hill or mountain to make a propitiatory offering to the spirits of storm and tempest. In the extreme northeastern part of Siberia these offerings consist generally of tobacco, and are thrown out on the ground in front of some prominent and noticeable rock; but in the Trans-Baikal the Burials and Mongols are accustomed to pile a heap of stones beside the road, erect thereon half a dozen rods or poles, and suspend from the latter small pieces of their clothing. Every pious traveler who passes a shrine of this sort on the summit of a mountain is expected to alight from his vehicle or dismount from his horse, tear off a little piece of his kaftan or shirt, hang it upon one of these poles and say a prayer. As a result of this ceremonial, every shrine presents to the traveler a sort of tailor's collection of scraps and remnants of cloth of every conceivable kind, quality and color, fluttering to the wind from slender poles that look like hastily improvised fishing-rods. Theoretically this custom would serve to be not wholly without its advantages. If a native was familiar with the clothing of his friends, he could always tell by simple inspection of one of these shrines who had lately passed that way, and, if necessary, he could trace any particular person from hilltop to hilltop by the strips of his shirt or the frayed edges of his trousers left hanging on the stone-balled fishing-rods as an offering to the mighty gods of the Siberian tempests. In practice, however, this might not be feasible unless one could remember all the old clothes of the person whom one wished to trace and the ancestral rags and tatters of that person's family. From a careful examination that we made of a number of shrines we became convinced that every religious Burial carries a religious rag bag, which he keeps with him when he travels and to which he has recourse whenever it becomes necessary to decorate the sacred fishing-poles of the storm-gods. I am sure his such miserable, decayed scraps and tatters of raiment as we saw fluttering in the wind over the shrines between Selinsk and Kialkha never could have been cut or torn from any garments that were actually in wear.—George Kennan, in *Century*.

NATURE'S SUBSTITUTES.

Trees That Enable Man to Dispose With the Slaughter of Animals.

Nature seems to have provided many ways to enable us to dispose with the slaughter of animals if we will. For an instance of this in domestic use, besides the soap-tree bark, which is perfectly cleansing in properly, we have the tallow-tree, a tree reaching a height of forty feet, the seeds of whose flowers are covered with something resembling tallow, which rises to the top when the seeds are thrown into boiling water, and being skimmed off and pressed, makes a hard sort of tallow, from which excellent candles are manufactured, and which can be used in various salves and ointments. The tree producing this really valuable substance is a native of China, but now is to be found all along our southeast sea-coast. Another tallow-producing growth, although not known generally as such, is the fragrant bayberry, the sheath of whose berries yields a hard and spicy waxen product of a gray-green color, which, although not so much used, is of nearly equal worth with that of the tallow-tree, and which is in some respects superior to the tallow of any animal, except possibly those oiled that are fed for two-thirds of the year upon bay and what is called dry fodder. It may be a fanciful notion, but there is something to our way of thinking much pleasanter in the light and heat furnished by a vegetable substance than in that resulting from burning animal fat, however thorough the process.—Harper's Bazar.

Plenty of men can tell you what the score of the day's base ball game was, and be at the same time utterly unable to say anything about their own scores at the corner grocery.—Merchant Traveler.

—A little boy, on returning from Sunday school, said to his mother: "This catechism is too hard; isn't there any kitty-cats for little boys?"

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Some species of cuttlefish are said to be able to change color with the rapidity of the chameleon.

—A Buffalo bachelor has a memorandum book in which he keeps the name of every girl he has ever kissed. He had 923 names on the list the last time he counted up.

—A superior house parlor maid who can teach elementary music, and "a plain cook, under twenty-five, who knows short-hand," were advertised for in a recent issue of an English paper.

—One little creature can do a great deal of mischief. The Calusa (Cal.) Sun says there is no doubt but that a squirrel was responsible for a recent break in the Hamilton levee and a consequent loss of 50,000 acres of wheat which became submerged.

—Erasmus, you are sure these are spring chickens? "Yes, Missus. Dey war brought up rite under my own eyes." "You watched them growing all last spring?" "Yes, Missus—an' I spring afore dat! Yah-dey is spring chickens."—Epoch.

A man of Orlando, Fla., is the owner of a valuable Ceylon cat. The principal distinguishing feature of these cats is that they have no tail. They are great rabbit catchers, being able to effectually deceive a rabbit by feigning to be one, and being able by reason of having no tail to carry out the deception.

In swamp north of the town of Astor, Fla., a man lately cut a huge cypress tree, and was surprised to find therein an alligator seven feet long. The opening in the tree being not half large enough to admit the reptile, it is presumed it got in while young and subsisted on small animals that therein sought shelter.

A team of four cows appeared in Bellevue, Idaho, not long ago, having been driven from Nebraska, a distance of 1,000 miles. They had acted as motive power for a prairie schooner, and had also furnished milk and butter for the farmer and his family en route. They were in good condition, with the exception of their feet, which needed shoes badly.

—John Hancock, of Worth County, Ga., says that he can remember when every member of the Georgia Legislature was dressed in homespun. It was in 1829, and the tariff had caused woolen goods to reach such an exorbitant price that the Legislature resolved as a man to buy no more manufactured cloth until the tariff was reduced; and they kept the resolution.

Not long since, at the meeting of one of our grand juries, one of them said to another: "Very intelligent looking jury; I wonder how many can tell us the name of the Governor?" After a moment's reflection No. 2 said he did not know. "Ask the next," said No. 1. No. 3 could not tell, and so the question was passed around, and but three of the grand jury could tell the name of the Governor of South Carolina.—Anderson (S. C.) Intelligencer.

Two strangers were talking on the cars and one was a portrait painter. After some time the other inquired the painter's business. "I am an artist," he replied modestly. "Ah," said the other, "what do you draw?" "Faces," "And I am an artist," continued the other. "Ah!" exclaimed the painter, with a smile of interest, "and pray, may I ask, what do you draw?" "Teeth," said the other; "I am a dentist." Then the artist got up and left the seat.

A Kansas paper says that prairie dogs make excellent eating, though there is a prejudice against their meat as food. Two of them were lately killed for a family that was short of food, and they were fried for supper. The family being ignorant of what they were, thinking they were cotton-tail rabbits, ate heartily of them, and pronounced them the finest meat they had ever eaten. Enough fat came from the two little animals to make almost a teaspoonful of oil.

A resident of Talbotton, Ga., says that goats are spunky animals. He says that his father had a flock of goats, and that the goats while grazing came to a pond of clear water. They went to the pond to drink, and when they lowered their heads they saw their shadows in the water. They began to butt at the goats in the water, and failing to drive them away they continued to butt until the entire flock was drowned.

James Dawson, of Atchison, recently from Nebraska, has been a pioneer in railroad and town site business for many years. A few years ago he gained considerable fame and created a great furrow among settlers by plowing a single furrow a distance of over one hundred miles through Scott, Greeley and Wichita Counties, Kansas, and into Colorado. He said nothing, but kept on plowing, and the people, imagining that he was locating a railroad, began to take up claims along the furrow. Afterward Jay Gould came along and bought the Dawson right, and the D. M. & A. branch of the Missouri Pacific was built on the famous furrow.

A young man and a young lady of marriageable age of Sumpter County, Georgia, had a singular coincidence to befall them. The young man visited his sweetheart in another county, one day; the young lady's lover from another county visited her the same day. The young man and his girl set the day for their marriage, and the young lady and her beau set their day. It now turns out that they set the same day to celebrate their marriage, and both parties selected the same minister to perform the ceremony, and it is to take place at the same hour. The two ceremonies take place in two different counties about twenty miles apart.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A Western Editor with a Great Many Things to Live For.

The last issue of the Arizona Kicker contained the following:

EXPLANATORY.—The absence of our society column for the last three issues seems to call for an explanation. The trouble was jealousy among the bon ton. If we happened to make a five-line announcement that Mrs. Colonel Dash expected her brother-in-law direct from the California penitentiary on a certain date, and only a four-line item to the effect that Mrs. Judge De Soto, imported her bustle direct from Zanzibar, there was an ill-feeling which stirred up the entire community.

WE BOOM.—While the towns about us have been bragging of their progress, we have kept quiet and got in our work without kicking up any cloud of dust. Brag is all right in its way, but we don't propose to come out with a double-headed, scare-head article every time a citizen hangs a new front gate. Booms are good enough in their way, but there must be merit behind them. With no disposition to claim this as the only growing town in Arizona, and with no desire to kill the growth of rival towns, we humbly call attention to the fact that since January 1st fourteen new saloons, three poker rooms and four retail tobacco stores have been opened in the place, and at the present moment eighteen men are engaged in building a jail capable of accommodating thirty prisoners. We have done all this without any brag or bluster, and we propose to keep right on in the same quiet fashion, leaving the outside world to judge for itself as to where it shall seek new homes and invest its capital.

IN PAYS.—Several months ago we established a grocery and feed store in connection with the Kicker. The New York World, Herald, and other effete dailies of the metropolis predicted a dismal failure, but the result shows they were mistaken. We figured that this other business would be just what we needed to distract our mind from the harassing thoughts of editorially running this country, and that we would be all the better and brighter for being occasionally interrupted in our literary labors. The result has justified our predictions—and more. We never were in as good mental condition as now, while our sales have kept increasing week by week until we have been compelled to hire a clerk to assist us. The editorial entitled "Advice to the President" was written with more than a dozen interruptions to measure corn, draw molasses and sell clothes-pins, and we will put it in as a protection from pulmonary affections and arrests the development of phthisis. He adds that in the town of La Grasse, where the making of perfumes is largely carried on, phthisis is rare, thanks to the odorous vapors exhaled from the many distilleries.

OUR JEALOUS CONTEMPORARY.—The dyspeptic old exorcism who claims to edit the milk-and-mush publication down at the corner of Catfish alley is jealous of our advertising patronage. In a labored article this week in his poorly printed old apology he says that we practice bulldozing to bring advertising. What a liar! The Kicker practice bulldozing! The idea is laughable, and if he was worth minding we would walk down to his shanty and choke the assertion down his brazen throat. There used to be several firms here which didn't believe in advertising. We couldn't make 'em believe in it until we went at it and found out that they were composed of gentlemen who had skipped from the east for barn burning, horse stealing, bigamy, embezzlement, etc. Then we wrestled with 'em, and they came to see that the life of trade was in using printers' ink. We simply convinced 'em not bulldozed. The efforts of our knock-kneed contemporary to smother the fair fame of the Kicker will simply call forth smiles of pity.—Detroit Free Press.

Building a House in Samoa.

The negotiations between the skilled and the unskilled and the prospective Samoan house owner would amuse, but hardly merit the approval of the business man of to-day. Under the propitiating influence of kava, the necessary presents are produced to induce the carpenter to undertake the construction of a house. It is begun at once, without any terms of agreement, and the work advances until the carpenter thinks more presents necessary, and he ceases work. Additional gifts being made, the carpenter continues the construction until he deems it necessary to demand another contribution, when he again stops work. If the contribution is not forthcoming, labor is suspended on the incomplete house, never to be undertaken for completion by another of the craft; and forever afterwards it remains unfinished and a public reproach to the good name of the unfortunate owner, who, at the time of its beginning, not knowing what may be the idea of the carpenter as to the cost of its construction, must either call upon the community for aid, which is generally freely extended, or suffer the humiliation of this unfinished monument.—Century.

—I can give you gas if you are afraid the pain will be too great to endure," said a dentist to an elderly colored woman who had come to have several teeth extracted. "No, sah, no, sah!" she said, shaking her head emphatically; "you don't gib me no gas on hab me git up out'n dat cheer on walk home dead, no sir! I reads do newspapers!"

—Doctor, why didn't you kill that mipe? He came just right for you." "But, my dear fellow, he flew zig-zag, and I had no sooner fired zig than he was zig."—Fitzgerald's Blatter.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Photographs of the flight and explosion of dynamite cartridges are among the achievements of the instantaneous method of photography. How our grandfathers would have wondered at such pictures!

—The Electrician reports a rumor from Berlin to the effect that a means has been discovered of using electricity for ascertaining the true north, instead of the magnetic needle; that, in short, the new means will be superior to the compass and is likely to supersede it.

—Fourteen thousand tons of beets were crushed in the beet sugar factory of Claus Spreckels in California last season. The sugar from these beets weighed 1,640 tons. The farmers who entered upon beet culture netted an average of \$35 an acre. Next season the production of beet sugar will be much larger.

—Artificial coffee-beans are a curiosity of the German market. They are made from roasted grain flour, with an addition of dextrine or similar surface, and the counterfeit is only detected by a critical examination. Two establishments offer for sale outfits claimed to make from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds of these beans each per day.

—The so-called "joss-sticks," the burning of which supplies incense for Chinese religious ceremonies, are made of the powdered leaves of Lindera fragrans, mixed with the powdered leaves of Biota. Lindera fragrans is a shrub of the true laurel family (Lauraceae), and its Chinese name means "Incense Leaves."

—An electrical fire engine, which can be tapped for service whenever wanted, is the latest invention. The advantages claimed are that it can be started at full speed; that it is much lighter than a steam fire engine of equal power; that it costs one-third less; that it is noiseless in its operation; makes no smoke, sparks nor ashes; that it is safer and easier to control, and is economical.

—Dr. F. D. Reese, of Cortland, N. Y., writes to the Medical Record, describing the use of carbolic oil applied to the carbuncle and then covered with oakum, which had previously been saturated with the oil. Of a few cases of carbuncle treated in this way not one has run over two weeks. The disease has yielded to the carbolic oil and oakum treatment as by magic. He uses twenty per cent. solution.

—M. Ungerer, a French scientist, believes that flowers and the perfumes distilled from them has a salutary influence on the constitution, and, indeed, may be regarded as a therapeutic agency of high value. He says that residence in a perfumed atmosphere forms a protection from pulmonary affections and arrests the development of phthisis. He adds that in the town of La Grasse, where the making of perfumes is largely carried on, phthisis is rare, thanks to the odorous vapors exhaled from the many distilleries.

—For several years past fears have been freely expressed that the box forests of Europe are giving out, and that the engravers would suffer from the decreased supply. A new species has been discovered in South Africa, the wood of which is believed to be equal to its long-known relative, Buxus sempervirens. The new species has been named Buxus Macovani by Hooker. One forest covering fifteen square miles exists in the Buffalo River Valley, and smaller forests have been found near the coast. It sometimes has a trunk two feet thick.

—A very valuable insulating material, as it is regarded, is described in a French journal. It is composed of one part Greek pitch and two parts burned plaster, by weight, the whole being pure gypsum raised to a high temperature and plunged in water. This mixture, when hot, is a homogeneous viscous paste, and can be applied by a brush or cast in molds. It is amber colored, possesses the insulating properties of ebonite, and can be turned and polished. A peculiar advantage it possesses is the absence of great heat and moisture without any injury to its insulating properties.

SHOT THE WRONG MAN.

How a Cultured Cowboy Respected the Last Wish of His Victim.

Brander Matthews tells a good story of the ethical influence of the East on the wild and woolly West. A young Bostonian, reared beneath the brow of Beacon Hill and educated at Harvard, went to Texas and turned cowboy. He rapidly caught the spirit of the country and as rapidly shook off the outward semblances of tenderfooted Eastern habits. Rough-bearded, leather-clad, sombrero as wide as the widest, 42-caliber Colts on his hips, he was wild as the wildest. Yet within his bosom still burned the flame of Boston culture and refinement.

One day he was riding with a stranger across the prairie. Turning his head suddenly (he was slightly ahead) he saw his companion make a suspicious motion toward his hip pocket. Without hesitation he drew his revolver and shot him. The stranger dismounted and looked at the body of his victim.

"I wonder if he was really going to shoot me?" he soliloquized. "I'll see." Turning the body, over he discovered a flask of whisky protruding from the pocket.

"Poor fellow!" said he, in a tone of regret. "I've made a mistake. I've killed an innocent man, and a gentleman at that. He wasn't going to shoot me; he was going to invite me to have a drink. Well," he sighed, drawing his sleeve across his mouth, "the last wishes of the deceased shall be respected."—Washington Post.

THE REPUBLICAN.

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JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, MAY 25th, 1889.

The Pension Laws.

Veterans of the late war do not need to be told that under the late Democratic administration the United States Pension laws were generally construed in such a way that much of their plain intent and purpose was disregarded, even though the strict letters of the law was observed.

The ridiculous and unpatriotic decisions which continually emanated from the Department of the Interior under the Cleveland regime, in regard to the allowance of pensions for injuries received in what is called the "soldier's line of duty," will be remembered by all.

All well-informed persons are perfectly aware of the fact that only a comparatively small proportion of the deaths and cases of disability in an army in time of war proceed from the fire and strife of actual battle. Disease incurred by hardship, unceasing exposure and insufficient food, and accidents which, under such circumstances, are continually occurring—these are the causes from which by far the larger part of cases of death and disability in an army proceed.

It is obvious that, so long as a soldier was at the place where his military duty required him to be, and was not acting in disobedience to his superiors, or in contravention of the rules and regulations of the service, he was in the performance of his line of duty as a soldier, and any disabling injury received by him under such circumstances, though he was not within gunshot of an enemy, should entitle him to a pension under a sensible interpretation of our pension laws.

That this is the view taken by the present Secretary of the Interior, Gen. John W. Noble, a brief glance at the following cases will show:

In the case of Daniel V. Houser, of the 130th Indiana Volunteers, who was pushed over on the ice by a comrade and seriously injured, either by accident or in a frolic, while coming into camp in January, 1864, the Department of the Interior under the late administration ruled that the claimant was not entitled to any pension because his hurt was received while he was not in the "line of duty."

This decision is very properly set aside by the present Secretary of the Interior, and the desired pension is allowed on the ground that "the evidence shows that he (the claimant) was in his proper place in the service, and that he was not acting in disobedience of any military law or regulation" when he received the injury on which his claim for a pension was based.

Another and very similar case of reversal of formal departmental decisions by the present Department is that of Alexander McNeill, of the 119th Illinois Volunteers, the claim of whose widow for a pension was disallowed by the late Department on the ground that the injuries which resulted in the death of the claimant's husband were received while McNeill was engaged in a wrestling match with a comrade, and that they consequently did not come within the category of injuries received in the "line of duty."

In reversing this judgment and allowing the claim as a valid one, the decision of the present department is that the husband of the claimant "was at the time in camp, where his duty as a soldier required him to be, and, in indulging in a harmless and innocent athletic sport, of a friendly character he was not acting in violation of the rules and regulations of the service, nor disobeying any commands of his superior officers, nor conducting himself in an unseemly or unsoldierlike manner, nor doing anything calculated to disturb or transgress military discipline and good order."

"The Government placed both the soldier and his comrade with whom he was wrestling in the position where it was both natural and proper for them to indulge in such athletic sports and exercises, with the consent of their commanding officers, and I consider that it would now be an altogether too narrow and technical view to hold that an accident resulting therefrom, under the circumstances of this case, would be incur-

red out of the line of duty, and, therefore, not pensionable."

The tidings of broad and patriotic decisions of this sort will be cheering news for a multitude of crippled veterans who were the blue.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

The Mighty United States.

If the United States were a small power, her "original idea of diplomacy," as the German chancellor's penmen call it, might be considered a caprice and passed over with a smile; but her people are becoming the greatest nation in the world. It is probable that nothing short of actual violence would now induce any nation to attack her, while she could, if she pleased, almost ruin the commerce of any nation on the globe. It is true, she has scarcely any regular army, her 25,000 men being over-worked at home; but if a neighboring planet kept no army it would not be subject to attack.

Her coast, if threatened, would bristle with torpedoes and new means of destruction, and her protectionists would be only too pleased if importations stopped. Her navy, though still small, is rapidly increasing, so rapidly as to be a subject of special reports to the maritime powers; and if war were in immediate prospect, her limitless command alike of money and men would soon draw a fleet together. Besides, apart altogether from her existing resources, the growth in the strength of the Union affects the imagination of the European states.

There are children alive who will see, or at all events may see, the "North America Republic" with a population of 200,000,000 and the means of raising \$300,000,000 a year; and the idea of incurring the enmity, of such a power is as appalling as the idea of fighting Russia would be, say, by Italy or Spain. America could be met only by a confederation of Europe, which, without some great change of circumstances, would be impossible, or possible only if all Europe felt it too dangerous to put up with the treatment one power was receiving.

The Union already stands toward the Spanish and Portuguese-American States in the relation in which she may one day stand toward Europe itself. Her foreign office already claims something like a protectorate over both Americas, and desires to wield a prepondering influence from the St. Lawrence to Patagonia, forbids any government to cut the Isthmus of Panama, and warns Europe, in a President's speech not to meddle with any state "lying south of us," though it may be 4,000 miles off.—London Spectator.

The Next Congress.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 19.—General John B. Clarke, Clerk of the House of Representatives, said to an *Intelligencer* representative to-day that he thought the Democrats would be in pretty good condition when Congress convened. The Republicans will only have three more than a quorum, and conceding that all the new States will send solid Republican delegations they will then only have five more than a quorum. General Clarke expressed the opinion that there was not much in any of the contested cases which have been filed on the part of the Republicans except West Virginia. These seemed to be the best cases that the Republicans had. The fourteen or fifteen other cases will not amount to much. He didn't think that the Republicans would be able to seat any of their contesting members, except possibly, it might be one, or possibly two, of the West Virginia contestants. If the Republicans expect to seat any of their contestants they will have to keep a quorum of their own side present all the time as it is possible that upon the roll call the Democrats will refrain from voting, and it looks as if on the slender margin the Republicans have it will be next to impossible for them to keep a quorum present or even to muster that many votes at any one time. The only hope they have is that some more of the conscientious minority, who may be opposed to filibustering, will vote in the negative. Should there be a half dozen or more of the minority voting nay with all the Republicans present voting in the affirmative, a quorum would be showed to be present and the majority in favor of unseating the sitting Democratic member. However, if the Democratic majority should refrain from voting in a body the probabilities are that no action can be secured on contested election cases. The seating of any of the contestants at a very early period of the coming session of Congress looks exceedingly dubious.

General Clarke thinks the Democrats will act untidily and stand together in an effort to break a quorum whenever there is a vote to be taken on a contested election case. At any rate Messrs. Atkinson, Smith and McGinnis have no very plain sailing

to reach their Congressional seats, although theirs are the best cases that will come before the next House of Representatives.

Naturally Deer Park is becoming a resort for our Presidents. The cottage already called the Harrison cottage was rented by Mrs. McKee, the President's daughter, but the President expects to spend much of his time in it, the near neighbor of his old friend Elkins and within a stone's throw of another friend, Davis. Not far off is the cottage in which President and Mrs. Cleveland spent the honeymoon so much perturbed by the pestiferous reporters. This cottage the Cleverlands are expected to occupy for at least a month this summer. Secretaries Blaine and Windom will also run up from official cares to sniff the mountain breezes. Where Blaine is there is sure to be a crowd.—*Wheeling Intelligencer*.

Oklahoma's First Newspaper.

Chicago Tribune.

The salutatory of the Guthrie *Gazette*, the first newspaper published in Oklahoma, breathes the air of the free and unfettered West.

"We trace into the field at the head of the procession. Praise Jehovah, all ye good people, and let the praises resound to the measured stroke of our new job press. Ah, there's the rub! If you do not give us job work we must go back to our wife's folk. This would place us in a wretched fix, for we are not married. This last statement," adds the editor facetiously, "is particularly directed to single women who hold corner lots."

Then the policy of the paper is briefly outlined in vigorous language. "Should any man even as much as kick his dog we will give the public an accurate estimate of the motive power used. Pastors, free of charge, can look at our devil, and the W. C. T. U. is hereby approved. The correct weight of the newly born will be given."

From a peculiar phase of the situation the "long-felt want" paragraph is missing, but the editor presages much for the future.

"Our Washington hand-press is in soak, and this accounts for the postage stamp size of the present edition, as it had to be printed on our new job press. The next issue expects to put on enlarged and more dignified pants, and then we'll make things hum until Guthrie is a manufacturing capital of 100,000 people."

A suspicious and lugubrious note follows:

"Funeral notices will be published at a discount of 60 per cent."

The rural localite column fairly teems with scintillating brilliancy: "Our streets are being laid out. Thank heaven this cannot be said of our citizens."

"Uncle Sam stopped the selling of water at the little village of Oklahoma. Poor fellows! They will now have to drink beer."

"A few lying pups are reporting stories of free flowing blood and numerous killings. The whelps know better. There hasn't been a man killed in Guthrie since the 22nd."

"The first Sabbath in Oklahoma was a quiet and orderly one. No real estate business was done, the gambling games were postponed until Monday morning, and no one was killed."

"The first fire in Guthrie was the burning of Marshal Jones' tent. The writer had a rifle-stock badly scorched, and this curiosity relic is now on sale at the *Gazette* office."

"An excursion from Arkansas City Sunday. That's proper, boys."

"We have three banks, but one is a sand bank. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Jonathan Bowers is the first subscriber. Lord bless him! Come forward, brethren."

"Guthrie has no files on her."

"East Guthrie boasts of the fairest claim-holder in the West. She hails from Chicago, sings like a lark, and will make it hot for jumpers."

Beginning the Prohibition Battle.

PHILADELPHIA, May 20.—Beginning to-day, the Prohibition campaign in favor of the Constitutional Amendment, disallowing the sale or manufacture of malt or spirituous liquors in the State will be waged in earnest. The State headquarters have provided wagons from which speakers will address the people in all the small towns which have no railroad facilities. Ex-State Senator Wolf will take the stump this week. He predicts success for the amendment, and this feeling prevails at both city and State headquarters. The house-to-house visits of agents in the employ of the anti-liquor men, to ascertain how voters will cast their ballots have yielded good results. The agents of the liquor men return glowing reports of their work and these show, according to the statements, that the anti-liquor men will be badly beaten. The reports are in conflict, and the general belief is that the city will not throw a large majority against the Amendment.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 20th, 1889.—

The President has had fewer office-seeking callers of late and as a natural consequence the number of appointments have increased. If they will only keep away from the White House the President will have an opportunity to look over the papers filed by the applicants and decide upon the proper men to be appointed. Among the more prominent appointments since my last letter are the following:

Chas. Swayne, of Florida, to be U. S. Judge for the northern district of Florida, (this appointment was particularly pleasing to Florida Republicans here, because it had been rumored that the President had decided to give the place to a man from another State); W. D. Lee, of New Mexico, to be associate justice of the supreme court of New Mexico; J. M. Whitcher, of Nevada, to be U. S. attorney for Nevada; J. C. Murphy, of Dakota, to be U. S. attorney for Dakota; R. L. Walker, of Kansas, to be U. S. Marshal for Kansas; Mr. Walker was appointed to succeed Marshal Jones, who was summarily removed for misconduct in office at the time of the opening of the Oklahoma country; Jacob Yoes, of Arkansas, to be U. S. Marshal for the Western district of Arkansas; Amor Smith, Jr., to be Surveyor of customs for the port of Cincinnati, Ohio, (this gentleman has a right to feel proud of his appointment as he was vigorously opposed); D. W. McClung, of Ohio, to be Collector of internal revenue for the first (Cincinnati) district of Ohio; John R. Lynch, ex-congressman from the "shoestring" district of Mississippi, to be Fourth Auditor of the Treasury, (Mr. Lynch is the second colored man to be honored by a Presidential appointment); L. W. Habercom, of the District of Columbia, to be Fifth Auditor of the Treasury, (Mr. Habercom has for many years been the Washington correspondent of several prominent German newspapers, and during the last campaign he was in charge of all the political documents, printed in German, that the Republican national committee sent out); Solomon Hirsch, of Oregon, to be Minister to Turkey; C. E. Carr, of Illinois, to be Minister to Denmark, (Editor Haskell of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, tried hard to get this appointment, and it is believed would have succeeded but for the editorial insult to Mrs. Cleveland, which he printed several years ago in that paper); H. W. Severance, of California, to be Consul-general at Honolulu; John Jarrett, of Pennsylvania, to be U. S. Consul at Birmingham, England, (Mr. Jarrett is well known throughout the country on account of his prominence in labor circles, being secretary of the largest association of metal workers in the country. His appointment is a deserved recognition of his services in the last campaign); Thos. H. Sherman, of the District of Columbia, to be U. S. Consul at Liverpool, (Mr. Sherman has been Mr. Blaine's private secretary since 1869); J. W. Savage, of Nebraska, John F. Plummer, of New York, Geo. E. Lighton, of Missouri, Jesse Spalding, of Illinois, and E. B. Bullock, of Georgia, to be Government directors of the Union Pacific Railway company; ex-Senator Saunders, of Nebraska, to be a member of the Utah board of registration and election, and S. C. Wright, of Nevada, to be superintendent of the U. S. Mint at Carson City.

Mrs. Harrison is making preparations to move into a cottage at Deer Park, Maryland, for the summer. The President will remain at the White House during the most of the summer, joining the family at Deer Park every Saturday afternoon and remaining with them until Monday or Tuesday.

Secretary Procter has gone to West Point to select sites for several new buildings provided for at the last session of Congress. Before returning he will pay a hurried visit to his home in Vermont.

The sudden death of Allen Thorndyke Rice last week makes a vacancy in the Russian mission.

The President is certainly a fortunate man. He has appointed two Commissioners for the District of Columbia, one Democrat and one Republican, and not a single objection has been raised to either. This is something which never happened in Washington before.

The Attorney-General has received the report of the special agents sent to Oklahoma to investigate the frauds alleged to have been perpetrated by deputy U. S. Marshals. It will not be made public just now, but I understand that it exonerates Marshal Needles and shows Marshal Jones and his deputies to have been guilty. The information gathered by the special agents will be used to deprive the rascals of the claims fraudulently obtained.

Secretary Blaine has issued invita-

tions for a dinner to be given in honor of the New British Minister, Sir Julian Pauncefote.

During the week ending Saturday the Treasury paid out \$11,380,000 on account of pensions.

The President is looking much better since his return from his three days vacation last week.

A Quiet Power for Good.

There is a work being quietly carried on by many persons in various ways, the importance and dignity of which are seldom recognized. It is not that of doing great or brilliant or illustrious things, but of making it possible that others shall do them. When men see one who surprises them by some exceptionally fine achievement; the author of some brilliant discovery or grand invention; some strong statesman who becomes a power for good to his country; some wise reformer or philanthropist who brings light and help to the ignorant and unfortunate, they are content to admire and honor the man without inquiring into the sources which may have fed his genius or inspired his enthusiasm.

Yet there are none of the truly great men of the world, who do not owe much of their greatness to the influence of persons of whom the world has never heard. Most of them are conscious of this, and gladly and gratefully recall the inspiration, encouragement, or wisdom gained from an honored parent, a respected teacher, a thoughtful friend. Much, however, of such influence has been unconsciously received. Noble lives are continually being nourished by other noble lives, and none can tell how largely they may be contributing to the world's welfare and joy, simply making it possible for others to develop faculties and produce results which for themselves would have been impossible.

To those who are not vain and selfish the possibility of this quiet but effective work will appeal with much force. Only a few can distinguish themselves in any department of life; but all can in some way enrich the lives and forward the labors of these few. Take the home, for instance, that shelters the infancy and trains the childhood of one born with a large capacity in some given direction. How much of what he may be to the world depends upon the influences which shape his earliest years! The father and the mother, with perceptions sharpened by love, can stimulate and encourage whatever is best within him, can fortify his resolution, direct his education, open up to him opportunities, and thus prepare for him a life of great value, in which they also will truly live and rejoice. Then there is the faithful, intelligent and wise teacher, living a quiet, perhaps an obscure life, but so shaping the minds and stimulating the powers of her pupils that some of them perhaps attain to heights which she herself could never reach. She accompanies them only a little way, and they leave her, but she has furnished them with some of the conditions on which their future career of usefulness and prominence are founded.

Another, with similar desires of doing good, has pecuniary means at his command, and uses it for this purpose. He will, perhaps, establish a bright and ingenious youth in business, who presently becomes one of the most honored of merchant princes; or he assists a struggling artist, who, in the future, delights the world with his creations; or he enables the scientists to proceed with his researches, until he makes some remarkable contribution to the knowledge of the world; or he helps a young man to pursue the education he craves, who finally rises to benefit the whole world with his talent and usefulness. Though he never could have lived any of these lives himself, he has, by timely and judicious aid, fostered them in others, and he rightly enjoys a large share in all the beneficent results which follow.

Even less manifest and direct efforts in this direction are not lost. Very often gifted men and women have some deficiency, some fault, or some folly, which interferes with their usefulness and injures their influence. Sometimes we see a sister, a wife, or a friend, carefully guarding this weak point, supplying the vacuum or skillfully turning aside the evil consequences that would otherwise follow. Or the home will be specially adapted to minister to such needs, leisure will be afforded, the petty cares of life will be withdrawn, and all the conditions favorable to the utmost success will be intelligently secured. Few know the degree to which such efforts and care contribute to the power of gifted men, and, through them, to the benefit of the world. Few realize the large debt of gratitude which is due to those, who, themselves obscure and unknown, have, through such humble and quiet ministry, made possible the greatness and value of other lives. And no one will ever

know how much has been lost to the world by the neglect of these little efforts of obscure individuals to cherish and protect the lives and powers of those whose gifts have been wasted for the lack of favorable conditions.

All those who really desire to do good, more than to be known to do it, may take comfort in this opportunity. Many persons complain that their powers are so small, their education so limited, that they cannot hope to be of any use in the world. Let such take courage. No one is so powerless that he cannot, in some way, strengthen the hands of another; no one is so dull that he cannot help another to shine; no one's life is so small that he cannot make some other life greater. And in those other lives, which the humble and earnest man has aided to build up, he will find his own life grow richer and fuller. Everything done for others, with the sincere desire of doing good to them and to the world, will react upon the doer, bringing to him its own satisfaction and the reward of a good conscience.—*Public Ledger*.

Genuine Happiness.

If, as it is claimed, happiness is one object of living, it is certain that the large wealth means unalloyed felicity. The possession of wealth is a good thing. No one but a fool derides those who seek to make money legitimately, but wealth, when suddenly obtained, rarely brings contentment. Men must be educated to the enjoyment of wealth; they can not acquire the art of even spending money judiciously in a moment, or even the knowledge how to use wealth to their own advantage. Men who acquire a fortune by slow degrees ripen into a knowledge of its proper use. Rapidly acquired fortunes bring with them aspirations which are never satisfied. The world is apt to protest the demands of such men.

You may take the blue book of any city of even a few years ago, and there will be the names of scores of men who floated to the surface upon gilded shingles who have passed away, and their brief careers of prosperity, which many, no doubt, envied, have terminated, perhaps in dishonor, but more frequently in poverty, the result of having obtained in a year that which, if it had come by degrees, would have been kept, for then they would have attached a proper value to their wealth. "When I spend borrowed money," remarked a spendthrift, "it doesn't seem as if I was spending anybody's money." So it is with wealth. Lightly come, lightly go. Money honestly and laboriously earned is apt to stick, for the hand that has hardened and the brow that has sweat in securing it are powerful reminders of its proper value. A well-rounded, happy life is not to be built up by feverish speculation brought on by a haste to become rich; but a life reaches its fullest perfection and acquires its greatest capability for enjoyment when by moderate growth its roots strike deep into the soil of permanent prosperity, and its branches increase slowly till it reaches its fullest legitimate maturity.

Keep Your Promises.

The value of a man's word depends upon the man's respect for himself. We sometimes hear of men whose words are their bonds. This means simply that the man in question honors his own good name sufficiently to desire to preserve it. We hear of another man that he would not be credible under oath, and touch the worst extreme of self-debasement. Promises kept inspire confidence of the highest rank.

Never, never fail to keep a promise. Never make a rash promise if you can help it, but having made it, no matter how rash, adhere to it. Let your word ever be your bond, and your credit will be the gainer. Train yourself to calculate consequences when you make pledges and when you commit yourself stand ready to bear the consequences, no matter at what cost to yourself.

This is the secret of credit, of fair fame in commerce or society. It is the man who does not betray himself who is the most successful in the end, because all who know him thus are confident that he will be as just to them as he is to himself. One of the worst enemies that Christianity has to-day is the man or woman who fails to keep the promises they have made.

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 20 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing. For particulars and terms, apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A BOY'S WISE CONCLUSION.

She was a girl, Aunt Sue was, she never had any little boys. Er girls, like most of women does. I guess she didn't like the noise. And brother at a baby brings. And so God didn't send her none. But let 'em stay and wear their wings. I bet they have a sight of fun. I've got a baby brother there. And he's got wings, and, if I'm good, I'm going to die and have a pair. Some time, 'cause mamma said I would.

When Aunt Sue was a girl, ma said. She had a beau, like Sister Bess. He went to the war and come back dead. And that's all 'at saved her, I guess. 'Cause if he hadn't lost his life, He would a come back after her; And she'd a had to be his wife. And go with him just everlastin'. I'd think she'd a been awful glad. Because he didn't come, but died. But still that it made her sad. And mamma said she went and cried.

And mamma said, a long, long while. After her beau was dead, Aunt Sue Just moped around and wouldn't smile. 'Till they thought that she'd die, too. But still of dyin' she kep on. And turned out to be a old maid; Just cause the other beau was gone. She wouldn't have no more, she said. I pity Aunt Sue; but I can't. Help be glad 'at her beau died. 'Cause I wouldn't have a old maid aunt. If she'd a been that fellow's bride.

I like Aunt Sue; her finger cakes Are better'n what we have at home; They're sweeter'n them my mamma makes. And she mo' always brings me some. And she's got lots of books and cats, And a little dog, and she don't care How much I play with them, and that's why I like to go down there. Old maids are nice when I'm a man. If I don't live a single life. But marry some one, it's my plan To have a old maid for my wife. —Andrew J. Skirgitz, in Commercial Gazette.

AUNT JANE'S HERO.

A Tale With a Bad Beginning But a Good Ending.

"Very well, Clara, if you wish me to leave all my money to some asylum, you are going just the right way to bring it about. When I first saw Frank's noble face, I made up my mind that he was the husband I should choose for you."

As Aunt Jane said these words she laid down her knitting and looked over to her niece. Clara was curled up in an arm-chair, with only the back of her sunny head visible, and a soft sound of sobs told what she was doing. Suddenly they ceased, as she sprang to her feet.

"Aunt Jane, I don't want your fortune, if Frank Almes is to go with it! I hate him! the great, awfully—"

"No, no, Clara, don't call him names. He's one of the noblest men God ever made, and if some day you do not discover it for yourself, you are not what I think you. Never mind saying any more on the subject now; but bear in mind that I shall never give my consent for you to become that snigger-sneerer Clarence Holland's wife."

Then she got up, and going to Clara, put her arms around her and drew her close to her kindly heart, in a manner quite at variance with her harsh words. Clara was very little woman, but nature had made up in quality what she had withheld in quantity, for a prettier, daintier, sweeter little thing, with her sea-blue eyes and rings of yellow hair, it would have been hard to find. She had only been with Aunt Jane a year, and it was while at boarding school she had met the man to whom she had given her girlish heart.

Clarence Holland was a ladies' man in the fullest sense of the word, although why a perfumed exhalation who only can boast of a "lovely" mistake, and whose soul never rises above the latest styles, should be called by that title, I for one could never see. However, that was his description, and to little Clara, with her slight knowledge of the world, he was a hero indeed.

Up in her room Clara took a tiny note from her pocket and opened it. "My dear Clara," it began; and then the foolish child kissed it, while her blue eyes kindled, as she exclaimed to herself:

"No one shall ever part us!"

When she went down to the library, there was Frank. Clara gave him her hand, and then retreated to her favorite easy chair, and watched him furtively, with the words her aunt had spoken, ringing through her mind. "One of the noblest men God ever made." He was tall, Clara thought, and thinking, though few would have agreed with her, but she was forced to acknowledge that his face was a good one, as she marked its union of strength, intelligence and manliness, and the kind, tender smile upon his firm lips.

By and by they strolled out into the moonlit garden, and walked there about, down the broad path, with their sweet scented borders of old-fashioned flowers on either side, until Aunt Jane suddenly remembered something to be done, and then there were only two sauntering in the moonlight.

Then Clara began to tremble, for she instinctively knew what was coming, as she saw the absent, dreamy look in her companion's eyes quickly change to a bright gleam. He turned and looked down upon her.

"Clara," he said, speaking very softly, "don't you know what I am going to say to you?"

Clara did not answer. Then impulsively sweeping her little figure right off her feet, she clasped her little hands to his and she exclaimed:

"I knew you must have seen that I loved you, my darling."

With a crimson flush on her fair face Clara forced herself from him.

"Frank Almes! you are making a mistake, I do not love you."

The young man's cheek blanching as he heard.

"Not love me! O! Clara, can it be that I have been deceived all this time—that what I saw in your eyes was only friendship? O! my darling, is there no hope for me?"

Clara's head dropped as she heard the ring of sharp pain in his earnest tones. Then she looked up, and taking his great hand in both her own soft ones, she said:

"I am very sorry for this, Frank; but indeed there is no hope, for—love another."

There was a deep silence for a while, as Frank Almes' hopes of happiness ebbed away. He seemed to have taken leave of youth, and all its sweet illusions, before he spoke again.

"I never suspected this," he faltered. "I wouldn't have spoken so if I had, though I couldn't have helped loving you."

The honest grief in his face brought tears to Clara's eyes.

"I am so sorry," she said; and then they walked quietly into the house together.

Clara went up to her room and sat down by the open window. The shadows grew

darker and darker, and still she was motionless. Strange thoughts were surging through the girl's mind. She wondered at herself that Frank's unexpected embrace had not made her more angry, and again she felt the clasp of his manly arms, and saw the tender look in his eyes, and involuntarily the question arose in her mind: "Am I making the mistake, instead of Frank?" She had not seen Clarence for a long while, and unconsciously her ideas of life were beginning to change, and her growing womanliness to recognize the worth of such a character as Frank Almes. But she had given Clarence her promise, and, yes, she loved him as much as ever—so she thought.

Frank had gone, and the weeks went by. Every now and then came letters from Clarence to Clara.

Aunt Jane looked on. Frank had told her of his rejection; but not a word on the subject did she say to her niece. One day, some months after, as they were both sewing in the sitting-room, Aunt Jane said:

"Clara, I've been thinking that this old house must be very stupid for a young thing like you. While Frank was here, of course it was different; but now, how would you like to fill the house with company for a few weeks, and have a gay time?"

"O, auntie, that would be fun; but why would you ask?"

"Well, I've been thinking that I shouldn't let an old prejudice stand in the way of my dear niece's happiness. Suppose we say first, Mr. Holland?"

"You dear, good old auntie!" exclaimed Clara, springing to her aunt's side and almost smothering her with kisses.

Aunt Jane smiled a rather peculiar smile, as she disengaged herself and straightened her rumpled cap. Then she went on:

"There are your school friends, Tiny Pateman and Lulu Grant, and we'll send for Frank. Of course, by this time, he's gotten over his sore feelings."

She said this looking keenly into Clara's face, which had fallen somewhat at the mention of Frank's name.

"Run off now, and write the notes. Ask three more young ladies and gentlemen, whoever you choose, and I'll try and make them enjoy themselves."

After Clara had gone, the old lady's face still kept its peculiar smile, as she thought:

"It may be foolish of me, putting her right in his way. But no. I know his stock, and I guess I run no risk."

The gay company came.

Such lively times as they all had! Such glorious moonlight sails on the lake! Such picnics in the woods! Such magnificent tableaux for which Aunt Jane brought out all her treasures of velvet and satins from their great cedar chests.

Frank had come, and Clara confessed to herself that Aunt Jane was right. No one would have picked him out for a victim of unrequited love as he layged and jested with piquant Tiny, who evidently looked with favor upon her tall cousin. Clara knew she ought to be pleased that it was so; but all unconsciously she missed the kindly glances that had once been all for her, and felt something which if it wasn't jealousy, was akin to it, as she would see his tall form disappearing under the trees, with the brilliant Tiny leaning confidingly on his arm.

All this time Aunt Jane was not idle, and as she talked with Clarence Holland, and drew him out, she saw that her former judgment of him had been correct. The time was approaching when the pleasant party were to separate, and one morning Aunt Jane and Lulu Grant and Mr. Holland, were in the breakfast room, waiting for the rest of the party.

The conversation turned upon wills, and that way no one knew exactly how, except perhaps Aunt Jane.

"I shall guard against that," said Aunt Jane, "if I never am rich, for then no one will quarrel about my money after I am gone."

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HIS WILD EXPLOIT.

A Yankee Tar Who Would Not Admit Defeat.

While the United States ship Nipsic and several men-of-war of different nations were anchored near each other in the harbor of Montevideo last April the crew of a Dutch man-of-war which was moored a short distance from Uncle Sam's ship entered into liveliest competitive drill and did their utmost to beat the time made by the American.

"Yes in shining mast up and down and crossing yards. After some very determined racing, in which the Americans had slightly laid over their persistent competitors, one of the Dutchmen, who had succeeded in crossing the mainmast a few seconds

astern of the time made by the Nipsic, gave a loud shout, which drew the attention of every ship in the harbor, and shinning up the pole to the truck, which is a circular piece of wood about the size of a dinner plate fixed at the very top of the mast and used for the purpose of hoisting the flags, he drew himself up and stood on his head on the truck, and twirled his legs around as if to challenge and deride the possibility of any seaman daring to rival him in that line of business, and after maintaining his position for almost a minute he repeated his yell of defiance and slid down the royal binnacle to the deck, where he was received by a cheer that could be heard all over the city of Montevideo. The rousing cheer had an instantaneous effect upon the temper of Jack Peterson, the curly-headed captain of the Nipsic's foretop, who, after declaring that no square-headed Dutchman under the sun could get ahead of him, rushed up to the main truck, and in attempting to stand on his head, which he had never before attempted to do, he instantly overbalanced and fell a distance of 180 feet into the water, accidentally going in feet first, and the manner of a most expert diver. The somersault and fall were entirely accidental, but looked from a distance like a feat of great skill. Jack was at once pulled aboard the ship, and before he had fully recovered his breath he jumped on the rail, and shaking his clenched fist in the direction of the Hollander, he shouted the top of his voice:

"There you Dutch! no more guzzling son-of-a-sea-cook, let's see you beat that!"—San Francisco Examiner.

The Most Expensive Leather.

"The most costly leather in the world, so far as I know," said a dealer in fine skins and leathers, "is known to the trade as piano leather. American tanners years ago discovered the secret of making Russian leather, with its peculiarly pungent and lasting odor, but the secret of tanning piano leather is known only to a family of tanners in Thuringia, Germany. This leather has but one use, the covering of piano keys. A peculiar thing about it is that the skins from which it is tanned are procured almost entirely in America. It is a particular kind of buckskin. The skin of the common red or Virginia deer will not make the leather, a species of the animal known as the gray deer, and found only in the vicinity of the great Northern lakes, alone furnishing the material. The German tanners have an agency in Detroit which collects the skins of this deer from the Indian and half breed hunters, who supply the market. The hunters are paid an average price of about 20 cents a pound for the green skins. When the skins are returned to this country as piano leather they cost the piano manufacturer from \$15 to \$18 a pound. The world's supply of this invaluable and necessary material is supplied by the Kretzschmar family of tanners, who have six establishments in Germany, the largest and best at Gera in Thuringia."—N. Y. Sun.

"You are late this afternoon," said the music teacher to his banded and powdered young lady pupil. "Yes," said the damsel, swishing down on the music stool. "Ma was so busy with her household duties that I had to wait nearly half an hour for her to sew up a rip in one of my kid gloves."—Norristown Herald.

—Handel used to console his friends when, previous to the curtain being drawn up, they lamented that the house was so empty, by saying, "Never mind, de music will sound de better."

BOTTLE-NOSED WHALES.

Capture of One of These Rare Cetaceans Off Atlantic City, N. J.

One of the late valuable acquisitions of the National Museum at Washington is a bottle-nosed porpoise, or whale. It was recently caught at Atlantic City, N. J., by the United States life-saving crew. The animal had stranded itself in shallow water.

The whale is not what would be called a monster in size. It is 12½ feet in length and weighs about 1,600 to 1,800 pounds. It is a full-grown female, belonging to a species that does not attain great size. The males grow sometimes to a length of 15 feet. The whale is considered a great prize by naturalists on account of the rarity of animals of this kind. Prof. True said that this was the sixteenth of its kind captured in the North Atlantic. These whales are cosmopolitan in character and occur in other seas, but this is believed to be the first one ever seen by naturalists. Such whales have been caught by fishermen, and their skulls and portions of their skeletons have been saved. There is a skull of one at Harvard, which was captured in 1867. The best known relative of the bottle-nose is the sperm whale. The head of the whale is small and terminates in long slender jaws, forming a proboscis from which its popular name of bottle-nose is derived. The males are marked by two teeth that stick up out of the lower jaw, one on either side. Sometimes these teeth curve around or lap over the upper jaw in such a manner as to make it doubtful whether the animal could open its mouth. The bottle-nose feeds, it is supposed, mainly on cuttle fish. It has a breathing hole on top of its head and a pair of small eyes located well down on the side. The color of the whale as it appeared to-day was black, with a light grayish shade on the belly. The color of the whale when in its natural element is a dark gray, but the color changes rapidly, after the animal is brought ashore.

The whale was photographed soon after it was brought to the museum grounds. Several views were taken from a canteen above the spot where the capture took place. Arrangements are in progress for taking a cut of the creature with a view to having an exact reproduction of it in size and other respects made in papier mache. For this purpose the tail was cut off, as this part will be taken from one side of the animal, and then it will be turned over and a similar mold taken from the other side. Separate casts will also be made of the head with the mouth open, so as to show the structure of the jaws. When this is done the carcass will go to the osteologist. The flesh will be stripped from the bones, which will be placed in the macerating vats. In the course of months they will issue forth glistening white, be rearticulated by the osteologist, and mounted as a perfect skeleton in the department of mammals.—Washington Star.

THE ART OF DINING.

The Small Party of Six or Eight Persons the Truest Enjoyment.

"Think of me with envy," Thackeray said to an English friend in Paris who had called to take him to a dinner party at which both were expected. Sir Joseph told me that, so far from being ready, he found Thackeray had spent an excuse based on a very slight cold, and had settled himself to complete comfort. In loose, morning clothes, with his feet to the fire, he was established in a deep armchair, with a small table beside him, on it a shaded lamp, with a roasted pheasant, caviar and fruit, and by way of company a new French novel. This made the entertainment he had bid his friend remember "with envy" when he found himself imprisoned for two hours next an unknown person, possibly a dull one. "I thought nothing was lacking to my comfort, but to see you in evening rig and know I've escaped from what's ahead of you makes me settle down to complete enjoyment of my book and my bird. Just say you called for me, but found me cowering over the fire."

Thackeray's well-known dislike to formal dinners is shared by many, who, like himself, are a fashion of the time and liable to be invited because they are a fashion, not for the real charm of the man, which can never come out naturally in that sort of company.

No work of testing in society is more thoroughly agreeable and refreshing than the small dinner where congenial people meet, where the six or eight chosen persons at table can talk freely together and the different minds give freshness to each topic, and where gay nonsense has its underlying knowledge and bias of character. Such dining as this is the fine flower of civilization, and it is best found in the great centers where the easy play of minds together has been a growth. But all favoring conditions are nothing without tact, that faculty combining all faculties into harmonious and instant perception and execution. This is vital to social success, and as the Scriptures say of charity, "all else is naught without it." It is as much a lovely gift of nature as the artist's eye or the musician's ear, an enviable, charming gift which training and use can develop, but not give.

Constantly one sees people puzzled because they are not the social success they believed inevitably due their position or wealth, or ungrudging efforts to do the right thing in the finest way. They can not see why "some little house round the corner" succeeds where they fail, and gathers the important and charming people whose verdict makes the law of fashion a law unwritten but irresistible.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A new substance called kelgum has been invented as a substitute for rubber.

—Alfonse—"Your cheek, Miss Daisy, reminds me of the rose—it is so red."

Miss Daisy—"And yours reminds me of the candlestick—it is so brazen. Good evening."

—Man about town—"That Miss Eger seems to be stuck on young Jones."

Miss Eger's rival—"How can she help it when she is covered with paste diamonds?"—Jeweler's Weekly.

—"Why don't you listen to reason?" returned old Brown, in a perfect rage.

"How do you expect me to do that when you are speaking?" returned his better half.—N. Y. Sun.

—A domineering man said to his wife: "Remember, my dear, that you are the weaker vessel."

"That may be so," she retorted; "but I'll take good care that you shan't forget that the weaker vessel may have the stronger spirit in it."

—Snuggs—"I see an English physician has a new cure which consists in covering the patient with warm, fresh soil."

Jaggs—"I s'pose the beauty of the treatment is that he never has to disinter a subject."—Drake's Magazine.

It is a fact worthy of note that all the women elected to municipal offices in Kansas this spring wear "Mrs." in front of their names. It seems to require a matrimonial experience to develop the governing instinct in women.—Kansas City Star.

—In the parlor at 12:30 a. m.—"Excuse me, Harry, papa is calling."

"Certainly, Eveline." Eveline (on returning to the parlor)—"I'm sorry, Harry, but you'd better go. Papa says he hasn't got a license for running an all-night place."—Chicago Herald.

—"Mr. Grumpy—I don't see why you advertised for a plain cook; you know I like little fancy dishes and entrees."

Mrs. Grumpy (meaningly)—"Because I'll never have another good-looking cook in this house, my dear. I'll attend to your fancy dishes and entrees myself."—Epoch.

—At the Mansion House ball.—Mr. Griggs (who has retired from the provision trade, and is ever so exclusive)—"A very fine swartry. General, but a little mixed, don't you think?"

General (who is also exclusive)—"Hang it all, sir, you can't expect them all to be cheese mongers."—Pick Me Up.

—"Say, policeman," he said, excitedly, "why don't you arrest those two men. They have been talking loudly and threaten to hammer each other into a jelly for the last half hour."

"O, don't worry about them," said the officer, "they won't do any thing but talk. They are professional prize fighters."

"I never play at another man's game," said the president of a financially uncertain insurance company to a traveling man on the train. "That is natural."

"What makes you think so?" Because it would take time from your business of inducing other men to play at your game."—Merchant Traveler.

—On a street car the other day the passengers included two young ladies, one of whom had returned within a few days from a trip abroad, and did not propose to have the fact unknown. Proud of the distinction of having visited foreign scenes, she regaled her companion with her experiences. The friend remarking the returned traveler's hoarseness, said: "You have a severe cold, haven't you?"

"O, yes," responded the other, with the consciousness of enjoying a superior distinction, unlike the plebeian New England affliction, "I imported that from Germany."—Boston Budget.

NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



\$1,000 REWARD
To any one who will furnish information leading to the discovery of the man who has been using the name of **WOLF'S ACME Blacking** in the city of Philadelphia, or who will furnish information leading to the discovery of the man who has been using the name of **WOLF'S ACME Blacking** in the city of Philadelphia, or who will furnish information leading to the discovery of the man who has been using the name of **WOLF'S ACME Blacking** in the city of Philadelphia.

WOLF'S ACME Blacking
MAKES ANY KIND OF LEATHER
WATERPROOF, SOFT, AND DURABLE.
It is beautiful, rich, glossy, and it is unequalled. It is a perfect leather preserver. A Polish lasts a month for women, and a week for men, and it is a perfect leather preserver. **WOLF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.** Sold by shoe stores, grocers, and dealers generally.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 12th, 1889:

GOING EAST	
No. 8	2:22 A. M.
No. 10	4:22 A. M.
No. 12	6:22 A. M.
No. 14	8:22 A. M.
No. 16	10:22 A. M.
No. 18	12:22 P. M.
No. 20	2:22 P. M.
No. 22	4:22 P. M.
No. 24	6:22 P. M.

GOING WEST	
No. 3	3:21 A. M.
No. 5	5:21 A. M.
No. 7	7:21 A. M.
No. 9	9:21 A. M.
No. 11	11:21 A. M.
No. 13	1:21 P. M.
No. 15	3:21 P. M.
No. 17	5:21 P. M.
No. 19	7:21 P. M.
No. 21	9:21 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.
C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE.

Several Tracts of Land on the Hoopole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through it, and is well adapted for the raising of cattle and of all kinds of crops. The lands are well wooded, and are very fertile. The price is very low, and the terms are very easy. For further information apply to JAS. A. HAYDEN, Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Farmers, Attention!

REDUCTION IN PRICES.

For the past ten years we have been furnishing the world with the **WORLD FAMOUS "Horse Rake"**, of which there are 40,000 in use. We have had a limited number of **Horse Rakes** for our mountain trade alone, possessing more strength and durability than is generally required. This Rake is either a Head or Foot dump, or both, and so simple that a boy or girl can use it with ease. The wheels are No. 1, follows the spokes with a hickory, thoroughly reason with a hickory, or iron, if preferred, boiled in oil, which makes the best wheel in the world. The Teeth, 20 in number, best spring steel tempered in oil. It is the longest tooth in the market. Each tooth works independent of the other, by a special spring attachment. Thousands have used the Rake from 10 to 15 years, not costing one cent for repairs. Every Rake warranted for **THREE YEARS**. Any defect in material will be replaced free of charge. We append the names of some of our farmers who will certify as to the superiority of the "Hagerstown Horse Rake": John Blamie, B. F. Shaffer, R. M. Perry, Henry Kicker, Geo. H. Gault, J. E. Cito, Geo. D. White, J. C. Wilderson, Geo. Blamie, J. W. Harvey, Ed. Miller, Dan I. Conway and 75 others. We are agents also for the U. S. Corn Planter, U. S. Thrasher, U. S. Portable Saw Mills, Shingle Mills, Wood Saws, Cutting Boxes, Bag Trucks, and the Star Wind Mill. To fully demonstrate what we say, call and examine or send for circulars. Terms and prices on application. Very respectfully, WM. E. ROBERTSON, 511 1/2

FOR SALE!

The desirable business property fronting street and B. & O. R. R., opposite Gladstone Hotel, and occupied by Mr. W. D. Nydegger, Druggist. For price and terms, apply to D. P. MILLER, Insurance and Real Estate, CUMBERLAND, MD.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President.
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
ag- Prompt attention to collections. 11239

A Dakota Circumstance.

I met the man in Omaha who boomed Palestine City, Dak., and as I had been out there and found it a tract of land without a house or an inhabitant, I was naturally anxious for further particulars. I had received one of his circulars, and I asked him:

"You spoke of six railroads as certain to come to the place. What was to bring them?"

"Geographical situation, sir. I couldn't see how they could possibly get by the town. I had the finest bed of gravel you ever saw, and railroads always want gravel. I put the number at six, but that was a low estimate."

"In speaking of the climate, you said a man could go in his shirt-sleeves in January."

"So he could—did it myself; it would have been more comfortable with two overcoats on, but I was experimenting with the climate."

"You said you gathered strawberries in December."

"Exactly. They were in a can, but I forgot to state that fact. I write carelessly when in a hurry."

"And you said that plowing was going on all winter?"

"So it was. Did I state the sort of plowing?"

"I think not."

"Careless in me, sir. We begin snow-plowing in November and keep it up until April. I am always cheerfully willing to explain these little matters."

"You had a thousand inhabitants, and were to have five times that number within a year?"

"Certainly. Had a large Indian camp there at the time. An Indian is an inhabitant, I suppose. The laborers employed on the six railroads would have made up the remainder. It was a low estimate."

"How about coal being found on the ground?"

"I found it, sir. I scattered two hundred pounds of it around there, and most of it can be found yet."

"And you stated that the thermometer did not go below 35 degrees above zero."

"Fact, sir. I was there for several weeks in July and August, and I can assure you that I do not exaggerate in the least."

"I did not see anything of your gas and water works."

"No, sir. In shipping them from the East there was some mistake, and they went on to some town in Arizona. Annoyed me much, I can assure you, but mistakes often happen in a new country."

"If I remember right, the town had two banks, three churches, a good school, theatre, fire department, police, and a \$20,000 court house."

"Exactly, sir. The statement was a little premature, but made in all candor."

"And your terms were only \$30 a lot, business or residence?"

"Only \$30, sir, which, you must admit, was wonderfully cheap. Nothing like it ever offered the great American public. I sold over nine hundred, sir."

"But what was the matter with the town?"

"Circumstances, sir. It was suddenly discovered that my title to the land was defective—in fact, that I had no title. Annoying, I assure you. But for that I might have sold 2,000 lots, sir. Great drawback to me, sir."

"But what of the hundred purchasers of lots?"

"I feel for them, sir—feel for them; but this is a world of disappointment. I may find another town further West, and if I do my first move will be to sell every one of the nine hundred a \$200 lot for \$100. I'll be glad to do it, sir—glad. Good-day, sir."—*New York Sun.*

THE DEFENDERS OF THE ALAMO.

—The Alamo Monumental Association of Texas proposes to build in the city of San Antonio a proper monument to commemorate the great sacrifice of March 6, 1836, and to preserve undying the names and the fame of the defenders of the noted fortress. The association makes its appeal to the people of all the States of our Union for help in erecting this proposed monument and the restoration of the church of the Alamo. For thirteen days the garrison in the Alamo, of less than two hundred soldiers of the untrained and untried militia of a young republic, withstood the continued attack of a disciplined army numbering more than 4,000 men. And when the garrison was at last overwhelmed by the final assault of Santa Anna's columns, on the morning of March 6, 1836, its last man died, desperately fighting for the freedom of Texas. History states that the defenders of the Alamo killed more than 2,000 Mexicans before the last man of the garrison fell, fighting at his post.

"I do not say," remarked Mrs. Brown, "that Jones is a thief; but I do say that if his farm joined mine I would not try to keep sheep."

The Statesman's Return.

Yes, the Legislature has adjourned, and the statesmen hey returned to their constituents," he said in answer to the question. "Our statesman—our particular jim-dandy statesman—returned with the rest. He was sent down to represent our neck-o'-the-woods. He was supposed to be Dan'l Webster, Henry Clay, and John C. Calhoun bled down and canned. He was supposed to be sharper than razors and wiser than owls. He hollered for reform, bellowed for improvements and shouted for glory. That cantankerous cuss was going to amend at least four hundred laws, reform every department of state, secure our county a hundred privileges and knock the tar out of things in general. We were waiting for him when he returned. He was first struck by Ole Pete Jackson, who observed:

"Look-a-yere, Johnson, whar's that law fur my mill dam?"

"Killed in the committee of the whole," was the reply.

"You blamed reptile! Didn't we send you down there to boss the committee of the whole and everybody else? I want that ar mill dam or blood!"

"And Hi Wood was next in line, and he said:

"Look-a-yere, Johnson, wher's that 'ere law to protect my fish pond?"

"Crowded out by the bill on light houses."

"She was, eh! Durn your pictur' but do you stand there and tell me that you let some ramshackle light-house way off on Lake Erie knock the stuffin' out of my fish pond up yere! What did we send ye down there fur? What was ye doin' all this time?"

"And the third man was Uncle Dave Baker, who led off with:

"Look-a-yere, Johnson, whar's that new skule deestric for my section?"

"It was knocked out in trying to amend the title."

"She was, eh? Do you tell me that you sot right there and didn't have the title all right? That you let that 'ere House bust up that bill and never got up and uttered one yell? Johnson, I kin lick you with one hand tied to my foot, and I'll be durned if I don't do it!"

"There was twenty-seven of us between his house and the depot, all with a few remarks to make. About thirty waited on him next day, and on the next he broke for the woods and is at present located in a swamp about seven miles away. He may be in along toward corn planting, but he is that's about fifty more of our people waiting to interview him. We are bound to make him tired."—*New York Sun.*

True Manhood.

"There is more manhood to the square inch in the young man who swings the scythe in the meadow than in the one who dawdles a cane on the boulevard," sagely remarked a wise speaker at a recent gathering. His aphorism contains more than enough salt to keep it sweet. There is no great objection to the dude considered simply as such. Often he is not positively vicious. He is too busy considering the cut of his waistcoat and the width of his trousers-legs and the shape of his finger nails and the polish of his shoes, to have time or brain to spare for real upright or downright villainy. In one aspect he is a very harmless individual and, as in the case of the celebrated Mr. Toots, what he says and does is of "no consequence." Think of Ben Franklin accompanied by a great dog (in dude vernacular "pup"), sticking his elbows out at right angles to his person and swaggering down Washington street or Broadway! The very incongruity of associating such manners with men of serious and earnest purpose shows how diametrically opposed to real earnestness are such characteristics. In fact, how little manhood there is about them. As a disease, dudism, while it is held up to constant ridicule, may not be alarming; as a symptom of prevailing and increasing effeminacy, and lack of manly character it may be no trifle. What young Americans need to cultivate is "more manhood to the square inch."

Why Deeds Should be Recorded.

Examine your deeds and see if the Recorder's certificate is endorsed thereon, and if not recorded you will observe the following reasons why they should be recorded:

1. Because a deed which is not recorded within six months after the execution of the same, shall be adjudged fraudulent against any subsequent purchaser of valuable consideration.

2. Because if two deeds are made of different dates from the same grantor to different persons, neither of which is recorded within six months, that which is first recorded will take priority.

3. Because purchasers who neglect to put their deeds upon record as prescribed by law, incur the risk of former owners giving liens upon the same.

4. Because monied men will not make any loans to parties whose deeds are not recorded.

5. Because, if by loss or accident a deed would be destroyed, it would be very expensive to get another.

6. Because to preserve a chain of title it is requisite to have all the deeds recorded.

7. The Supreme Court has decided that the above statements apply as well to the following instruments as to deeds viz: voluntary conveyances, declarations of trust, equitable titles, marriage articles, assignment of mortgages, and a subsequent purchase of a prior right.

The law expressly protects the purchaser of a record title who records his deeds.

8. Many deeds and other instruments affecting titles in this country are not recorded. Proposed sales fail, borrowers cannot secure money. Deeds are mislaid, burned, torn, mice-eaten and otherwise mutilated and destroyed. Law-suits are provoked and titles are uncertain and confused.—*Post.*

The Colonel's Bet.

"A boy is a strange being, isn't he?" enquired the Colonel, as he looked out of the office window.

"I don't see anything so very strange about that particular boy," replied one of the other loungers, as he sauntered up and saw a boy of 10 on the opposite side of the street.

"But he's got a jug," persisted the Colonel.

"Well, what of that. Can't a boy carry a jug?"

"But he's swinging it around his head."

"Let him swing. You never saw a boy who wouldn't."

"I'll bet he breaks it before he gets to the corner!" exclaimed the Colonel.

"Nonsense!"

"Bet you twenty dollars."

"Done!"

Half a dozen rushed up to watch further proceeding. The boy continued to swing the jug, apparently bent upon performing some particular feat, and just before he reached the corner his hand slipped and the jug was dashed to pieces.

"I knew it! I knew it!" chuckled the Colonel, as he danced around.

"Drat him—here's your money," growled the other.

An hour later, after spending the interval in solemn thought, the loss mildly inquired:

"Colonel did you think you had a sure thing on me?"

"Certainly. I bought that jug for the boy and gave him fifty cents to carry out the programme!"

Stray Sunbeams.

The flower of the family is often the latest to rise.

Settling money on a son frequently unsettles the son.

The man who hollers amen the loudest doesn't always mean it the most.

Why is a stove like an old smoker? Because it cannot do without a pipe.

'Tis better to hang around a sensible girl of an evening than a bar room or skating rink.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, etc. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.

Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Chorea Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation.

Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Pile!

Roger's Specific Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Sp. clyng Worm Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.,

Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Pimples, Boils and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturgis' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

Why Deeds Should be Recorded.

Examine your deeds and see if the Recorder's certificate is endorsed thereon, and if not recorded you will observe the following reasons why they should be recorded:

1. Because a deed which is not recorded within six months after the execution of the same, shall be adjudged fraudulent against any subsequent purchaser of valuable consideration.

2. Because if two deeds are made of different dates from the same grantor to different persons, neither of which is recorded within six months, that which is first recorded will take priority.

3. Because purchasers who neglect to put their deeds upon record as prescribed by law, incur the risk of former owners giving liens upon the same.

4. Because monied men will not make any loans to parties whose deeds are not recorded.

5. Because, if by loss or accident a deed would be destroyed, it would be very expensive to get another.

6. Because to preserve a chain of title it is requisite to have all the deeds recorded.

7. The Supreme Court has decided that the above statements apply as well to the following instruments as to deeds viz: voluntary conveyances, declarations of trust, equitable titles, marriage articles, assignment of mortgages, and a subsequent purchase of a prior right.

The law expressly protects the purchaser of a record title who records his deeds.

8. Many deeds and other instruments affecting titles in this country are not recorded. Proposed sales fail, borrowers cannot secure money. Deeds are mislaid, burned, torn, mice-eaten and otherwise mutilated and destroyed. Law-suits are provoked and titles are uncertain and confused.—*Post.*

A Model Newspaper.

THE NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS

The Advocate of the Best Interests of the Home—The Theory of the Saloon.

The Friend of American Labor, the Favorite Newspaper of People of Refined Tastes Everywhere.

The New York MAIL AND EXPRESS, the favorite American newspaper of many people of intelligent and cultivated tastes, has recently made some noteworthy improvements, materially increasing its general excellence. It is in its broadest sense.

A National Newspaper, most carefully edited, and adapted to the wants and tastes of intelligent readers throughout the entire country—North, South, East and West. It is a thoroughly clean paper, free from the corrupting, sensational and demoralizing trash, mislabeled news, which defiles the pages of too many city papers.

OUR POLITICS.

We believe the Republican party to be the true instrument of the POLITICAL PROGRESS of the American people; and holding that the honest enforcement of its principles is the best guarantee of the national welfare, we shall support them with all our might; but we shall always treat opposing parties with consideration and fair play.

AGAINST THE SALOON.

The MAIL AND EXPRESS is the recognized National organ of the great Anti-Saloon League movement. It believes that the liquor traffic as it exists to-day in the United States is the enemy of society, a fruitful source of corruption in politics, the ally of anarchy, a school of crime, and with its avowed purpose of seeking to corruptly control elections and legislation, is a menace to the public welfare and deserves the condemnation of all good men.

Send for Sample Copy

They are sent free to all who apply. SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—WEEKLY, per year, \$1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. DAILY, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$1.50; one month, 50 cents.

VALUABLE PREMIUMS are given to all subscribers and agents. We want a good agent in every town and village where we are not now at work. Send for our Special Circular to Agents and see our liberal offers.

You Can Make Money

by accepting our Cash Commission offers or working for our valuable and popular premiums. Address the MAIL AND EXPRESS, New York City.

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought anywhere else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,

3378 1/2 Cranesville, W. Va.

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, N. & O. R. R. About 20 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms, apply to or address RICHARD CUSTER,

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

It Makes You Hungry

"I have used Paine's Celery Compound and it has had a salutary effect. It invigorated the system and I feel like a new man. It improves the appetite and facilitates digestion." J. T. CORLEND, Prussia, S. C.

Paine's Celery Compound

Is a unique tonic and appetizer. Pleasant to the taste, quick in its action, and without any narcotic effect. It gives that rugged health which makes everything taste good. It cures dyspepsia and kindred disorders. Physicians prescribe it. \$1.00. Six for \$5.00. Druggists.

WILLIS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

DIAMOND DYES Color anything any color. Never Fades! Always sure!

The Best Spring Medicine.

"In the spring of 1887 I was all run down. I would get up in the morning with so tired a feeling, and was so weak that I could hardly get around. I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had taken a week, I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to all who need a building up and strengthening medicine." Mrs. B. A. DOW, Burlington, Vt.

LACTATED FOOD Nurseries babies perfect. The Physician's favorite.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption; Croup, Whooping Cough, &c. It is a healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me. H. A. ARCHER, 36 D. St., Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the proposed Public Road is to be located,

WEARYIN' FOR YOU

Just a wearyin' for you,
All the time a feelin' blue;
Wishin' for you, wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home again;
Reckless—don't know what to do,
Just a wearyin' for you.

Keep a mopein' day by day;
Dull—in everybody's way;
Folks they smile and pass a'long
Wonderin' what on earth is wrong?
'Twouldn't help 'em if they knew—
Just a wearyin' for you.

Room's so lonesome, with you, dear
Empty by the fire place there;
Just can't stand the sight of it;
Go out doors an' roam a bit;
But the woods is lonesome too,
Just a wearyin' for you.

Comes the wind with soft caress
Like the rustlin' of your dress;
Reasons fallin' to the ground
Softly like your footsteps sound;
Violent the eyes so blue,
Just a wearyin' for you.

Mornin' comes! The birds awake
(Go to sing so for your sake.)
But there's sadness in the noise
That come thrillin' from their throats!
Seem to feel your absence, too,
Just a wearyin' for you.

Evenin' falls! I miss you more
When the dark glooms in the door;
Seems just like you ever be
There to open it for me!
Latch goes tinklin'—let's me through,
Sets me wearyin' for you.

Just a wearyin' for you!
All the time a feelin' blue!
Wishin' for you—wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home again;
Reckless—don't know what to do—
Just a wearyin' for you!

—R. L. Stanton, in Courier-Journal.

BELLIGERENT BEASTS.

Points About the Pecore, the
Terror of the Forest.

He is Small, But He Makes Things Hum
When He Gets Mad—After Annihilating the Inevitable Fate of His Victims.

"There are people out West—away out West, I mean, among the Rocky Mountains and beyond them—who insist that the mountain lion is the king of American beasts," said a New Yorker who spent several years in the country he refers to. "Others declare that the grizzly bear is entitled to the throne of the animal kingdom on this continent. Still others say that neither the mountain lion nor the grizzly bear can have any pretension to a kingly title while the silver-tip—that ponderous offspring of the savage grizzly himself and the wily brown bear of the Rockies—presents his formidable claim to the distinction. But, for all that, I want to say that neither lion, grizzly, nor silver-tip can truly be called king of American wild beasts as long as the meek-looking, meat-eating, little white-lipped pecore roams and grunts among the scrub oak and other must and nut-bearing areas of the wild West.

"That unassuming little beast is as much monarch of all he surveys in his balliwick as Robinson Crusoe was on his island. A mountain lion may be doing a lively business in the king of beast's line in some particular precinct, levying tribute by the ton on the most of his cowering subjects, but just let it become known that the humped-up little pecore has come into the locality to test its foraging possibilities, and King Lion will abdicate so quick that you can hear his throne totter, and he won't remember that he claims to be a monarch until he has put a good stretch of country between him and the invading pecore. Or perhaps some great bulk of a grizzly or a swaggering silver-tip, carrying nearly a ton of concentrated malevolence around with him, has been running things with a high paw in some community. A pecore is a solid chunk of his kind if he weighs 200 pounds. But let either grizzly or silver-tip, swaggering along in offensive self-consciousness of his superiority, come in sight of one of these little chaps nosing around after his dinner among the fallen mast. Instantly the swagger is gone. The bear suddenly acts as if he wishes he wasn't so big. He tries to draw himself into as contracted a space as possible, and puts all the speed he can into his enormous legs as he turns his tail upon the grunting pecore and seeks a new domain to do his swaggering in.

"As a rule the pecore isn't looking for a fight. He doesn't prey on other animals, and a dozen men may ride past a feeding drove of them without their paying any attention unless some one of the party is so unwise as to fire a shot into the drove. If one pecore is hurt the whole drove, and there may be a hundred or more in it, instantly abandons all other business as one pecore, and never does another thing until the injury done to one of its number is avenged, if vengeance is possible. A man who has thus brought down upon himself the enmity of a drove of pecorees needs be well mounted if he would escape their fury. They will follow him at an amazing pace for miles, and will not relinquish the chase so long as there is any hope of overtaking the object of their pursuit. If he is overtaken and surrounded, it will not be the work of ten seconds for the pecorees to strew the plain with infinitesimal fragments of himself and his horse. If a man on foot should be foolishly enough to fire into a drove of pecorees, and one of them should give the peculiar start that calls for vengeance, it is hardly necessary to say that the smoke of his gun would have scarcely cleared away before he would be separated into bits so small that one big enough to make the proverbial grain of sand could not possibly be found. Experienced plainsmen know this peculiarity of the pecore, and never give the animal reason for even the slightest suspicion that they would disturb its serenity. Like the mountain lion, the grizzly and the

silver-tip, the wise Western hunter or ranchman has instant business elsewhere when he comes upon pecorees. Many mysterious disappearances of tenderfoot hunters and tourists in Southern California, New Mexico and Southern Texas can be explained in no more plausible way than by the assumption that they had tried their guns on pecorees.

"But while the pecore is not, as a rule, aggressive or inclined to fight either dumb brute or man, it invariably makes an exception to the rule in all cases where the mountain lion or the bear family is concerned. Pecorees and lions or pecorees and bears can't live in the same woods, and it is always the pecorees that remain.

"It was one early fall day near the northern boundary line of Lower California. I was taking a stroll about in the chapparral with no particular purpose in view, when I heard a peculiar snort in a hollow that sank rather abruptly to my right. I made my way to the edge of the depression, which was but two or three yards away, and parting the bushes, looked down. The hollow was in a large opening in an amphitheatrical of timber. Within three rods of me, and putting forth every nerve and muscle, the biggest brown bear I ever saw was tearing up the gradual slope toward a tree that stood near the top of the declivity, the nearest and most accessible tree to him. Behind him, and not two jumps away, was a plunging mass of little dumpy animals, seeming to be all fore shoulder, head and snout. I had never seen a pecore, but I didn't need to be told that these animals tearing along in the wake of the bear were representatives of that vindictive and unforgiving race. Their bristles stood erect, and they were so many living pictures of unrestrained fury. I had been made familiar with the bitter feud that existed between the pecore family and the brain family, and as soon as I saw this race between the bear and the wild pigs, I felt that he had no more chance of getting out the trunk of that tree than he had of taking wing and soaring out of the hollow.

I hated bears myself, but I couldn't help but feel sorry for that doomed representative of his race. He reached the tree, grasped the trunk, and had put at least four feet between his great rump and the ground before the drove of pecorees swept up to the tree like a wave. I began to think that my fears for the bear were unfounded, and that at least one member of the brain family could go on record at last as having got away from a drove of pursuing pecorees. But I found that I didn't know pecorees yet. That mad rush of humped-backed demons struck the tree, and seemed to rise upward like surf that strikes the base of a rock and throws its broken columns of foam spiralingly toward the summit of the obstacle. I never could tell just how it was done, but like a flash at least half a dozen of those merciless beasts were hanging to the flanks, the sides, and the back of the bear, their tusks sunk deep in his thick hide of white fangy tugged and jerked and threw their weight against his clutch upon the tree. The bear's progress was not only stopped, but his powerful grasp upon the bark was broken, and he fell back to the ground. Instantly every pair of tusks that could find a place to rip and tear on the great body of the bear was cutting and slashing furiously. The bear buried the swarm of pecorees right and left with a sweep of his enormous paws, disemboweling two, and throwing them clear to the bottom of the hill. Another swoop of his paws sent others of the drove flying in all directions, and the bear made another dash for the tree. Again he was pulled back, and again he scattered the pecorees and tried to escape up the tree.

But all in vain. The third time he was snatched to the ground, his coat was red with blood from head to tail, and his thick hide was torn asunder in a dozen places, showing great red patches of lacerated flesh, from which the blood spurted in jets, or like water dripping from the eaves during a heavy storm. The pecorees threw themselves upon him wherever there was a place to inflict a wound, until the bear was completely hidden by the furious little beasts. I saw the plunging, tearing mass rise up four feet from the ground twice after the bear was pulled down the last time, showing that brain was struggling to cast off the savage horde. Then the bear's struggles were over. For a minute or two the drove tormented and crunched about on the spot where the bear had last been thrown, and I could hear the snapping of bones and the sickening sound of the flesh as it was ripped and chopped to pieces by the teeth and tusks of the pecorees. Then the drove went back into the hollow, grunting in a contented way, and paying no attention to the five of their number that had died in the combat. But there was not a vestige left of the immense bear that less than ten minutes before had loomed up before me in such enormous proportions.

"When I went back to my companions I related to them the capture and frightful fate of the bear, and told them how nearly the bear had succeeded in escaping from the pecorees up the tree.

"You think he'd have escaped, do you?" said an old plainsman. "Well, let me tell you that if the bear had climbed clear to the top of the tree he wouldn't have escaped. He would only have gained a respite. Pecorees never let up on an enemy they have gone out to lay low, as long as that enemy is in sight. If that bear had got up the tree the pecorees would simply have sat down at the foot of the tree and waited.

No matter how long they might have had to stay there—a week, a month, three months, a year—there they would have stayed until that bear either came down or fell down, and they had scattered him to the winds. Pecorees never give up. When they hear or see their death watch on a bear or a hunter or a mountain lion, or whatever it may be, a strong guard is always left to see that the victim does not escape. While some are on guard others are off feeding, and their reliefs are regular and constant. If that bear had got into the tree there would have been no minute of the day or night that he could not have looked down upon a group of pecorees sitting around the tree, each with his eyes fixed immovably upon him. If the bear could possibly have fastened himself in the tree he might have starved to death, with the satisfaction of knowing that his carcass would not fall to the ground to be torn into bits by the tireless wretches below, but as the bear could have had no way to secure himself a fixed tenure in the tree it would have been only a question of time when, grown weak from hunger, he must have lost his grip on the branches and rewarded the patience of the pecorees by tumbling down to be devoured by the little satiated beasts as he did, out of the affair by no means a few of his enemies bite the dust. Talk of the Corsican vendetta! It is a weak and unstable vengeance compared to the vendetta of the white-lipped pecore!

"Physically as well as morally the pecore seems to be an abnormal sort of creature. It has the general appearance and habits of the hog, but the hoofs and the three stomachs of the cow. On its back it has a gland which secretes a musk, and three minutes after a pecore is killed its flesh will be entirely impregnated with the secretion. Just what this composite construction of the pecore is for—a reminiscence of the hog, the cow, and the muskrat—no one seems to have exactly found out yet. But one thing is certain—they are tough and absolutely without fear."—N. Y. Sun.

WOODPECKER STORIES.

How the Clever Birds Secure Their Winter's Provisions.

In stripping off the bark of a tree I had felled, says a Canadian lumberman, I observed it perforated with holes larger than those which a musket bullet would make, speared with most accurate precision, as if bored under the guidance of a rule and compass, and many of them filled most neatly with acorns. Earlier in the season I remarked the holes in most all the softer timber, but imagining they were caused by wood insects, I did not stop to examine or inquire; but now finding them stuffed with acorns firmly fixed in, I was at a loss to account for them. I was not at the time thrifflily engaged in "tapping the hollow beech tree" for the mere idle purpose of empty sound, but spends its summer season in picking those holes in which it lays its store of food for the winter, where the elements can neither affect nor place beyond their reach, and it is foolish to not at the time thrifflily engaged in "tapping the hollow beech tree" for the mere idle purpose of empty sound, but spends its summer season in picking those holes in which it lays its store of food for the winter, where the elements can neither affect nor place beyond their reach, and it is foolish to not at the time thrifflily engaged in "tapping the hollow beech tree" for the mere idle purpose of empty sound, but spends its summer season in picking those holes in which it lays its store of food for the winter, where the elements can neither affect nor place beyond their reach, and it is foolish to not at the time thrifflily engaged in "tapping the hollow beech tree" for the mere 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SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1889.

The corporation election at Martinsburg, W. Va., Monday, which was hotly contested by both parties, resulted in a big victory for the Republicans, they electing a majority in the council.

Representative McComas has procured the appointment of a new board of examining surgeons at Lonaconing, Md., comprising Drs. G. E. Porter and James D. Skilling, both of Lonaconing, and C. B. Brotenmarkle, of Barton.

Congress of American Nations.

The Congress of American nations which is to be held in Washington in October next, it is expected, will be a complete success. The following Governments have taken steps towards representation, and, it is said, most of them have already officially notified the State Department of the United States that they will send delegates: Mexico, Guatemala, Costa Rica, Columbia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chili, Argentine Republic, Uruguay and Venezuela. Many important subjects will be considered, among which the following are named:

First—Measures that shall tend to preserve and promote the prosperity of the several American States.

Second—Measures toward the formation of an American Customs Union, under which the trade of the American nations with each other shall, so far as possible and profitable be promoted.

Third—The establishment of regular and frequent communication between the ports of the several American States and the ports of each other.

Fourth—The establishment of a uniform system of customs regulations in each of the independent American States to govern the mode of importation and exportation of merchandise and port dues and charges; a uniform method of determining the classification and valuation of such merchandise in the ports of each country, and a uniform system of invoices, and the subject of the sanitation of ships and quarantine.

Fifth—The adoption of a uniform system of weights and measures, and laws to protect the patent rights, copy-rights and trade marks of citizens of either country in the other, and for the extradition of criminals.

Sixth—The adoption of a common silver coinage, to be issued by each Government, the same to be legal tender in all commercial transactions between the citizens of all of the American States.

Seventh—An agreement upon and recommendation for adoption to their respective governments of a definite plan for arbitration of all questions, disputes, and differences that may now or hereafter arise between them, to the end that all difficulties and disputes between such nations may be peacefully settled and wars prevented.

Eighth—And such other subjects relating to the welfare of the several States represented as may be presented by any of said States which are hereby invited to participate in said conference.

Alarmed Democracy.

Hon. Isador Rayner, who represented the Fourth District of Maryland in the Fifty-third Congress and was defeated for re-election by Hon. Henry Stockbridge, Jr., delivered an address at the Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, on Tuesday evening, before a large audience of his fellow Democrats, chiefly of the better element of that organization, in which he plainly expressed the alarm now prevailing as to the future prospects of the party in this State. On this point he said:

The Democratic party in Maryland is in a critical condition; we may say otherwise and deceive ourselves in thinking to the contrary, but the fact still remains that it is. If we deduct the majority in the Third Congressional district, 900 votes will cover the majority in the balance of the State at the last election. Our whole majority was about 6,000; so that if 3,000 Democrats, which is less than 20 in a precinct, vote for our opponents, the party is in peril. I wish that I were mistaken

about this, but I thought I would give you figures so that you could draw your own inferences. It is all very well to say that we lost a number of votes upon the tariff issue; even if this were so, there are local issues which in all probability may lose us the same number of votes over again. I believe in looking this condition squarely in the face, not to temporarily bridge it over, because this perhaps may be done, but in order to adopt some permanent plan that will bring us back to our moorings and keep this State in accordance with the true sentiments of a large majority of our people, safely within the Democratic ranks. It is not the controversies among political factions that should occasion the whole alarm, because sometimes they drift apart very widely and come together very closely afterward. What ought to concern us is the spirit of discontent and dissatisfaction among the people who are Democrats from principle, who want no political office, and who have no party favors to ask except an honest administration of the party's affairs. We might convene all the warring factions in this city and apportion among them the public perquisites and patronage according to their influence and requirements, but there is a power behind the factions that cannot be purchased and silenced in this way.

What America Has There.

PARIS, May 26.—The machinery palace of the exposition is the largest building ever constructed under a single roof. A remarkable feature of the building is that the roof has no interior support except twenty great arches hinged at the foundation plates and apex so as to provide for expansion and contraction under changes in temperature. The length of the building is nearly 1,400 feet, in width 370 feet, and its height 170 feet. The American machinery exhibit occupies one third of the entire space in this building and is in all respects but one more imposing than the exhibit at any previous international exhibition. The exception is in agricultural machinery, in which it does not show progress corresponding to that manifested in other lines.

In 1867 there was an exhibit of machine tools by Brown & Sharp, of Providence. They were all sold. Today tools made after the Brown & Sharp patterns by Europeans are universal in the exhibition. When the model of the yacht America was shown in the United States it was rather scoffed at. Its superiority was promptly detected by British builders, and it is now becoming a model on the Clyde. Warner and Swazey, of Cleveland, and William Sellers & Co., of Philadelphia, are conspicuous by their exhibits of brass working machinery.

"Printing House Square," in the American exhibit, will be run by electric power supplied by Pickering for the special accommodation of the presses, which are not easily connected with the shafting. Neither Scott nor Hoe has any exhibit, but the plant, when ready, will be considerable. The Campbell and the Golden companies exhibits are the most important. Several type-setting machines are exhibited including the MacMillan, the Thorne and the Mather machine. The last named presents the most striking features, as it does away with movable type. Instead it uses matrices and casts a solid bar for each line, the matrices being then returned automatically to their proper places. This machine is furnished with a phonograph, which dictates copy to the operator. The only other country exhibiting novel improvements in printing machinery is Great Britain. We have a practical monopoly of writing machines, there being 9 American exhibitors and only one English, one Russian and one Swiss. The machine of none of these compares favorably with the best American machine.

That electricity constitutes an absorbing problem of mechanical invention and physical discovery is shown by the prominence its apparatus occupies. Throughout machinery hall and in various other parts of the exhibition there are 500 exhibitors in this branch. The universality of the study devoted to it is shown in the range of the countries represented by apparatus. These include France, Germany, Great Britain, America, Belgium Switzerland, Algeria, Austria, Hungary, China, Denmark, Spain, Italy, Japan, Norway, Portugal, Russia and Finland.

The Edison exhibition occupies one-half the entire American frontage, covering 9,000 square feet. It is the largest single exhibit in the exposition. His entire category of inventions, numbering 433, is presented either completely or by intelligent suggestion. In the American development of electricity and commerce predominates; in the French the sciences, especially chemistry and applied mathematics.

Among the most imposing, but no less ingenious machines, which are looked upon as Yankee notions by Europeans, are machines for salting and coloring butter, which is matched by a French machine for de-salting and automatic weighing. An automatic American machine for making corkscrews out of wire, a machine for

weaving the covering on rubber hose and a Bourbon machine. America is practically unrepresented in machinery appertaining to textiles, and to the manipulation of skins, leather, furs, paper and stone.

Three New Cruisers.

WASHINGTON, May 26.—Proposals for the construction of three cruisers for the navy were to-day issued from the Navy Department under authority of the act of Congress of September 7, 1888. Bids will be opened August 1, 1889. These vessels are to be of 2,000 tons displacement, and are to exhibit a maximum speed of eighteen knots an hour for four consecutive hours. They are to be finished within two years from the date of the contract, and payments will be made in twenty equal instalments, as the work progresses. The cost of the vessels, excluding any premium that may be paid for the increased speed and the cost of armament, but including equipment, is limited to an amount not to exceed \$700,000 each. The proposals are divided into three classes, the first being for a vessel of the type of the Albatross, the second for the plans of the contractor, the third being for the Secretary's hull and the contractor's machinery, and the fourth for the contractor's hull and the Secretary's machinery. This last class is an innovation in naval advertisements.

Look Luncheon With the Queen.

LONDON, May 26.—Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, the American minister, proceeded from London to Windsor yesterday afternoon, and presented his credentials to the Queen.

The Queen sent an open and a closed carriage to the station to meet Mr. Lincoln, who chose the open carriage. The new minister was cordially received. During luncheon the Queen conversed affably with Mr. Lincoln, eulogizing his father and America and American statesmen. The visit lasted an hour. Mr. Lincoln returned to London with Viscount Cross highly gratified with his reception.

Minister Lincoln will be a guest at the banquet to be given by Lord Salisbury.

Western Crop Prospects.

CHICAGO, May 27.—The following will appear in this week's issue of the *Farmer's Review*:

From the information furnished by our crop correspondents relative to the condition of wheat, oats and barley, it would appear that the prospects for grain crops are, on the whole, very favorable in all the territory covered by our report, except in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, where drouth still continues. The condition of winter wheat has changed but little since our last report, the average percentages being slightly lower in Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky and Kansas, and a trifle higher in Ohio, Missouri and Wisconsin. The condition of spring wheat is unchanged in Minnesota and Dakota. Nebraska reports show some improvement, and those from Iowa a slight falling off. Out prospects are good in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Michigan, Minnesota, Dakota, Iowa and Wisconsin, particularly in the two States last named. Reports from Indiana, Illinois, Ohio and Kentucky are not so favorable, doubtless owing to the drouth. The barley growing sections report the condition of that grain nearly average in all the States except Dakota, where it falls considerably below 100 per cent. The usual acreage has been sown to corn in Illinois and Kansas, but an increase is notable in other States, particularly in Nebraska, Minnesota and Dakota.

According to a Washington correspondent to the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, an interesting note may be made. Weeden, in charge of the animals at the Zoo. The building is infested by rats, and how to get rid of them has long been a perplexing question. Traps were used but nothing would tempt the rodents to enter. In a store-room drawer was placed a quantity of sunflower seeds, used as food for some of the birds. Into this drawer the rats gnawed their way, a fact which led the Captain to experiment with them for bait in the traps. The result was that the rats can't be kept out. A trap which appears crowded with six or eight rats is found some mornings to hold fifteen. They are turned into the cages containing weasels and minks. The latter will kill a rat absolutely almost before one can see it, so rapid are its movements. The weasels are a trifle slower, but none of the rats escape them.

The *Keyser Tribune* says "there seems to be strong reason to believe that a big shoe factory will be established here in a short time, and also that our railroad will soon be extended to Moorefield. Those who are agitating these matters are keeping them quiet, which fact is thought to add to the likelihood of their realization. The capital required to start the shoe factory is \$60,000, and of this \$42,000 has been subscribed. A site, also, it is said, has been donated by one of our public spirited citizens.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 27th, 1889.—The President returned to-day from a trip to salt water. He left here Saturday afternoon on Postmaster-General Wanamaker's steam yacht "Restless," with a party composed of the following gentlemen: Private Secretary Halford, Attorney-General Miller, Representative Anderson, of Kansas, and General George B. Williams. The Postmaster-General placed the yacht at the President's disposal but asked to be excused from accompanying him because he did not wish to be absent on Sunday from his Philadelphia Sunday School. The party expressed themselves as having had a delightful trip.

The gossip has it that the present situation in Hayti is very ticklish and that some fighting may be necessary on the part of Uncle Sam in order to carry out the Monroe doctrine. It is reported here that Secretary Blaine and the President after consulting the rest of the Cabinet had determined to send an American commission on board one of the strongest war vessels to see that France and the rest of Europe keep their hands off. Many people believe that this commission has already been appointed, and that the whole thing will be kept secret until it is all fixed or unfixed as it may turn out. No official information can be gained on the subject, either at the White House or the State department. Of one thing the country may be assured, the administration will never allow any European power to gain control of Hayti either directly or indirectly.

The season of the year is rapidly approaching when the newspaper fakereigns in all its glory. To give an idea of the small foundation required to build a fake of the greatest magnitude it is only necessary to mention a little circumstance that occurred last week. United States Treasurer Houston left for Indianapolis for the purpose of making arrangements for bringing his family to Washington. A very simple and natural occurrence, and yet the fake correspondence built upon it a story of two columns, detailing the row between Mr. Houston and the President and stating positively that Mr. Houston had tendered his resignation and would not return to Washington.

The President made fewer appointments last week than in any week since his inauguration and the lion's share, as far as importance goes was captured by Senator Quay for Pennsylvania. B. F. Gilkerson being made second Comptroller of the Treasury, and S. B. Holliday Commissioner of Customs, to say nothing of David Martin appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the Philadelphia district. There were a few more appointments made such as U. S. Attorneys, Marshals, etc., and one United States Consul at Prague, which was captured by Robert C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, a brother of Senator Spooner.

The department of the Potomac, G. A. R., held a memorial service in the Metropolitan Church last night. There was a large attendance of veterans, including the President, who occupied General Grant's old pew.

It is estimated at the Pension office that there will be a deficiency of about \$15,000,000 in the appropriation for the coming fiscal year, which begins July 1st. This is largely the fault of the late Commissioner of Pensions who knowingly made his estimates too small.

It seemed a little queer to see men on the streets of Washington openly wearing badges consisting of the Confederate flag and the Virginia State flag, but I saw them last week, they were members of a Virginia camp of Confederate veterans, that had been at Alexandria, Va., to take part in the ceremonies consequent upon the unveiling of a monument erected to the memory of the Alexandria soldiers in the late war.

Commissioner of Pensions Tanner has decided that pensioners that have lost both an arm and a leg are entitled to \$72 a month instead of \$36 and \$50, as they have been heretofore. There are only twenty one cases affected by the decision. They will receive about \$100,000 in arrears.

The President has approved a recommendation of the Civil Service Commission which provides that hereafter the standing of all parties eligible for appointment shall be made public. This is a reversal of the rules as since the organization of the commission the lists and the standing of the applicants have been kept secret.

If there is a prominent Republican whose name has not been mentioned for one of the two first class missions, now vacant, he should at once send his name to the editor of this paper.

Secretary Proctor has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. Blaine in Earnest.

NEW YORK, May 27.—A Washington special to the *Herald* says: The sending of the English flagships Swift, Sure and the Amphion to Sitka with orders to cruise in Behring Sea, has caused quite a stir in official circles here. The Treasury Department has time and again called the attention of the Government to the fact that ships flying the English flag are engaged in illicit sealing in Behring Sea. In most cases these vessels are well armed, and our revenue cutters, which only carry howitzers, are no match for them. The Government has decided that its interests in Alaska shall be protected. The United States steamer Adams, which was under sailing orders for Honolulu, expected to leave on Tuesday, but a telegram has been sent to the Commandant of the Mare Island Navy Yard to detain her. She will go North in company with the Iroquois, and both vessels will leave early in the week for Sitka.

The State Department has decided that Behring sea is a *mare clausum* and intends to assert dominion over the whole North Pacific within the limit defined by our treaty with Russia. What constitutes the waters of Alaska has long been a complicated question, and if, as appears, the English Government is sending war ships to protect Canadian vessels in taking seal north of the Aleutian Islands, our Government will be confronted with an international question of the gravest importance. The revenue cutters, Rush and Bear, and the war ships, Thetis, Adams and Iroquois, will be on hand to enforce the law of the country as defined by the Treasury Department, so far as depredation of the seal fishing is concerned. Our Government takes the ground that when we acquired Alaska by purchase in 1867, we also acquired all of its vested rights, one of which was Behring Sea. This question was settled in 1829, when England attempted the same tactics she is now engaged in. Russia showed fight and sent a large fleet to these waters to uphold her position. The question was finally settled by arbitration against England.

Secretary Blaine is determined in this matter. He maintains that we have exclusive dominion over all that portion of the Pacific Ocean known as Behring sea, excepting such as lies east of the treaty line, bordering on the Siberian coast. The matter has been discussed in cabinet and the determination of the administration is to enforce all our rights in the matter. If England persists in sending ships of war to protect the Canadian vessels in taking these young seals, the Government will take vigorous measures to stop it. The first conflict of authority within this immense area of water, claimed and owned by the United States, may mean war. It is believed that England, seeing that this Government is determined to enforce its rights, even if recourse to force is necessary, will withdraw and submit the question to arbitration, as was done with Russia in 1829.

A TERROR TO SHAM SPOOKS.—Dr. Francis Buckner, of Covington, Ohio, has broken all modern records in his success in dealing with the class of spirits which are conjured up by the mediums of the present day. It appears that Dr. B.'s wife was a believer in the pretensions of the mediums, but the doctor himself was skeptical. One day recently he went home and found his parlor darkened, a medium engaged in holding a seance, with the assistance of two females, all for the special behoof and benefit of Mrs. Buckner. As the doctor was at home he could not properly be put out, so he was invited to join in the exercises. He did so, and was soon rewarded by the sight of what purported to be the materialized form of his wife's deceased sister. Watching his opportunity, he seized the alleged sister-in-law by the arm, conducted her with all convenient dispatch to the outer room, and threw her down the steps. This would not have hurt her if she had really been a spirit, but she turned out to be one of the female assistants. Without any necessary loss of time the skeptical physician seized the other assistant and threw her through a window, and then, falling upon the medium himself, gave him a sound thrashing. This radical behavior on the part of Dr. B. has materially diminished the activity of the spirits in Covington. —*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

On July 9, 10 and 11 the annual meeting of the State Teachers' Association of Maryland will be held at the Blue Mountain House. The Delaware Association will join in the meeting. President Wilmer, of the Washington county school board, will deliver the address of welcome, and Governor Biggs, of Delaware, will respond. Assistant Superintendent John E. McCahan, of the Baltimore city public schools, has been invited to lecture before the association on his trip last year to California.

Worked too Well for Him.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., May 27.—It seems probable that Cornelius Donnelly, of this city, who was found by his wife yesterday afternoon with a rope around his neck and in the last struggles of strangulation, did not intend to kill himself, and only wanted to frighten Mrs. Donnelly, to whom he had been married only about four months, into giving him possession of her property, amounting to about \$16,000. On Thursday he took up his razor and told her he would cut his throat, but was easily persuaded not to do so, and on Friday afternoon he pretended to try to hang himself in the manner in which he finally ended his life. This second attempt was apparently frustrated by his wife. Yesterday he tried again, but his wife believing him to be feigning was not so prompt in rescuing him, and when she did arrive he was past saving. He took a clothes line, put a noose about his neck and throwing the line over some clothes hooks on the wall, he leaned forward, holding the other end of the rope in his hands, with a looking glass leaned against the window opposite, so that he might see the progress of events. He was a handsome fellow, had a good trade and his wife was dutiful in everything, except the giving up of her wealth. About \$100 was found in his pocket.

AN APPEAL FROM AN EDITOR.

The editors are anxious to get up their summer suits, or as much of them as they can. We, therefore, ask our delinquent subscribers to do the square act. Come forward at once and plank down the hard cash, so that we can lay in our supply. Owing to the hard times our wardrobe will not be very extensive this season; however, we hope to be able to purchase for cash a pair of striped homespun breeches and a linen duster each, a couple of straw hats at fifteen cents apiece, a celluloid collar, which will be worn by first one and then the other; two pairs of second-hand shoes, Nos. 11 and 13, and possibly a few other minor articles of dress, which, if we could only purchase, would relieve us of lots of embarrassment and add very much to our personal appearance. We feel sure that this appeal will move to action those of our subscribers who are due as for back rations, and we will wake up some of these mornings and find our office besieged with delinquents. —*Warrenton (Ga.) Clipper*.

HOW TO READ A JURY.

Officials in criminal courts who take the trouble to make a study of jurors can usually tell just what sort of a verdict a jury will give as soon as its members return after deliberating upon a case. There is always something in their faces which indicates to the experienced eye, whether the verdict is guilty or not guilty. "This man is going to be acquitted, sure," said an old court officer in General Sessions as a jury came in with a verdict in an important case a few days ago. "You see, about every man in the box turned his face to the defendant as soon as he took his seat. That's always a sure sign. I never knew it to fail. When the verdict is for conviction the jurors invariably keep their eyes on the judge or on the ceiling. Members of a convicting jury often seem to find it very difficult to look upon the prisoner, even when the clerk instructs them to do so. I suppose the explanation of it is that with most people it is a hard matter to inflict pain, even on a guilty man." —*New York Times*.

A Chinese Dentist is practicing in New York. He reached there last week from the West. A *World* reporter paid a visit to his office in Mot street and reported that the new comer was doing a rushing business. "His methods, as well as the instruments used, were very primitive, yet he did his work like a genius. There was no easy chair nor the usual convenient little operating table alongside of the dentist. The patient sat upon a common camp stool, and there was a smaller stool of the same height for the foot of the dentist to rest on. The head of the patient was occasionally brought upon the elevated knee of the doctor, and upon the latter's right hand was his operating case, containing curious and quaint instruments. The rapidity with which the Celestial extracted a decayed tooth somewhat astonished the writer. By close observation it was discovered that a certain liquid preparation of a whitish substance was first put upon the doomed tooth to deaden the pain and to loosen the root of the tooth. The filling of the cavities was accomplished with like rapidity with a substance which looked like tin foil."

He that blows the coals in quarrels has nothing to do with has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE OLD FLINT-LOCK GUN.

There's a battered old gun of the time of King George.
That hangs on my grandfather's wall;
The barrel was wrought in some rude country forge.
And the stock it just happened, that's all.
"It rusted and bent, and there's a nasty dent
In this old-fashioned engine of war;
For fox and for 'patridge' it's not worth a cent.
And I'm sure I'd not trust it for 'bar.'"
But, long, long ago, when my grandfather's dad
Was a trapping young sprout of eighteen,
That ramshackle gun made the Red-coats feel
Laid.
As they marched through the broad village green.
They say that my ancestor crouched 'neath a wall.
And rested his piece on a stone,
And rammed it and crammed it with powder
And ball,
And peeped away, all alone,
The foe could not stop, for, like fate, in the rear
The minute-men followed *de masse*;
So granddaddy's dad peeped away without fear,
Till four of the Reds bit the grass.

A brave deed, you say? Well, I never shall
Of the family prowess—not I!
But I think there are some who'd have quitted
The coast,
And let the King's soldiers march by.
I'm proud of the flint-lock that gleams on the page,
In the bright, fitful blaze of the fire;
And I'll venture to say that few men with legs
Would have stuck like my granddaddy's sire.
All honor to him! And when brave deeds are done
Of the heroes whose fame we recall,
Let a line be slipped in for the old flint-lock gun,
And the man who perched over the pack.
—Paul Festino, in Poet.

HI CHANG AND THE CUR.

The Prominent Part They Played
in a Domestic Drama.

Locality—a valley in the interior of California, described in real estate prospectus as the "loveliest of earth's favored spots, where mere existence is perpetual delight," but presenting to the unappreciative eye the appearance of a very thinly populated, treeless and grassless region.

A farm-house stands some distance back from the public road. The chief advantages of its situation seems to be exclusiveness and open air. A disorderly picket-fence surrounds a front garden, in which Nature blooms unrestrained in thistle and tar-weed.

Enter through the gate a rotund Chinaman with a very long eye. A small terrier dog, apparently in a transitional state between the blue-blooded Skye and the blind-bay cur, follows, per force of a string attached to his collar. The dog, as he approaches the house, walks dourly and tugs at the cord.

The Chinaman darts a side-glance at him, and shakes a chubby finger, saying: "You looker now, you go back!"

A middle-aged female person rushes out of front door, grasps the dog and infolds him in ecstatic embrace.

She cries out, "And you are here again, are you?—my jewel, my blessed one!"

Hi Chang, serenely smiling—"Yes, me come."

Response, in excited, slightly Hibernian tones—"You think it's you that I'm talking to—you, indeed, and you're an ignorant heathen. What is it you're meaning, to keep the dog, knowing all the country was being searched for him! May be it's starved he is—Waggy—any one poor dog!"

Waggy wags admiringly.

Hi Chang, tranquilly—"Me deliver him, way he no go; me bring him you this time, next time he come, he good-bye you!" Horribly significant wink of left eye.

Female party, frantically wrought up—"You are not daring to mean you'll kill him!"

Pagan, oracularly—"Velly bad dog, no can all time live. He come my boss place, kill him one day the chicken, bleak him leg one duck, and not for eat, play! You think my boss buy chicken make play for you dog?"

Volcanic emotion on female visage.

Hi Chang continues, with solemnly warning voice—"My boss say come 'gain he house, may be so not come any more."

Female, with air of an avenging goddess—"It's a God forsaken man that would take the life of a mite of a senseless beast, that the sole protection of two lonely women. We'll set the law on him!"

Hi Chang, placidly triumph shining out of his eyes—"My boss rich man, do all same he like."

The other party, in haughty scorn—"Rich, and carve so much, and eat so much, and not we'll pay for his precious chickens."

Hi Chang, with equally lofty scorn—"He no care chicken, got plenty money buy chicken. He care how! Dog come make big noise; my boss say: 'Kill black beast.' Next time 'an impressive pause—"you not see 'gain, God-bye." Turns away.

Female, with pursuing shriek of expostulation—"Here, you Chinaman! we'll pay any thing, tell your boss."

Chinaman, with three unrelenting shakes of head—"No can pay for how!" Closes gate, and trips away, while Odella makes fierce gestures at his disappearing cue.

Lauguid voice from interior of house—"Odella, what is all the talking and noise?"

Odella, rushing in direction of voice—"It's our own Waggy that I'm just after taking from the clutches of a murderous-heated pagan."

Voice within, full of keener anxiety—"O, tell me, tell me, is he entirely safe?"

Odella, in choking voice—"For this time, yes; but for the next time he goes he's the same as dead. All because of a few chickens." And she crouches in a Niobe pose on the porch near a window.

Voice through blinds—"But Odella, we will pay for any wretched chickens Waggy may kill."

Odella, despairingly—"And wasn't I telling the sinner just that! And don't he answer me that it's the howl his Turk of a master makes a murderous talk about. What's a little noise?"

Rich from within—"The poor man may be nervous, may have trouble on his mind; most of us have. But, Odella, if Waggy will go there and make a noise, what can we do?"

Odella, emphatically—"We can make haste to get out of this pagan country, all alive with devils walking around in pigstails."

Voice within, querulously—"We can not Odella, we can not. You know that only in a far-off, hidden place like this I find peace of mind. Bring me Waggy; he understands."

Waggy at that moment struggles for the freedom of this place, and has to be compelled into the arms of his sympathy-craving mistress.

A farm-house, painted into glaring fresh-

ness, general environment indicating recently expended money. A gentleman sits on the porch, his feet on the railing, his hat far down over his eyes. Hi Chang approaches, accompanied by the ubiquitous Waggy, attached as usual to a string.

Hi Chang, addressing soles of feet on railing—"Me chatchee him—dog—one time more."

No response.

Chinaman, in higher key—"This time he kill his booter, use little chicken."

No answer.

Hi Chang continues, categorically—"Lun him sheep, dive in corner fence, bark, bark, till sheep no can stand, make sick."

Rumbling voice under hat—"Feed the beast on chickens, mutton, Durham bulls, Jersey pigs and other vermin. It's just as profitable a way of disposing of the truck as any I have found."

Long, reverberating howl from Waggy. Feet on railing come down with a thundering clasp.

"Hang the demoniac brute!"

"Hi Chang, sentimentally and approvingly—"All right—hang him light away."

Soliloquies as he drags the resisting Waggy off—"He too mucher thinske—in side him; no good thinske."

Gentleman tosses a half-smoked cigar away, and smokes as much as I have found of something out of a bottle. He looks at his watch.

"Half-past four only; thought I'd been searching for it. I'm not a man of the striving, active Western life which was to make a new man of me, and choke off all morbid retrospections. Morbid retrospections seem to me about all the place is made for. I drive them off with brandy, or try to, and my nerves are going to the deuce. The howl of a miserable little cur starts the most insane fancies in my brain. I'd better be moving further on somewhere—try a South Sea island, or try the climate influences of Kamchatka. I won't wait to find out as big a fool as myself to pay me the worth of my improvements on this income devouring ranch. I'll charge him only for the climate, about half as much as I paid for it myself!" (Gravely mopping his shining brow), "and throw in the new bras, fences and agricultural implements. If all the idiots swarming to this gigantic fraud of an over-advertised paradise lose as much coin as I have lost and gain a little peace of mind."

He hears outside an intermingling of pigeon English and canine moans, and he strides to the window, and exclaims: "By Jupiter! what's the pagan up to! I say, Chang, let the beast alone! Are you fool enough to suppose I'll let you hang the harness whelp in full view of my windows, or any where else?"

Hi Chang—"No hang him! 'Well, what must do now?"

He stands with dangling rope and patient expression, Waggy sullenly lamenting the instability of human intentions and canine fate.

The Boss—"Let him go! Keep him out of my sight and hearing! Give him a boot-stalk."

Hi Chang, hanging out clothes on lines. He chirps a vivacious Chinese melody. Odella approaches from rear and addresses Chinaman's white-shirted back.

"Is there any body on this place besides you?"

Hi Chang, intensely gracious—"O, you come make visit! Velly glad see you!—velly hot dog! Me here all by self."

Odella, rapidly twirling a ring of sun-bonnet, but speaking with sort of pulled up-by-roots politeness—"Yes, very warm day. Have come to see if you have seen any thing of my little dog! He is missing since Saturday."

Hi Chang, sympathetically—"You lose him dog! Black-white place on tail!"

Odella, keeping a grip on her feelings—"No; little dog—long hair—all gray."

Chinaman, meditatively swinging coil of wet sheet to and fro—"Little dog—all gray. Long time 'go me see one all same that."

Voice from sun-bonnet, like a boiling-over kettle—"You deceiving cat, you've seen him yesterday or to-day, sure as you're standing there alive and grinning like a corpse! Where is it you're keeping the dog?"

Hi Chang, in high-pitched wonder—"Me keep him! What for me keep him dog?"

"To play your tricks with the devil!"

Hi Chang, with sudden illumination—"O, may be so he go devil, and may be so you like go find him."

Odella, twitching Chinaman's sleeve, bonnet not falling off in her agitation. Here, now, take this dollar for the chickens, and get me the dog."

Hi Chang, sliding out of her grasp, and eyeing the dollar with speculative equanimity—"Dollar too mucher for dog, not 'nough for chicken."

Odella, wildly—"So it's for money you're holding the dog, are you? You're thinking it's me you care about, and you'll say 'you'll see.' Goes off with a rush."

Hi Chang, excessively courteous—"You go now! God-bye; come again soon."

Hi Chang, at a table chopping hash in time to his favorite melody. He keeps approaching steps. He smiles and blinks in response to some idea in his heathen brain. Continues to chop energetically.

Love, sweet voice at the door—"I am looking for a little lost dog."

Hi Chang, dropping hash-knife as if shot, turns to see a young and handsome lady, who is certainly not Odella. The pagan, breathless with wonderment, seems about to prostrate himself in Oriental adoration.

He speaks in honeyed tones—"Dog bring you? My! my! no can see bring you! Me no sabe you—me sabe ole woman. She come here, talker heap bad; me talk velly polly, and all time she get more mad."

Lady, sweetly—"Yes! Well, it is my dog, and I have come for him. Perhaps he lost his way, and somebody here is taking care of him for me?"

Hi Chang, his face one all-illuminating grin—"Yes, lose him way. He come here; he like stay; he good dog; me fix nice for him. One mince—me show you."

He vanishes through inner door, and returns after a short absence.

"You likee come now—me show you."

The lady is conducted up a narrow, dark stairway, which ends in a dim little attic-room. She does not like the look of things at all. Chinaman divines her feeling, and turns to give a reassuring wag of his head.

"All right, you no faint. Now look see."

He throws open a small door, and reveals a closet of a room, furnished with a Chinese coat on the floor and a plate of food. And there, devouring the food with frightful voracity, is the lost dog.

Lady emotional. Waggy more responsive to hunger than to affection.

Hi Chang, placidly—"You think me no good for dog? You see nice loom, nice bed; feed him time one day, heap high lone, all same home."

Voice below, singing. Lady starts up with alarmed exclamation. Dog howls.

Voice below—"Where is that howling dervish of a brute! Here, you, Chang! Hi! Hi! Chang!"

Lady, in whisper—"Sh! Waggy!" To Chinaman—"Do do show me another way down!"

Hi Chang—"No more way. Boss good man; he no mind you."

Waggy's wall continues. Gentleman stamps up stairway. Lady retreats into darkest corner.

Gentleman, with ferocity—"Am I to have my house turned into a kennel for this yelping mongrel? Didn't I tell you I must be rid of him?—You tell me feed him cow, sheep, chicken—"

Gentleman swears, but stops, astounded, on seeing a dimly outlined figure in a corner.

Hi Chang, in explanation—"Lady catch him dog."

Gentleman—"You will kindly excuse any violent expressions, madam, but I confess the repeated visits of your dog have been rather annoying to me."

No response.

Gentleman frantically and curiously approaches figure. He stares, and stares harder; holds his breath, and finally exclaims—"Thunder and Mars! impossible! Yes, without a doubt!"

Lady, in muffled tones—"I am here only for my dog. I had to come myself to get him. I thought some good old farmer lived here."

She makes a movement to pass the gentleman, who holds out a detaining hand.

A DOUBTING THOMAS.

The Way a Western Man Sat Down on a Whaling Captain.

We had been in New Bedford ten or twelve days, and had selected our particular sea captain and listened to half a dozen of his yarns without betraying the slightest evidence of doubt of any statement, when a stranger from the far West arrived and rather forced his presence upon our coteries. We were on the back veranda of the hotel, five or six of us and the old whaler, and the latter had just started in on a story, when the Westerner came out of the smoking room and drew up a chair.

"Now go ahead, Captain," he brusquely observed, as he lighted a fresh cigar.

"Well, gents," began the captain, after an uneasy look around. "I was going to tell you about a whale as—"

"What species of whale?" interrupted the stranger. "There are several species, you know, and you had better designate."

"A right whale, sir."

"Oh! That's all right; go ahead."

"We were lying to and drifting while trying out a fish captured the day before, and the wind was from—"

"Was this on Lake Erie or the Atlantic Ocean?" put in the stranger.

"On the Atlantic, of course."

"Then I am with you. I didn't know but you were whaling on the lakes. Better locate the spot a little closer, however."

"It was off the coast of Brazil," replied the captain, in an indignant voice. "That will do, but it is a long coast. Go ahead, and never mind which way the wind blew."

"We were drifting, as I said," continued the captain, as he swallowed a lump in his throat, "when the man at the masthead called—"

Excuse me, captain," interrupted the stranger, "but if all hands were trying out why did you have a lookout at the masthead?"

"Let him go on!" called two or three voices.

"O, certainly, but he must be sure of his facts. Go on, captain, you had a man at the masthead, where he didn't belong at the time, but perhaps you managed things that way. He suddenly sighted a whale, didn't he?"

The captain would have retired, but we looked at him so appealingly that he decided to make one more effort.

"The lookout hailed the deck and said that a large whale was bearing down on our starboard broadside," he said, after two or three swallows. "I at once leaped—"

"Say, Captain," softly inquired the stranger, "was the lookout a man of veracity?"

"Of course he was!"

"All right, then; but I have known lookouts who would lie like a trotting horse about whales. Go on. You were going to say that you leaped overboard. What happened then?"

"Gentlemen, I can't stand this," protested the captain, as he rose up.

"What's the matter?" asked the stranger.

"You seem to doubt my word, sir."

"Lands alive! but how did you get that idea? On the contrary, I have the most entire faith in what you say. By the way, Captain, what year, month, and day of the week was this? What was the name of your ship? Are any of the crew willing to go before a magistrate and make affidavit? I should also like—"

But the captain had turned his back and walked away, and our pleasant talk had never returned to us. He had been smothered by the stranger, and we had to hunt up and listen to the yarns of a mate, who couldn't tell a yarn without his face giving him away every time he pulled a leg of truth out of joint.—N. Y. Sun.

Goethe and His Doppelgänger.

Goethe, when a young man, was resting by the roadside on one occasion when he observed the figure of a middle-aged gentleman approaching him on horseback. There was something in the features and general appearance of the stranger that attracted his attention in a marked degree, for the face and figure seemed to be his own, although older and more developed.

In their costume, however, there was no similarity whatever, for while the stranger wore the robes of a councillor of state, the young poet wore the ordinary dress of civil life. In the course of years afterward and when the circumstance had been nearly forgotten it was brought before him again in a most startling manner, for one day while passing the very spot where he had long since encountered the stranger he found himself similarly mounted and riding along the figure of a councillor of state, and he perceived that in form and feature he was now the very counterpart of the mysterious horseman and, to crown the miracle, his costume was the same to the minutest detail, as he was himself now a councillor of state also.—Belford's Magazine.

DRAMATIC INSTINCT.

The Desire That Influences Man in Embodying Ordinary Stories.

There are many people who are neither dramatists nor novelists by profession, but who yet have such a keen eye for "effect" that they may be said to be both. Like farce-writers, such people are quick to see a "situation," and, if necessary, to make one, in order to indulge in a little cheap theatrical display. It would not be difficult to show that almost every man of genius or poetic temperament has indulged more or less in this propensity; in many cases, doubtless, without intending any harm by the simulation or unrestrainedness.

Some one ventured to remind Alexandre Dumas that an anecdote he had just made was not strictly in accordance with the truth. "No," he said frankly, "it was not, I know; but the story was ever so much better as I told it." The same desire has influenced, and will influence, thousands of persons in embodying a story. Being a novelist, Dumas may perhaps be excused for giving play to his imagination for the sake of heightening "effect," and the same excuse could be urged in favor of those novelists who, in recording their "personal experiences," hardly ever allow one to lose sight of the fact that they are story-tellers by profession. So much of their time is spent in contriving situations that it is not at all surprising that they are often tempted to stray from the paths of absolute truthfulness. The general public, however, has no such excuse. Yet so keen is the dramatic instinct with many people that they contrive "situations" with a fertility of resource that would make many novelists wild with envy. But the dramatic instinct is mostly displayed in the telling of stories, in connection with which "truth is," no doubt, "a sad hamper of genius," because it is comparatively rare in real life that experiences fit in with preconceived notions. These—whether owing to innate ideas or from a loving study of fiction is more than need be determined—are frequently rampant in the extreme. Fitz Booodle confessed that in all the comedies and romances he had read the hero had always a go-between—a valet or humble follower—who performed the intrigue of the piece; and consequently he selected some subordinate to carry his letters to Minna Love, notwithstanding that he might easily have given her them himself. There may be a good deal underlying this little bit of satire. In private life the love of effect is generally pernicious. Every given person remembers that the immortal Pakeniff always contrived to inform his daughters of the coming of any visitor in order that they might be found suitably employed; and every body remembers, moreover, that those charming girls were greatly surprised and blushed furiously when the visitors arrived.—Chamber's Journal.

DANIEL BOONE'S COMRADE.

Death of a Man Who Fought Indians with the Kentucky Pioneer.

John L. P. McCune, who was the oldest man in Clark County, Ind., died recently at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. C. White, at Charlestown. He was a native of Jessamine County, in this State, and was born March 5, 1793.

He served in the war of 1812. He participated in the battle of Tippecanoe, and was in the fight at Thames, October 15, 1813, where he saw Tecumseh fall.

With Daniel Boone he was on the most intimate terms of acquaintance, and made many Indian raids with him. After settling at Charlestown he learned the trade of shoemaking and followed it for a living, making foot-wear for many of the most famous lawyers, judges, doctors and other professional men of the early history of Indiana. When General William Henry Harrison visited Charlestown Mr. McCune, who had heard of his coming in advance, made an exceedingly fine pair of boots for him, which were presented to the old warrior.

In his day Mr. McCune was a great fiddler, and upon a still evening the notes from his violin could be heard all over the town, as he sat in his front door playing upon his favorite instrument. He was a familiar figure at the annual meeting of the old settlers, and was always down on the programme for an exhibition of his skill on the violin. At these gatherings he invariably played two pieces, which were his favorites, "Washington's Wedding March" and "Martha Washington's Lamentations." At the meeting last fall he attempted to carry out his part, but his strength had so failed him that only the faintest sound could be heard as his stiffened arm drew the bow across the strings of his fiddle.

A few years since his wife died. This was a great shock to him, and so sure was he that he would soon follow that he made all preparations for his death, even to buying and having set up his tombstone, with all the engraving done upon it but the date of his death.

It is located in the extreme western portion of the Charlestown cemetery and attracts the eye of every stranger who enters the ground. The peculiar part of it is a small type of Mr. McCune, which is surrounded by a glass-covered frame and set in the marble. He is dressed in his shop garb, and on his knee is a partially mended shoe, while in his hand is a hammer. The peculiar attitude and the fact that a live man had his picture adorning the tombstone which was to mark his grave was frequently commented on.—Louisville (Ky.) Letter.

—The less head a man has the more frequently he loses it.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WHY SHE CRIED.

There sat a little lass
Upon a bed of roses,
Her tears bedewed the summer grass
And twinkled on the roses.
"Now, why is all this grief?" I said,
"And all this doleful crying?"
The maiden sadly shook her head,
And answered, softly sighing:
"All yesterday I wept," said she,
"And then this morning I could see
"T was quite without a reason;
So now I mourn the stupid way
In which I spent that lovely day—
The fairest of the season!"
O dear—O dear—O dear—
The fairest of the season!"

So there she sat, the silly lass,
And nothing could content her;
The roses and the summer grass
No grain of comfort lent her;
Nor any word that I could say
Would ease her doleful crying.
"I can but weep for yesterday,"
She answered, sadly sighing:
"It was all so foolish—that I see—
And that is not the worst," said she:
"T is not my greatest sorrow;
I can not eat—I can not sleep—
And all the day I weep and weep—
For fear I'll weep to-morrow!"
O dear—O dear—O dear—
For fear I'll weep to-morrow!"
—Edwina S. Bumstead, in St. Nicholas.

DEUTERONOMY.

The Story Told by a "Self-Made" Man.

A wealthy business man not long ago made a short visit in his native town, a thriving little place, and while there was asked to address the Sunday-school on the general subject of success in life.

"But I don't know that I have anything to say, except that industry and honesty win the race," he answered.

"Your very example would be inspiring if you would tell the story of your life," said the superintendent.

"Are you not a self-made man?" "I don't know about that."

"Why, I've heard all about your early struggles! You went into Mr. Wheelwright's office when you were only ten."

"So I did! So I did! But my mother got me the place, and while I was there, she did all my washing and mending, saw that I had something to eat, and when I got discouraged, told me to cheer up and remember tears were for babies."

"While you were there you studied by yourself."

"Oh, no, bless you, no! Not by myself! Mother heard my lessons every night, and made me spell long words while she beat up cakes for breakfast. I remember one night I got so discouraged I dashed my writing-book, with my pen and pencils, into the fire, and she came running and pulled it out."

"Well, it was certainly true, wasn't it, that as soon as you had saved a little money, you invested in fruit, and began to peddle it out on the evening train?"

"The rich man's eyes twinkled and then grew moist over the fun and pathos of some old recollection.

"Yes," he said, slowly, "and I should like to tell you a story connected with that time. Perhaps that might do the Sunday-school good. The second lot of apples I bought for peddling were speckled and wormy. I had been cheated by the man of whom I bought them, and I could not afford the loss. The night after I discovered they were unfit to eat, I crept down cellar and filled my basket as usual."

"They look very well on the outside," I thought, "and perhaps none of the people who buy them will ever come this way again. I'll sell them, and just as soon as they're gone I'll get some sound ones." Mother was singing about the kitchen, as I came up the cellar stairs. I hoped to get out of the house without discussing the subject of unsound fruit, but in the twinkling of an eye she had seen and was upon me.

"Ned," said she, in her clear voice, "what are you going to do with those speckled apples?"

"So—sell them," stammered I, ashamed in advance.

"Then you will be a cheat, and I will be ashamed to call you son," she said, promptly. "Oh, to think you could dream of such a sneaking thing as that!" Then she cried and I cried, and I've never been tempted to cheat since. No, sir, I haven't any thing to say in public about my early struggles, but I wish you'd remind your boys and girls every Sunday that their mothers are probably doing far more for them than they do for themselves. Tell them, too, to pray that those dear women may live long enough to enjoy some of the prosperity they have won for their children—for mine didn't."

—Youth's Companion.

FORGETTING SELF.

A Hard Thing to Do—The One Remedy for Selfishness Is to Remember Others.

Truth is many-sided. If I should describe the house in which I am sitting from the front, it would seem a very different house from the one you might describe from the rear, and yet the house is the same. So if I ask you this week to do what seems the opposite of last week's advice, you are not to jump at any conclusion, though I did say then "Watch yourselves," and I do say now "Forget yourselves."

Simply two ways of dealing with the "Ego," which are not contrary but quite harmonious. Indeed, I might go so far as to assert that he who keeps control of self will be most likely to forget self.

Did you ever try to forget a thing and have it stay almost persistently in your thoughts, seemingly because you did try? Perhaps you are not old enough for that experience yet, but it requires a firm exercise of will to turn the thoughts elsewhere.

Now I think the hardest thing in the world to forget is self. You try it for

a day, and see if you don't find it so. I know of but one remedy, and that is to remember others. If you look at it, in all this world there are only yourself and other people; yourself—one; other people—many, something over a thousand millions. I suppose, it seems fairly absurd to spend one's thoughts on the one, and forget the millions, yet that is the way some people appear to live. You know if you hold a cent close to the eye, it will obscure the sun, and there have been persons known to do that.

Self-forgetting is only another name for selfishness. Now I would not be unjust to you, but, honestly, isn't selfishness quite a prominent characteristic of a boy? I may mistake, but it does seem to me as a rule that girls are more apt to deny themselves for others than boys are. Not because they are naturally better, but certain facts in their usual training and circumstances make them more thoughtful and considerate.

Indeed, a writer already quoted in these talks says in regard to some mistakes in the home training: "The selfishness of the sisters, and the fondness of the mother for her boy, and the fact that the boy is rarely at home, all contribute to a habit of sacrificing every thing to the young lad's pleasure or profit, which has the worst effect on his character in after life. Boys receive from women themselves in the nursery, and when they come home from school in the holidays, a regular education in selfishness."

That is forcibly put, but I fear it has much truth in it, and I repeat it to you boys, that you may notice and correct any such tendency. Just see how many times this week the mother and sister deny themselves in little ways, and attentions, which you receive with such a lovely manner, and without the slightest notion that any body is put out for your sake. I am willing to believe the fault is thoughtlessness, and the way to correct that is to be thoughtful. Thoughtful for the mother and sister, thoughtful for the comrades at school, thoughtful for all whom you meet, caring not so much for your own comfort, or what you esteem your own rights.

Remember that the largest lives, from whom the Master's down, have been those filled with thoughts for others. This thoughtfulness will grow as you grow, until it takes in all the world. Then there will be in your heart, not the one self alone, but crowding in it the thousand millions and more of others, whose interests and whose welfare you are to consider. But boys, you will not jump into such a self-forgetting as this, you must grow into it.

In the old days Christ told His disciples to begin their work at Jerusalem; so I think with us all we must begin with that which lies nearest. Just here in your own homes, in your own school rooms, on your own play-grounds, you must forget self and remember others.

"Look out for number one," is one of the meanest precepts of so-called worldly wisdom, which deceive with an air of sagacity and prudence. Within the covers of the Book you will find another quite the opposite: "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

From "Talk with Boys," in N. Y. Observer.

—Not long since a prominent Newburg divine was called upon by a woman who inquired if he would marry her. He answered that he would most certainly. Shortly after this the lady again visited him and informed him that she was ready. The divine said very well, and inquired where the woman announced that he was the party who had said he would marry her, and that she was ready to fulfill her part of the contract? Of course, the good minister explained that he understood she meant for him to marry her to some other person, not to take her himself, and she departed highly indignant.

The story is true of a Frenchman who went into a shoe store in one of our cities and gave the clerk no end of annoyance. At last the clerk sought to get revenge, after having shown nearly every style of shoe on his shelves, by bringing forth a pair of boots and placing them before the customer with the remark: "Now, sir, here's an excellent thing, just suited to you in every way, half sole and all French calf."

—A German fell into a lager beer vat the other day, and seeing his danger began to drink as hard as he could to save himself from drowning by reducing the depth of the fluid, and it is thought he would have succeeded had not a floating cork got into his throat and lessened his swallowing power.—N. Y. Weekly.

—A sandwich company, which proposes to sell its wares in offices, on the streets and in bar rooms and cafes, has been established in New York. The company will have uniformed peddlers who will carry neat willow baskets. The sandwiches will be sold for five cents each.

—A Hays City (Kan.) paper recently printed the following remarkable card of that Mr. and Mrs. Gertrude wish to express their thanks to the friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted at the burning of their hotel Monday morning.

—First old-time parson (dejectedly).—There are no pulpits pounders nowadays. Second old-time parson (more dejectedly).—And there are no pulpits expounders either.

—Superstition among fashionable people is on the increase.—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

ALCOHOLISM.

The frightful Effects and Maladies Resulting from the Use of Alcohol.

Dr. Monin, a distinguished French physician and secretary of the French Society of Hygiene, has recently completed a report on the scourge of alcoholism, that has just been published, and in which, without useless digression, simply but implacably, he has traced a cruel but truthful picture of the progress of the evil.

Frightful, in truth, are the effects and maladies which result from the alienation caused in the human organism by the use of alcohol. But it is, above all, the degradation and the perversity of the brain and the intelligence which offers the most horrible spectacle.

The drinker does not at once become subject to these hallucinations. At first, though drunkness may be considered as a passing insanity, it is not until after a general disorganizing of the whole nervous system that the drunkard succumbs to delirium. He begins by feeling pains in his head, loses his memory, forgets words, hesitates in his actions, weeps for trifles and laughs unconsciously. Irrascible, uneasy, jealous, he presents, at first, profound troubles of moral sensibility. Then he becomes taciturn, sored and subject to childish peevishness. At the same time the will becomes less and less active, and ends in utter hopelessness. While in this condition some can not write, others can not take hold of any object, however much they may desire, from lack of sufficient volition.

The victim of alcoholism who has reached this period of his decay has an agitated expression, suffers from considerable congestion, is covered with a profuse perspiration on the least occasion, and his eyes are brilliant and injected with blood. At other times, on the contrary, the expression of the face is sad, and the physiognomy of the man thus attacked, with his hanging lips, dull eyes and thin hair, clammy and moist, shows exactly the state of the intelligence of the unhappy victim.

Soon, now, the drunkard, fatally drawn toward intellectual and physical decrepitude, is constantly being deceived by his senses in the appreciation of surrounding things. It is then that he feels tremblings and creeping sensations, cramps and a quivering of the nostrils and the upper lip. He has visual hallucinations, confounds with red, and can not distinguish silver from gold. He is a prey to enormous delirium, and sees imaginary figures. Sometimes he imagines himself surrounded by flames and feels the painful burns, or he sees armed men springing upon him; and it is a lamentable spectacle to see the unhappy man struggling against his imaginary enemies.

Among the most frequent forms of alcoholic delirium are jealousy, and above all, belief in imaginary persecution. There are numerous cases where the wretched victims imagine that they have large sums of money hidden away, and the precautions which they take to conceal the imaginary fortune from the pursuit of others are incredible. Every visitor is suspected. The parents, wives and children of the miserable creatures are suspected as so many ravishers, and their words and gestures are interpreted in a manner that would be grotesque if it were not so pitiful.

Others believe themselves destined for the highest positions, and enjoy to the full these imaginary honors. Others, again, have an abnormal development of physical sensation, and their imagination makes them feel actual shocks, and they complain that some unseen person is beating them with clubs. A case in point is cited where one man in delirium constantly imagined that some one was dealing him violent blows with a clenched hand. To avoid this he walked along by walls, sideways, so as to protect his back, but even this did not prevent his torment from still striking him in the same place.

At last, worn out with suffering, exhausted by terrors, the sufferer dies in the midst of the most frightful horrors; often, even, he does not await the end, for he destroys himself to escape from the fantastic visions by which he is assailed, and the nervous pains which give him no respite.

Ah! those who by patient research, painful experience and ungrateful studies, shall have found a practical means of checking the progress of alcoholism, will merit the heartfelt gratitude of humanity. Dr. Monin has presented a scientific picture of some of the terrible details, and a perusal of his book would open the eyes of every drinker whose intelligence and moral sense were not already destroyed.—Translated by Olive Harper, for Demorest's Monthly.

THE "DOWN GRADE."

Evil Social Habits the Rails on Which the Car of Life Is Often Launched—The Dangers Ahead.

When a train of cars gets on a piece of track that is off the level and inclines in the direction of the train's motion, and there are several miles of run, the engineer usually shuts off steam and lets the train roll on by its own gravity. He is watchful, however, of the brakes and does not permit the headway to become too great. There is always danger on the "down grade," and the experienced train man knows that if the steam is off and the locomotive no longer exerting its powerful traction, the weight of the train would be sufficient to hurl it to destruction were there no guiding hand ready to apply the brakes and grasp the throttle lever.

Take a line of railway on which there is a section of rather sharp grading, fifteen feet or more of ascent to the thousand, what would be the popular judgment should the company supply engineers and conductors for it who were habitually given to drinking intoxicants? We can not wonder that an engineer needs to be "laid off" occasionally to recover his mental equilibrium, for the strain of daily operating a locomotive is great and the motor it in time. It is the sharp grades and curves that try these guardians of human lives.

But there are ways of getting on the "down grade" in our every-day life that have a more destructive outcome than railway train running. Social habits are the rails on which young and old launch the car of life, often regardless of the sharp descent. It is easy to "float with the tide"—to do as others do—because that means running on the down grade.

We meet with people who are on this down grade and with full knowledge of its dangers. They like the company on the train and voluntarily seek it, but seem to think that they can put on the brakes when they like and control the downward movement. What a mistake! Thousands make it, and a time there comes a terrible awakening to the reality.

We have known the "awakening" to come in the morgue, the hospital, the asylum.

One awakening a gentleman had which was of a very strange nature, but by no means an isolated case, as Dr. Crothers tells us. This gentleman took his glass daily in a social way or at dinner—never to excess, and no one dreamed that he was on the down grade, but one day it was announced that Mr. ——— had "disappeared." Family, friends, business associates were shocked and confounded, and several days passed without a solution of the human enigma.

At length a dispatch was received by his family, dated at a city some hundred miles from his home, informing them that he was there and would return shortly. After reaching home his only answer to their earnest inquiries was: "Yesterday I awoke and found myself in Philadelphia—how I came there I am unable to say, and what I had been doing I can not say."

He had become an *inbriate* from his moderate drinking, and, in a stage of unconscious celebration, in an inebriate trance, he had left home and friends to wander far away, following some impulse that he could not recall any more than one who has been hypnotized can in the waking state recall his conduct while entranced.

Fortunately, such cases are rare, but their occurrence is an emphatic warning to all who indulge the appetite abnormally by even an occasional glass of intoxicating liquor. It is the highly-organized brain that exhibits this strange phase of involuntary action, and, once manifested, it indicates an important change in the nervous constitution of the man, a deterioration that may persist for the remainder of life.—Phrenological Journal.

RUM AND CRIME.

The Inevitable Effects of Intoxicating Drinks on the Physical and Moral Nature of Those Who Use Them.

Hon. A. H. Richmond, in discussing "The Relation of Rum to Crime" in the Chautauquan, says:

"I have practiced law forty years, have been engaged in over four thousand criminal cases, and on mature reflection I am convinced that more than three thousand of them originated in drunkenness alone, and that a great portion of the remainder could be traced either directly or indirectly to this source. In seventy-six cases of homicide in which I either prosecuted or defended, fifty-nine were the direct and immediate results of the maddening influence of intoxicating drink, while in a number of the remainder the primordial cause was this prolific source of misdemeanor and murder.

So certain are the criminal effects of the licensed drinks of the saloon and bar-room, that a chemist in analyzing them should not be surprised to detect crime in a crystalline form existing as an original element in their composition; while it would not require the microscope to discover the monad cells of every sin incident to fallen man in the foam of the beer-mug or the dregs of the wise-cup. It is useless to attempt to dilute the effects of intoxicating drinks on either the physical or moral being of the people, for to find a reasonable excuse for the laws that license their sale as a beverage. No one truthful sentence can be uttered in their defense. The scalpel of the surgeon with unerring certainty has revealed the inevitable germs of disease and death in the human system plotted by even a moderate use of intoxicants while the records of our criminal courts are stained on every page with the history of the crimes committed through their influence. There are not the simple assertions of mistaken men and fanatics, but truths as clearly demonstrated by science as proved by evidence as a proposition in Euclid or a recorded fact in history; and he who denies them is either willfully ignorant of what he might learn or he ignores both truth and evidence in denying what he does not know to be true.

In the town of Bessebrook, Tex., where John G. Richardson employs 3,000 people in the manufacture of iron, no liquor has been sold for forty years, and as a result there is neither prison, penitentiary nor pauper in the town.

THE GIRL BACHELOR.

She No Longer Boards, But Takes Rooms and Lives Without a Chaperon.

I was counting on my fingers last evening the girls I know in New York who have set up apartments or installed themselves in establishments of their own. I ran over the digits on one hand, and then of the other, and repeated the operation so often that I lost all track of my reckoning. The girl bachelor grows enterprising. She no longer boards, she makes a bachelor home. She takes rooms. She lives in them without a chaperon. Her conduct is unquestioned. There is no limit to the pluck and the independence of the young and unmarried and perfectly decorous and entirely delightful unmarried woman. She is no longer an unprotected female. She has found out that after all a girl's best protection is a girl. The last decade evolved a phase. The present decade is now at work evolving another. Bachelor suites is established in the language. Maids' suites or Dorothy apartments, as somebody in conversation the other day christened them, are going to find place before long.

Yesterday I drank a cup of tea with brown-eyed Dolly. Dolly has a small fortune and is twenty-two. Her father died, her relations with her only relative, an aunt, were strained. The two did not thrive under the same roof. The kettle sings on the hearth most merrily since Dolly has hired a flat and a butler, and set up a buffet and receives calls on her own responsibility. Novel situation. Piquant experience. Delightful days. No surveillance and no "larkiness." Dolly is a lady and behaves like one. She is careful whom she entertains. She is as demure as a Puritan damsel, as jolly as a Parisian bohemienne. She plays at housekeeping very cheerfully.

Gray-eyed Dolly is a young wood carver. She supports herself by one of the newest occupations found practicable for women. She has three dainty rooms in the last place you would dream of, ever a stable. Do! Delightfully pretty rooms they are, where bric-a-brac picked up in all manner of old places, summer sketches and winter studies, old plaster casts and now panels, inexpensive hangings with sudden flashes of color in scarlet ribbons, stained floors and Kaula rugs make one forget that such things as Turkey carpets, silken divans, Louis XVI. chairs and old Savoy china were ever by the greatest of domestic deities. Gray-eyed Dolly is wholly self-dependent. She has supported herself since she was fifteen. Shetired of hall bedrooms. She doesn't like the dreary atmosphere of the average city boarding house. She does like her own little nest of a stable home where she has a cat and an open fire and can follow the instant inspirations of her own sweet will. I have known her when a caller went away to offer him a cigar.—N. Y. Letter.

A WELL-TRAINED OWL.

He Roars Like a Little Tiger When His Dignity Is Ruffled.

My own bird is at liberty. This he uses to the very best of his ability, making the third member in our small house. He is by no means the least important, for he claims and receives the greatest attention at meal times. He steps from his perch on to the hand, sits on the place appointed for him, and chatters all the time it is in progress. Sometimes, by way of a change, he will run about inspecting all things; he is very swift on foot and most inquisitive. Very affectionate, too; he shows that plainly. He is about more in the day-time than in the evening or night, and he will sit in the full light of the sun. All through the hot summer of 1887 he has done so as a matter of choice.

His food consists of mice of all kinds, birds of the finch tribe, old and young. Starlings, blackbirds and thrushes he will not eat, nor insects such as chafers and others of a similar kind; he will not even look at them. It is not always possible to procure birds and mice for him; then he will content himself with tender, lean beef, quite fresh. He is so particular in that matter, though, that he will not eat fresh pork. He seldom drinks water, and never uses it for the purpose of washing, preferring to roll and scratch about in a lump of drift sand like a domestic fowl. In fine feather he now is, and he keeps himself beautifully clean! His legs are long, and he uses his toes and claws with the dexterity of a monkey; in fact, when at his little games he is more like a little monkey than an owl.

His conversation, kept up continually, is a croon and chatter, and when in high glee he will puff the feathers of his throat out and look intently at me with his bright yellow eyes and treat us with a solo sounding like the gobble of some unfortunate turkey. If I ask him as a particular favor to change that tune, he will give a succession of shrill barks like a terrier.

He roars like a tiger when his dignity is ruffled, and squeaks like a pig. This does not occur very often, and when it does the fault is my own. It generally happens when he is introduced to strangers, which he hates. As a rule he is most amiable. If I wanted to cure a man of melancholy and never-smiling grief I would present him with a little owl, the Punctinello of his tribe.—Cornhill Magazine.

—It is stated that the smallest steam engine ever made was recently completed, after two years of labor, for the Paris exhibition. It is composed of 180 pieces of metal, is a shade under three-fifths of an inch in height, and weighs less than one-ninth of an ounce. A watchmaker made it.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Tannin has been discovered as an animal substance by M. Villon, a French chemist, who finds that corn weevils contain about three per cent. of it.

—A curious crop is a harvest of 4,000 sponges. It was obtained by an Austrian servant as the result of an experiment of literally sowing small parts of living sponges in a soil favorable to their production.

—Does your doctor wish to compare your cough at Christmas with your April cough? Then all he has to do is to use the graphophone. So, at least, says Dr. Richardson, of London, who, by means of that wonderful instrument, has successfully recorded the coughs and pulses of his patients.

—In the juices of the healthy stomach a noted physician has found nine new forms of microbes in addition to seven previously known. These microbes must play an important part in digestion, but their principal effect upon the food seems to be after it has passed from the stomach into the intestinal tract.

—A new and very good use for cast-away tin cans. The tin is straightened out, cut into rectangular pieces about three times longer than broad. These are automatically fed into a machine, which squeezes them up into square nail shape and puts a head on one end. The result is a nail stronger than the ordinary nail, and one which can be driven into hard wood without breaking.

—The supposed remedial agency of the odor of cows and cow-stables in cases of consumption is to be tried at Reinickendorf, near Berlin, on a unique scale. A vast circular building has been erected, in the basement of which several hundred cows will be kept, and the odor of the stables be conducted to the rooms in the upper stories. In the center of the building is a large yard, for which a whey-cure, bathing-rooms, etc., are planned.

—Most persons who have walked on a railway track have observed how much easier rails that are frequently used are than those in constant service. A French scientist thinks he has found an explanation of this phenomenon in the fact that when a mixture of iron rust and iron is submitted to great pressure, the magnetic oxide of iron is formed. In the case of rails in constant use, he thinks that a superficial coating of magnetic oxide is formed by the compression of the rust on the metal by the passage of trains.

—One of the most wonderful things that have been discovered of late is the new glass which has just been made in Sweden. Common glass contains only six substances, while the Swedish glass consists of fourteen, the most important elements being phosphorus and boron, which are not found in any other glass. The revolution which this new refractor is destined to make is almost inconceivable, if it is true, as positively alleged, that, while the highest power of an old-fashioned microscope lens reveals only the one four hundred-thousandth part of an inch, this new glass will enable us to distinguish one two-hundred-and-four-million-seven-hundred-thousandth part of an inch.

WILLIAM AT HOME.

Like His Grandfather the Young Emperor Loves to Live Simply.

A writer in the Berlin Tageblatt gives some interesting particulars concerning the home life of the Emperor, William II. Like his grandfather, the Emperor loves to live simply, and when his habits are not interfered with by the presence of distinguished guests at the castle, he rises at seven, breakfasts at 7:30 and dines with the Emperor at the unfashionable hour of one. His favorite relaxation is to play with his children.

Every day he receives upon the average about six hundred letters. These are brought to him on a salver as they arrive, and he opens those letters which bear a hand-writing, a coat of arms or a postmark which is known to him or excites his curiosity. The rest of the correspondence goes unopened to the Civil Cabinet, the members of which read it as it may be necessary. The majority of the envelopes contain begging letters or personal petitions. The Emperor has only one body servant at a time in attendance upon him, and this man shaves him, takes care of his wardrobe, and affords him what assistance he requires while dressing.

Much of the Emperor's time is spent in his private library, where he writes much and rapidly. Every new book and every newspaper dealing with military or naval subjects, whether it be in German, French, Russian or English, is seen by him, and besides being a regular bibliomane so far as regards books on strategy and military history, he is an enthusiastic collector of portraits and autographs of his more celebrated contemporaries. He leaves the education of his children entirely to the direction of the Empress, who is not only a strict disciplinarian, but also extremely attentive to the religious training of the young Princes. This she at present herself undertakes. The children have various masters and governesses who visit them; but they have as yet no military governor, or even any personal servants or attendants beyond such a nursery staff as might be found in any well-to-do bourgeois family in Berlin. At the outset of his reign the Emperor rendered himself somewhat notorious by his readiness to speak in public. Curiously enough he has the reputation among his personal friends of being one of the most silent of men, save on the rare occasions when he throws off the monarch and gives reign to his natural high spirits. So much is this the case that in his household the saying is: "The Emperor never speaks; he only orders."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

ONLY A WINK OF SLEEP.

Sweet Messenger of Rest,
To nerves o'erstrained, to brain o'erwrought,
From drowsiness in the fold of thought,
To mind oppressed by weight of care,
To eyes grown dim by brassy glare,
And only a Wink of Sleep.

A Messenger of Rest,
To hands o'erstrained by daily toil,
To spirits bruised in life's turmoil,
To feet grown sore along the way,
O'er which they pass from day to day,
And only a Wink of Sleep.

A Messenger of Rest,
Though brief, yet restful to the soul,
To quietude, a welcome goal,
From which to start life's race anew,
Bidding to trials old adieu,
And only a Wink of Sleep.

A Messenger of Rest,
With healing o'er on folded wings,
With calm proclaimed from echoing strings
Of suns and shadows soft and true,
One moment lost to care and pain,
And only a Wink of Sleep.

A Messenger of Rest,
One moment lost, a new life won,
A setting and a rising sun,
Reflecting rays of richest hue—
Farewell to all that's old and new,
Born of a Wink of Sleep.

THE DRUMMER'S WIFE.

He Won Her Incidentally While
Gaining Experience.

"I am a young man in years, but I've had a good deal of experience from my youth up, and if I keep on I'll be a kind of a Moseley at seventy," he said, thoughtfully.

"We were sitting at the theater waiting for the first act, and my companion was a commercial traveler whom I had met at the hotel. He was a genial, jolly fellow, a good talker and well read; we had come to enjoy each other's company, and were at the theater together very naturally, indeed.

"Have you had any romantic experiences?" I asked, hoping to hear something novel.

"Well, yes, a good many," he returned, reflectively; "but my first business venture was as romantic as anything that ever happened to me. I got my wife on account of it."

"I should like to hear about it, if you care to disclose such a personal affair," I remarked.

"Yes, I would just as lief tell it as not while we are waiting. I always call it our 'Shakespearean Marriage.' It's a queer story, too!" He paused for a moment as if to select a convenient way to commence, then continued:

"When my class graduated from the high school—let's see—that was in '74—we all wanted to do something out of the ordinary and decided that we would give a play of some sort at commencement.

"We appointed a committee to look up the matter, and they reported in favor of a comedy, with a recommendation that 'As You Like It' be selected; so 'As You Like It' it was—you've read it, of course?"

I assured him that it was my favorite comedy.

"Well," he resumed, "some of us fellows drew lots for roles and Orlando came to me; that suited me first rate, for I liked sentiment, and love scenes, and wrestling, and so forth. There was a girl in the class named Lilley Heynum—Jove! but she was as pretty as a picture!—and they chose her for Rosalind; the other parts were distributed at random.

"We rehearsed a good deal and when finally graduation day came we were in good form and played well for amateurs, and the whole town turned out to see us.

"Now, the beginning of the end is this: Lilley Heynum fell in love with me, and she did all her tender parts with Orlando in good, solid earnest so that any one could notice it, but I didn't. I was in love with Alice Cassel, and shouldn't have paid any attention to Lilley if I had known she loved me, but I had no idea of such a thing. When a fellow is in love with one girl he don't feel like flirting with any one that comes along—did you ever notice that?"

I presumed it was so.

"When I got my diploma I was almost too important to live; if you ever graduated you know how that is, and when my father offered me a clerkship in his store I wouldn't take it. I told him that I had gotten some education and wanted to use it, and what was more, I wanted to see the world. (I've seen enough of it since!) So when I saw an advertisement for insurance solicitors to do work down in Connecticut—I lived in Massachusetts—I jumped at the chance and applied for a place.

"The fellow who called himself 'general agent' for some big life insurance company was a slick scoundrel, but I was guileless and thought he was honest as the angels. He told me that they paid twenty dollars a week salary and expenses, and that there was nothing much to do but canvass a town, report applicants for policies to him (he did the underwriting), and draw my pay.

"That looked like a wonderful chance to get something for nothing, and I told him to give me a town and I'd start the next day. When I told my father, he objected and said I shouldn't go, so I, like a fool boy, ran away; but I forgot to say that before I left Pittsfield—that was my home—I called on Alice Cassel and clinched matters there, got engaged in regular style. By Jove! and when I got rich

we were going to marry and live on our income.

"Dilford, that was my agent's name, gave me letters of introduction to a fellow named Jarson, who had been in the business, he told me; and to a big preacher. When I got to Penfield I couldn't find the preacher, but Jarson was there and he was very friendly; he did every thing for me and when I got homesick he tended to me like a brother—I tell you he was kind!

"Well, as luck would have it, I got acquainted with another preacher named Graynor, and he asked me to come and board at his house, which I did. I went to work, and the first two weeks my salary and expense allowance came all right, but after that, Dilford kept making excuses for not sending money—his remittance from London was delayed, or something like that. I didn't suspect any thing, of course, but supposed it would all come at once; he did finally pay up all my salary, but didn't send money for expenses after the second week. It went on this way for a month, when one day I got a letter from my classmate, Lilley Heynum—she was a teacher then—saying that her uncle, the postmaster, had found out that my agent was crooked, and warning me to get out of his clutches as soon as possible. I showed the letter to Jarson, and he said that the 'girl was a fool' and 'her uncle a fraud,' so I didn't answer the letter.

"A few days later I went to the picnic of Mr. Graynor's Sunday-school, and when I was there Jarson's little boy tumbled out of a boat in the middle of the river, and I fished him out just in time to save the little shaver. Old Jarson was awfully thankful, and swore that he'd never cease to love me, and be grateful to me; he got over that!

"A few days afterward he came to me and said he was in a desperate fix; a note of his was due that very day and he couldn't meet it, owing to the fact that some money he expected from New York hadn't come, and while he would have plenty of cash in a few days, he was absolutely 'broke' just then, so he wanted to borrow some money of me for a week. I asked how much he needed, and he said all I could spare wouldn't be too much. I had all my salary on deposit at the bank, and I gave him a check for all I had, about one hundred dollars, and took his note for the sake of the formality. A couple of days afterward I found he had skipped the town ostensibly to go to Philadelphia. I telegraphed to Dilford asking for my back pay, only to hear that he had gone to Boston the day before and was on a steamer for Queenstown at that time! Well, there I was—not a cent in the world—thirty-five dollars' worth of debts—no way to get home—I couldn't write to my father for money to get out of the difficulty, because I ran away and had never let him know where I was—there I was, stumped.

"Well, I told Mr. Graynor, God bless him! and he lent me enough to get home, and said that he trusted me for what I was indebted to him; in fact he acted the good Samaritan to me, and I respect his Christianity more than any one else in the world. I left Penfield a pretty sad boy and, being ashamed to go home to my folks, I started for my grandfather's intending to borrow some money to pay my debts, and tell my father that I got cheated out of my salary and not say anything about the rest of the affair.

"When I got to Springfield I'd who you guess I met in the depot?"

"Your grandfather?" I ventured.

"Lilley Heynum! She said she was a delegate to a teacher's convention being held there, and asked me where I was going. I told her that I was on a business trip, but got tangled up in my remarks, and she saw that I was in trouble as quick as a wink! She begged me to tell her all my troubles; she said she was my friend and might be able to do something for me. I was so discouraged that I told her every thing, and even that I was going to my grandfather's to get some money.

"After sympathizing with me and trying to cheer me up a little, she said that she had some extra money which she would like to be relieved of before she lost it, and offered to lend it to me with or without interest for any length of time; she promised to keep the matter quiet, and said that her offer would save me the embarrassment of asking my relatives for money and telling my dismal story.

"Of course I refused to take money from her, but she was persistent and at last I gave her my note, at ninety days and ten per cent., for forty dollars. I paid my debts at Penfield and went home. My father received me like the prodigal son, forgave me for running away and gave me a clerkship in his store at ten dollars a week, instead of twenty and expenses!

"Well, as soon as I got settled, I went to see Alice Cassel. She received me very coldly, saying that she wished to have nothing to do with one who had deserted his home and treated his father so disgracefully; that her father had forbidden my coming to the house, and that she had another gentleman who was more congenial to her. She returned my letters and tokens and said that she wished to have the acquaintance discontinued. Well, that was my first love affair, and I am glad it ended just as it did. I don't ever commit suicide because a girl rejects you—it is always better for you in the end; though it is hard to bear at the time; you can always find a woman just as good or better than the one who rejected you.

"Well, I felt heartbroken for a little while; but as I was working very hard I soon forgot all about Alice, and declared that I would have nothing more to do with the fairer sex—every one who gets jilted says that self-same thing and forgets it in less than a year afterward—doesn't it so?"

I nodded my conviction that he was correct, and he resumed:

"At the end of three months I repaid Lilley Heynum and called several times to show my gratitude for her kindness, but after all cause for calling was removed I still continued to call once a month, or oftener, until at last I had a regular Tuesday night engagement, and before long I found myself in love more deeply than ever, but I was too poor to pop the question and had to adore in silence.

"When I was twenty-one years old my father gave me a fourth interest in his business as a starter, and after that I began a regular courtship and pretty soon I married the present Mrs. Nelson.

"But why do you call it the 'Shakespearean Marriage?' I interrupted, fearing that he would leave his story in a very unsatisfactory condition.

"Oh, yes, you want to hear about that, I expect. While we were engaged in a conversation one night in the events of our school days, my mind got an answer that night, and when it came to the 'As You Like It' part, I nerved myself for the question and said very abruptly: 'Will you be my Rosalind?' She thought a moment and said: 'To you I give myself for an hour.'"

"Then I asked if she would marry me and she said: 'I'll have no husband if you do not be; that is what Rosalind tells Orlando, you remember. Do you see the point now?'"

"Well," said I, "that was strange!"

"Dr. Graynor had in the meantime been preaching the pastorship of the Methodist church in Pittsfield, and he married us! On the day of the wedding I received a letter postmarked Denver, Col. I opened it and found a check for two hundred dollars and a letter from Jarson. He said that he was compelled to cheat me, as Dilford had him under his thumb on account of some fraud they had committed together, but that he had settled down to an honest life, and the two hundred dollars was for saving his son's life and in payment of the over-due note!

"Dilford was arrested afterwards and served a term in Sing Sing for a similar sharp game, that's all. Jove, isn't that a little real life romance?"

"Yes," I answered, "but how did Dilford make any thing out of you?"

"Don't you see? He was getting a commission on the number of policies he issued, and if I did my work for nothing he made his money clear; he paid me so much and Jarson, his assistant, borrowed it, so I was a 'paw'."

The orchestra ceased playing, the bell rang, the curtain rose, and we were suddenly transported to a dreary Scottish heath where the witches entered 'mid thunder, lightning and hail, that a little real life romance."

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ELECTRICITY'S SHADOW.

Utilizing the Essence That Hangs About Telegraph Wires.

An Englishman, C. Langdon Davis, claims to have perfected an instrument, called the phonograph, by which the "induction current" on electric wires is utilized to carry messages, and the capacity of a telegraph or telephone is thereby increased. The induction current is the thing that makes the buzzing and crackling noise in the telephone, and that slings fragments of what is passing on other wires into the middle of what you are trying to tell some one else over the line. It is a sort of faint essence of electricity that hangs about every electric wire, and is affected similarly, but in a lesser degree, by every thing that affects the current on the wires. Its strength varies with the intensity of the main current and the condition of the weather, but there is always enough of it to be a nuisance on long wires and when delicate work is desired.

The induction from a telegraph wire is so strong that it will overcome entirely the weaker current of a telephone wire near it on the same pole and make it impossible to transmit intelligible sounds over the latter when the former is in use at the same time.

The English invention claims to harness this faint current to regular instruments and make it work independently of and simultaneously with the main current on the wire. The main features of the invention appear to be the use of the receiving instrument of two wires insulated from each other, but each attached at one end to the main wire. The regular current can not communicate through these wires, because they are insulated from each other, but the induction current exists between them in spite of the insulation, and any message sent by the induction current at any station on the line is faithfully reflected by the induction current over these two wires at the receiving end. By delicate adjustments similar to those used in duplexing and quadruplexing ordinary wires, the impulses of the induction current are kept separate from those of the regular current, and will carry a separate message from that passing on the main wire.

It is claimed that it will be possible by the use of the phonograph to double the capacity of an ordinary telegraph wire working singly, by simply attaching the new instrument at each end. A duplex wire can be made quadruplex in a moment by the same operation, and a quadruplex wire sextuplex or octuplex. The phonograph may be hitched on at way stations instead of at the end of the line, and works as well, and in perfect independence of the main current. It can be put on at a place where there is no regular instrument. Experiments now being made over English railroad lines are said to prove conclusively that the invention is capable of easy and profitable use in connection with existing telegraph systems.

It does not appear, however, that this new English invention is more than an improvement on the perfect system of telegraphing from moving trains, which has been in use in this country on the Lehigh Valley railroad for some time, and is said to have proved to be practicable and useful. In both systems the induction from regular telephone lines is used.—N. Y. Sun.

HOW TO SELL GOODS.

An Ability to Size Up Your Customer the First Essential.

"How to sell goods?" repeated a New York merchant after a reporter, "It depends upon a man. That is the whole secret. Like the old parody on Victor Hugo, if you want to be a good salesman you must educate your grandmother. A good salesman is born, not made. In the first place you must be able to 'size up' your purchaser all through. If you tell a racy story to a church deacon, or if you offer a prohibitionist candidate for justice a drink out of your private bottle, or if you try to get the village freethinker to direct you to prayer meeting you will make an expensive mistake. You must, like St. Paul, be all things to all men, and more than that, the right things to the right men. You can't sell to two men in the same way. You must attack each man differently. You must catch a man when he is not busy and when he is not tired. When you go for a man, go for him horse, foot and dragons. Don't give him a chance to get away from you, but hold on to him until you land him. You have got to know your own goods like you know your prayers to do this, and you have got to know what your competitors are doing, too. You must be prepared for every possible objection, and for every possible and impossible objection, and suddenly you find you have sold a big bill, and you have to go over the thing slowly afterward to find out how you did it."—N. Y. Star.

Rivals of the Telephone.

Bell's telephone monopoly is confronted with two dangerous enemies. Teletyping is one of these and Esick's typewriting telegraph the other. Gray's device transmits writing perfectly, and properly applied would take the place of the telephone, having the additional advantage of greater secrecy. The other device is not so well known. The system has been in operation between Washington and New York for some time, using one of the Postal Telegraph Company's wires. Its use on short distances was proven practicable some time ago, but kept secret. Robbed of technicalities, the system is simply one by which a typewriter at one end of the line is made to transmit currents of various intensity which operate a typewriter at the other end.—Public Opinion.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A Progressive Journal Whose Motto Is: "Live and Let Live."

The latest issue of the Arizona Kicker contains the following interesting items:

CAN'T DO IT.—We have been offered twenty-five dollars in cash and a barrel of wild plum vinegar to publish the record of the man who runs the weekly further down the street. While there is no doubt in our mind that he is a bigamist, horse thief, barn-burner and anarchist sympathizer, we know what belongs to decency and we positively refuse the bribe. There is too much mud-throwing among the editors of the West, any how. They seem to have forgotten what is due to the position.

If one of our doctors bills a patient by some mistake, the rest are always ready to swear him clean. If one of the editorial fraternity makes a trip, the rest are eager to pitch into him. It shouldn't be so. There should be more of the fraternal spirit—more of the pride of profession. Therefore, while we are perfectly satisfied that the bald-headed, bow-legged, squint-eyed old coyote who calls himself the editor of the moribund dish-rag, eleven doors below, ought to be in State prison for life, we are not going to forget what belongs to the amenities of editorial life.

PASSED AWAY.—"Injun Joe," as he was familiarly called, has finally passed in his checks, although he hung on for a year longer than any one thought he could. After a severe illness of four weeks, he crept into one of the A. & T. stage coaches and surrendered to the grim destroyer. We always looked upon Joe as half-witted, but we beg to acknowledge our mistake. In his last hours he wrote down the fact on a bit of paper that we owed him seven dollars borrowed money, and that his bill was left where it could not help but be seen. The first we know of his death was when the coroner brought in the note. We borrowed the money a year ago, and as Joe had never dunned us we supposed it had slipped his mind. We shall probably have to pay it, but whether we shall do so before appealing to the law remains to be seen.

DISAPPEARING PATRONAGE.—It is over seven months since the A. & T. coaches were put on to connect our town with the outside world. The Kicker has not before mentioned the fact, for the reason that no pass was sent to us. If a stage coach or a railroad company starts out with the idea that it can paddle its canoe without the aid of the press, the best way is to give them rope. We have been giving the A. & T. Line rope. Yesterday it threw up its hands and sent us a beautiful annual pass. The Kicker now takes pleasure in calling public attention to the fact that the A. & T. Stage-Line Company, Limited, has three roomy and comfortable vehicles leaving from the post-office to Topknot Station, on the U. P. Road, nine miles away. The fare is very low, the drivers safe men, and the speed satisfactory. It is an enterprise which deserves patronage, and we hope the company will have the support and good wishes of every citizen of the town.

DON'T BLAME US.—If Major Jones, he of the tawny hair and purple nose, will let us alone we shall never cross his path. If he persists in lying about us—if he continues to scandalize our private character and throw mud at our earnest efforts to build up an awful thud some day.

We want no quarrel with Major Jones or any other citizen. We want to live in peace, publish the Kicker at \$2 per year, strictly in advance, and feel that we are welcome whenever we drop into a saloon to recuperate our strength after exhaustive editorial work.

CALL US "GENERAL."—We understand that there is considerable dissatisfaction around town with a certain class because the general public has dubbed us with the title of "General." We refer to those "Captains," "Majors," "Colonels" and "Judges" who spend four-fifths of their time in the grog shops and poker rooms, and the other fifth in abusing decent citizens. If the public desires to call us "General," so be it, and the class referred to can take it out in biting their noses.

We have culled up the records of twenty-two of them, and not one mother's son of the gang is entitled to any thing except the very plainest and cheapest and meanest "Bill" or "Tom." They want to let our title of "General" alone or something will occur to pain their feelings.—Detroit Free Press.

THE LITERARY MANIA.

A Man Who Was Ruined by Writing a Reply to Uncle Tom's Cabin.

A fellow may get over general debility, renew exhausted vitality, and come out in a very astonishing way after a case of small-pox, but if he has the literary craze, in nine out of ten cases his case is hopeless. The victim of this disease will waste enough time and labor to make him a fortune, if expended in a business-like way, and have nothing to show for it.

I recall an instance as I write. Some years ago I met a gray-haired Professor, who informed me, confidentially, that he was writing "A Reply to Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"It will vindicate the South," he said, "and paralyze the North. The book will be a sensation, sir."

The Professor wrote industriously. He gave up his school and devoted himself to his book. Finally he finished it.

"I know it is good," he said, "because my wife read it and praised it highly."

The poor man spent his savings and had to sell his home, but the book never came out. Disappointed, and almost heart-broken, the author died, leaving a helpless family, and no property except his "Reply to Uncle Tom's Cabin."—Atlantic Constitution.

TRUSTING TO LUCK.

A Will-o'-the-Wisp That Should Be Exorcised Once and Forever.

There seems to be an increasing tendency in our day and generation to "trust to luck," and there would be many more serious disasters as a result of this bad practice were it not for the fact that science furnishes us with many valuable safeguards. The engineer in charge of an express train, rushing at lightning speed along the iron road in darkest night, amid warning elements or blinding fog, "trusts to luck," he must make his train within a given time or disarrange the whole system, and, with hand on throttle, nerves strained to the utmost tension, and eyes vainly endeavoring to pierce the darkness, he does his duty blindly, trusting that others are doing theirs, and takes chances as far as the unexpected is concerned. Unfortunately, it is the unexpected that often happens.

Another instance: Far out at sea, making a gallant fight against gloom and tempest, shrouded in blinding rain or driving snow, or blanketed with mist, a big steamship plows through the crested mountains of water. The lookout ahead, re-enforced for the occasion, the masthead watchman, the man on the bridge, can know nothing of what dangers may face them, and it is just possible that while trusting to their feeling of security, another monster like their own may be bearing swiftly down on them, a sailing vessel may be nearing their track, or a lurking deerskin drifting across their path. But they are expected in port on a vain day; their vessel has a reputation for speed upon which the prestige of a line is founded, so on they plunge, trusting to luck, until their trust is found to be vain.

The engineer in charge of a working steam plant often does too much "trusting to luck" for his own or other's safety. He knows his boiler is old or rotten, that seams leak, that sheets or tubes are corroded or burned beyond the point of safety, that he is carrying more steam than he should, that the water is low and feed water might prove dangerous, but he trusts to luck. His fires are made up, the pointer travels merrily round the steam-gauge dial, a few pounds more are put on the safety-valve, or the pump is started to feed, hoping that it will be all right. And so it may be, nine times out of ten. On the tenth "luck" changes, and the explosion, with all its harrowing details, goes on the record.

There is no such thing as luck in any of the above instances—nothing but a logical sequence of cause and effect. When the train strikes a misplaced switch, a washout or an obstruction there will be a smash-up; the first serious obstacle the ocean racer encounters is likely to transform it into a sorry wreck, if not to send it to the bottom, and the moment a boiler is exposed to an ounce more strain than its weakest part will support, it gives away. The only trick worth trusting to is the result of unremitting care. It may be necessary for us to assume risks sometimes, but there is no such thing as "luck" about them, and the safe side is invariably the side to be on, even if it takes a little trouble to get there. It is the side on which we shall always find the prudent and really skillful man, whose experience impresses him with the dangers that attend recklessness. If the element of "luck" were eliminated there would not be half the disasters there are, and human misery would be greatly mitigated could we once and forever exorcise this will-o'-the-wisp.—Safety Valve.

STAR

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Six months......75
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SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1889.

The great disaster caused by the breaking of the reservoir at Johnstown, Pa., on Friday last grows more serious as time passes and the facts are investigated. The last estimates of the loss of life is 5,000 to 10,000 drowned, and the damage to property is placed at \$25,000,000 to \$40,000,000. Generous responses are being made to the appeals for aid. The Chesapeake and Ohio and Susquehanna and Tidewater canals are ruined. Two spans of the Long bridge at Washington fell into the Potomac. The damage by the freshet in the Chemung river in Western New York is very heavy, and also along the Potomac from Cumberland to Georgetown. Harpers Ferry was flooded and the loss of property was very heavy. The water in Potomac street in the last named town was ten feet deep. A few houses were washed away.

FRIGHTFUL CALAMITY.

8,000 Drowned at Johnstown.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 31.—The flood at Johnstown has resulted in an awful catastrophe. It is said that the reservoir above town broke about 5 o'clock this evening and the immense volume of water rushed down to the city carrying with it death and destruction. Houses with their occupants were swept away. Hundreds, probably thousands of people were drowned. There is no connection with Johnstown, but a telegraph operator in the Pennsylvania railroad tower at Sang Hollow, twelve miles this side of Johnstown, says at least seventy-five bodies have floated past. The wires are all down and no trains are running east of Blairsville, which is about twenty-five miles west of Johnstown. There is no way yet to the scene of the disaster, and full particulars can hardly be obtained to-night although every effort is being made to do so. There will be no trains through before to-morrow.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 1.—The Johnstown horror is without a parallel in America's history. The worst fears are confirmed, and it may be far more serious than even now anticipated. Conservative persons near the scene of the disaster estimate that from 7,000 to 8,000 lives have been lost. The difference in estimates is due to the unsettled condition of affairs. The beautiful valley is stained by the blow. Johnstown, the devastated, was reached this evening shortly before dark. Three fourths of the once thriving place is still inundated. No boats were hand and a search is impossible until the water subsides. The relief parties could not get in the town, only being able to reach Carson City. Late to-night one of the correspondents who had started for the scene early yesterday morning arrived home.

He reports the flood as appalling. About 11 o'clock in the morning his train reached Sang Hollow, having stopped at all stations after reaching the river. On board were scores of persons in search of friends, and many sad scenes were enacted, as the sorrow-stricken ones glanced at the mutilated bodies taken from the waters at every point. Leaving Sang Hollow the party walked over the track to Carson City. In many places it was dangerous to life and limb to walk, but the searchers were desperate. Carson City was reached about noon. Three-fourths of Johnstown was submerged, and the angry water was still rushing by. The smoke stacks of the famous Cambria Iron Works projected here and there, but a glance was enough to show that the structure was ruined. In a whirling pool formed by a wash of the west approach of the famous stone bridge, was a mass of debris, an acre and even more in dimensions.

Here it is said 150 persons lost their lives, clinging to the debris, which caught fire and burned to the water's edge, all souls perishing. Their shrieks for help were plainly heard by the people on the hillsides. The houses on the hills are silent, the occupants are grief-stricken, and there is scarcely a dwelling without a dead body. Johnstown had a population of 30,000 souls and Woodville, Con-

maugh and other little hamlets on the river between South Fork and the ill-fated city contained 2,000 more. Not a house is standing in the little town. Hundreds of persons are missing.

Subscriptions in this city still continue to come in and they will undoubtedly reach \$100,000. Various secret societies have called meetings to take steps to aid the sufferers. The physicians formed relief corps this afternoon and the undertakers did the same to-night. The meeting of citizens at old city hall in the afternoon where \$46,000 was subscribed, started the boom. Several firms duplicated the contribution of \$1,500 made by Carnegie, Phipps & Co., and the H. C. Frick Coke Co. Donations of clothing and provisions were made at Oil City Hall. The first relief train was sent out by newspapers at 1 o'clock, but it probably stalled at Sang Hollow. Another relief train went out in the evening. The executive committee having charge of the work attempted to reach Johnstown with telegrams of condolence to-night, but the message could only be sent as far as New Florence, 14 miles distant. John Murphy & Sons undertaking establishment at Mayor McCallin's order sent out a car load of coffins this evening. This was in response to a telegram from the solicitor of Cambria borough, who said that 200 all sizes were needed.

SANG HOLLOW, Pa., June 1, 1 A. M.—The first accounts sent out of the Johnstown disaster are far below the wildest estimates, placed upon the extent of the calamity, and instead of 2,000 or 3,000, it is probable the death list will reach 8,000, and many say 10,000. It is now known that two passenger trains, two sections of the day express on the Pennsylvania railroad have been thrown into the maddened torrent. The passengers were drowned. These trains were held at Johnstown from Friday at 11 A. M., and were lying on a siding between Johnstown and Conemaugh stations. The awful torrent came down the narrow defile between the mountains, a distance of 9 miles, and with a fall of 300 feet in that distance, sweeping away the villages of South Fork, Mineral Point, Woodvale and Conemaugh, leaving but one building, a woolen mill, where, but an hour before, had stood hundreds, and dashing on with the roar of a cataract and the speed of the wind, upon the city at the foot of the hill.

The plain in which yesterday at Johnstown, sits in the mountains like a jewel in the Queen's diadem. Gauties Steel Works sat in this plain and the city below it, the railroad tracks bounding it at the base of the mountain on the north. Here is where the trains were standing when the tide of water like a catapult came down upon them with such resistless force that the heavy trains, locomotives, Pullmans and all were overturned and swept down with the torrent and were lodged against the great viaduct, along with forty-one locomotives from the Johnstown round house, the heavy machinery and ponderous framework of the Gaultier mill, the accumulated debris of more than a thousand houses, furniture, bridges, lumber, drift and human beings.

The low arches of the stone viaduct choked up immediately and the water backed up over the entire level of the valley upon which the city stood to the depth of what from the water marks indicate about thirty-eight feet. In the great sea thus formed hundreds, perhaps thousands of people were struggling for life.

The scene to-day is one of the most harrowing possible for the imagination of man to conceive. The accumulated drift gaged up all the viaduct to a height of forty feet, and then took fire from the upsetting of stoves or lamps.

Then were strong men made sick at the sight. As the flames crackled and roared among the dry timber of the floating houses human bodies were seen pinioned between the house roofs, locomotives, iron beams, freight, passenger, Pullman and baggage cars, heavy iron beams, the greedy flames licking with haste their diet of human flesh. The scene was horrible beyond description. From infancy a few days old to the wasted figures of age, were burned before the eyes of the beholders, and no rescue from such a fate was possible. Strong men turned away with agonized expressions and women shrieked at the horror of the scene. The dead had been computed at not less than 8,000, and the number may have exceeded this estimate. This seems incredible, but until the water will have abated and the work of removing the dead from this tremendous mass is done, it will be impossible to tell how many lives have been lost.

PITTSBURG, June 1. — Pittsburgh has made frantic efforts, but brave efforts, all morning to reach Johnstown and extend the strong arm of sympathy, but all without avail. Up to 1 o'clock this afternoon nobody

had gotten within the town center. Skiffmen row across the ruins and estimate that there is forty-two feet of water in the main street.

As the houses dashed against the immense stone structure and was crushed like egg shells the flames spread, and Johnstown last night was illuminated by them so that a person a mile away could see to read a newspaper. The victims of the flood were wedged in among shattered boards and timbers, and so became victims of the flames.

Persons who were on the Pennsylvania railroad side of the Conemaugh this afternoon say the cries of the ill-fated people could be heard issuing from the ruins as the flames spread toward them. The bridge itself was intact, but the approaches to it on the east side were washed away by the mighty wash of water, and a boiling, roaring torrent seethed between either end of it and the shore.

This afternoon men succeeded in reaching the ruins, but were powerless to aid. No appliances were at hand to do proper work, and the people who are wedged in among the ruins of their houses against the immense stone bridge, facing death by flood, by fire, by hunger and by exposure, are in all human probability beyond hope. How many of them are in this awful plight may never be fully known.

The wife and two daughters of E. W. Halford, President Harrison's Secretary were nearly victims of the flood. They were in a train which was caught in the torrent, and one car, containing 13 persons was swept away. Mrs. Halford and daughters were rescued by the trainmen and taken to Ebensburg, whence they will be sent to Washington.

GREENSBURG, June 1.—The first section of the day express, which passed here at 9 o'clock, was lying between Sang Hollow and Johnstown, yesterday afternoon, when the waters came down. The flood cut one of the cars, containing about 50 or 60 passengers, loose and it was carried away, and it is supposed the passengers have perished.

A house was seen floating down the Kiskiminetas Saturday, near the intersection of the Allegheny. In an upper window was a man quietly trusting to fate. The house swept down and crashed against the railroad bridge at the intersection, and with it the man, who was seen no more.

One of the most touching sights along the Allegheny river was witnessed Saturday afternoon at Verona. John Grimes, a well-known citizen of that place, was out in a skiff looking for bodies among the drift. He noticed a pile of debris coming down the stream, which looked as if there might be something valuable among it. Mr. Grimes rowed out and thought he saw a cradle in the midst of the pile and almost concealed it out of sight. He came down to the debris and was surprised to see the chubby little hands up in the air. He carefully forgot the prow of his skiff through the great mass of debris and sure enough there was a baby there as peaceful and contented as one could wish.

Great difficulty was experienced getting the cradle to shore, but when the landing was made, a hundred hands wanted to grasp the little darling. Mr. Grimes took it home and notified the authorities in this city of his find. The baby is a boy about 5 months old, and his rescuer is wishing that he be allowed to keep it.

The story of Mr. Larkin rescuing the baby from a cake of floating ice has been equaled by Mr. Grimes rescuing one from a mass of debris. The little one was quite wet from his ride, but he is apparently none the worse for his adventure. How the cradle could have passed through the debris, all the way from Johnstown to this city, without overturning and spilling out its happy occupant, is a mystery.

The splendid city of a few days ago, does not in the flats, contain any solid houses. Where hundreds of people lived, and outside of the club house, not one house has signs of any one living in them. Of course the houses on the hillsides remain as before the flood and are filled to their utmost capacity.

Acres and acres of the business portions of the town with hundreds of houses, have been swept as clean as though a house had never been built.

The scenes of distress are heart-rending and show up on every side. It is hardly possible to meet a person that has not met with the loss of one or more relatives. Sitting on a pile of the debris I noticed a lady crying bitterly and heard her say that she had lost her husband and eight children. She saw the children go down; heard them say, "Good-bye, mamma." As the last little voice said "Good-bye, mamma" she heard her say, "Now where is Jesus?"

The entire city is under military rule, and you can't go into the flooded district without a pass. Thieves have been on hand already, and

washed away and lodged against the bridge. Perhaps fire in a stove in one of the houses started the flames.

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The entire city is under military rule, and you can't go into the flooded district without a pass. Thieves have been on hand already, and

fingers have been cut from ladies, and also their ears cut off to secure rings and jewelry. This A. M. the guards had orders to "shoot on the spot any one caught in the act of such vandalism and theft."

The town of Woodvale is entirely wiped out. East Conemaugh suffered nearly as bad. The Gautier Wire Works are gone entirely. The Conemaugh river has changed its course and runs through the Cambria Iron Works, and also South of the company's store instead of North as heretofore.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 3.—The Masonic fraternity met this morning and received reports from the committee sent to Johnstown. The chief point was the terrible sanitary condition. A committee was appointed to ask the United States Government to take action at once. This committee telegraphed to President Harrison asking him to send out a sanitary commission immediately, and warning him that unless prompt action was taken to remove the dead bodies and animals every stream into which the Conemaugh empties would be polluted and carry plague germs to the people. This would affect this country from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. Like messages were sent to the Pennsylvania Senators.

JOHNSTOWN, June 3.—As near as the record can be kept, about 2,300 bodies have so far been taken from the ruins. Gov. Hastings, who is in the best position to form a trustworthy opinion, believes that the death toll will certainly reach 5,000 people, perhaps 10,000. Vice-President McMillen, of the Cambria Iron Company, estimates the direct financial loss by the flood in Johnstown and the nine suburban towns tributary to it at \$15,000,000. These are the grim dimensions of the disaster which has fallen upon a narrow valley within the distance of half a dozen miles.

It has drizzled rain all day, but the work went on as rapidly as energy could drive it in such circumstances. Grief is the common condition of the people. More than half the families in the community are in mourning. Those who have lost but one are expected to give aid to the more sorely smitten. Beside the 2,300 bodies recovered, fully 7,000 persons are missing. Hard work cannot be had from the survivors. Gen. Hastings has accordingly telegraphed to Pittsburgh for 1,000 workmen. Captain Jones, of Braddock, came to day with 150 men and will have charge of all the men sent. General Hastings will have tents for 6,000 men to-morrow. The idle men here and the workmen from abroad will be set to work systematically on the four principle streets in Johnstown clearing up the wreckage, removing bodies and piling the rubbish in heaps along the river bank to be burned. Thirteen volunteer workmen are here from Irwin and other squads are dropping in. The work done so far has made no noticeable impression in the wreck.

There are fifty acres in one solid raft, filling the bed of Stony creek above the bridge. All except the large timbers and trunks of trees have been burned away, and these thrust their black skeletons up from a solid bed of ashes which fills the old channel of the stream for three fourths of a mile and from shore to shore. A very few bodies have been taken out of it, and few will be taken out except in fragments. Not 100 of the ten times that many buried under this raft of ashes can ever be identified. Thirty-two Pennsylvania railroad locomotives lie buried in the wreck. Of the 2,300 bodies found more than half are unknown and the proportion of identifications must hereafter be still smaller. The waves of the Conemaugh and the Kiskiminetas and the Allegheny and the Ohio are rolling them along over the stones, mangling the features and grinding the flesh from the bones in grim rivalry with decay, to rob the survivors of even the poor comfort of burying their dead.

JOHNSTOWN, June 3.—The work of extinguishing the fire that has been consuming the huge mass of matter that has caught and accumulated by the Pennsylvania bridge over the Conemaugh has been practically completed. Now that the great pile of stuff has been divested of its enveloping smoke, it is seen how wild were all the conjectures relative to its extent. Four acres was considered an exaggerated guess then, while it stretches out along and up the river it can readily be seen that there are more than 25 acres. An investigation on of the mass in these places in which remains have been found shows that, instead of drowning, not a few of those wedged in between pieces of iron and wood were roasted to death. Twelve or fifteen bodies recovered show the truth of the roasting theory very conclusively. All were in a position that indicated their death was of shorter agony than drowning.

The theory of pollution of the

water has been substantiated by the physicians, who came here hourly and who analyze at a glance the polluting possibilities of the great mass, a large proportion of which is composed of decaying flesh. Dr. A. A. McCandless is very vigorously in favor of taking steps for the immediate removal of this putrefying mass of humanity that is scattering its death-dealing germs to the great Allegheny and Ohio valleys. To do this it has been found necessary to dynamite the debris. The contract has been awarded to Murphy & King, and they will begin to-morrow morning. They will lay a cold conductor, in which will be placed dynamite cartridges with an electrical wire to discharge them. The idea is to disintegrate the mass, start the logs down the river, catch the bodies thus dislodged and inter them as rapidly as possible.

A Correspondent of the *Wheeling Intelligencer*, of Wednesday, says: "We went over to Johnstown proper at 5 o'clock this morning. We met ex-State Senator John P. Jones, of Terra Alta, in Pittsburgh and took him along as a member of our committee. He found us a house to stop in, and we slept on the parlor floor. This was in Millville. You understand, of course, that all of these boroughs and towns that are mentioned in the dispatches are practically one. We had no covers, and got cold in the night, and our sleep was much broken. So we got up early and went to Johnstown."

"Senator Jones, by the way, has two brothers living there. One of them we met just as we got into Millvale. He and his family floated about on their house-top all night, but were saved, as was also the other brother. Both lose everything. Dr. Hattie Jones was there on a visit. She is doing a good work with her hospital."

Last of the Canal.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 3.—Senator Gorman, who was for many years at the head of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, said last night that the flood will undoubtedly cause the abandonment of the canal. The canal ran from Cumberland, Md., to Washington and brought a great deal of coal to this city and was a serious competitor of the railroad company.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SHERIFF'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Lorenzo D. Garrett against a certain Archibald C. Browning and Edwin H. Browning, co-partners, trading and doing business as Browning & Co., and to me, the undersigned sheriff directed, I did seize, levy upon and take in execution, by an actual entry upon the premises on the 14th day of April, 1889, all the interest in the said real estate of Archibald C. Browning, one of the above defendants, in and to all that real estate and property situated about 3 miles north of Deer Park, in Garrett county, containing about 139 acres of land, and being the same property which is more particularly described in a deed from James Z. Browning and wife, the said Archibald C. Browning, dated 25th March, 1887, and duly recorded in Lib. W. H. T. No. 4, fol. 33, etc., one of the land records of Garrett county.

Said farm is improved by a good

2-Story Frame Dwelling House,

a good barn and other out-houses; is about 1/2 cleared and in a good state of cultivation, and is now occupied by the said Archibald C. Browning. Said property will be sold subject to a mortgage of about \$100, or a little less, due from the said Browning to the Savings and Loan Association of Frederick, Md., dated 30th July, 1887, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 12, fol. 28, etc., one of the land records of Garrett county.

And I hereby give public notice, that on

Saturday, the 29th day of June,

1889, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. of said day in front of Mrs. Taggart's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, I will sell the above-described real estate at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, on the day of sale to satisfy the aforesaid claim and costs.

EDWARD E. SOLLARS,
684 Sheriff of Garrett Co.

COUNTY TREASURER'S NOTICE

—TO THE—

TAX-PAYERS OF GARRETT CO.

The tax-payers of Garrett county will take notice that the annual tax levy for said county for the year 1888, has been made and completed, and that the undersigned, as Treasurer for said county, is now ready to receive the taxes so levied as aforesaid, and will for that purpose be in his office, in person or by deputy, at the Court House, in Oakland, daily from 9 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., Sundays and legal holidays excepted.

The tax so levied is due and payable on the first day of August, 1889. From all tax bills for county purposes paid in full prior to September 1st, 1888, a discount of 5 per cent will be deducted, and from all such tax bills paid in full during the month of September, 1888, a discount of 4 per cent will be allowed. And all taxes levied for county purposes remaining unpaid on December 31, 1888, shall be in arrear, and interest will be charged and collected thereon; but no deduction on County tax will be allowed unless the whole amount of State and county taxes be paid when due as provided by the Act of Assembly hereafter referred to.

On all State taxes paid on or before September 1, 1889, a deduction of five per cent will be allowed, on all such taxes paid on or before October 1, 1889, a deduction of 4 per cent will be allowed, and on all such taxes paid on or before November 1, 1889, a deduction of 3 per cent will be allowed.

Payment of all taxes remaining unpaid on the 1st day of January, 1890, will be enforced in the manner set forth in Chapter 345 of the Acts of 1888, of the General Assembly of Maryland, providing for the appointment of a County Treasurer for Garrett county, and defining the duties of said Treasurer.

The tax bills of each tax-payer can be had upon application of the person, persons or corporate institutions to whom the property included in such bills is assessed.

ROSS COMPTON,
614 Treasurer.

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
86 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in Sturges' Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the same Hall Friday night of each week and Sunday afternoon.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legee's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

NOTICE!

W. H. Hamms, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—Dr. E. H. Bartlett has decided not to locate at Accident.

—Mr. Albert Mosser, of Accident, raised a new barn one day last week.

—Jamesson & Shartzer will pay 30 cents per pound for 10,000 pounds of wool.

—Mrs. Carrie King, of Shelton, Nebraska, is visiting friends and relatives in Accident.

—Jamesson & Shartzer will sell phosphate and bone dust and take buckwheat for pay in the fall.

—Mr. Tom B. Warner, of Oakland, is agent for Oehm & Co., the great clothing house of Baltimore. A full line of samples on hand.

—We have a good supply of the celebrated Thomas Hay Rakes and Champion Steel Mowers.

J. M. DAVIS & SON.

—Wanted, at Jamesson & Shartzer's, a little lot of potatoes, plenty of eggs, and not so much butter, but we don't turn people away.

—Mr. Jerome McCleary, a nephew of Hon. R. T. Browning, had a rough experience in the Johnstown flood, but is now all right.

—Dr. E. H. Giotfelty and wife were in Oakland Saturday, on their way from Cumberland to Accident. The Doctor returned to Cumberland Monday.

—FOR SALE—An eighteen horsepower steam saw mill, of the "Geiser" pattern, nearly new. Address

JOHN F. BROWNING,

4 20 3m Oakland, Md.

—Messrs. S. E. Bolden, Joseph Smithman and James Litzinger, of Oakland, were at Johnstown looking after relatives and friends. They found them all safe.

—Cards are out for the wedding of Mr. Jos. T. White, of Elk Garden, W. Va., and Miss Mamie Deffenbaugh, of Oakland, which will take place in the Oakland M. E. Church next Tuesday evening.

—HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE—Situated in the Eastern part of Oakland. The house is in good repair, large out kitchen, well of good water, and all necessary out-buildings with an acre of ground attached. Apply at this office for particulars.

—Mr. F. G. Hyde, the Jeweler, is now in his new business place on Alder street, two doors east of Sturges' drug store. He has one of the finest store rooms in Western Maryland, and has a large stock of such goods as are generally found in a first-class jewelry store. Drop in and see his goods.

—Rev. G. W. W. Amick and wife and the Misses Lowenstein, formerly of Oakland, but at Johnstown when the terrible flood swept over that city, are all safe. The water did not reach Rev. Amick's house. Miss Dr. Hattie Jones, of Terra Alta, W. Va., sister of the cashier of the Garrett County Bank, of Oakland, was also in Johnstown, but is safe.

—Married, by the Rev. J. S. Foulk, on May 28th, at the home of Mrs. Wm. H. Tower, Mr. Worthy Riggs and Miss Zeppie Shaw, both of Harrison county, W. Va. On the same day, by the same, at the home of Mrs. Maria E. Davis, Mr. Paul H. Riddle and Miss Selva Ward, both of Elk Grove, W. Va. On the 30th of May, by the same, at his home in Oakland, Mr. James M. Riggs, of Marshall county, W. Va., and Miss Nancy Bungard, of Greene county, Pa. On the 31st of May, by the same, at his home in Oakland, Mr. Eliza H. Newcome, of Taylor county, W. Va., and Miss Maggie Byre, of Newburg, W. Va.

Church Services—Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10 A. M. and 8 P. M., by Rev. W. J. Sharpes, P. E.

Song service every Sunday evening at 7:30.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 8 P. M., by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Hardware.

J. M. Davis & Son have on hand a full line of harvest tools, Greenacres cradles, clipper scythes, &c.

Orchilla Guano.

Just received by J. M. Davis & Son, the third car load of Orchilla Guano. Farmers wanting to sow it with buckwheat can be accommodated.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending June 8, 1889:

Moore, A. B., Whitfield, Geo. H., Stout Columbus, Welmer, Homer,

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

"The Market"

Weber's old stand, railroad street, will have from this date during the season a full assortment of vegetables, together with berries, fruits and fish, fresh every day. "The Market" has come to stay, and proposes to fight it out on the line of giving the very best obtainable at the most reasonable prices. The only way to keep a healthy competition in this or any other town, is by less wishing of success and instead to give your patronage and thus make success possible. It takes money to carry on business, and the people's patronage is necessary to last end. The management is not here for "his health," but, by hard work and a study of the people's wants, to benefit both they and himself.

Closing Exercises.

Briarhead Seminary, at Mt. Lake Park, Md., closed Friday, May 31st, with an excellent entertainment by the pupils of the school, the details of which were managed by Miss Swan, who is deserving of much credit for her management of the school and the closing exercises. Although the weather was very disagreeable quite a large number of visitors and patrons of the school were present. Following is the programme:

Prayer—By Rev. J. S. Foulk.

Music—Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

Recitation—Where did you come from, by Miss Jennie Howell.

Essay—Going for the Cows, by Miss Edith Weber.

Essay—The Lost Child, by Miss Annie Murphy.

Solo and Chorus—Passadena, by Miss Alice Arnold.

Essay—Blind Man's Buff, by Miss Nannie Weber.

Recitation—Catching Sunshine, by Miss Edith Weber.

Solo and Chorus—Touch not nor Taste the Sparkling Cup.

Essay—Peeps from my Window, by Miss Bessie Enlow.

Essay—The Two Paths, by Miss Edith Townsend.

Music—Slumber song.

Essay—Extract from a Letter Contrasting Prosperity and Adversity, by Miss Lillie Sharps.

A Natural History Play of the Polar, Grizzly, Rocky Mountain, and Great Brown Bears. Dramatis personae: Misses Weber, Arnold, Enlow and Murphy.

Solo and Chorus—My Mother Dear.

Recitation—Better Things, by Miss Bowman.

Essay—Life is What We Make it, by Miss Madge Veitch.

Solo and Chorus—The Dear Old Farm.

Essay—Retrospect of the school year at Briarhead Seminary, by Miss Katie Weber.

Essay—The Soldier's Farewell, by Miss Bowman.

Colloquy on Beauty—By Misses Townsend, Veitch and Sharps.

Duet—God is Ever Good, by Misses Nannie and Edith Weber.

Essay—The Centennial of the American Magna Charta, by Miss Lizzie Weber.

Music—God Speed the Right.

Concert Recitation—The Psalm of Life.

Address—By Rev. J. S. Foulk.

Music—Praise Ye the Lord.

A few remarks by Miss Swan.

Prayer and Benediction by Rev. J. S. Foulk.

New Goods.

I have just received a new stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, which will be sold cheap. Also a lot of Country Bacon and Lake Herring. Also headquarters for Oliver Chilled Plows and Repairs. A lot of Clothing which will be disposed of at a very low figure.

JOHN E. GNAGEY,

Accident, Md.

Headquarters

For children's Wagons, Carts, Wheelbarrows, &c.—J. M. Litzinger, next door to B. & O. depot. Give him a call when looking for anything in this line. His stock is so varied and prices so reasonable that you cannot help being suited. 6 8 3t

Oakland Post G. A. R.

The Oakland Post No. 35, Grand Army of the Republic, was instituted Tuesday night, in Sturges' Hall, by Messrs. Schilling and Kitzmiller, of Cumberland. Twenty-nine members were mustered in and the following officers elected and installed for the current term:

Commander—J. H. Manown.

S. V. Commander—J. A. Hayden.

J. V. Commander—R. T. Brown.

Post Surgeon—J. Lee McComas.

Chaplain—H. Low.

Adjutant—J. O. Michael.

Quartermaster—G. W. Legge.

Officer of the Day—John Compton.

Officer of the Guard—John Pfeiffer.

Sergeant Major—J. O. Cleveland.

Q. M. Sergt.—G. L. Bosley.

All old soldiers are earnestly requested to come forward and be enrolled as members of this Post. We should have one hundred members at least.

It is contemplated to have an Interstate meeting at Mt. Lake Park in July or August, when the members from Maryland, Pennsylvania and West Virginia will hold a reunion, at which time President Harrison and other distinguished ex-soldiers will be present.

The next meeting of Oakland Post will be held in Sturges' Hall on Tuesday evening, June 18th, when it is hoped that all the old soldiers in reach will join us, so that they may be in the ranks at the grand re-union at Mt. Lake Park.

The Ruined Waterway.

The Chesapeake and Ohio canal, in the opinion of many who have seen it since the waters have subsided, is ruined almost beyond redemption. From Harper's Ferry to Sandy Hook nearly the entire towpath is washed out to a level with the bed of the river. Little more can be seen than a long ridge of scattered and broken rock. From Superintendent Biser it is learned that two lockhouses are gone at Great Falls, and that there are three breaks on Cabin level, and three breaks on Log Wall level. Two locks are gone at Six Locks. The culvert on Cabin John level is gone, and there is a break on the two-mile level above the falls. The outlet lock below Harper's Ferry is almost entirely gone, and the towpath in many places is in a decidedly worse condition than before. The canal pay boat is safely stuck in the mud just opposite the railroad station house at the Washington Junction. A full report of the extent of the damage done on the canal will probably be made by the several superintendents in a few days.—*Cumberland News.*

The National Garment Cutter.

In these days of invention, when every person who conceives a device, whether good, bad or indifferent, immediately secures a patent thereon and commences operation, so many prove worthless that people have come to regard a man with a patent right or an agent, with suspicion. But there are some notable exceptions, and the most notable among them is the National Garment Cutter. It is a device which combines simplicity, utility and effectiveness, and if necessity is the mother of invention, its maternity is unquestionable. It consists of a twenty-eight graded measure, a tape line, a curved piece, and a book of forms. To cut a pattern the bust measure is first taken, and a measure which corresponds with it in number is attached to the square. The measure is divided into parts and fractions thereof, which are plainly stamped on its face. The garment desired is selected from the book. It is in outline, with figures corresponding to those on the measure. The operator simply squares the paper from which the pattern is to be cut, and marks his measurements thereon, and in a few moments a perfect pattern is produced. It is merely a simplification of the scientific methods employed by cutters and dress-makers, and by its use any person can produce a stylish, perfect garment. There is no reason why anyone should have poor fitting garments when its merits become generally known.—*The True Republican, Hudson.*

M. P. DYER,

Agent, Oakland, Md.

For Sale or Rent.

A very desirable, new and well built cottage on one of the principal avenues in Mountain Lake Park, containing nine good-sized rooms; necessary outbuildings; fine view, double lot and a well of excellent water on the premises. Also,

For Rent.

A very desirable cottage, in Mountain Lake Park, delightfully situated, containing eleven well furnished rooms, extensive grounds, stable and all other necessary out-buildings.

Apply to

F. A. THAYER,

Oakland, Md.

NEW ROOM! NEW GOODS!

F. G. Hyde, the Oakland, Jeweler.

GRAND OPENING

Next week at Hyde's Jewelry Store. There the finest stock of Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silverware, Gold-headed Umbrellas, Cane, and everything that is found in a first-class Jewelry Store, will be placed upon the counter and shelves for sale, at prices that no one dare attempt to undersell; if he does he will get his fill before he gets through with it. Whether he be a regular competitor or not, that makes no difference. My stock is all new and fresh, right from the manufacturers, and this Summer's styles. I buy for cash, and sell for cash; therefore I defy any competitor. I will take pleasure in telling you my prices and showing you the desirable styles I am now prepared to offer, with confidence that my claims of superior merit have been fully sustained and are now established. It is well understood that I do not pretend to compete with the cheap grade of goods in the market, as my stock is made by the highest skilled labor, and of the best material that can be obtained, every purchaser can rely on securing first-class articles at prices based on real merit. My confidence is shown in the fact that I guarantee every thing I sell to perform exactly as represented or money refunded. Therefore you run no risk in buying from me. I don't propose to run any livery stable, but I do propose to run a first-class Jewelry Store, and the only one in the place. This is pretty loud talk, but I mean it all the same. What I mean by this is a first-class store, no one-horse concern.

Thanking those who have favored me in the past, and with assurance that I shall strive to merit future patronage, I remain,

Very truly yours,

F. G. HYDE,

Alder St., Oakland, Md.

N. B.—The largest stock between Baltimore and Wheeling. Repairing carefully and neatly executed. Call and see me.

Mountain Lake Park.

All trains stop here now, twelve in all, and will continue to stop until the first of September.

The trains have been very irregular since last week on account of the high water, especially from the east. The water was very high here but it did not very little damage.

Mr. M. W. S. Moore, of Baltimore, Secretary of the W. Va. C. R. R., came with his family last Saturday morning, and has rented one of Maj. Alderson's cottages for the season.

Mr. H. E. Alexander, a reporter for the Wheeling Register was with us last week.

Mr. M. N. Barnes, of Fairmont, was here with a view to rent a cottage for the season.

The school at Briarhead Seminary closed last Friday. A number of friends and patrons were present and enjoyed greatly the recitations, reading of essays, singing, &c., given by the members of the school.

Miss Swan's new building is progressing rapidly and is about ready for plastering.

Miss Jennie Smith reached home this morning and will take part in the temperance mass-meeting to be held here on Friday night, the 7th inst.

Miss S. C. Harris arrived safely last Tuesday night, after being detained at Baltimore since Friday by the flood.

Miss Lizzie Dorty, who spent the winter with Miss Harris, accompanied her.

Mr. John Harn, of Oakland, is again our assistant postmaster.

J. A. E.

Ice Cream.

Having opened up my ice cream parlors for the season, I am prepared to furnish the public with the most delicious ice cream by the plate or in any quantity desired. Special facilities for furnishing pic nics, parties and private families with same. Orders left with me will receive prompt and careful attention. Send in a trial order and be convinced of what I say.

J. M. LITZINGER,

6 8 3t Oakland, Md.

Next to B. & O. Depot.

For Rent, at Mountain Vista, Oakland.

Furnished cottage of six rooms, four bedrooms, sitting-room, kitchen and a large wall tent 14x16 feet—good floor. Can be used as a dining-room. Well of good water at the door. 11 acres of well shaded ground. Ten minutes walk to station. Is one of the highest points in Oakland, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country and mountains. Terms for the season, \$300. For further information apply to Richard Maroney, at the cottage, or address

DR. J. W. JOYCE,

510 1st, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Notice.

I take this opportunity to inform my old friends and patrons that I have opened up a full line of Fancy and Staple Groceries, and a very large line of Confections, Tobacco and Cigars, &c., at my old stand, and also still have on hand some fine Dress Linings, Dress Goods, Satines, Cambrics, Nansook, &c., which I will continue to close out, and will have my office as Magistrate in same room, where I will be glad to serve the public. Any business entrusted to me will receive prompt and special attention.

W. C. L. COBBELL,

6 11 2 Oakland, Md.,

Cor. R. R. and Main Streets.

S. P. McCormick, editor of the Kingwood *New Era*, died in Washington City Tuesday morning. The body was taken to Kingwood and interred Wednesday.

Cumberland Submerged.

The rainfall that began Thursday night about 12 o'clock and has continued with slight interruptions ever since, brought down the Potomac and Will's Creek yesterday an unprecedented flood of water, and gave the city the most tremendous deluge it has ever known. The waters of these two streams were high at eight o'clock yesterday morning, but from that time they began to rise with increased rapidity until at dark last night they had reached the highest point ever known. Then both river and creek began to fall somewhat, and in the course of several hours the latter had dropped nearly a foot, as carefully measured at the Cement Mill bridge. During the night the course of both streams was slightly downward.

It was shortly after 12 noon when the waters of Will's Creek that had been swelling rapidly rose to a level with the sides of the boiler plate truss bridge of the Pennsylvania railroad near Baltimore street. They mounted higher and surged against them with full force, pouring through and over it. The bridge stood the shock, but the waters thrown back by this obstacle, turned by the flank into Baltimore street and were soon pouring down Mechanic street in a torrent, swirling around the Hotel Eldernoon and making a stretch of inundation to the postoffice corner.

The leap of the water over its banks near Baltimore street crossing was quickly followed by breaks elsewhere. A great tide came pouring into Mechanic street through the grounds of the Co-operative Soap factory and made a lake of that thoroughfare as far down as the Viaduct. Below the Viaduct there was an ugly rush into Mechanic street and a perfect torrent swept into the mill race. The first floors and all the cellars of houses in this neighborhood were filled with water, and at this point on Mechanic street, that is just below the Viaduct, its depth was in many places fully two feet. The depression on Mechanic street near John Morrissey's residence, offered the swollen creek just the opportunity it wanted, and a regular river broke through at this point deluging everything from there to Baltimore street with a two feet deep current, overflowing Mill street to the same depth and sending a bounding stream down Liberty street that made it one bed of running water from Mill to Harrison.

The waters kept swelling the whole afternoon and at dusk the situation could be summed up as follows: Baltimore street from the Lutheran church corner to Central Station was one sheet of water, being about two feet in depth in front of the Reynolds block, with the first floors of nearly all the business houses on the east side commencing with the postoffice flooded with from ten to fifteen inches of water, and some of the first floors on the west side. Mechanic street was practically an open stream from the Viaduct to Harrison street. Liberty street was a rushing stream from Mill street to Harrison, and in some places the water was fully three feet deep. Harrison was submerged from Centre to Mechanic. There were several ugly places on Centre street. The first was from Polk to Hanover where the water backed up from the races and entered a dozen or more houses. Another ugly place was just on the east side of the viaduct, and still another on the flat near the Payne Spring tannery. The water reached its greatest depth of inundation probably on South Mechanic street at the factory of Landwehr & Glick.—*Cumberland News, Saturday.*

The following tribute to American valor, as displayed during the dreadful hurricane at Samoa, is from the London Telegraph: "Consider the scene and the Yankee crew. Almost sure of instant death themselves, they could see the Queen's ship fighting the hurricane and appreciate the gallantry of the effort with the generous pleasure of true mariners. We do not know in all

the naval records any sound which makes a finer music upon the ear than the cheer of the Trenton's men. It was distressed manhood saluting triumphant manhood, the doomed slanting the saved. It was pluckier and more human than any cry raised upon the deck of a victorious line-of-battle ship. It can never be forgotten by Englishmen speaking of Americans. That dauntless cheer to the Calliope was the expression of an immortal courage."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 3rd, 1889.—The President's tardiness in making appointments is undoubtedly the cause of considerable dissatisfaction among the rank and file of the party, the men who don't want anything for themselves, but who insist on seeing all the important positions filled by good Republicans. As samples of the men holding important positions three months after the inauguration of a Republican President let us take the U. S. Marshal of the District of Columbia, the Register of Wills, and the Collector of customs. The incumbents are all Cleveland appointments, and they each glory in having left his home in this District and enlisted in the rebel army, and the last mentioned once publicly offered the following toast:

"Here's to the hand that pulled the trigger, That killed the man who freed the nigger."

Is it any wonder that the Republicans of this District are inclined to blame the President for allowing such men to remain in office a day longer than is absolutely necessary to select their successors. These men, mind you, had not the excuse of those men who followed their States into rebellion; they lived here under the shadow, so to speak, of the United States Government, and deliberately of their own free will went South to take part in an effort to destroy the Government and now they are, thanks to that very Government, and the tardiness of a Republican President, in receipt of very comfortable incomes, paid by the Government they tried so hard to destroy.

The President greatly enjoyed his trip to Brooklyn, where he reviewed the Memorial day parade, notwithstanding his hurried nature. He left here Wednesday afternoon, and Thursday night at 10 o'clock he was back in the White House.

Superintendent Porter, of the Census bureau, has received the application of Mrs. Kate B. Cothran, of California, to be appointed supervisor of the census for the California district. The fact is notable because it is the first application of the kind ever made by a woman.

At the State and Navy department little credence is put in the report telegraphed here from Canada that several English war vessels had been ordered to Behring Sea with instructions to prevent U. S. vessels from seizing English sealing vessels in those waters under the President's March proclamation. Inasmuch as the assumption of full and sole authority over those waters by the United States Government has been received by the Governments of the world without even the slightest diplomatic protest, it is hardly probable that England would attempt to forcibly resist what has never been peaceably objected to.

Gen. Greeley, the Chief Signal Officer, has ordered that all announcements and publications of the signal service shall hereafter be called "forecasts" instead of "indications."

Secretary Tracy is stirring up eastings in the Navy Department. His latest orders are for the completion of the iron clads "Amphitrite" and "Amphitrite," which have been lying for several years in an unfinished condition, one at a private ship yard at Wilmington, Delaware, and the other at the Norfolk Navy Yard. They are to be finished by the Department, one at the League Island Navy Yard, and the other at New York.

The Anti-Mahone, Republicans, of Virginia, made a rifle last week in their endeavor to break the little general's influence at the White House, but Mahone still holds the fort. The President will give the Anti's a hearing on the 11th inst.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Road Commissioners' Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett County to view the proposed private road as prayed to be located as follows: Not less than sixteen feet wide, from the residence of Henry Finzel, through the lands of Mrs. Catherine Miller, to intersect with the road west of a lot at the residence of Anna M. Finzel, will meet on the 22nd day of June, 1889, to determine whether the said Henry Finzel requires said private road, and if so, to locate same and perform their duty in the premises.

JACOB WILSON,

ARLON WILHELM,

P. C. BOUTCHER,

Commissioners.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

A Salary and Expenses paid, or Commission if preferred. Salesmen wanted everywhere. No experience needed. Address, stating age, E. W. Foster & Co., Newsmen, Box E, Geneva, N. Y.

JANET.
Ah, my false, false-hearted Janet!
She was false and she began to
For she turned her eyes upon me coming home
ward from the school.
Looked at me and blushed and faltered
That I seemed so strangely alone.
Was it any thing that she had done that made
me seem so cool?
This was thirteen years ago, sir.
In the spring, and we grew closer
Through the dandelion leaves and the daisy
scented weeks.
And we two were found together, sunny skies
or stormy weather.
Wandering through the heavy woodlands and
beside the crystal creeks.
We were young; had we been older
Our devotion had been colder.
Hand in hand we had not wandered then with
feet all brown and bare.
We were ten; had we been twenty
Surely I should not have plenty
Of dead dandelion blossoms plucked from
Janet's tangled hair.
But ere I had learned to whisper
Passion moved, or she to lip her
Soft replies of doubt or coquetry.
The summer time had fled;
And when came the winter cover
On the hills, another lover
Drew my false, false-hearted Janet on a grim
saw-colored sled.
—H. S. Turner, in N. Y. Mail and Express.

A LUCKY DETECTIVE.

Chance Enabled Him to Make
Some Important Arrests.

Going for a Share and Catching a Mur-

derer—Luck Plays a More Impor-

tant Part Than Shrewdness in

Detective Work.

The luck and ill luck of detective

life is something wonderful. The luck

is expressed as much as possible. In

the month of June, 1887, I was spending

a few days with relatives of mine on a

farm near Oberlin, Ohio. I had been in

detective business about five years.

I drove into the town one day.

On the way I got out of the wagon

and picked up a copy of a Cleveland

paper which was lying on the highway.

The first thing I saw was an account of

a murder at Peru, Indiana, several

days before. An old man had been

murdered and robbed of a large amount

of money. Not the slightest clue of the

murderer had been discovered. No one

could say whether he was old or young,

white or black, or which way he had

gone. It seemed a hopeless case, and I

felt a bit sorry for the two Chicago

officers who had been sent for to work

the case out.

The first call I made after reaching

Oberlin was at the post-office. I then

visited a barber shop, but the two

chairs were occupied, and I had to

wait about ten minutes. Having nothing

to occupy my mind, I looked the

two barbers over in detail, and then

turned my attention to the customer in

the nearest chair. I began at his feet

first. He wore No. 8 gutters, and they

were a new pair; indeed, they had

never been blackened. His trousers

were frayed at the bottom, and, as I

looked over to his hat, on the hook to

find it very rusty. The barbers were

not speaking to either of the men, so

that both must be strangers in the

town. My man had reddish hair, which

he had had clipped close before I came

in. His neck was sunburned and dirty,

and, after looking him over from toe

to crown, I said to myself:

"This chap has all the looks of a

professional tramp. That suit was

probably given him, but ten to one he

was making ready to return when a

resident of the town, who was an old

acquaintance of mine, put forward

a speculation. He had just purchased

a saw mill a few miles down White

river, and he believed there was big

money to be made in buying a large

tract of timber contiguous to the mill.

This tract was for sale at a low figure,

but my friend could not raise the cash.

The result of our talk was that we took

a boat next morning and were left at

the mill landing. While he was over-

seeing some change of machinery

I started out to get some idea of the

value of the timber. The first thing I

knew I was in the forest, and I did

just what all other people do under the

circumstances—headed the wrong way.

Instead of going toward the river, I

went away from it. It was in July, and

although the mosquitoes nearly de-

voured me, there was no danger of suf-

fering from the inclemency of the

weather.

It was about ten o'clock in the morn-

ing when I started out, and by mid-af-

ternoon I had walked at least ten miles,

and knew that I was entirely bewil-

dered. I couldn't keep a straight course

for the crooks and swamps, and the day

was so cloudy and the forest so dense

that there was no sighting the sun to

guide me. It was just five o'clock in

the afternoon when I reached a good-

sized stream, and the first thing I saw

was an old house built tied to the bank.

There was smoke coming out of a

stovepipe thrust through the roof, and

I congratulated myself that I had

reached shelter and something to eat.

There was a plank reaching from the

bank to shore, and I ascended it and

entered the cabin unannounced. A

white man and a negro were sitting in

the room, and a fire had just been

kindled in the cook stove. There was

a door at the other side of the boat.

It stood wide open, and the instant the

men caught sight of me both sprang

for the door. In the rush they bumped

into each other and both rolled to the

floor. The white man was the quicker

of the two, and while I stood looking

and wondering he scrambled up and

committed by professional cracksmen,

who left their tools behind but no clue.

I was at this time at Bowling Green,

Kentucky, after a counterfeiter. I got

a false clue, which led me down to

Franklin, and when I started to return

I took an accommodation train. It

was at night, and there was but one

couch on the train, and that contained

only five passengers beside myself.

Three of these were natives, sure

enough, while the other two talked

about a coal mine in Tennessee, and

seemed to own land in that State. I

gave them little attention, being three

seats in the rear, and was talking with

the conductor on general matters, when

the two men suddenly became inter-

ested in something one of them held

in his hand. Their heads were to-

gether, and they were evidently deeply

interested, when the report of a pistol

was heard, followed by a cry of agony

and a yell of alarm. The object of

their curiosity was a derringer, and it

had accidentally been discharged, the

bullet entering the leg of one of the

men just above the knee. In his pain

and fright the wounded man sprang

up, and turned fiercely on the other

with the exclamation:

"Curse you, but you did that on

purpose! You wanted all the swag to

yourself."

The conductor and I were beside

them in a minute. The wounded man

fell back on the seat, and he evidently

regretted the break he had made a

few seconds before, for he said, as we

came up:

"Tom, old fellow, I had my own

finger on the trigger, and pulled it off.

You are not a bit to blame."

"But what about the 'swag' I de-

manded, as I stood over them?"

"He meant our coal mine," replied

the one called Tom.

"Yes; we are partners in a coal

mine," added the wounded man.

"O, that's it. Well let's see what

can be done for you?"

It was a bad wound—so bad that I

knew his leg would have to come off,

as the big bullet had shattered the

bone, and I suggested to the conductor

that he make as fast time as he dared

to Bowling Green, where medical at-

tendance could be had. To my sur-

prise the men asked to be put off at

some highway crossing, near a farm-

house, saying that a country doctor

could manage the case well enough,

and that the quietness of the country

would be best for the patient. This

satisfied me that they were suspicious

characters, and I assumed the author-

ity to remove the one and handcuff

him to a seat at the rear of the coach,

and to search both. The one had a re-

volver and the other the derringer,

and before I was through searching I

brought to light all the stolen bonds

and jewelry. It was sheer luck again.

Four of our men were out on their

trail, but on false scents. They were

suspected to have gone East, while I

picked them up in the South. The

fellow who was shot not only lost his

leg but his life. The other was reluc-

tantly to Chicago, and he received a long

sentence for his crime. There was a great

deal of newspaper talk about my

shrewdness, but I didn't deserve a

word of praise. The case simply came

to me. The ripe fruit dropped into my

hands. Things fall that way to a lucky

man, no matter what business he is en-

gaged in.

One of the bits of luck which fell to

me several years ago, and which was

much talked about at the time, came

about in a very singular way. I had

been sent down to Augusta, Ark., to

identify a man who had been arrested

there, and was supposed to be a robber

wanted in Chicago. He did not prove

to be the man we hoped he was, and I

was making ready to return when a

resident of the town, who was an old

acquaintance of mine, put forward

a speculation. He had just purchased

a saw mill a few miles down White

river, and he believed there was big

money to be made in buying a large

tract of timber contiguous to the mill.

This tract was for sale at a low figure,

but my friend could not raise the cash.

The result of our talk was that we took

a boat next morning and were left at

the mill landing. While he was over-

seeing some change of machinery

I started out to get some idea of the

value of the timber. The first thing I

knew I was in the forest, and I did

just what all other people do under the

circumstances—headed the wrong way.

Instead of going toward the river, I

went away from it. It was in July, and

although the mosquitoes nearly de-

voured me, there was no danger of suf-

fering from the inclemency of the

weather.

It was about ten o'clock in the morn-

ing when I started out, and by mid-af-

ternoon I had walked at least ten miles,

and knew that I was entirely bewil-

dered. I couldn't keep a straight course

for the crooks and swamps, and the day

was so cloudy and the forest so dense

that there was no sighting the sun to

guide me. It was just five o'clock in

the afternoon when I reached a good-

sized stream, and the first thing I saw

was an old house built tied to the bank.

There was smoke coming out of a

stovepipe thrust through the roof, and

I congratulated myself that I had

reached shelter and something to eat.

There was a plank reaching from the

bank to shore, and I ascended it and

entered the cabin unannounced. A

white man and a negro were sitting in

the room, and a fire had just been

kindled in the cook stove. There was

a door at the other side of the boat.

It stood wide open, and the instant the

men caught sight of me both sprang

for the door. In the rush they bumped

into each other and both rolled to the

floor. The white man was the quicker

of the two, and while I stood looking

and wondering he scrambled up and

flung himself into the water and swam

to the opposite shore.

"Don't shoot! For de Lord's sake

don't kill me!" yelled the negro as he

rolled over and over on the floor.

"What does this mean?" I demanded.

"It means dat I surrenders," he re-

plied.

"Very well. Now sit up and tell

who you are and what you are doing

here."

"I had to come along, boss. I didn't

want to, but dey said dey would dun

kill me."

"Who owns this boat?"

"Why, dat Harding gang, in co'se."

"And what are you doing here?"

"Dun hidin' out, I s'pose."

I was so stupid that I did not realize

what luck had come to me until the

negro gave it away. Then I secured

him against escape and searched the

boat, and in that old hulk I found over

\$6,000 worth of dry goods, clothing,

books and shoes, jewelry, hardware

and other stuff, the proceeds of a dozen

big robberies along the river. There

was a gang of four men engaged in the

work, the negro was their cook.

The boat was hidden away in a branch

of the White River to wait for a rise of

water to get down to the Mississippi,

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



Wolff's ACME Blacking

BEATS THE WORLD. It is the Best HARNESS DRESSING

The BEST for Men's Boots

"Children's

ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF.

SOFTENS AND PRESERVES the Leather

Once a week for men's boots and once a month for

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 12th, 1889:

GOING EAST

No. 8.....2:22 A. M.

No. 10.....10:04 A. M.

No. 12.....10:04 A. M.

No. 14.....10:04 A. M.

No. 16.....10:04 A. M.

No. 18.....10:04 A. M.

No. 20.....10:04 A. M.

No. 22.....10:04 A. M.

No. 24.....10:04 A. M.

No. 26.....10:04 A. M.

No. 28.....10:04 A. M.

No. 30.....10:04 A. M.

No. 32.....10:04 A. M.

No. 34.....10:04 A. M.

No. 36.....10:04 A. M.

No. 38.....10:04 A. M.

No. 40.....10:04 A. M.

No. 42.....10:04 A. M.

No. 44.....10:04 A. M.

No. 46.....10:04 A. M.

No. 48.....10:04 A. M.

No. 50.....10:04 A. M.

No. 52.....10:04 A. M.

No. 54.....10:04 A. M.

No. 56.....10:04 A. M.

No. 58.....10:04 A. M.

No. 60.....10:04 A. M.

No. 62.....10:04 A. M.

No. 64.....10:04 A. M.

No. 66.....10:04 A. M.

No. 68.....10:04 A. M.

No. 70.....10:04 A. M.

No. 72.....10:04 A. M.

No. 74.....10:04 A. M.

No. 76.....10:04 A. M.

No. 78.....10:04 A. M.

No. 80.....10:04 A. M.

No. 82.....10:04 A. M.

No. 84.....10:04 A. M.

No. 86.....10:04 A. M.

No. 88.....10:04 A. M.

No. 90.....10:04 A. M.

No. 92.....10:04 A. M.

No. 94.....10:04 A. M.

No. 96.....10:04 A. M.

No. 98.....10:04 A. M.

No. 100.....10:04 A. M.

No. 102.....10:04 A. M.

No. 104.....10:04 A. M.

No. 106.....10:04 A. M.

No. 108.....10:04 A. M.

No. 110.....10:04 A. M.

No. 112.....10:04 A. M.

No. 114.....10:04 A. M.

No. 116.....10:04 A. M.

No. 118.....10:04 A. M.

No. 120.....10:04 A. M.

No. 122.....10:04 A. M.

No. 124.....10:04 A. M.

No. 126.....10:04 A. M.

No. 128.....10:04 A. M.

No. 130.....10:04 A. M.

No. 132.....10:04 A. M.

No. 134.....10:04 A. M.

No. 136.....10:04 A. M.

No. 138.....10:04 A. M.

No. 140.....10:04 A. M.

No. 142.....10:04 A. M.

No. 144.....10:04 A. M.

No. 146.....10:04 A. M.

No. 148.....10:04 A. M.

No. 150.....10:04 A. M.

Some Things the Next Census Will Disclose.

The Bankers Magazine has the following interesting statistics of the wonderful changes which will be revealed by the census of 1890:

The census of 1890 will reveal many wonderful changes. The central line of population will be much nearer the Mississippi river than it was ten years ago. Over 16,000,000 acres of land were sold in the last fiscal year under the operation of the Homestead and Timber Culture law. More than 124,000,000 acres have been settled in the last eight years, representing a larger area than the states of Indiana, Illinois, Ohio and Michigan. The greatest changes have been made in the Northwestern group of States and Territories, comprising Dakota, Nebraska, Minnesota, Wyoming and Montana, where 60,000,000 acres have been settled in the last eight years. In the Southwestern group comprising Kansas, Colorado, Missouri and New Mexico, nearly 30,000,000 acres of land have been occupied. On the Pacific Coast 19,000,000 acres more have been settled, and 13,000,000 acres must be added for the Southern States on both sides of the Mississippi. Along the Pacific coast 18,000,000 acres have been opened since the last census. In other words, the Government and Pacific Railroad have opened for settlement in the last eight years a territory larger than the New England, Middle States and South Carolina combined; larger than Germany or France and about twice as large as Great Britain and Ireland.

The age of steel remarking on this subject, says:

Take for instance, the record of Dakota's industrial progress, and we doubt if the world can afford a parallel to it. Here is a territory which, in 1860, had a population of 5,000 and of but little more than 14,000 ten years later; but in 1880 its population had increased to over 135,000, or 850 per cent; in 1887 to about 416,000; and now it contains 641,000 people, exclusive of the Indians occupying one-fifth of the entire territory. Its agriculture has risen correspondingly, the crop of 1,000 bushels of wheat in 1860 having increased to 2,830,000 bushels in 1880, and to over 5,000,000 bushels at present. The production of corn in Dakota has also advanced greatly, having more than trebled in the last three years.

Fifty Years Ago.

Fifty years ago wooden clocks had only been in use one year.

Fifty years ago the daguerreotype was invented in France.

Fifty years ago the Massachusetts Abolition party was organized.

Fifty years ago the Mormons were driven from Missouri to Nauvoo, Ill.

Fifty years ago John C. Fremont and Jessie Benton were secretly married.

Fifty years ago the banks in the United States resumed specie payment.

Fifty years ago best sugar was first made by David L. Childs, of Northampton, Mass.

Fifty years ago a survey was made by John Bailey for a canal across Central America.

Fifty years ago John Ericsson was allowed letters patent on a steam "propeller" boat.

Fifty years ago the first patent was granted to Goodyear for vulcanized Indian rubber goods.

Fifty years ago was established the first commercial college of America, "Coker's college," of Boston.

Fifty years ago the Cherokee Indians were removed from Georgia and placed West of the Mississippi River.

Fifty years ago 1,000 reformed drunkards marched in procession at the first anniversary of the Washington society.

Fifty years ago a law was enacted against dueling in the District of Columbia. It grew out of the Cilley-Graves duel.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"Is the coon a smart animal?" asked a stranger of old St. Jackson, on Onion Creek. "I should say dey was smart."

"Well, how smart are they?" A coon played me de meanest trick you ever heered tell on. I foun' a hole whar de coon went inter de groun', an I waited dar all day long to shoot dat coon, an' when he did come out he was a polecat."

It is due more to man's ignorance rather than to any real intention on his part of being an obstruction. It accounts also for his being so conceited as to believe he is civilizing others.

Pearls of Thought.

In the journey of life the pleasures are halts.

Don't clean your fish till you catch them.

A hungry stomach is ready for anything.

To be constantly remembered one must keep busy.

Never resent a seeming slight, but smile and bear it.

He that loves to be flattered is worthy of flattery.

It is better to be sensitive than to be deficient in sense.

Much money, many dishes; little money little wishes.

Success at the cost of honor and character is too expensive.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.

Compulsory society destroys the object for which society exists.

Never marry but for love, but see that thou lovest what is lovely.

There would be none to reform if the reformers were all reformed.

The most lonesome man is he who is seeking some one to lean upon.

Excessive labor is wrong, but glorious labor is the safety valve of life.

Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon people will die fast.

Happiness is like an echo. It answers to your call but does not come.

The man who succeeds in imitating another will be an original failure.

Faithfulness can make the best spurt, but truth can do the steadiest trotting.

We unto them who give scant measure and exact full measure from others.

Success in life is more the result of how much abuse one can bear, rather than any special ability.

Conduct is the great profession; behavior is constantly revealing us; what a man does tells what he is.

Even the evil one has one good quality, that if we resist him he will de from us. Though cowardly in him it is safety to us.

If we would amend the world we should mend ourselves; and teach our children to be, not what we are, but what she should be.

It is hard sometimes to speak a pleasant word when shadows rest on our hearts; but nothing will tend more to lighten our spirits than doing it.

A person will make greater progress in life by going a short distance of his own accord than by following others to the highest elevation ever reached by man.

Stop Whining.

What is the reason that some people are always whining and making a poor mouth, as if they were the most afflicted under heaven, when they are really highly favored?

Here is a man for whom nothing ever seems to be right; if it is not one thing, it is another thing, and he is a poor miserable sinner. So he is, but possibly not in the sense he meant it. Or there is a woman who never can see the bright side of any thing; if her husband has work, then he is overworked; if he is slightly ill, then he is almost a corpse; if he has one hundred dollars at free disposal, he has nothing. And so it goes on.

Why do not men and women who claim to be Christians, followers of Him who gave up every thing for poor humanity, stop such silly behavior and quit themselves like men and be strong? Such whining is not only unchristian, but silly, indicative of mental weakness. Alas! that it so often is accompanied by bitterness. Or is it a purely physical affection caused by the liver? Would that it were, for then we could have more patience with the man/mistress. But it is a sign that the heart is not right—not the physical heart which propels the blood through the veins, but the scriptural heart, "out of which are the issues of life."

We Are the Saints.

Among a multitude of sage utterances of the Bible, this one deserves constant attention: "I say to every man that is among you, not to think more highly of himself than he ought to think." It is wonderful what a mighty agent self is, estimated by its own standard. It is the hero of every exploit, the centre of every event, the oracle of all opinions. It interprets the purpose of the universe. We are reminded of the two resolutions the settlers in New England are said to have passed when they landed. "Resolved, first, that God gave the earth to the saints. Resolved, secondly, that we are the saints;" and they kicked out the Indians.

The chances are a hundred to one that you are not half as great nor nearly as important as you think you are. Then reduce yourself to your proper dimensions. Don't leave that for others to do.—Clergyman in St. Louis Republic.

Kanson Philosophy.

He who tells you will tell of you. The jam always gives out before the bread.

There are some smiles that suggest tears more than some sighs.

A good thing is so seldom true, and a true thing is so seldom good.

Very often the dog does the best he can and still the rabbit gets away.

If a friend has no confidence in your judgment is he doing you an injustice?

When a woman who has been married ten years still reads love stories her marriage was a success.

The railroad over which you want passes always has the most stringent rules against issuing passes.

The average guard dog will bite a timid neighbor passing on the sidewalk and make up with a burglar.

Some friends are like rubbers; they will stick to you in pleasant weather, but are sure to come off in the mud.

"If I were dying," a philosopher might say, "and was permitted to say only one thing, it would be, 'Every one talks too much.'"

When a man performs a good action against his will he soon forgets that he was compelled to do it and takes credit to himself for his goodness of heart.

"I'll tell you when you will realize that you are becoming old; when your children become so large that they call your father instead of papa."

She Got Along.

"There, there, now," said old Mrs. Highwater, "you needn't go to a mile of trouble on my account, Sister Baxter. I jest run in to visit a little with you, and I'll go right home if you go to havin' anything extra on my account. You jest fry a chicken and have some of your nice salt-rats and biskit, and some mashed potatoes, and a few baked sweet taters, and one of your splendid lemon pies, and some kind of nice puddin' with a glass of some kind of jelly and some of your quince preserves, and a dish of your splendid spiced pears, and a little honey or something like that, and I'll git along first rate without your going to any trouble on my account. I didn't come to eat, now; and I'd be dreadful sorry if you put yourself out a mile."

"How much do you gh'rally git for a job like this?" asked the bridegroom of the minister who married him.

"The law allows me a dollar."

"Well, great Scott, man, here's yer dollar. I don't wantar go to law 'bout it! Reckon I'll have trouble enough now, anyhow!"—Time.

Our slightest word may have an influence over another for good or evil. We are daily sowing the seed which will bring forth some sort of a harvest. Well will it be for us if the harvest be one we may be proud to garner.

Some one has said: "Get the spindle and distaff ready and God will send the flax." Prepare yourself to do or be something and He will open up the way.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use the **Roger's Specific Cough Cure**. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, etc. Price 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.

Use **Roger's Specific Liniment**. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Chills, Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, &c. Price 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Speedily cured by a few doses of **Appetite, or Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy**. Price 25 cts.

Piles! Piles! Pile!

Roger's Specific Pile Remedy will cure all cases of Piles, whether internal or external, bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 25 cts. a box.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.

Use **Roger's Curative Balm**, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Blisters and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturges' Drug Store, Oakland, and all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

ORDER NISI.

James Little vs. Sarah J. Broadstock & Thomas Broadstock. In Equity. ORDERED, This 18th day of June, 1889, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a court of Equity, that the sale made and reported in this cause by James Little be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before June 27th next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once in each of four successive weeks before June 27th, 1889. The Report states the amount of sale to be \$800.

True copy—Test: E. Z. Tower, Clerk. 5 23 St. E. Z. Tower, Clerk.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon any of the lands owned by the Young Manor Land Company of Garrett county, viz: 1. The land owned by the Young Manor Land Company of Garrett county, situated on Youghiogheey river, and 2. The land owned by the Young Manor Land Company of Garrett county, situated on Bear Creek, and all other lands owned by said company, either by hunting, fishing, or in any manner whatsoever, as such persons will be prosecuted for so doing to the fullest extent of the law.

JOS. W. CRAWFORD, President.

ANY ONE CAN DYE

A Dress, or a Coat, Ribbons, Feathers, Yarns, Rags, etc.

Any Color FOR TEN CENTS

and in many other ways. **SAVE Money**, and make things look like **NEW**, by using **DIAMOND DYES**. The work is easy, simple, quick; the colors the **BEST** and **PASTEST** known. Ask for **DIAMOND DYES** and take no other.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles Use **DIAMOND PAINTS**. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents.

Baby Portraits.

A Portfolio of beautiful baby pictures from life, printed on fine plate paper by patent process, sent free to holder of any Baby born within a year. Every Mother wants these pictures; send at once. Give Baby's name and age. **WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.**

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any preparation known to me." **L. A. AUGUST, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

The CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

A Model Newspaper

THE NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS

The Advocate of the Best Interests of the Home—The Enemy of the Saloon. The Friend of American Labor. The Favorite Newspaper of People of Refined Tastes Everywhere.

The New York MAIL AND EXPRESS, the favorite American newspaper of many people of intelligent and cultivated tastes, has recently made some noteworthy improvements, materially increasing its general excellence. It is in the broadest sense.

A National Newspaper,

most carefully edited, and adapted to the wants and tastes of intelligent readers throughout the entire country—North, South, East and West. It is a thoroughly clean paper, free from the corrupting, sensational and demoralizing trash, misadvised news, which defiles the pages of

Dr. Loudermill

NUMBER 16.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Beauty

Is desired and admired by all. Among the things which may best be done to enhance personal

beauty is the daily use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. No matter what the color of the hair, this preparation gives it a luster and pliancy that

adds greatly to its charm. Should the hair be thin, harsh, dry, or turning gray, **Ayer's Hair Vigor** will restore the color, bring out a new growth, and render the old soft and shiny. For keeping the scalp clean, cool,

Abundant and Glossy,
but it has given my rather stunted mus-

Abundant and Glossy,
but it has given my rather stunted mus-

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor in my family for a number of years, and re-

know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft and lively, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."—Benjamin M. Johnson, M. D., Thomas Hill, Mo.


"My hair was becoming harsh and dry, but after using half a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it grew black and glossy. I cannot express the joy and gratitude I feel."—Mabel C. Hardy, Delavan, Ill. *

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

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A detailed illustration of a hand with the index finger pointing towards the word 'LITTLE' in the product name. The hand is rendered in a stippled, woodcut style.

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HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who concoct them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all such

ACHE

ACHES
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DAVID LITTLE

1891



the water poaring over the dam

"The break took place at 3 o'clock. It was about ten feet wide at first, and shallow, but now that the flood had made a gap, it grew wider with increasing rapidity, and the lake went roaring down the valley. That three miles of water was drained out in forty-five minutes. The downfall of those millions of tons was simply irresistible. Stones from the dam and boulders in the river bed were carried for miles. Trees went down like you might cut a mullein stalk with a swish of your cane. It was a terrible sight to see that avalanche of water go down that valley already full of trees and brush. The danger was completely penetrated by it and was laid up at the club-house sick from his experience."

Smoker's Heart. Within the past twenty years the medical faculty has come to clearly comprehend and accurately diagnose a disease which they now denominate as "smoker's heart." Excessive smoking, whether by pipe, cigar or cigarette, affects the action of the heart and disturbs the circulation. The pulse will intermit—not with any regularity—sometimes one beat in four, sometimes one in ten, sometimes two or three at a time, and then comes trouble. The brain mis-

Strong cordials are "indicated." Strong coffee is good ; strong spirits better. But the remedy, too often

relied upon, is as bad as the disease, and the subject grows slowly worse. Angina pectoris is said to sometimes result.

One of the leading physicians of this city relates a case in point. A patient suffering from "smoker's heart" believed that he had a chronic

heart relieved that he had a chronic heart disease, and came for a careful examination early in the day—before he had eaten any breakfast. The stethoscope showed the heart to be sound as a dot. Greatly relieved at the verdict, he lighted a big black cigar and sat smoking, upon an empty stomach, while he talked. In a few minutes, as he rose to go his

The moral of the story is that, if you smoke at all, you should smoke in moderation and on a well filled stomach. It is recklessness that hurts.—*Cincinnati Inquirer*.

Help Yourself.

Fight your own battles. Hoe your own row. Ask no favors of any one, and you'll succeed a thousand times better than any one who is always beseeching some one's influence and patronage. No one will ever help you as you can help yourself, because

no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will be such a long one, perhaps; but carving your own way up the mountain you make each one lead to another, and stand firm while you chop still another out. Men who have made fortunes are not those who have had \$5000 given to them to start with, but boys who have started fair.

Men who acquire fame have never been thrust into popularity by puffs, begged or paid for, or given in a friendly spirit. They have outstretched their own hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love do their own wooing, and I never knew a man to fail so signally as one who induced his affectionate grand-

mother to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands and heart and brain. Say "I will," and some day you will conquer. Never let any man have it to say, "I have dragged you up." Too many friends sometimes hurt a man more than none at all.

An Edinburg paper reports that a Scotch minister was asked if he thought Christians would know one another in heaven. "I don't know," he replied, "but I think there would be a great deal more chance if they would begin to know one another on earth." To this may be added a recent saying of Rev. Mark Guy

ly said: "The greatest human power in the church is hearty hand-shaking; our life as Methodists is in our sociability."—*Christian Inquirer*.

100

MY NEIGHBOR'S CHICKENS.

Of all the nuisances that make
A rural life accursed,
My neighbor's chickens take the cake
For being just the worst.
I rise betimes to plant a bed:
As soon as I'm away
Those hens, by the big rooster led,
March in and spend the day.
And when I hasten home at night
To see my labors crowned,
Those chickens, with a cyclone's might,
Have scattered my pretty ground.
My wife the baby leaves alone
To shoo the hens away,
But as she can not throw a stone,
They laugh at her and stay.
Around my house is little seen
But dusty holes and dirt;
They eat the grass before it's green
And all my flowers hurt.
My neighbor has a garden, too,
And keeps it looking fine,
For he has trained his pirate crew
To fly right into mine.
In case I shoot the feathered plagues
I go to jail, alas!
If in my yard they drop some eggs
My neighbor wants them back.
Beneath my window ere the dawn
His rooster comes to crow,
Till I, half-awake, seek the lawn
And chase it with a hoe.
I live in strife and misery,
Because my neighbor keeps
To handle chickens that should be
Upon a farm of size.
—H. C. Wolfe, in N. Y. World.

LITTLE WONDERS.

The Great Things of This World
Not Always Bulky.

Perfect Engines Weighing Three Grains—
A Coach Driven by Fleas—The Bible
Written Eight Times Within
a Square Inch.

Pliny, the Elder, who wrote during the first century of the Christian era, mentions the fact that there existed, even at that early date, a copy of Homer's "Iliad" small enough to be completely hidden in the shell of a hen's egg. Prof. Schrieber, a German inventor of a stereographic process, in order to offset the wonder vouched for by Pliny, translated both the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" in so small a compass that the volume containing both books completely covered the shell of a hen's egg. We do not rely on the word of an ancient historian for the verification and substantiation of the claim of Schrieber, as the work is still in existence, as is also its author, unless he has died within the past year.

In the year 1881 the Chicago Inter Ocean made mention of a gentleman who had written the entire first chapter of the gospel of St. John on the back side of a postal card.

That little notice, innocent as it was, caused the editor several sleepless nights. Within the next three days postal cards and slips of paper with minute specimens of penmanship began to pour in from all directions. Among the hundreds of specimens submitted for inspection the editor acknowledged that the greatest curiosity was a postal card from John J. Taylor, of Streator, Ill., upon which was written 4,100 words in legible characters, the whole embracing the first, second and third chapters of St. John and 19 verses of the fourth chapter of the same, also the sixth and seventh chapters of St. Matthew, besides having nine words in which mistakes occurred crossed out. All of this wonderful production, which the editor acknowledges would make three columns of his paper set in minion type, could be plainly read with the naked eye. A Lacedemonian once wrote in letters of gold a poem of eight lines, the whole of which he inclosed within a grain of allspice and sent as a present to the Shah of Persia; an act which the untutored monarch did not seem to appreciate, inasmuch as he ordered the peasant thrown into prison, where he languished several months until at last set free through the influence of the American consul.

In 1883, a Jewish peasant at Vienna, Austria, wrote 600 letters on a common-sized grain of wheat. It seems that the Emperor had failed to sign a bill allowing the Jew to become a clerk in some of the royal departments, giving as a reason that it was absolutely necessary to have an uncommon good penman in that department. After finishing the cereal wonder and dispatching it to his majesty, he picked up a common visiting card and wrote a prayer for the imperial family on its edge. This was also sent to the Emperor. It is needless to add that the dextrous Hebrew was installed at the head of a department the next day.

These wonderful feats, with the pen, which are all true to the letter, have been completely overshadowed by the incomprehensible achievements of William Webb, of London, Eng. In 1886 Mr. Webb invented a machine which is composed of exquisitely graduated wheels, running a tiny diamond point at the end of an almost equally tiny arm, whereby he was able to write upon glass the whole of the Lord's prayer within a space which measured the two hundred and ninety-fourth of an inch in length by the four hundred and fortieth of an inch in breadth, or about the measurement of a dot over the letter "t" in common print. With that machine Mr. Webb, or any one else who understood operating it, could write the whole of the Old and New Testament eight times over in the space of one inch square.

When this wonderful microscopic writing was enlarged by photography every letter and point were perfect and could be plainly seen.

In a museum of curiosities at Salem, Mass., there is preserved a common cherry seed or stone, hollowed and fashioned like a basket. Within the

basket are twelve tiny silver spoons, the shape and finish of which can not be distinguished with the naked eye. The name of the artist who constructed this little wonder has been lost, but the existence of the thing itself will not be questioned by any one from the old wick headquarters of the Bay State.

Dr. Peter Oliver, who was born in England somewhere about the beginning of the eighteenth century, tells us of seeing a carved cherry stone that would be a wonder even in this era of fine tools and fine workmanship. The stone was from a common cherry, upon which were carved the heads of 124 popes, kings, salutes, queens and emperors, and, small as they must necessarily have been, it is announced, on the authority of Mr. Oliver, that the heads of the popes and kings could readily be distinguished from those of the queens and saints by their mitres and crowns. The gentleman who brought this little wonder to England purchased it in Prussia, allowing the original owner £5,000 for his treasure.

Mark Scarlost, a blacksmith who lived under the reign of Queen Elizabeth, made a chain of forty-five links, to which he attached a padlock made of steel and brass, consisting of fifteen pieces besides the key. The chain was so small as to freely admit of being fastened about the neck of a common every day flea, and the apparatus, flea, chain, padlock, key and all, weighed but a grain and a half when exhibited before the wondering royalty on a plate of polished silver.

The reader, will, no doubt, think these flea and cherry-stone stories worthy to be taken with the proverbial grain of salt, noting, as he will, that they nearly all bear the date and stamp "two olden times" but what will he say when informed that within the last five years a San Francisco professor has equaled Mark Scarlost's ingenuity in every particular.

This Golden Gate grasper after the infinitesimal exhibited a perfectly-trained team of fleas, drawing a miniature tally-ho coach made of gold, with all four wheels perfect, each turning on its axle. All the elite of San Francisco witnessed the professor's wonderful exhibition of his control over these frisky little pests, and all were unsparring in their praise of the queer little team, the professor and the golden coach.

The first watch was made in Nuremberg in the cherry-stone about the year 1477. Soon after its invention curious gold and silversmiths began to experiment in what they could do in the way of diminutive time-pieces. One of these, now over 200 years old, is kept as a wonder in one of the Swiss museums. It is only 3-16 of an inch in diameter, but small as it is, it not only indicates hours and minutes, but seconds, days of the week, days of the month and the number of the year.

Another of the old Nuremberg wonders was in the form of an acorn, five-sixteenths of an inch in diameter and half an inch long. It was perfect in every particular, kept good time and was used as a charm on a lady's neck-lace.

One of exactly the same pattern, but provided with a tiny pistol, which was used as an alarm, is now to be seen in the South Kensington Museum, London. King George III. of England had a watch not larger than an old-fashioned silver five-cent piece, which had 128 different parts, the whole not weighing as much as a silver dime. It would take a column of the Item to enumerate all the dainty little time-pieces that have been invented during the past 400 years. They have been made no larger than peas, and set in rings for physicians to facilitate the counting of the pulse. They have also been fixed in bracelets, brooches, earrings, tops of pencils and even in umbrellas. Finished workman and plenty of money will provide almost any thing that can be conjured up by a myriad-minded people.

The engineers, like the watchmakers, have also tried to attain distinction in the matter of the diminutive. In 1870, John Penn, the eminent maker of steam engines, who resided at Greenwich, England, came in possession of what was then the smallest steam engine in the world. It stood on a three-penny piece. It really covered less space, for its base-plate measured only three-eighths of an inch by about three-tenths. From the extreme smallness of the model some of the details were omitted, but not enough to interfere in any way with its going.

The screws were only one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and these were duly furnished with hexagonal nuts, which could only be loosened by aid of a tiny wrench made for that purpose. The weight of the whole model, without the three-penny base, was less than the weight of the coin itself.

Six years later, time of our Centennial exhibition, Penn would have felt ashamed of his "three-penny piece" engine had he had it on exhibition in Philadelphia. During the progress of that great exposition, Levi Taylor of Indiana, Ia., placed on exhibition, "side by side" with the great Corliss engine, an engine perfect in all its parts, built on a twenty-five cent gold piece, and with some of its parts so small as to only be seen by aid of a powerful microscope. The entire engine weighed but three grains. In other words it would have taken 146 such engines to balance an ounce avoirdupois. Three of the Penn engines would have weighed more than 146 like that made by Taylor.

The engine made by D. A. Buck, of Waterbury, Conn., is usually given in lists of small things as the smallest engine in the world, but this is a mistake; the one mentioned last above, so far, takes the palm for smallness.

The writer cheerfully admits that the Buck engine is more perfect in its details than the Iowa wonder, but the fact that its base plate is a gold dollar forever kills its claim to being the smallest, as the Iowa engine, as mentioned above, uses a twenty-five-cent gold piece for the purpose. Buck's engine has 148 distinct pieces of machinery, held together by five screws. Three drops of water fills the boiler, overflowing. The diameter of the cylinder is one-twenty-eighth of an inch. The length of stroke three-thirty-seconds of an inch. Its entire weight four and a half grains.

In the year 1882 a mechanic by the name of Goldie, living at Jamestown, N. Y., constructed a miniature locomotive, perfect in all its parts, which weighed but one pound and a half. A circular track ten feet in diameter was also built by the inventor, whose time must have hung heavily on his hands, and hour after hour he amused himself in watching this pocket edition of the most useful piece of mechanism spin round and round in its endless track. Golden claims to have worked upon his model during all his spare time for over eight years. As it stood fast and ready for the track, it was composed of 266 pieces, held together by fifty screws. One ounce of water filled the boiler, and the pumps threw out drop each stroke.—Philadelphia Item.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.
The Childhood Romance of the Late Editor and Political Leader.

The childhood of the late Allen Thorndike Rice was marked by an exciting and tumultuous episode that is only known to a few here in Boston. When he was a lad of six years his parents separated, and each sought possession of the child, and from this the incident grew. His mother belonged to a very wealthy family, she possessing then that great fortune which Mr. Rice afterward inherited, and with which he bought the North American Review and enjoyed the luxuries of a pleasant life. Miss Bourne, falling in love with Mr. Henry G. Rice, a rising young business man of Boston, was married to him about 1850, and by this union was born Allen Thorndike Rice. A sister of Mr. Rice married Patrick Grant, a prominent citizen of Boston, and their son was Robert Grant, the well-known author of "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," and other modern satire novels.

One day, while Allen was at school at Nahant, a suburb of Boston, pending the courts' decision upon the possession of the parents, sitting side by side with his cousin, Robert Grant, a burly blackman, black as the ace of spades, appeared and asked to see the boy, as he had a message to deliver to him. No sooner had the youth stepped over the threshold, however, than he was bundled into the back, and immediately wheeled away toward Boston. The abduction was soon discovered and there was instant pursuit, but in vain, for the blackman, under orders from the mother, gave loose rein to his heels, and arrived in the city a goodly way ahead of his pursuers. His horse, a good pair of swift coachees, dropped dead that night from the over-exertion. For a day there was an entire absence of a clew; then by a bright detective discovery a thread was found. The blackman, it seems, was in reality a white man blacked with burnt cork, and afterward in washing himself he carelessly left a smooth spot back behind the ears. By this he was found out, was arrested, fined and imprisoned. Following up the clew thus gained, the boy and his party were traced to a country town in northern Vermont, and at last to the very house where he was located. The officers searched the building from roof to cellar, but could not find the lad, yet he was there all the time, carefully concealed in an underground passage. But the watch was now so close that it was advisable to leave the town, and at night the party, with the boy, slipped away to Canada. The next heard of Allen's abductors were at a low pond, where, with fishing-rods and lines, they were simulating tourists on a traveling excursion. Driven to bay again, they hastened on to Portland, and there, embarking at once on a coasting vessel, sailed for Richmond, Va., from which city they took a vessel to England.

A greater part of the time Allen was compelled to wear girl's clothes, for a better disguise. It was in this strange way that Allen Thorndike Rice came to visit Europe in his earliest years, and this adventure resulted in his staying abroad until, when he had attained his majority, he decided to return to his native land. His mother, meanwhile, had given him a splendid education in France, Germany and at Oxford, England, where he graduated with honors in 1873. The adventure in the abduction incident cost his people \$30,000 for expenses, as no money was spared to elude his pursuers.—Boston Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

On the Promenade Deck.
Mrs. Le Grand Tower—What would you do, Tom, if I should fall overboard?

Mr. Le Grand Tower—I should first note the time, then inform the captain, and he would order the vessel stopped. They would then lower a boat, and we would row back to where you sank, which we could easily do. Knowing the time that had passed and the speed and direction of our course, if you were still floating, it would be all right; if not, we would watch for bubbles, and—

Mrs. Tower—O, you horrid thing, I'm not going to do it, anyhow. (But she told her mother afterward that Tom was a man of splendid judgment, and would make his fortune without a doubt.)—Puck.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

The Right Honorable Blackberry Davis Delivers a Lecture.

"I am pleased to announce de fact dat de Right Hon. Blackberry Davis, of Charlotte, N. C., is coming to de meeting opened in due and ancient form. 'De Hon. Davis' an' known to moss' of you as de inventor of root beer, an' de man who first found out dat a dog sleeps' under de bed made it on healthy fur de pussons above. He ar' on his way to de North Pole, an' has stopped off yere fur a day or so to wit de club an' deliver his address. De address which he will favor us wid to-night ar' named 'De Laws of Health,' an' I trust dat he will receive yer on-ditend attenthun while he speaks. He will now be brought in an' introduced."

And he attracted much attention as he passed up the aisle to the platform. He seemed to have been intended for a man seven feet high, but had somehow got sawed off at about five. His left shoulder was lopped pretty badly, his head had failed to grow a crop of hair, and his right leg lingered behind as his left went forward. Waydown Bebe couldn't see any thing literary about the man. He looked more like some unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency.

The honorable didn't waste much time in getting down to business. He investigated the contents of the pitcher of buttermilk before him with a sigh of satisfaction, wiped off his mouth from north to south and back again, and in a voice resonant of cowbells and liberty he said:

"My frens, what is health? I doan' s'pose oneseingle pussen in dis hall has eber gotten de least thought to dat queshun. Dar ar' two sorts of health—good an' bad. [Agitation.] Some of us hev got sort ar' some de odder. As a rule, mass ar' be'n in good health. Natur' starts him out all right, an' if any thing happens to gin him de billions c'lect it's his own fault. [Suppressed groans.] Dar ar' sartin laws to govern society, such as not stealin' anybody's chickens—keepin' away from older people's wood-piles—gwine right by a smoked ham which de butcher has loosely left hangin' out doahs ober night. [Sensation on de back seats.] If you obey dese laws you doan' need de skert an' jump under de bed when a policeman knocks on de doah. If you doan' obey 'em you must suffer de consequences."

"My frens," continued the orator, after looking into the pitcher again, "de laws ar' de same as de laws of de day is Natur's laws. She holds us just as accountable as de police. Fur instance, if Pickles Smith invites Samuel Shinobor to his house to dinner what dese Samuel do? He doan' eat nuffin' fur two days befo'hand, and when he sets down to dat table, groanin' wid all de luxuries which wealth kin purchase, he calculates on fillin' right up to de brim. He eats till dey hev to draw him away from de table. He has transgressed a law of natur'. Natur' says we musn't overcower our stomachs. [Agitation.] Along about midnight Samuel is taken wid awful pains, an' de doctors hev him in de sick-bed to save his life. [Faint cheers.]

"Natur' says we need bout eight hours sleep. Giveadam Jones goes ober to see Elder Toots, an' dey sot an' play checkers till two o'clock in de mawnin'. Nex' day boaf an' limpin' around an' growlin' bout de weather an' cussin' de rich. [Agitation.] Dey transgressed a law of natur' an' ar' de doctors de p'isonin' de mornin'. Dey lay it to any thin' else. Shindig Watkins hires out fur a private watchman at a saw-mill. Seven o'clock comes an' he lays himself away on a pile of lumber an' sleeps till half-past six de nex' mornin'. Den he gets up an' grows about dis bel'n a billyus kentry, an' labor bel'n crushed by capital, an' de nex' day dey do de same. Dey transgressed a law of natur' a delusion. He transgressed a law of natur'—slept too long. [Gasp of astonishment.]

"My dear frens," continued the orator as he gulped down de last of de buttermilk, "dar an' sartin pussens who regard de human stomach as a sort of carpet-bag furnished free gratis by natur'. In de co's of a day dey will throw de whisky, beer, ginger ale, soda water, coffee, ice-water, meat, taters, sugar, vinegar, apples, berries, vegetables, an' whatever else comes handy. De stomach kicks, or orte, an' de owner is greatly surprised about it. [Cheers.] It is only in de las' five y'ars dat de cull'd people of dis kentry hev come to realize dat dey had noses an' lungs. [Sensation.] Colonel Huckleberry Jackson used to wonder why de smell of burnin' feathers choked him up, but he sot it down as a monopoly of some sort. He let his three dogs sleep under his bed an' went around guessin' dat a rat had died under de house. [Laughter.]

"Dar an' sartin laws of health which ar' arbitrary an' ar' broken at yer peril. 'Doan' go to sleep wid yer feet stickin' up to a night breeze to cool off. 'Doan' spread de sheets wid ice water to cool off de bed. 'Doan' git yer hair clipped off when de wind is in de norf. 'Doan' let yer feet get from October to June an' den draw a bull tub of cold water an' try to git free wid de job in one evenin'."

"If you hev bin chased by de police until you perspire doan' sit down on a bar'l in de alley an' let de breeze blow ober you to cool you off. 'You must remember dat de air is full of bacteria and microbes. Dar ar' v'rus sorts of 'em. An' ole cat' on which seben young child'en hev bin bringin' up, along wid twice seben yaller dogs, will gin out microbes when shook."

If you inhale 'em you may be took wid almost any complaint from ear-ache to gwine crazy. A dead cat left along-side de front gate, or a load of ole potatoes and bones left around de back doah, will throw off bacteria at de rate of 2,000 pounds to de squar' inch. You may dodge 'em and continer yer wild career, but you may be took down like a flash, and not even hev time to make a will. [Shudders all along de back rows.]

"My frens, you can't be to keersful to keep well. Obey de laws of Natur' an' you may live a hundred y'ars. Transgress 'em an' de grave awaits fur you. I feel honored by de privilege of appearin' befo' you. If I hadn't nuffin' else to do I should sartinly more to Detroit an' jine dis club. [Cheers.] Wid thanks fur yer clus attenthun, an' hopin' de seed has fell on specific sile, I now bid you good-bye."

When the honorable orator had retired Giveadam Jones offered a resolution to the effect that the Lime-Kiln Club accept and adopt his theories on de health queshun. A vote was taken, and the resolution was carried by a majority of one, and the motion to make it unanimous was lost in de swamp beyond rescue.

The meeting then adjourned.—Detroit Free Press.

PORPOISE-CATCHING.

A Bay of Fundy Industry Monopolized by the Passamaquoddy Indians.

Along the coast of Maine there are several places where porpoise-catching is carried on extensively, and affords the principal means of support for many of the people living in those localities. The Bay of Fundy is an especially good fishing ground, and Indian Beach, bordering on the waters of the bay, is more or less occupied the year round by whites and Indians who do little else. For years the Passamaquoddy Indians have made a practice of camping on the beach and applying themselves assiduously to porpoise-harpooning and shooting. The winter fish are the fattest and give the most oil; that is the valuable part of the catch. The largest porpoises are about seven feet long, will girth five feet, weigh 300 pounds and over, and yield from six to seven gallons of oil. The blubber is an inch or so thick in warm weather, but in the winter double that. A fat fish's blubber will weigh about 100 pounds. The Indians do their work in much the same way now as they did in early years, the most primitive methods prevailing. In trying out the blubber the appliances are of the rudest kind. The fires are built among piles of stones, over which iron pots are hung. The blubber is cut in small pieces and slowly melted. The oil is skimmed into jars and cans, and when pure is worth 90 cents a gallon. The best oil comes from the jaws of the porpoise. The jaws are hung up in the sun, and the oil drops down into a vessel, each pair producing about one-half pint. Watch-makers and others using a very fine oil take it in preference to all other, and it commands a big price. The blubber oil gives a good light, and for years was burned exclusively in the light-houses along the coast.

In a good season an Indian will catch nearly two hundred porpoises, each yielding about three gallons of oil, but most of them fall a good deal below this, as they are not over-partial to labor, and as long as the returns of one catch will meet, will loaf around the camp rather than go out a-catchin'. The custom is to get a few gallons of oil, go to the nearest market and sell it, then "rest" till forced by necessity to make further exertions. The porpoise's flesh is much like pork when cooked, and is a staple article of food.

The bravery, skill and endurance demanded of the porpoise-catchers in their work is almost unknown to the people who do de work. In the morning, when the men are going "porpoisin'," the women and children turn out to see de canoes off. Each boat has two men, and when a storm comes up while they are out, or they are unusually late getting in, there is great anxiety among those on shore. It takes years of training to make a good porpoise-hunter and the big boys begin by going out with the experienced men. No matter what the water's condition, be it rough or smooth, if there is a trip contemplated the start is made. In calm weather the blowing of the porpoise can be heard a long way, and guides the Indian in the right direction. Shooting is the most successful method of killing the fish. Long, smooth-bore guns with big charges of powder and double B shot are used. As the fish is floating, swimming, and diving about the water, first on the surface and then below, the canoe is paddled as near as possible. Then, as the porpoise lifts himself to dive the gun's charge is let fly. There is seldom a failure to make a good shot, but the fish is speared to stop his floundering about in the dying struggle. It is then landed in the canoe by grasping the pectoral fin with one hand, sticking a couple of fingers in the blow hole, and dragging it over the side. In still water this is easy, but when a high sea is running the undertaking is hard and dangerous.

Sharks are plenty, and their fins are almost always visible, cutting the water as soon as a porpoise is wounded, the blood attracting them. No end of stories are told of men having had their arms bit off by the sharks while they were reaching into the water to secure a porpoise, but old fishermen scoff at such a thing, and pay no attention to the dread ocean monsters, as they almost rub their noses against the sides of the canoes.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPH.

—Patti says plenty of sleep is the secret of preserving one's beauty. The hired girl believes this.—Boston Courier.

—The good men do live after them, but the good women do doesn't take up much room.—Somerville Journal.

—Long engagements are a good thing if they do not terminate in marriage, and thus shatter ideas that have been taking root for years.

—Some old dinner customs still prevail. The Romans used to recline at their banquets, and the habit of lying at public dinners is common still.—London Tid-Bits.

—Thinksy—'What a rare endowment is originality! I wish I could do something out of the ordinary.' Friend—'You might pay your board bill.'—Time.

—'No, I don't want the thing,' said a man when importuned to buy a "pigs in clover" puzzle. "It is not a novelty to me. I've been a passenger-car conductor for twenty-five years.—Norristown Herald.

—Deacon—'Were you at church yesterday, Mr. Toper?' Toper—'I was not.' Deacon—'Sorry. We had a splendid sermon on the constitutional amendment. You missed it.' Toper (sadly)—'I guess not. I got it all from my wife last night before I went to sleep.'—Lowell Citizen.

—It is the subject for an old joke that the father walks the floor nights with the cross baby, but almost any woman will tell you that there is no truth in it. It is safe to assert that not one man in ten ever did such a thing in his life, and that not two men in ten ever wake up when the baby cries.—Atlantic Globe.

—'O, dear,' said Mrs. Shuttle, with a deep sigh, 'I felt as old as the century, but I've got all the carpets up, anyhow.' 'You ought to feel old,' said Job. 'Any woman who will get all the carpets in the house up at one time ought to feel as old as you look.' This, however, did not appear to make the evening any more peaceable.

—Wibble—'It is a never-ending source of wonder to me the way the city of Chicago has sprung up. It is one of the marvels of the century.' Wabble—'Nothing very wonderful about it to my mind. They simply got up a reputation as the wickedest town in the United States, and of course every body went there.'—Terre Haute Express.

—As a class, so-called literary people are egregiously bored.—At least, we have always found them so. We would walk a mile out of our way any time for the honor and the pleasure of avoiding the conventional literary man; to avoid meeting the conventional literary woman we would cheerfully walk two miles. The one we can snub; the other we would not.—Chicago News.

—'Where have you been keeping yourself, Mr. DeJany?' asked Mr. Belle Pepper, man of that young gentleman. 'You haven't been going into society?' 'Not precisely; that is, you know, I have been devoting my own time to myself. Indulging in my own society as it were. Pretty clever, don't you think?' 'Yes; but how lonely you must have been.'—Merchant Traveler.

He Cometh Not, She Said.

She is waiting in the darkness, she is waiting by the door, and she hears the sad sea moaning as it beats the sandy shore; and she hears the night-bird crying, and the wailing of the trees, and upon her fevered forehead gently blows the Southern breeze; but in vain she stands and listens for the coming of the one who to her is prince and hero, who is brighter than the sun. Close the door, O weeping lady, close the door and weep alone, to the sighing of the branches to the ocean's sullen moan; to the screaming of the night-bird, to the sobbing of the rain, as it falls like tears from Heaven, pushing on the window pane. Let your eyes this night be rivers and your hair a morning veil, let your soul float out to Heaven in a wild, despairing wail; for the footsteps of your hero do not echo on the shore, and to-night you'll never see him though you're waiting by the door; and you will not hear the music of the voice you love so well, you will only hear the moaning of the ocean's restless swell. Close the door, O weeping lady, look no more for him you love, better look for hope and comfort to the somber sky above; to your side your love and hero all your watching can not win, for he tried to paint the city and the peepers ran him in.—Nebraska State Journal.

Inventions of Our Age.

Those of us not yet fifty years of age have probably lived in the most important and progressive period of human history. Within this half century the following inventions and discoveries have been among the number: Ocean steamships, street railways, elevated railways, telegraph lines, ocean cables, telephones, phonograph, photography, and a score of new methods of picture-making, aniline colors, kerosene oil, electric lights, steam fire engines, chemical fire extinguishers, anesthetics and painless surgery, gun cotton, nitro-glycerine, dynamite, giant powder, aluminum, magnesium and other new metals, electroplating, spectrum analysis and spectroscopy, audiphone, pneumatic tubes, electric motor, electric railway, electric bells, typewriter, cheap postal system, steam heating, steam and hydraulic elevators, vestibule cars, cantalover bridges. These are only a part. All positive knowledge of the physical constitution of planetary and stellar worlds has been attained within this period.—Homiletic Review.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1889.

Officers of the Cambria Iron Company, which suffered heavy losses at Johnstown, Pa., by the recent flood, expect to have the entire plant of the company in operation in a week.

Of three hundred and twenty-four houses at Johnstown 235 were completely wrecked in the late catastrophe. Could figures more strikingly illustrate the frightful thoroughness of its devastations?

President Gambrell, of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, has sent orders to each of the division superintendents of the canal directing them to make a tour of their divisions and report to him all the facts regarding destitution along the canal, so that all those in want can be relieved.

The McClellandtown gang, Lewis, Tasker and the two Sullivans, were found guilty of robbing and maltreating Christian Yoder, in the Somerset County Court last week, and sentenced to ten years each in the penitentiary. The Nicely brothers, indicted for the killing of Herman Umberger, in Somerset county, were also found guilty.

Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, of Cumberland, was elected president of the Union mining company last Monday.

His numerous friends and the people generally are proud of his accession to the executive chair of one of Allegany's greatest enterprises.

Besides, the man who will feed hundreds of stranded travelers, and make them feel at home among strangers, as we understand he did during the flood, deserves the honors. And such liberal hands as his are a good depositary for the accruing emoluments.—*Frostburg Journal*.

Gen. Crook's Model Speech.

The Eastern novelists, essayists and philanthropists who want to understand the Indian problems and Indian human nature should read and reread and learn by heart the mightily effective speech made last Friday by Gen. Crook to the reluctant Sioux in Dakota, urging them to sell a large tract of their lands to the government, at a fair price.

Gen. Crook has learned Indian human nature in all sorts of ways and under all sorts of circumstances. He has been an efficient and devoted and helpful friend to the Indians. He has been a remarkably efficient enemy. He is the most successful Indian fighter living. He is one of the few white men whose word is absolutely trusted by Indian chiefs, from the Mexican to the Canadian borders.

Unlike most great orators—whose success has consisted largely in their faculty of flattering their hearers—Gen. Crook fired out at his old Sioux friends a volley of the most uncompromising truths. "When," said he, "I left you eleven years ago I thought by this time you would be much further advanced than you are now. I feel that you are satisfied to loaf on and do nothing and let the government feed you. Then you were brave men. When you were asked to decide anything you did so at once—said yes or no. Now you are afraid to do anything. You keep wanting more time. You are not brave men now, but squaws, and the government will have to send dolls and rattlers to amuse you. The government can't always feed you. You must some time become self-supporting. Because I am your friend is the reason I say this. I want you to become like white men and hold your land in severalty. The government is very liberal, and this bill does more for you than it ever did for the white man."

Coming to the most practical details, Gen. Crook made the offer of the government and its promises so plain that the dullest of his Indian listeners understood what the most famous fighter and friend of their race said. "The government," said Gen. Crook, "will pay you \$1.25 per acre for your good land, and fifty cents for your bad land, which is so poor that grasshoppers can't live on it. It gives you 5 per cent. interest on the money received, although it can get all it wants at 2 1/2 per cent. Everything that you say, or that is

said to you, is written down, and the President will see it. If he is not willing to agree to all that the Commissioners have said to you, then there will be nothing done, and you will remain as you are now. There is no desire in the hearts of the Commissioners to urge you. You must decide yourselves, and each one for himself. The paper is here. You that want to sign may do so. I have nothing further to say."

The muscular common sense, the unadorned eloquence, the sincere friendliness and the absolute absence of all complimentary or flattering phrases in Gen. Crook's talk to the Indians, who know him in peace and in war, had an immediate and visible effect, for the same dispatch that contains the bravest, best and most useful speech made to the Indians in many years, adds:

"Crow Dog, who killed Spotted Tail, was the first to sign. A great many Indians signed. Four hundred signed yesterday including many prominent chiefs. Ten hundred and forty must sign in order to meet the requirements of the bill."

All honor to Gen. Crook, our best and wisest mediator with the Indians and their wisest and truest friend.—*N. Y. Mail and Express*.

To the Medical Profession.

The various medical associations and the medical profession will be glad to learn that Dr. John S. Billings, Surgeon U. S. Army, has consented to take charge of the Report on the Mortality and Vital Statistics of the United States as returned by the Eleventh Census.

As the United States has no system of registration of vital statistics, such as is relied upon by other civilized nations for the purpose of ascertaining the actual movement of population, our census affords the only opportunity of obtaining near an approximate estimate of the birth and death rates of much the larger part of the country, which is entirely unprovided with any satisfactory system of State and municipal registration.

In view of this, the Census Office, during the month of May this year, will issue to the medical profession throughout the country "Physician's Registers" for the purpose of obtaining more accurate returns of death than it is possible for the enumerators to make. It is earnestly hoped that physicians in every part of the country will co-operate with the Census Office in this important work. The record should be kept from June 1, 1889, to May 31, 1890. Nearly 26,000 of these registration books were filled up and returned to the office in 1880, and nearly all of them used for statistical purposes. It is hoped that double this number will be obtained for the Eleventh Census.

Physicians not receiving Registers can obtain them by sending their names and addresses to the Census Office, and, with the Register, an official envelope which requires no stamp will be provided for their return to Washington.

If all medical and surgical practitioners throughout the country will lend their aid, the mortality and vital statistics of the Eleventh Census will be more comprehensive and complete than they have ever been. Every physician should take a personal pride in having this report as full and accurate as it is possible to make it.

It is hereby promised that all information obtained through this source shall be held strictly confidential.

ROBERT G. PORTER,
Superintendent of Census.

The Effects of the Floods.

NEW YORK, June 9.—*Bradstreet's* says: The terrible disaster in the Conemaugh valley, together with floods extending from southern New York south into Maryland and Virginia, have checked the movement of general merchandise at all supply points for the region referred to. Pittsburgh and Philadelphia lost most in this way. The loss of property in the territory outlined will probably not exceed \$45,000,000. The estimated amount of capital invested in the Conemaugh valley (where the property loss is placed at \$30,000,000) was \$7,600,000, of which \$5,400,000 was employed industrially. Transportation facilities being interrupted through central Pennsylvania, eastern market supplies of garden produce and in New England of leather have been curtailed and prices higher, of the latter one cent per pound. The almost total destruction by fire of Seattle, Washington Territory, has apparently obliterated more than \$15,000,000 worth of property. The estimated commercial capital invested at Seattle was \$4,100,000. The most active general trade throughout the country is relatively reported at Cincinnati, Louisville, Memphis, Chicago and San Francisco. Crop prospects remain favorable, except in Georgia, and to a less degree in Louisiana, where drouth has been severe. At most trade centers only a moderate general business is reported.

The Conemaugh Flood.

JOHNSTOWN, PA., June 7.—Today in Johnstown is an exaggeration of yesterday. More people are coming in, and there is, beside the departure of visitors and sight-seers on the trains a continuous exodus of the Johnstown people, who, penniless, are hastening to their friends outside. Some of the poor distressed residents have got over the stolidity that followed the first excitement, and are utterly heartbroken.

"I go," said one old man at the depot, "with my wife to meet friends in middle Pennsylvania, who are migrating to Nebraska. They have kindly offered to bear the expenses of our passage, and we will leave behind forever our native hills for a distant territory. We have lost everything save the clothes we wear. Thank God, our whole family was saved. It included four boys, the youngest of whom is fifteen years of age. They remain here. I am afraid we have bid them the last farewell. They are young and can wait for the complete rehabilitation of the place that is promised by the sanguine within five years. I cannot but view the effects of the visitation of our moment." Here the old man dropped his voice and glanced at his wife down whose cheek a tear or two trickled as she affected in a choked voice to speculate upon the time when Johnstown would be itself again.

There were hundreds of cases similar to this in all except that most of the people proposed to go to settle either permanently or temporarily in adjacent parts of Pennsylvania. Every train that comes in by the devastated region about Hornersburg is packed with passengers standing and sitting. Here the glut of freight trains and the wreckage, of which fragments strew the track in the course of removal, causes the engine to slack up. So great is the anxiety of the incomers to view the sights that men, women and children drop off the cars fully a mile below the town proper and walk. On the other hand there is such a pressure of traffic from the town that the train is met by hundreds of "exodusters" who climb up the steps at the peril of their lives to seize the seats that are being vacated.

Now and then the crowded platforms are suddenly emptied as the train passes by one of the immense bonfires that are kept burning night and day, being fed by the laborers, not only from the worthless rubbish on the streets, but by the millions of feet of usable lumber.

These fires are razing over the whole of the region. On every pile of debris stands a loud-mouthed bawling at the work gangs. The men pass ropes over projections of houses whose weather-boarding, rafters, joists and flooring are almost perfect. Then fifty or a hundred men pull the ropes, rending the house asunder with a terrific crash that is followed by loud hurrahs. The louder the crash the more strenuous is the yell, and the boss joins in the glee. Even magnificent white pine boards that were a part of the million feet of lumber that floated away on the day of the freshet add fuel to the fires.

The writer saw a two-inch board fully 56 feet long and 12 inches broad, almost unmarred by a knot, placed so that the fire would eat through its middle.

The future rebuilding of the town will be certainly hampered by walking for building supplies, and by an increase in the price of lumber.

There are plenty of men in Baltimore who are experts in tearing down buildings. If such men were hastened to Johnstown with laborers, carpenters and lumber teams, they could make little fortunes by saving and storing the lumber and, after things have quieted down, by rebuilding, for they could go promptly to work at a comparatively small cost. Col. Enoch Moore, a shipbuilder of Wilmington, who saw the ruinous clearing up, said he would guarantee to clear the town for the salvage.

The cupidity of the people has been aroused to such a pitch by the indiscriminate distribution of supplies that many of them who live up high and dry on the mountain side have carried home in the matter of clothing alone more than they ever had in the world before, and women can be seen going from the supply depots quarreling with each other, and each claiming that the other was not affected by the flood. When it is remembered that the mountain sides are full of houses that the water did not reach, it will be seen that a violated faith on the part of these people can and has resulted in downright robbery. One forehanded gentleman had his house searched, when it was found that his industry and frugality had accumulated for him fifteen hams and thirty-five sacks of flour. He was arrested. This man was selling meals. By the way, the Fourth Ward Hotel also gets its supplies from the donated provisions,

but as this is a regular hostelry and no one can buy anything here for love or money, there is no alternative. The Fourth is to-day the Rennert's of Johnstown, though a few days ago it was a prosperous colored hotel.

It will hardly be thought that people would pay to see a rescued person in any part of Pennsylvania, near Johnstown, especially in Pittsburgh, whence so many survivors have gone. Yet inquiries are being circulated here about the parents of a pretty baby that floated in its cradle from Johnstown to Pittsburgh. Two young men who rescued the child have been besought by many ladies to permit them to adopt the little one. The men were to-day inquiring for the parents. They say they will give the child only to the parents, and admitted that they were exhibiting it for an admission fee of ten cents.

Mr. A. M. Wellington, with F. P. Burt, associate editor of the *Engineering News*, of New York, has just completed an examination of the dam which caused the great disaster here. Mr. Wellington states that the dam was in every respect of very inferior construction, and of a kind wholly unwarranted by good engineering practices of thirty years ago. Both the original and reconstructed dams were of earth only, with no heart wall, but only rip-rapped on the slopes. The original dam, however, was made in rammed and watered layers, which still show distinctly in the wrecked dam.

"So far as I know," said Adjutant-General Hastings this morning, "Governor Beaver is not to visit the scene of disaster at all. The situation is very good so far as reported. Bodies are being gradually recovered all the time, but of course not in the large numbers of the first few days. Last night we arrested several ghouls that were wandering amid the wreck on evil intent during the darkness, and they were promptly taken to the guard-house. This morning they were given the choice of imprisonment or going to work at two dollars a day, and they promptly chose the latter. We are getting along very well in our work, and very little tendency to lawlessness, I am happy to say, is observed."

Few Funerals Held.

JOHNSTOWN, June 9.—Up at the cemetery there is a gang of twenty-five men on duty to dig and fill graves and handle the coffins. When a wagonload of the dead arrives they all fall to work digging fresh graves in plots where the labels on the coffins show that the inmates are entitled to burial in some of the plots. There were several families who owned no plots, and the bodies of the unknown dead are lugged off to where a great trench, 100 feet wide and the length of a coffin has been dug in the earth. The coffins are laid close in the bottom of this trench, and the dirt quickly shoveled over them. One trench is full already, and a start has been made on another.

At the head of each grave is stuck a shingle with the name of the one interred there scrawled on it in lead pencil, or a number if the person be unknown. On five adjoining shingles at the trenches are the names: "W. L. Harris, aged 23 years," "Frank Harris and John Harris," "Maggie Harris," "Margaret Harris," "Sarah Harris."

There have been frequent cases of the wrong identification of bodies, and some scratching and rewriting has been necessary on the shingles. One runs thus: "Miss Bracken," "Unknown," "supposed to be Miss Bunting, a factory girl," "supposed to be Cassie Christie, formerly of Butler," "supposed to be Frankie Wagner, Market street." On another shingle is written: "A large woman with earrings," and underneath, "Mrs. Mary Tingle."

Out of all the nearly 4,000 dead who have been buried it is probable that there have not been a dozen funerals. One is in progress in Johnstown this afternoon. It is over the remains of the Rev. Dillon, recovered yesterday. Lack of funeral ceremonies is not in any way indicative of disrespect, but because the calamity has overwhelmed the survivors. The usual customs of life are lost sight of in the presence of such a catastrophe. The people are too overcome for any ordinary grief.

Pennsylvania to Give a Million.

JOHNSTOWN, PA., June 10.—There was an important meeting here yesterday at which were present Gov. Beaver, Col. J. M. Schoonmaker, Messrs. Wm. McCreery, S. S. Marvin, H. I. Courley, W. R. Ford, J. B. Scott, Thomas M. King, Mr. McCoy, Capt. W. B. Jones, Adj. Gen. Hastings, Reuben Miller and Sheriff McCandless.

A general discussion of the situation was had. The Governor indulged in a long talk, reviewing the situation and making many suggestions. William McCreery, chairman of the Relief committee, then made a

lengthy statement, and said he thought it was time the relief committees were relieved of the work of clearing away the debris by the State.

The Governor said all the necessary money could be raised. That there were 200 men who would become responsible for \$5,000 each; that he could give his bond to the State Treasurer for \$1,000,000 with these 200 men as bondsmen and the State Treasurer would then pay out the \$1,000,000 for the necessary work. When the Legislature met the money withdrawn from the Treasury could be appropriated. He said that the money already subscribed should be used entirely for the relief of the sufferers, and the money from the State Treasurer be used for restoring the vicinity to its condition before the flood. All debts already contracted for the removal of the debris should be paid, but all money paid out for this purpose from the relief fund shall be refunded, so that every cent subscribed for relief of the stricken people shall be used for that purpose alone.

The Governor has \$250,000 in his hands now for the relief fund. A committee of seven well-known men of the State will be appointed to distribute the relief fund, and the present Relief Committee is to continue the work of relief till the commission is appointed. After the commission has been appointed the future operations of the Pittsburgh Relief Committee rests with it.

JOHNSTOWN, June 10.—One of the greatest evils that has grown out of the disaster is the irrepressible desire of sensational newspapers to print what are pronounced unqualified falsehoods by the authorities here. It was published this morning that some of the sufferers here were pushed to such straits that they had taken to eating the flesh of horses drowned in the flood. This report led to a flood of telegrams being sent to Booth & Flinn's men from relatives at home commanding them to come back, as they would never consent to them living where such food was given out.

Mr. Flinn said yesterday that these reports had proved a great annoyance and they were false in every particular, as far as he knew. The camp of his men was one of the cleanest, best regulated and best disciplined of any he ever had anything to do with. The food was plentiful and wholesome, and a great deal better than the majority of the laborers were accustomed to at home.

Another prolific source of "fakes" is the disease feature of the valley. There have been sensational reports of epidemics of diphtheria and pneumonia being imminent. A tour was made yesterday afternoon of the principal hospitals, by your correspondent, and there was everywhere the most strenuous denial of the reports. At the Bedford Street Hospital not a single patient remains. The physicians stationed there devote their attention to that neighborhood where there are quite a number of sick people, but nearly all are suffering from nervous affection, caused by the shock of the disaster. Not a case of typhoid fever is being treated and but one case of pneumonia, and that is a little girl, who is rapidly growing better. There is not a case of diphtheria under the care of the physicians, but several cases of sore throat.

At the headquarters of the Red Cross Society, of Philadelphia, Major O'Neill, the surgeon, reported that they had no cases of pneumonia and that the diphtheria cases, of which so much ado was made, had turned out to be nothing but simple sore throat. There were no infectious diseases.

The report of the awful and deadly stench, arising from the decomposing bodies of human beings and animals, and that the valley is one great charnel house, is without foundation. There is considerable smell about the debris, above the stone bridge but not enough to prevent men from keeping at work on the pile. These reports have had a demoralizing effect on the men at work by frightening their friends at home.

Getting Under Way.

JOHNSTOWN, June 10.—Credit is due the Cambria Iron Company for promptly setting the stricken people of this city to work, and thus turning their minds from their sorrows. On Saturday night the company had the natural gas mains under the river bed repaired, and gas has been blazing there ever since. To-day the machine shop, employing 100 men, is in operation, the boiler shop is clanging with the hammers of a full force of workmen, the blacksmith shop is running full, and, what is more wonderful, the six blast furnaces, with their small army of workmen were started up this morning. Only those who have seen the utter ruin of these works by the flood can realize what this means. The Cambria Company expects, after a careful examination

of the works by experts, to be making rails by the end of June. The new steel plant, completed shortly before the flood at a cost of \$300,000, is not damaged, No. 2 rolling mill is nearly ready for work, the time office and draughtman's room are in full operation, the rod mill will be running in two days and turning out 120 tons of finished materials a day, the blowing engines of the blast furnaces are not badly damaged and are being rapidly put in shape, the general offices are already occupied, the company's store will resume business to-morrow, the railroad from the lower works is being rapidly pushed to the former site of the Gautier Works, and when the wreckage of those works is cleared out, which will be in about two months, the company will begin to rebuild them.

Of the 7,000 workmen whom the company employed about two-thirds survive, and nearly 3,000 of these are now at work clearing away the wreckage or operating the departments already started. More of the Gautier men have reported until the number now nearly reaches 700, about half the number employed before the flood. The loss at the lower works was 1,000 to 1,500 men. The Cambria men generally owned their homes, having been encouraged to become independent by the company, which lent them money to build as soon as they had bought lots, or sold them houses on easy terms. These men, now homeless, desire to build new homes, and the company will aid them in every way. It has already ordered 2,000,000 feet of lumber for the men to use in rebuilding and more will be forthcoming as fast as the sawmills can turn it out. These new homes will not be built for the immediate future, for the flat on which Johnstown stood cannot be occupied until all the wreckage and dead bodies have been removed and a system of drainage established. Meanwhile the workmen will dwell in tents, and by to-morrow 5,000 such abodes will dot the hillsides.

After careful computation Commissary General Spangler finds that 22,000 people will have to be fed from the relief fund for a least two months, 16,000 of them being survivors of the flood and 6,000 workmen and guards. Col. Spangler this evening appointed a number of quartermasters, to have charge of the distributing posts and will deliver the goods on the presentation of orders.

A Notable Gift.

An especially notable feature of the gifts which people of every condition are crowding one another to make is their distressed fellow citizens of Western Pennsylvania's contribution to the general fund made by the prisoners in the Eastern Penitentiary. From the small savings which they are enabled to accumulate from over-work the prisoners have contributed the considerable sum, for them, of \$522, and it is certain that in the millions of relief money there is no more precious proof than this of the universality of sympathy with Johnstown and its neighborhood. As far as we know this incident is unique.—*Philadelphia Evening Telegraph*.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Estate of John Swalp, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett Co., Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of said county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of JOHN SWALP, late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased hereby, are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 15th day of December next; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of said estate, given under my hand this 15th day of June, 1889.

F. G. SWALP,
Mineral Springs, Md.

SHERIFF'S SALE —OF VALUABLE— REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Lorenzo D. Rohrer, against a certain Archibald C. Browning and Edwin A. Browning, co-partners, trading and doing business as Browning & Co., and to me, the undersigned Sheriff directed, I did seize, levy upon and take in execution, by an actual entry upon the premises on the 15th day of April, 1889, all the interest of the said Archibald C. Browning, one of the above defendants, in and to all that real estate and property, situated about 3 miles north of Deer Park, in Garrett county, containing about 150 acres of land, and being the same property which is more particularly described in a deed from James Z. Browning and wife to the said Archibald C. Browning, dated 25th March, 1882, and duly recorded in Lib. W. H. T. No. 8, fol. 355, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county.

Said farm is improved by a good

2-Story Frame Dwelling House,

a good barn and other out houses; is about 1/2 cleared and in a good state of cultivation, and is now occupied by the said Archibald C. Browning. Said property will be sold subject to a mortgage of about \$100, or a little less, due from the said Browning to the Savings and Loan Association of Frederick, Md., dated 31st July, 1887, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 12, fol. 85, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county.

And I hereby give public notice, that on

Saturday, the 29th day of June,

1889, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. of said day in front of Mrs. Taggart's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, I will sell the aforesaid real estate at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, on the day of sale to satisfy the aforesaid claim and costs.

EDWARD E. SOLLARS,
Sheriff of Garrett Co.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in Sturges' Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.
ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.
The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the same Hall Friday night of each week and Sunday afternoon.
SHEALTHEE LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.
PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 588, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

NOTICE:

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—Miss Jennie Smith was in Oakland Wednesday.

—Mr. G. H. Pritchard will soon have his building completed.

—Go to Cheap John's on Circus day when you get hungry or dry.

—The Oakland and Deer Park Hotels will open on the 22d day of June.

—Cheap John will have a full supply of fruits, etc., for Saturday.

—Mr. Charley Deffenbaugh, of Shaw, W. Va., was in Oakland this week.

—Ice cream, soda water, ginger ale, pop, cider and lemonade, at Cheap John's.

—Children's Day will be observed in the M. E. Church Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

—Wednesday Dr. J. Lee McComas expressed to President Harrison a large lot of beautiful trout.

—There will be a picnic at Deer Park July 4th. All are invited to come and have a good time. By order of committee.

—Mr. Tom B. Warner, of Oakland, is agent for Oehm & Co., the great clothing house of Baltimore. A full line of samples on hand.

—We have a good supply of the celebrated Thomas Hay Rakes and Champion Steel Mowers.

J. M. DAVIS & SON.

—Revs. Sharps and Trippett and Messrs. Thos. J. Peddicord and W. C. L. Correll attended the Oakland District Conference at Fellowsville, W. Va., this week.

—FOR SALE—An eighteen horsepower steam saw mill, of the "Geiser" pattern, nearly new. Address

JOHN F. BROWNING,

420 3rd Oakland, Md.

—The new Baptist Church building near Wright Thayer's will be dedicated on Sunday, June 30th, 1889. A general invitation to be present is extended.

—Old Soldiers should bear in mind the meeting of Oakland Post G. A. R., next Tuesday night. Members should all be present, and those who are not members should come and be mustered in.

—P. T. Garthright, at Mountain Lake Park, will offer 200 sacks nice salt at 5 cents per sack. This offer is good for two weeks only. Nice potatoes wanted.

—Mr. F. G. Hyde has placed a very conspicuous sign in front of his jewelry store on Alder street. It represents a mammoth watch, the hands of which are moved by the action of the wind.

—Married, on the 8th of June, at the New Glades Hotel, Oakland, by the Rev. J. S. Foulk, Mr. Henry Daniels to Miss Elizabeth Wees, both of Beverly, Randolph Co., W. Va.

—HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE—Situations in the Eastern part of Oakland. The house is in good repair, large out kitchen, well of good water, and all necessary out-buildings with an acre of ground attached. Apply at this office for particulars.

—There will be a Sunday School picnic held at Samuel Steyer's sugar camp, near the Ryan's Glade Church, on the 4th of July, 1889. Good speaking is expected. The invitation is to all. Bring the children. Committee—N. B. Harvey, Jas. D. Harvey and Wm. J. Riley.

—Mr. Joseph P. White, of Elk Garden, W. Va., and Miss Mamie Deffenbaugh, of Oakland, Md., were married in the Oakland M. E. Church, by the pastor, Rev. C. J. Trippett, Tuesday evening. The church was crowded with relatives and friends of the contracting parties, both of whom are very popular in this community. Miss Mamie will be sadly missed in Oakland, especially in the Sunday School and young peoples' class of the M. E. Church. The happy couple left on the 9:30 p. m. train for their new home in Elk Garden, W. Va., where the groom is engaged in the mercantile business. They were followed with the well wishes of the entire community.

Dentistry.

Dr. P. P. Ritter, of Meyersdale, Pa., will visit Accident, Md., Monday, June 24th, and remain a few days. Will be prepared to do all kinds of dental work. Call early and make engagements, as my time is limited to a few days.

—Died, at Moundsville, W. Va., July 6th, 1889, Mrs. N. M. Armstrong, in the 70th year of her age. Deceased was a sister of Mr. S. L. Townshend, of Oakland, who was with her for two weeks before and at the time of her death.

Church Services—Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 8 p. m., by Rev. C. J. Trippett.

Song service every Sunday evening at 7:30.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M., by Rev. Dunlap.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M., by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Hardware.

J. M. Davis & Son have on hand a full line of harvest tools, Greenleaf cradles, clipper scythes, etc.

Orchilla Guano.

Just received by J. M. Davis & Son, the third car load of Orchilla Guano. Farmers wanting to sow it with buckwheat can be accommodated.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending June 15, 1889:

Bolan, L. C., Hayes, Emma, Hancock, Miss E. P., Hamilton, Jno., Hutchison, S. E., Myers, Ednah, Tomson, Mary.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

For the Flood Sufferers.

A public meeting was held in Offutt's Hall Monday evening, under the call of the Mayor of Oakland, to raise money for the flood sufferers.

G. S. Hamill, Esq., was called to the chair, and A. G. Sturgis, Esq., acted as secretary. On motion Mr. S. T. Jones was selected as treasurer, and the president, secretary and treasurer to constitute an executive committee for the distribution of the amount raised.

A soliciting committee, with Mr. D. E. Offutt as chairman, was appointed to wait upon our citizens and receive their contributions.

Nearly \$800 has been raised to this date. The money is to be sent where there is the most pressing needs in our own state and in Pennsylvania.

The National Garment Cutter.

In these days of invention, when every person who conceives a device, whether good, bad or indifferent, immediately secures a patent thereon and commences operation, so many prove worthless that people have come to regard a man with a patent right or an agent, with suspicion. But there are some notable exceptions, and the most notable among them is the National Garment Cutter. It is a device which combines simplicity, utility and effectiveness, and if necessity is the mother of invention, its maternity is unquestionable.

It consists of a twenty-eight graded measure, a tape line, a curved piece, and a book of forms. To cut a pattern the bust measure is first taken, and a measure which corresponds with it in number is attached to the square. The measure is divided into parts and fractions thereof, which are plainly stamped on its face. The garment desired is selected from the book. It is in outline, with figures corresponding to those on the measure. The operator simply squares the paper from which the pattern is to be cut, and marks his measurements thereon, and in a few moments a perfect pattern is produced. It is merely a simplification of the scientific methods employed by cutters and dress-makers, and by its use any person can produce a stylish, perfect garment. There is no reason why anyone should have poor fitting garments when its merits become generally known.—*The True Republican, Hudson.*

M. P. DYER,

Agent, Oakland, Md.

For Rent, at Mountain Vista, Oakland. Furnished cottage of six rooms, four bed-rooms, sitting-room, kitchen and a large wall tent 14x18 feet—good floor. Can be used as a dining-room. Well of good water at the door. 1½ acres of well shaded ground. Ten minutes walk to station. Is one of the highest points in Oakland, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country and mountains. Terms for the season, \$800. For further information apply to Richard Maroney, at the cottage, or address

Dr. J. W. Joyce,

510 I St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

NEW ROOM! NEW GOODS!

F. G. Hyde, the Oakland, Jeweler.

GRAND OPENING

Next week at Hyde's Jewelry Store. There the finest stock of Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silverware, Gold-headed Umbrellas, Canes, and everything that is found in a first-class Jewelry Store, will be placed upon the counter and shelves for sale, at prices that no one dare attempt to under sell; if he does he will get his fill before he gets through with it. Whether he be a regular competitor or not, that makes no difference. My stock is all new and fresh, right from the manufacturers, and this Summer's styles. I buy for cash, and sell for cash; therefore I defy any competition. I will take pleasure in telling you my prices and showing you the desirable styles I am now prepared to offer, with confidence that my claims of superior merit have been fully sustained and are now established. It is well understood that I do not pretend to compete with the cheaper grade of goods in the market, but as my stock is made by the highest skilled labor, and of the best material that can be obtained, every purchaser can rely on securing first-class articles at prices based on real merit. My confidence is shown in the fact that I guarantee every thing I sell to perform exactly as represented or money refunded. Therefore you run no risk in buying from me. I don't propose to run any livery stable, but I do propose to run a first-class Jewelry Store, and the only one in the place. This is pretty loud talk, but I mean it all the same. What I mean by this is a first-class store, no one-horse concern.

Thanking those who have favored me in the past, and with assurance that I shall strive to merit future patronage, I remain,

Very truly yours,

F. G. HYDE.

Alder St., Oakland, Md.

N. B.—The largest stock between Baltimore and Wheeling. Repairing carefully and neatly executed. Call and see me.

The Allegany County Centennial.

About 75 delegates representing various organizations of the county convened in the court house in Cumberland Saturday morning at 10 o'clock to take steps with regard to the observance of the county's centennial.

H. W. Schaidt acted as temporary secretary, and Frank C. Beall was chosen chairman of the convention.

For secretary J. J. Robinson, of Lonaconing, and C. E. Hambright, of Cumberland, were placed in nomination and ballotted for. J. J. Robinson received 27 votes and C. E. Hambright 42.

On motion the secretary was instructed to cast the ballot of the convention for G. L. Wellington for treasurer.

On motion of John Somerville it was decided to hold the centennial in Cumberland.

John Chambers made a motion that it be held on December 25th. B. W. McMichael moved, as a substitute, that it be held in September, and subsequently accepted an amendment offered by John McGuigan that the number of days and the dates in September be named by an executive committee to be afterwards appointed. The substitute was carried by a vote of 41 to 13.

D. W. Sloan moved that an executive committee of twenty-five be appointed by the chair to have general charge of the centennial arrangements, and that the secretary and treasurer be an advisory committee to assist the chairman in making up the list, which are to be named within two weeks. The motion was carried.

The convention then adjourned.

Ice Cream.

Having opened up my ice cream parlors for the season, I am prepared to furnish the public with the most delicious ice cream by the plate or in any quantity desired. Special facilities for furnishing picnics, parties and private families with same. Orders left with me will receive prompt and careful attention. Send in a trial order and be convinced of what I say.

J. M. LITZINGER,

Oakland, Md.

Next to B. & O. Depot.

Swanton.

Mrs. C. M. Miller, who is now in Piedmont under a course of medical treatment by Dr. E. H. Parsons, we are glad to learn, is getting some better. We hope that she may soon be able to return to her family.

Mr. Alex. Fairall was visiting friends in Keyser Saturday and Sunday.

The U. B. Sunday School observed Children's Day Sunday. They held an interesting service at 8 o'clock P.

M. The service was entitled "The Gospel of the Birds," consisting of singing, recitations and responsive exercises, with an address by A. F. George. The collection, which was very good, will be given to the Sunday School Board of the church to assist in establishing schools in parts where there are none. One interesting feature of the occasion was the singing of a bird belonging to Mr. Richard Fairall, who did his best to outstrip the others in singing praise to his creator.

Mr. Cornary Brobst, of Elk Garden, was visiting friends here last week.

A. F. George has moved into the house purchased by him from Jos. Foster, Esq.

The private school taught by Miss Lulu Weeder is ended. She will leave for her home near Washington next week. She has made many friends here and will be greatly missed in the Sunday School of this place.

HOOSIER.

Mountain Lake Park.

The rainy weather still continues, but it is quite warm now and is doing on vegetation rapidly. A good growth of grass could be cut already in some of the streets.

Mrs. Blake has returned to her cottage.

Mrs. Earlehaugh has taken charge of the Allegany House again.

Mr. P. B. Hempstone, of Wheeling, takes one of Major Alderson's cottages.

The temperance mass-meeting held here last Friday night was a real success. The young people spoke and sang splendidly. Mrs. Marriage Allen, of London, England, was with us and gave us a splendid address at the mass-meeting. Mrs. Allen was to sail from New York today, (Tuesday,) for her eastern home, but expects to return to her work in the Southern States, where she is forming missions among the colored people. Miss Harris, with whom she stopped, took her around the grounds in her carriage. She expressed herself as being delighted with the place.

The family of J. J. Miller, of Cumberland, Md., is in their cozy cottage for the summer.

Mr. J. McLain Brown, Sec'y of the Y. M. C. A. of Cumberland, was here today making arrangements for the accommodation of delegates to their convention, which begins here July 1. Men of rare ability will be with them to speak and sing. All who are interested in young men should be here to find out the workings of the association, that they may have an organization in their own communities so that they can send delegates to the convention next year, as the desire is to continue from year to year the same as the camp-meetings, Assembly, etc.

If any one desires programmes of the season apply to J. A. Enlow of this place.

The Catholic Pic-Nic.

Preparations are in progress by the Catholic Benevolent Legion, and the Ancient Order of Hibernians, societies, of St. Peter's Church, for the Catholic annual Pic-nic to be held on the Fourth of July. The principle feature of the pic-nic will be the music, by the Browning Orchestra, which we understand will be unusually fine. The orchestra will be composed of John and Stephen Browning, 1st violin; Jefferson DeWitt and Patrick McDowell, 2nd violins; Jas. M. Litzinger, piano; Miss Ellie DeWitt, of Johnstown, organ; Owen McCue, violoncello; Thos. O'Donnell, Bass. The committee in charge of arrangements are Richard Maroney and Joseph Smithman, of the Catholic Benevolent Legion, and John Hughes, Martin Carney and William Faherty, of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Refreshments of all kinds will be served by the ladies in charge of the different tables. The orchestra will be covered with canvas to protect the instruments in case of rain. The pic-nic will be held at Mrs. Kilburn's grove.

Headquarters.

For children's Wagons, Carts, Wheelbarrows, etc.—J. M. Litzinger's, next door to B. & O. depot. Give him a call when looking for anything in this line. His stock is so varied and prices so reasonable that you cannot help being suited. 68 St.

MR. THURMAN BEATEN.—A dispatch from Columbus, Ohio, says: "The Democratic primaries for the selection of delegates to the State convention was held in Franklin county Saturday. The contest was between the friends of Allen W. Thurman, of Columbus, a son of Judge Thurman, and those of Congressman James E. Campbell, of Hamilton, both of whom aspire to the governorship. Mr. Thurman was badly beaten in his own county, Campbell having received over twenty of the twenty-seven delegates. He carried nearly every ward of the city over Thurman."

"The Market."

Weber's old stand, Railroad street.

The efforts of the management to please the people of Oakland has met with a liberal appreciation. The place is always to be found neat and tidy, while the stock is of the freshest. The motto of the place is to be "the best" and the manager would rather tell parties he had not the article demanded than to palm off stale goods.

The Market will not be found giving any particular class of patrons advantage over others, but to treat all alike—the same goods and same prices for all.

Fresh berries daily as well as all other goods in the green grocery line. We hope our people will give The Market a generous and liberal support.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 10th, 1889.—The President has made the anti-Mahone Virginia Republicans happy by telling a delegation of colored men that he did not contemplate recognizing Ex-Senator Mahone in the distribution of federal patronage in Virginia, and to-morrow the committee appointed by the recent gathering of anti-Mahone Republicans will have a hearing before the President. They will endeavor to convince him that they are the proper parties to control patronage. It is not at all likely that the President will recognize either faction of the party in Virginia to the extent of giving them control of the federal appointments. So far, the few men appointed to office in Virginia are without exception, Mahone men, but the Mahonites explain this by saying that ninety-nine out of one hundred of the working members of the Republican party in Virginia are what is known as Mahone men, and that it is next to impossible for their opponents to get properly endorsed for office.

Secretary Tracy has ordered the commandant of the Mare Island Navy Yard to build a magnificent whale boat, which is to be presented to King Mafaaia, of the Samoan Islands, as a token of the appreciation felt by the American Republics for his timely aid to our shipwrecked sailors on his coast. The boat will be finished in about six weeks, and will be sent to Samoa in charge of three of the Naval officers, survivors of the recent disaster, who will also carry an autograph letter of thanks and gratitude from the President to the King.

Civil Service Commissioner Lyman has received a telegram from his colleagues, who are making an investigation at Troy, New York, stating that owing to glaring irregularities they had cancelled the recent examinations held there. A new examination will be held on the 15th inst. The commission will start West this week to make a number of investigations. The present commission seems to be determined to have the law strictly enforced, something never done before. It is not possible to make such a humbug of a law popular, but it is something to know that it is being, as far as the Commissioners can control it, honestly administered.

Secretary Windom is not satisfied with the opinion given by Solicitor Hepburn of the Treasury department that the Catholic University of America, to be established in this city cannot engage a corps of foreign instructors without violating the law prohibiting the importation of alien labor under contract, and has referred the question to the Attorney General.

Colonel John C. Kelton has been appointed Adjutant-General of the Army to succeed Gen. R. C. Drum recently placed on the retired list.

The President has commuted the sentence of dismissal from the service, which a court martial recently found against Capt. George A. Armes, U. S. A., retired, to confinement within such limits as the Secretary of War may prescribe, and to deprivation of the right to wear the uniform and insignia of his rank in the army for five years. Capt. Armes was charged with conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. The principal specifications being, intruding upon the ranks of the inaugural parade, and attempting to pull the nose of Gov. Beaver, in a hotel lobby. Armes is generally regarded as a little more than half cracked, but his war record was an unusually brilliant one, and it has pulled him through several scrapes as bad as this one.

The federal office-holder spoken of last week as having offered a toast to the assassin of President Lincoln, has been removed and a good Republican appointed in his place.

Among the small number of appointments made by the President last week was one colored man—Chas. Hendley, of Alexandria, who is made receiver of public moneys at Huntsville, Ala. He is principal of the public schools and editor of the *Gazette*, at Huntsville.

Gov. Foraker's private secretary spent several days in Washington last week, and his presence started all sorts of political speculations. One story that obtained greater credence than any other of the rest said that Foraker had made up his mind that he would be a candidate for governor of Ohio for the third time, and that he had sent his secretary here to acquaint the President with his designs, and also to urge upon him the necessity of appointing certain gentlemen, friends of the Governor, to certain positions. How much truth, if any, there is in the story I have been unable to discover.

Secretary Blaine, accompanied the British Minister in a call on the President, Saturday, for the purpose of conveying to him the sympathy of the Queen of England for the American people in the great flood disaster. The President replied in a few fitting words.

Public Printer Palmer expects to have to furlough a number of his employees owing to the exhausted condition of the appropriation for this, the last quarter of the fiscal year. The new appropriation will be available July 1st, 1889.

The U. and O. Canal as a Railroad Bed.

The circular of Messrs John A. Hambleton & Co., the bankers, issued Friday, thus reviews the destruction of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. Either the State of Maryland must assume its liabilities and make it a free water-way, as did the State of New York, or the canal must be sold for the purpose of constructing a railroad upon its corpus. It is not likely that the State will assume the liabilities of the canal and make it a free water-way, so that it is more than probable that the canal will be sold to a railroad company, which will construct a railroad from the coal fields to tide-water. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad would no doubt like to get possession of the canal and use it to shorten its route or to prevent any competitors who would be willing to buy the canal, which would be very valuable to any railroad company. The State of Maryland has put millions into it, but the expenditure, although unproductive, serves the purpose intended and benefits the State and people. At the last session of our Legislature a movement was inaugurated to lease a part of the canal (Cumberland to Williamsport) to the Western Maryland Railroad, which strikes the canal at Williamsport. The movement failed, much to the regret of the people of Baltimore. The Legislature will be in session next winter, and no doubt some disposition will be made of the canal and the \$500,000 repair bonds be provided for by payment, or some satisfactory guarantee from any purchaser or lessee of the canal. If the canal is sold outright it would bring enough to cover the \$500,000 repair bonds, and, probably, in addition enough to pay something to the holders of the \$1,700,000 old non-mortgage bonds and a dividend to the State. The canal ought to bring at least \$1,000,000.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

RECEIVERS' SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

LUMBER.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, passed on the 5th day of June, 1889, in a cause wherein John W. Shaw, et al. are plaintiffs, and Stone, Bowman & Co., are defendants, the same being No. 428 Equity in said Court, the undersigned Receivers were directed to sell at public sale, all the hereinafter described property, and by the authority conferred as aforesaid, we will on

MONDAY, JULY 1st, A. D. 1889,

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK A. M.,

at what is known as Hoffman's Mill, Garrett county, near Hambleton, W. Va., offer for sale at public auction, all the following described property, to-wit:

About 110,000 feet of Spruce Joists, Sill Plates, and Framing Lumber, ranging in thickness from 2 to 6 inches, in width from 6 to 12 inches, and in length from 16 to 32 feet. A large portion of said lumber being 3x10, 24 feet long. Also about 15,000 feet of Spruce Lumber ranging in thickness from 1 to 1½ inches, 8 inches wide and 16 feet long.

The above described property is good merchantable lumber, nicely assorted, and in good condition.

Also about 25,000 feet of Spruce Lumber. Also at the same time and place we will offer for sale about one and one quarter miles of tram road.

Lumber will be offered in such quantities as the Receivers may deem most advantageous.

TERMS OF SALE:—As prescribed by said decree, on all sums under forty dollars cash on day of sale, all sums of forty dollars and upwards, a credit of fifteen days.

FRED A. THAYER,

EDWARD H. SINGELL,

Receivers.

613 St.

Road Commissioners' Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett County to view the proposed private road as prayed to be located as follows: Not less than sixteen feet wide from the residence of Henry Finzel, through the lands of Mrs. Catharine Miller, to intersect with the County road at a point near the residence of Anna M. Finzel, will meet on the 22nd day of June, 1889, to determine whether the said Henry Finzel requires said private road, and if so, to locate same and perform their duty in the premises.

JACOB WILSON,

AARON WILHELM,

R. C. BOUTCHER,

Commissioners.

The Republican.

TAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

PLANT A TREE.

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Footstep through thorns and briars
Leaves a path to the future.
So man's life is a climb
From the clouds of time
Unto the sunlit sky.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy.
Plants a comfort that will never die,
Every day a fresh reality.
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee.

He who plants a tree
Plants a peace.
Under its green curtain jargons cease,
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows of sleep
Down tired eyelids creep
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree
Plants a youth.
Vigor won for centuries in sooth;
Life of time, that lasts eternally.
Boughs their strength uprear,
New shoots every year,
On old growths appear.
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree
Plants a love.
Tents of holiness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he may plant a tree.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant: Life does the deed.
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.
—Lucy Larcom. Philadelphia Ledger.

THE TRAITOR'S WIFE.

How a Jewess Proved Her Devotion to Her Country.

Close to the village of Nagy-Nemethy is a ruined house surrounded by an uncultivated garden. Owls and bats have established their abode in it, and when the sun spreads its warm rays upon the rotten flooring lizards and snakes crawl out from the crevices in the walls to sun themselves. In summer, flocks of birds make their nests in the garden, where no one thinks of disturbing them. In winter, wolves, gaunt and sinister-eyed, glide slyly among the leafless trees and bushes.

In front of this gloomy house is a lind-tree, its large branches bare in summer as in winter. Mistletoe still grows upon its trunk, which is almost dead; but no one ever touches the tree or the mistletoe. Every body hastens by, the Christians making the sign of the cross and the Jews softly murmuring a prayer for the dead.

Nearly forty years ago, when the people awakened on all sides and began to shake off their chains, this house was inhabited by a young Jewish family, Adolph Sonnenfeld, a grain dealer, and his wife, Sarah. Her second name was Egliantne, and she was usually called Egla.

While Sonnenfeld recalled no Biblical tales by his appearance or manner, being blonde, rosy and thin like any German, Egla was a real Jewish woman, beautiful, intelligent and calm, with dark, passionate eyes, small mouth and delicate features. It would be impossible to find a stronger contrast than these two walking along the streets; he, with his head inclined, humble and smiling deprecatingly; she, with easy step and proud air.

Her character and intelligence were not less unlike. Sonnenfeld had a considerable aptitude for the grain business, but this was about all he was capable of doing. Egla, on the contrary, was educated to a certain extent, and had read many books. She usually came with the Jewish country girls of that epoch. He was a simple man, but shy and practical. She was witty, imaginative and prompt in her replies. She showed sometimes an energy of will which seemed to lie at the bottom of her soul like some mysterious and threatening power. Her heart was always ready to be enthusiastic for every thing that appeared to her sublime.

In spite of this great difference of temperament, intelligence and character, which would seem frequently to provoke antipathy and hostility, Sonnenfeld and his wife loved each other tenderly. Egla even went so far as to love her husband more than her country, which is saying a good deal, for she was an exalted and ardent Hungarian patriot. She read the Magyar poetry with a feverish interest, and rejoiced in the growth of the revolution which was spreading all over Hungary. Her favorite heroes were Petöfi and Kossuth. Believing in a better future, she inculcated in her two children the love of country and the passion of liberty and independence.

Restricted to the narrow limits of her household, Egla led a rigorously feminine existence. But when the February revolution broke out at Paris, seen followed by that of Vienna and the uprising of the Hungarians, her character, which had long surpassed the ordinary in its measure of energy, soon showed itself in its full force. She began by interesting herself in the debates of the Diet, then in the threatening conflict between the government and the *camarilla* at Vienna, and in the first scenes of the civil war. When she learned, in the month of October, that the Hungarian army had arrived at the gates of Vienna, she could no longer contain herself.

"Adolph!" she cried, one morning at the breakfast-table, throwing down the newspaper, "every body is taking up arms for the country; old men, women and children have not hesitated to sacrifice themselves; do you intend to remain behind?"

"Are you crazy?" cried Sonnenfeld with an indignant and almost frightened air. "What does Hungarian liberty matter to me? I am a Jew, and even if I should have an idea of going to war, people would laugh at me for I don't even know how to load a gun."

"You can learn."

"I have no desire. We have enough soldiers, and I am not a hero."

Sonnenfeld was right. He had nothing of the hero about him, and his wife was soon convinced of it. Some hussars passed through the village, and those inhabitants who remained at home up to that time hastened to follow the flag. Sonnenfeld alone declined and disappeared as though the earth had swallowed him up. He was not seen again until the last cavalier had quitted Nagy-Nemethy.

Egla then learned that he had concealed himself in the cellar, where the cook carried him his food. She was filled with disgust. Her first impulse was to take her children and leave this man whom she could no longer love; but Sonnenfeld besought her, so she poured out so many tears, and his weeping children pleaded so well his cause, that Egla remained with him. From that

day onward, she treated him with a disdainful coldness that affected him much more than reproaches and frequent quarrels would have done.

Egla's new attitude produced a remarkable effect upon her husband. Until then he had shown himself indifferent to politics and the struggles of his country; but he now began to take an interest in them; he hated the agitators who had alienated Egla's heart from him; he despised the brave combatants whose heroism revealed him as a coward.

When the imperial troops, commanded by Windischgrätz, crossed the frontier on their way to the Hungarian capital, Egla became silent and somber. Sonnenfeld, on the contrary, in spite of all his efforts, could not conceal his joy. When Budapest was taken by the imperial troops and the Hungarian Government had retired to Debreczin, Sonnenfeld thought that every thing was settled. He strutted about gayly, as though he had inherited a million or gained a great victory.

"If I had taken up arms for the country what would be my recompense to day?" he said; "his highness"—he always gave *Indischgrätz* this title—"would have paid me with the bastinado."

Egla did not deign to reply.

Shortly after this the first detachment of light horsemen arrived at Nagy-Nemethy. They were soon followed by a brigade, which established its camp near the village. Some of the soldiers were billeted on the inhabitants, and the General selected Sonnenfeld's house for himself. The Jew surpassed himself in hospitality and servile demonstrations. He cringed like a dog before the General, and was, in consequence treated as such by the officer.

Egla, who, timid and hostile, kept out of the way, saw the General kick her husband out of the house one day. The sight made the blood rush to her face, but she concealed her trouble and suffered in silence.

Some days later, the Hungarian hussars exchanged a few shots with the imperialists, and at night the Hungarians advanced from all sides and threatened to surround the Austrian brigade. Every body was on the alert, and while the cavalrymen patrolled the unfortunate country, all the women remained in the streets, anxiously telling their fears to each other.

Egla dressed herself hurriedly. She noticed that her husband had crept slyly out of the house, and she went down to look for him. She soon saw him, standing near the garden wall, talking with the General, who smiled graciously, while Sonnenfeld bowed humbly to him. She did not know why, but the General's smile caused her more anguish than the kicking he had given her husband. For she could hear only isolated phrases of the conversation, but she soon understood that the General complained because he found no one among the population disposed to act as spy, not even among the poor Jews. She also heard Sonnenfeld assure the General of his devotion; then the two men separated.

At the same moment several neighbors came up to Egla, and announced with signs of lively joy that the Hungarians troops continued to advance from all sides, and that the imperialists had disappeared. An aide-de-camp had brought to the General order to evacuate the house for some time, and to move toward the south with his brigade.

Throughout this winter campaign in Hungary each day brought contradictory news. Egla was agitated and restless, she could not sleep at night, and when morning came, she fell asleep from fatigue, and only awakened after terrible dreams when the sun was far above the horizon.

Business was at a stand-still. Sonnenfeld alone showed any activity, a fact which excited the suspicion of the imperial troops. Suspicious-looking men often came to see him, and after each visit Sonnenfeld went away from the house for some time. Egla, with heavy heart, watched him with increasing mistrust.

One winter-day, two hussars, with their carbines loaded, suddenly appeared in the village. They were loudly acclaimed, and the joy increased when they were followed by a battalion of infantry. The Hungarians halted, threw out pickets in all directions, and began to prepare their dinner. The inhabitants generously gave up all they possessed to recompense the brave soldiers for their fatigues and sufferings.

Egla, not being able to follow this example without her husband's consent, began to look on him, as he had suddenly disappeared. After she had searched in vain about the house and the neighborhood, an evil suspicion began to form in her mind. At night, when all the inhabitants of Nagy-Nemethy were asleep, Egla remained awake. Seated upon her bed, she listened to the slightest noise, it seemed to her that something terrible was about to happen, something which she had felt coming for a long time. She remained thus for an hour or two; then, when she felt asleep, she suddenly was awakened by musketry shots and a confused roar. Horses thundered by at a gallop, driven by a mad man, and cries were heard of "death" and "murder" and "kill!"

The struggle went on in the streets. The imperial troops had returned, and in the darkness had surprised and attacked the Hungarian infantry with superior forces. A very small number of Hungarians succeeded in escaping with their flag. The rest were killed or made prisoners.

Egla, her ideas still confused, remained seated in her chamber. An hour passed; then she heard voices in the neighboring houses, and the sound of a drum. She rose, other, clattering, and foreign, evidently accustomed to command, thanked Sonnenfeld and promised him a handsome reward.

While the imperial troops, and her husband with them, retired toward the east, Egla hurried up her children and hastened to her parents' house. Having placed her children in security, on the third day she returned home. Her husband was still absent. During the following night he crept into his house like a thief. He was greatly agitated when he saw his wife come out of her chamber with a light in her hand. She placed the light upon the table, and began to question her husband as coldly and severely as a judge on the bench.

"Where have you been?"

"I have made an important transaction. I have furnished lard and bread to the General."

"You have furnished him with something else. You have betrayed your brothers!" cried the Jewess, red with anger. "You are a spy."

"What do you mean?" cried Sonnenfeld, turning pale.

"I heard your conversation with the General. Well, and what then?" he said, trying to smile.

The beautiful Jewess arose and looked at him steadily. "Why then," she said, "you are a traitor and deserve death. I have loved you, and I do not want to see the name that I still bear disgraced. I do not wish to have you die on the scaffold. You shall kill yourself here in this chamber."

"You have lost your reason!" cried Sonnenfeld, in a shaking voice.

Egla calmly took out a pistol. "You must die!" she continued; "you are so degraded that I do not dare even to think of the

frightful crime you have committed. If you do so cowardly to kill yourself, I will execute you in the name of the country!"

She raised her pistol and aimed at her victim's breast; he threw himself on his knees and implored her pardon in agonizing cries. The determined woman looked at him with an inexpressible scorn; then she lowered her arm, and said: "Yes, you are right; you are not even worth the powder."

Egla returned to her room and locked the door. When she felt sure that her husband was asleep, she threw a shawl over her head and left the house.

The day had scarcely dawned when a number of cavalrymen appeared before Sonnenfeld's abode. The door was soon broken in and some Hungarian hussars, guided by Egla, went up to the chamber where the Jew was calmly sleeping.

"There is the spy!" she cried haughtily. "I want to see him hanged!" Sonnenfeld still begged her to be merciful, but she remained inexorable. The hussars bound his hands behind his back and led him out. With an imperturbable calm his wife saw him hanged to a branch of the lind-tree in front of his house. As soon as the execution was finished, she mounted a horse that the hussars gave her and started off with them on the gallop.

At the attack on Walseen a woman, carrying the Hungarian banner, led one of the infantry battalions. It was Egla, the valiant Jewess Nagy-Nemethy. When the Poles of the *Marcell* regiment carried the Komor hill at the point of the bayonet, it was Egla who encouraged them. Already struck with a single element of true heroism, she had a net stroke, on the tattered flag and dye it with her blood.—From the German of Sacher-Masoch. In *The Arnonaut*.

HOUSES VERSUS HOMES.

The Difference Between Them belied in Convincing Words.

Though one needs a house within which to create a home, yet a commodious house, even richly furnished and well kept, does not always include even the faintest suggestion of a home. It is of the spirit that permeates all these material points that makes it at all a home, or destroys the possibility of its being one, and makes of it a mere shelter from the elements of nature, a sort of private hotel or caravansary, run at one's own expense.

House, furniture, paintings, rare statuary, with belle-brace, handsome, well-dressed people, well-bred persons, all form the component parts of what may make a home, and yet all these may be present, and still there is no home, even though all of these may occupy a fine "corner lot."

Orators have loudly orated of the joys of home, poets who have described a home have loudly sung sweetest songs in its praise, and yet the full sweetness of the dream of bliss it might and should be, is as yet unspoken, unused.

A true home is added to by wealth, but may easily exist with but narrow means.

It is the spirit of mutual love, mutual content of each member of the family, with themselves and with each other; the spirit of mutual helpfulness and endurance, the spirit of self-sacrifice, of mutual concession and self-sacrifice each for the greater comfort and joy of their companions, that makes even with small income, the home life is such which the heart is ever true; where such a home exists, the man of business rejoices when his hours of exile permit his quick return. When business compels a week's absence, the wife or husband feels that they can sympathize with one condemned to part for a week! Why, it is an eternity to fond, loving hearts, bound up in each other, and a home worthy of its name.

The vocation of home-maker belongs not alone to either man or woman, but to both. The spirit of self-sacrifice, of mutual concession and self-sacrifice each for the greater comfort and joy of their companions, that makes even with small income, the home life is such which the heart is ever true; where such a home exists, the man of business rejoices when his hours of exile permit his quick return. When business compels a week's absence, the wife or husband feels that they can sympathize with one condemned to part for a week! Why, it is an eternity to fond, loving hearts, bound up in each other, and a home worthy of its name.

He who has the best and dearest home, is also he who has the noblest, grandest feelings of patriotism, of love of his country and his nation. To him the country and the nation are but another name for homes like his, and when their safety is assailed, he springs first to arms!

"This home where the heart is," and heart will not center in the family nor house, simply because both are ours by right. Then, right makes us feelers of what should be chains of love, so sweet and dear that loving hands should ever be twining them closer, not striving to break a weak link, that even temporary escape may be made possible.

Have we houses or homes? Let each one seek an answer; and if not homes, it is too late to create them. It is worth questioning.—Christian at Work.

The Clay Cure for Cattle.

When I came to Virginia and for some years afterward, what was called distemper was very fatal in the Piedmont region. I lost some valuable stock. The disease seemed to begin with barking of the manfolds, the spleen became congested and greatly enlarged, the kidneys were inflamed and the urine bloody. In some cases the first knowledge we had of the presence of the disease was from the color of the water. Some victims lived for several days, and a few, treated with large doses of calomel or strong tea made of peach leaves, recovered. It was found that cattle salted on clay did not die so easily. Now it is the custom to mix clay and salt and keep it where stock can get it whenever they choose, allowing them no salt in any other form. Since this practice has been introduced, and as far as it has extended, the disease has entirely disappeared.—D. F. Leach, in *Farm and Home*.

"Poor hay is a mighty poor thing. Stock are compelled to eat much more of it than of good hay, while they will not thrive upon it, no matter how much they eat."—Orange Judd Farmer.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY.

Celebration of Its Twenty-Fourth Anniversary—An Encouraging Outlook.

The twenty-fourth anniversary of the National Temperance Society was one of the most effective and satisfactory meetings ever held under its auspices. The spacious Broadway Tabernacle, though not crowded as it has sometimes been, was well filled by an audience goodly in numbers, of superior quality and truly representative in character. The addresses were all of a high order of excellence—bright, pointed, catholic, and kindly in spirit—covering a wide range of thought. The platform was crowded with many well-known citizens, representing nearly all the leading religious bodies and Temperance organizations. The musical part of the programme was finely rendered, with Mrs. A. J. Osborne, of Boston, as soloist; Miss Anna A. Park, cornetist, and Miss Belle Penney, as organist, and greatly enjoyed.

The annual business meeting of the society, at which the annual report was read and adopted, was also an occasion of exceptional interest. The summary of the society's work for the year attested fully its increased and steadily increasing usefulness in the march of the temperance reform. Many valuable additions have been made to its extended catalogue of publications and its seed-sowing of precious temperance truths in many arid fields, but especially among the young—the hope and dependence of the future—has been larger than ever before. The missionary work among the colored people of the Southern States has been prosecuted vigorously to the full extent of the means theretofore placed at the disposal of the Board of Managers, and with great good results. The board adopted the wise policy of confining the scope of the society's operations to the limit of the money at its disposal, to meet obligations incurred. Though many moving appeals for help had to be denied and much was omitted for want of means which ought to have been done, the society happily closes the year free from debt, with a small balance in its treasury, and with assets amounting in aggregate to about \$75,000.

The general survey of the Temperance reform, as presented in the report, embracing the action during the year of religious bodies, of kindred Temperance organizations, and in the sphere of legislation and politics, is full of hope and encouragement. There have been local and temporary reverses and defeats, but the general trend has been forward and onward. None discern and understand this better than the brewers, distillers and capitalists of the drink traffic. While they continue to reiterate the cry that prohibition is a failure and does not prohibit, they have never before been so thoroughly organized—never have so forth such prodigious efforts to prevent its having any added opportunity "fail" in new States or localities.

An important incident in the business meeting of the society was the reading of a letter from Hon. James Black, of Pennsylvania, one of its founders, offering to donate to its keeping his valuable Temperance library of several thousand volumes, the result of great labor, and costing upwards of five thousand dollars. It is undoubtedly the most complete library of its kind in this country, and probably in the world, embracing all the important contributions to Temperance literature, covering all phases of the question in our own country and abroad. The society voted to accept gratefully Mr. Black's most valuable and generous offer. But the necessity of a building of its own, previously felt, to meet adequately the demands of its steadily enlarging work, becomes now imperative. The next year will complete the first quarter of a century of its labors, and it is greatly to be hoped that one outcome of the fitting commemoration of that event may be the securing in some of its suitable building for a permanent headquarters.

Many events during the year have emphasized strongly the continued fundamental need of thorough, painstaking educational Temperance work among the people concerning the evils inseparable from the use of intoxicating beverages and their manufacture and sale under the sanction and protection of law. It is to this educational Temperance work, through the living voice of the missionary, but especially through its unrivaled literature, that the National Temperance Society is especially dedicated. It speaks, and may it have yet more abundantly, for the year to come the generous co-operation of the friends of Temperance throughout the land.—National Temperance Advocate.

Changes in Drinking Habits.

The New York Evening Post concludes a recent article on the "Changes in Drinking Habits" as follows, after alluding to the late Centennial celebration in that city and the notable absence of drunkenness among the thousands of people in attendance:

"That the next Centennial celebration will be in the highest degree improbable; but it is not too much to hope that it may find the country, although consuming a large amount of liquor, freed from the demoralizing influences of 'stand-up drinking' in rum-shops."

The increase of total abstainers is recognized, says the National Temperance Advocate, but the Post claims that the increased sobriety on the part of the masses of the people, such as crowded our streets on the Centennial day, is due more to the change in the drinking habits of the non-abstainers, who now take beer and wine instead of the stronger liquors. But there is

beer-drunkenness and wine drunkenness in our own and notably in the beer and wine countries of Europe. The Sunday beer excursions which go out from this city, or such as latterly have gone from Philadelphia by the thousands to Gloucester, N. J., for beer-drinking bouts, are attended with much disorder and many disgraceful scenes bordering upon the riotous. In France, pre-eminently a wine country, a Government commission is now at work trying to devise some means of lessening the acknowledged and increasing evil of alcoholism. The disgraceful drunkenness at the Centennial ball, where only wines were served, was a striking illustration of the fact that wine, freely consumed, leads to drunkenness quite as certainly as whisky, brandy and the stronger liquors. And the same is equally true of beer.

The change in drinking habits from which alone the Nation can derive permanent benefit is the change from the use to the disuse of intoxicants of all kinds, the lighter as well as the stronger alcoholic beverages. If the Temperance reform continues to advance during the new century as during the one just closed, as it quite certainly will, the United States will, we doubt not, at the end of another hundred years be essentially a Nation of abstainers. Drunkenness has now become, socially, a vulgar offense. In much less than a hundred years not only the "stand-up drinking" in rum-shops but also the providing of wines or any other intoxicants for social or festive occasions of any kind will be considered among all reputable people to be very "bad form."

This beneficent end all genuine educational Temperance work in this era tends. Let it be prosecuted to the utmost.

The Chief Danger.

A proffered objection to a peculiar form of evil may seem to imply an approval of that evil under another form. The man who objects to a ballet performance in a particular theater, for example, on the ground of the poor seating arrangements in that building, seems to suggest that he would not find so much fault with such a performance if he could obtain a clearer view of it. A similar inference is a fair one in the case of a clergyman who objects to the average drinking-place on the score of its supplying adulterated liquors. It would seem that he thought pure liquor not a very bad thing for drinking; whereas the chief objection to intoxicating liquor is because it is intoxicating liquor. Who supposes that Noah drank adulterated wine, or that he would have been any drunker on a mixture of log-wood, fusil oil, whisky and sweet water, than he was on the pure juice of the grape from his own home vineyard? The popular adulterations of brandy and whisky are bad enough; but none of them are so bad as brandy or whisky by itself. The chief danger to the community is not from adulterated liquors, but from liquors which are unadulterated. The purer they are, the poorer they are for regular drinking.—S. S. Times.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

Six years ago in Southern California there was not a solitary organization of the W. C. T. U.; to-day there are eighty unions, with a membership of 2,000.

I HAVE prescribed no form of alcoholic drink, fermented or distilled, for internal use in the treatment of disease for forty years, and find no need for any.—Dr. N. S. Davis.

Has not science distinctly told us that alcohol is a poison? Should it ever be a question at all whether there should be poison offered at the sacramental table?—Rev. Dr. Rutherford.

—Canterbury, N. H., has a Quaker church that was built in 1792 and has not been shingled since that time. The shingles then put on the roof were of hemlock pine, and were fastened on with wooden pegs.

The Toledo Blade has a signature "Temperance Legion" composed of young people, who sign a total abstinence pledge, good until they are twenty-one. The "Legion" now numbers over 25,000.

An old English "pubman" who had grown rich on "people's vice" was deprived of his license to sell liquor and demanded compensation. A celebrated judge declared that in his opinion it was a fine case for damages, and that if the matter should come before him he would award compensation—the verdict for the publican to be five years of penal servitude.

An appalling statement is made by the committee on minors, in the twelfth annual report of the Society for the Prevention of Crime in New York City. It is as follows: "Careful investigation shows that at least 150,000 children, mostly very young, are in the habit of daily visiting the saloons of the city. It is a fact well known to your committee that in a large number of drinking places bartenders are in the habit of giving little ones candies and pennies to induce them to patronize their places."

I HAVE moved, much among the devoted friends of Temperance in America, and among the tried veterans of the cause, and am convinced that in that great and growing center of the world's civilization the Temperance question is rapidly being recognized as transcending all others in importance. Intelligent Americans are awakening to the fact that unless they conquer the liquor traffic the liquor traffic will conquer them, and they are fighting it resolutely and courageously over the whole continent.—Canon Wilberforce.

ALARMING STATISTICS.

What the Pianos Have Done and Are Capable of Doing.

At a recent meeting of the piano-makers in New York, statistics were brought forward showing that since May 6, 1789, 3,287,063 pianos have been started on their work of destruction, and that only 2,814 have so far been destroyed—mostly by incendiary fires started by persons living in the house to which the piano belonged and whose feelings got beyond their control. The Historical Committee asserts that, after thorough investigation, it is prepared to certify that of the 19,487 pianos manufactured in this country prior to the war of 1812 only one is not now in existence, having been accidentally lost by a ferry boat explosion while being transported to Jersey City, but all the rest are in active use, chiefly in hotel parlors and in boarding houses kept for the sake of their friends by ladies who have seen better days. The committee further asserted in its report that no piano ever dies a natural death, but will remain bright and active and within half an octave of being in tune, and be loud and penetrating when lifting up its voice, six generations after the original purchaser has gone to his long account.

The statement that there is one piano to every twenty persons in the United States is proudly pointed to by the Piano Makers' Society, and it hopes now to see the day when the pianos will outnumber the population. Men, it says, contract nervous disorders, insomnia and brain troubles, much of which is due to the prevalence of discordant sounds, but pianos live on and on, and get louder and stronger with age, and nothing short of a conflagration or a cyclone ever incapacitates them for service.—N. Y. World.

HOW TO GET AHEAD.

The Way to Prepare One's Self for Greater Success.

There are people who do not exert the powers they suppose they possess, because they do not occupy a position adapted to call forth those powers. They stand idle, because, they say, no man has hired them. When asked if there is nothing for them to do, they reply, in effect, nothing worthy of their powers. Those who thus wait for stations worthy of their supposed powers may spend a life in idleness.

The true man does vigorously whatever his hand findeth to do. He is never out of employment, because he is ever ready to accept any work which he can obtain.

A merchant in this city had made what was then regarded as a handsome fortune. In consequence of losses occasioned by the late war he failed. He surrendered all his property to his creditors. He was not out of employment a week. He took the first thing that offered. Though he had been the head of a large jobbing establishment, he took a clerkship in a comparatively small one. He attended to the duties of his clerkship as faithfully as he had attended to the duties of the firm of which he was the leading partner. Of course, it was not many years before he was among the merchant princes of the city.

Let a young man wait in idleness for a situation worthy of his powers. Let him do with his might whatsoever his hand findeth to do. The way to get a better place is to perform in a first-rate manner the duties of your present one. The way to prepare for greater usefulness is to make yourself as useful as possible in your present calling.—N. Y. Ledger.

A Mirror of Your Mind.

Starting with the word Washington, write down one hundred words just as they occur to you. Let your second word be the one which Washington naturally suggests to you. Possibly it will be capital. It may be President. Take the word which first comes into your mind. In the same manner let the third word be suggested by the second, the fourth by the third, and so on. Be careful that the third word is not suggested by both the first and second. Drop the first entirely and let your mind go from the second alone to the third. Having written this list of words you will have furnished yourself with a cheap but very useful mirror of your mind. If you are able to use this mirror you may discover some very serious defects in your mental processes. You may discover that you think along certain lines too frequently. You may discover that you are using superficial principles quite too much, to the neglect of more important laws of mind. You will thus be led to avoid certain linkings, and to encourage others of a more philosophical nature.—Des Moines (Ia.) Register.

The Rig He Puts on Her.

Outfit Wife—I always look prettiest in calico.

Lady Friend—Who told you so?

Outfit Wife—My husband.—Chicago Globe.

—Invention of the instant—"I understand that Keeley has constructed a cylinder that will stand a pressure of 3,500 pounds to the square inch." Pretty girl (who hasn't been hugged for a year)—"Huh! I don't think that's much."

—It is hard on a young man to spend three months deciding which of two girls he will choose for his wife, and then to find out when he proposes that neither one of them will have him.—Somerville Journal.

—The slanderer flourishes without soil, moisture, sympathy or sun. In this it rivals the cactus in its independence of nourishment, and exceeds the cactus in the venom of its stings.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

GUESS IF YOU CAN.

Guess what he had in his pocket.
Marbles and tops and sundry toys
Such as always belong to boys.
A bitter apple, a leather ball—
Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket?
A bubble pipe, and a rusty screw,
A brass watch-key, broken in two,
A fish-hook in a tangle of string—
No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket?
Ginger-bread crumbs, a whistle he made,
Buttons, a knife with a broken blade,
A nail or two and a rubber gun—
Neither one.

What did he have in his pocket?
Before he knew it slyly crept
Under the treasures carefully kept,
And away they all of them quickly stole—
'Twas a hole!

A TALK ABOUT SEEDS.

Some of the Peculiar Ways in Which They Are Distributed.

Master George was lolling in the hammock; not that he was lazy, or had nothing to do, but because the day was so warm and the shade so inviting. He was dreamily watching the play of light among the leaves overhead, and the shifting banks of clouds, fleecy and crimson-tinged, 'way off against the horizon. The leaves rustled softly; the birds sang sweetly in the bushes; a butterfly went by on gaudy wings; a bee followed with its thighs yellow with pollen; a sheep was bleating in the pastures.

Suddenly he sat bolt upright, his languor gone in a flash, which was the result of a very simple incident. A dandelion seed floated across the hammock and then descended like a miniature balloon on the tip of his nose.

He picked off the seed and carefully examined it. He had blown dandelion seeds many a time from their feathery ball, but had never examined their structure. He noticed that the seed had a little stem, upon the end of which stood out a number of small fibers, which caught the wind and enabled it to go a great distance. From thinking of the dandelion seed he began to think about other seeds, his curiosity very much awakened.

"Hello, George," some one said. "You seem in a deep study."

He looked up and saw his uncle.

"Yes, and about a very little thing," he replied.

"An impudent dandelion seed came squawking down on my nose. How cunningly it is fashioned!"

"And how wisely!" added his uncle, as he bent himself on a rustic chair.

"A number of plants have winged seeds, and but for the wings they would fall straight to the ground. The seed of the maple tree, while not down, has quite a prominent membranous wing, and when it falls it goes whirling through the air. Others have tiny parachutes with which they sail away."

"The Bible speaks of our having faith as large as a grain of mustard seed," suggested George.

"Is that the smallest seed, uncle?"

"It is a very small seed, but not the smallest," rejoined his uncle. "The seed of the corn, found in the Maldiv Islands, reaches the size of a man's body."

"Seeds preserve their vitality for a long time, do they not, uncle?" George asked.

"Yes," replied his uncle.

"It is the largest seed, I suppose?"

"No, my boy. Linnaeus tells us that the seed of the Cereus, found in the Maldiv Islands, reaches the size of a man's body."

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very fond of this fruit, sowed the tree afresh in almost every spot where they had been extirpated. But you didn't mention the principal vehicles of transportation."

"Didn't I?" asked George, with a thoughtful look. "Oh, the winds and the—the—streams."

"And the oceans, George. Even the icebergs contribute their share to the distribution, and the same may be said of the glaciers. The cocoanuts of the Seychelles, protected by their woody coverings, have been carried by ocean currents to Malabar, a distance of more than four hundred leagues by water."

Fruits from Equatorial America have been found stranded on the shores of Scandinavia. Mountain streams have carried seeds from the lofty heights of the Himalayas to the delta of the Ganges."

"It is a wonderful arrangement of Providence, isn't it, uncle?" asked George. "I am ever so much obliged to you for what you have told me about the peculiarities of seeds."—Frank H. Stauffer, in Christian Union.

A NEEDED INGREDIENT.

The Boy Who Never Uses His Brains Is the Boy Who Never Accomplishes Much.

Harry was trying a chemical experiment, and Uncle Dave was looking on. "I declare," said Harry, looking up with a vexed frown. "I don't see why this doesn't work."

"Perhaps you have forgotten something," suggested Uncle Dave.

"No, I haven't," replied Harry, decidedly.

"I'm quite sure you have. You have forgotten to mix in some brains!"

"Brains, Uncle Dave?"

"Yes, brains—your brains, Harry." Harry stared at his uncle as if trying to detect some signs of insanity.

"All great and successful people," went on Uncle Dave, with a smile, "mix a portion of their brains in every task they undertake."

"Oh, I see!" cried Harry, flushing up a trifle. "You mean that I must mix my brains with my work?"

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MISCELLANEOUS.

—New York and Pennsylvania pay the highest salaries to their Governors—\$10,000 each. Michigan, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Vermont pay the smallest—\$1,000 each.

—A teacher in the San Francisco schools succeeded in retaining her position and keeping the fact of her marriage a secret for five years, when it was revealed by a divorce suit.

—It is claimed that where the eucalyptus tree is grown in large quantities entire immunity is obtained from mosquitoes, although the air may be thick with the insects at a comparatively short distance.

—A Boston woman, telling why she could not get on with a neighbor, said that there are four temperaments, the nervous, the physical, the pious, the worrying, and her neighbor had the fourth temperament, the neighbor, of course, being a woman.

—Mr. William T. Walters, of Baltimore, is the owner of the peach blow vase which attracted so much attention a few years ago when sold at the Morgan auction for \$18,000. He keeps it securely locked up in the safe, and no one ever sees it.

—Some fifteen years ago Mrs. Abner Purcell, living near Greenville, Mich., told her husband that if he decided a certain piece of land in a particular way she would never speak to him again. He saw his opportunity and decided the property in that particular manner, and since then his wife hasn't spoken to him once.

—An English writer on "Professional Beauties" defines the kinds of beauty now most in vogue as "the weird, mysterious, and anæmic type of languid beauty, and the pronounced, the noisy, the unconventional, and, we might almost say, the rude and unrefined type of excessive youth or absolute girliness."

—A gentleman of Marietta, Ga., recently had some improvements made on his residence. He noticed out of the four carpenters at work three were left-handed, and the man who came to do the painting was left-handed.

A says a doctor thought of a door-bell and hired another man to put it on the door, and he too, proved to be left-handed.

—The smallest oil painting in the world is entitled "What an Awful Lie," is one inch by an inch and a quarter in size, very handsomely framed and was painted by Mueller, a celebrated artist.

The picture represents two men in conversation, one of them evidently getting off a whooper to the other. It is exhibited in New York.

—The quantity of food necessary to support the colossal frame of the elephant is great. The daily rations of one elephant have been set down as follows: A truss and a half of hay, forty-two pounds of Swedish turnips, and a mash consisting of three pounds of boiled rice, a bushel of oats and a bushel of bran; ten pounds of sea-biscuit, a bundle of straw for a bed, weighing about thirty-six pounds, which he usually eats by the morning, and thirty-six pails of water.

—James and John are good names for a boy, yet James appears to be a better surname than any other for a candidate for President of the United States. We have had as many as five Jameses in the Presidential chair within this century—James Madison, James Monroe, James K. Polk, James Buchanan and James A. Garfield.

Moreover, the father of President James Madison was named James Madison and the father of President James Buchanan was named James Buchanan. After the Jameses the Buchanans have panned out next best—John Adams, John Q. Adams and John Tyler.

—A story is told of a colored preacher whose church had become somewhat dilapidated. The minister succeeded at last in persuading the people to decorate the walls, but funds gave out and they left a large recess behind the pulpit unimproved.

The patience of the preacher gave way before this evidence of want of proper respect for the church, and at the close of his sermon one Sunday morning he very solemnly announced: "Brethren, notice is hereby given that the Gospel will not be dispensed with in this church any more until all discess behind the pulpit is fricasseed."—Christian Advocate.

—Will the educated woman marry? is a question under discussion in some of the magazines. That depends. If her education makes her bright, pleasant, entertaining and so forth, she will marry, providing a man worth having is within reach. But if her education makes her critical, dogmatic and pedantic, she will not marry, for the simple reason that no man will ask her. All women ought to be well-educated. Nothing more requires a wise and well-trained mind than to administer well the affairs of a household.

An education which unfits a woman for this is not worth the name.—Louisville Western Recorder.

—There is something the matter with a man who turns up his nose at tree planting. His liver is bad, or his appetite is poor, or he is over-worked and disgusted at something—he may not know what. A month's outing is what he needs. Give him fishing tackle and a pass and send him out where the trout flies with the fly, where the daisies bloom, where the bobolink bobs, and the shade of a tree is worth more per foot front than a corner lot in New York. A few weeks of this kind of life will fix up his liver, restore his lost appetite, clear his vision and conscience, and make him a candidate for the Presidency of the next forestry congress.—Detroit Tribune.

HANGING FEELS GOOD.

He Says a Young Man Who Has Gone Through the Experience.

I learned from the hotel clerk here, says a New York Herald correspondent at Elmira the other day, that a young plumber doing business on the principal street had once been hanged, and when cut down was thought to be dead.

Here seemed a good chance to investigate from first hands the tortures of the operation which has relieved the state of so many of its ornamental edifices.

This young man's name is Miles Doyle. He is a fine, strapping fellow, a member of Assemblyman Bush's crack Twenty-sixth Company. He has always resided in Elmira, where his parents were among the first settlers long before it became a city.

The event which culminated in his hanging happened five years ago, and at the time attracted much attention from the local press, although his description of his feelings while dangling by the neck was never recorded.

It was a school-boy's escapade. While chasing a rabbit through the grounds of ex-Alderman Hughes, he attempted to run over a raised platform upon which the housewives stand while hanging clothes upon a revolving reel.

There is no date obtainable as to the length of time which ensued from the moment he ran upon the platform until the time when a servant girl, passing the kitchen door, happened to see a young man, his face black and blue, dangling from the rope on this reel. One glance at the distorted features convinced her that the youth was dead, but she gave a shriek which called the neighbors to the scene.

Ex-Speaker Jere McGuire was among the first to arrive, and with considerable presence of mind cut young Doyle down and, with the assistance of Mrs. Hughes, proceeded to resuscitate him.

At first it was thought life was extinct, but in less than half an hour he had been sufficiently restored to be conveyed to his home.

Such is the narrative of the occurrence, all the parties named being well-known residents of this community.

I found young Doyle at his mother's residence, 660 Columbia street. The young gentleman was making active preparations to join his military company. When I asked him what were his feelings while hanging he replied:

"At first I experienced a slight wrench in the neck, but no pain followed it. I thought then that I had jumped from the top of a high building, and when going down I kept wondering when I was going to alight. Gradually the air seemed to thicken, and then I thought I wasn't going to fall any further, but that something under me kept me floating in the air. I could hear distant music, and a wonderful light flashed through the scene that made the whole place the most beautiful I had ever seen. I felt awfully happy, and when I recovered my senses my first thoughts were of resentment against those persons who took me away from my beautiful vision."

"I think hanging is about as happy a death as one can choose, if he's got to go."

A TANK INCUBATOR.

New Way of Hatching Chickens for the Philadelphia Market.

Not many spring chickens are being raised by incubators in Berks County, Pennsylvania, which clings to the old-fashioned way. But Mr. Hoch, of Oley, made a success in that line and introduced some new ideas. He makes his own incubators. He runs two of them this spring. The one having a capacity of 350 eggs and the other 100. His incubators are heated with hot water.

The tank being immediately over the top of the drawer containing the eggs. Mr. Hoch claims that this is far better and safer than the oil-lamp heat. Each day, two or three times, he taps off a quantity of water and refills the tank with boiling water, enough to keep the temperature in the egg drawer at 103 degrees.

When the eggs have been in the incubator five or six days they are tested, and Mr. Hoch says he can then tell whether they are fertile or not. The sterile eggs are thus removed and the good ones placed back in the incubator. At the end of the time required by a hatching hen—three weeks—the drawer is full of chicks, nearly every egg producing one.

"But where do you get a mother hen to take care of the chickens?" asked an Eagle representative.

Mr. Hoch replied that he had a building for this purpose called a brooder-house. The building is forty-six feet long by ten wide and ten feet high. The side toward the east slants to within two feet of the ground, and is supplied with windows which, by means of a twist and pulley on the inside, are raised and lowered at will. Thirty-six feet of the house are divided into pens four feet wide, and in these the chicks are placed as soon as hatched. The floor of the house is double, with four inches of space between the two. In the space is a coil of inch pipe and the building is heated by the hot-water system.

The water is heated in the ten-foot room at one end of the building. Instead of using a stove, as others do, to heat the water, Mr. Hoch merely walled in a coil of five one-inch pipes one foot long, with a fire-place beneath. In each four-foot pen a small tin pipe protrudes about two inches above the floor. Over this is placed an ordinary stool with four legs about three inches long. Around the outside of the stool is tacked a piece of calico, which hangs nearly to the floor. Under this stool the chicks gather and are as comfortable as under the wings of a hen and out of danger of insects.—Reading (Pa.) Eagle.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

How the Executive Mansion Came to Bear This Simple Name.

The residence of the President of the United States is officially known as the Executive Mansion, which means that it is the residence of the head of the executive branch of the Government; but it is seldom called, in ordinary talk, either by those who live in it, or by the American people in general, any thing but the White House. This is a very unpretentious title, and it is interesting to note how the residence of the President, in a country which is full of white houses, came to bear this simple name as its special property.

The explanation is easily found. The first executive mansion at Washington was occupied in 1800. It was built of freestone and was unpainted; but in 1814 the British army occupied Washington, and burned, with other public buildings, the President's house, leaving it a blackened ruin.

The house was built on the same site and the same walls were used in its construction; but they were so discolored by smoke that, on the suggestion of General Jackson, they were painted white, not only to improve their appearance, but in token of the successful defiance of British fire by the American Republic.

The mansion soon became the "White House" in the hearts of the people on account of its dazzling color, and from that day to this it has been repainted white every ten years. Its name commemorates a patriotic feeling, therefore, as well as serves to describe the appearance of the mansion, for the original coat of white paint was a sort of protest against the vandalism of the British, and every subsequent coat has served to perpetuate the protest.

The house has not been altogether comfortable as a place of residence, and has required almost constant repairs and alterations. It is said to be damp, and while it may not be positively unhealthy, it has become customary for the President's family to take quarters elsewhere for the summer.

The White House is the President's office as well as his residence. On the first floor are several large apartments, including the East Room, which is forty by eighty feet in size and twenty-two feet high, the Blue Room, the Red Room and the Green Room.

On the second floor are the President's offices, a large room looking to the Potomac and the Long Bridge—the rooms of the President's secretaries, and the private apartments for the President's family.

It has occasionally been suggested that a new and more magnificent residence be erected for the President, and that the White House be reserved as an office for the Executive Department, but Congress has thus far been disinclined, or too busy, to adopt the suggestion.—Youth's Companion.

AN AMERICAN FAULT.

The Common Disregard of Certain Decencies of Behavior in Public.

Anybody who is familiar with the appearance of any public place after it has been in an undisturbed possession of American citizens for a few hours will be driven to the conclusion that the absolute criminality of throwing refuse or debris, and particularly pieces of newspaper, ought to be taught in our schools.

No branch of popular education is so much neglected, in both homes and schools, as instruction in the value of neatness out of doors, and the effect on our streets, squares and railroad stations is in some cases deplorable. The recklessness with which people scatter pieces of newspaper and other paper wherever they happen to be, and the carelessness with which they help give our streets and sidewalks and railroad stations an appearance of dirt and disorder the like of which can be seen in no other civilized country.

Peasant-eaters have long been famous for their indifference to other people's comfort in the scattering of their shells around their seats in public conveyances, but this indifference is a widespread disease. It is displayed with regard to nearly every kind of refuse. That any one need care how other people are affected by the sight of his leavings or excretions, is a bit of morality which very few of our youths are ever formally taught. Take the condition of our elevated railroad stairways after the active traffic of the day begins. What decent New Yorker is not ashamed of the spectacle they present to strangers—covered with disgusting excretions which one would say any decent man, if he will not use a pocket-handkerchief, would get rid of before he entered on a narrow gangway which has to be used by women and children. The effort to keep the stairs clean is sometimes excused as being all along of the celebrated "American catarrh," is heightened by the fact that the American women are just as much afflicted by catarrh as the men, but manage to keep the more repulsive consequences of it to themselves, as the men could very well do if they were taught more thoroughly, in childhood, to consider the effect on others of their personal behavior. In any improvements made in our school curriculum, in fact, the teaching of the minor morals ought to have a large space. How to avoid being disagreeable to your fellow-men and women in your dress, speech and mode of satisfying your personal needs is something which our women all study and try to learn, and mostly do learn; but the boys, except in homes of more than usual refinement, hear very little about it.—N. Y. Evening Post.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A Japanese has discovered a method of applying nickel plating to wood.

—A Kansas paper says that an excellent quality of binding twine can be made from the sunflower plant.

—In 1888 the United States manufactured 14,000,000 pounds of tobacco, 400,000 pounds of snuff, 4,000,000 cigars, 1,500,000,000 cigarettes.

—A Nuernberg manufacturer has invented pencils in blue, black and brown for writing on the human skin. They are for use in anatomical and clinical demonstration.

—Abroad they have also reached the conclusion that the constant and unavoidable accumulation of gases and the attending explosions are the most serious questions in connection with placing wires under ground.

—To the perfumes of flowers M. Ungerer ascribes the power of protecting against, and even arresting consumption. In the perfume distilling town of La Grasse lung troubles are but little known.

—One of the novelties which an Augusta, Me., firm is sending out are electric spectacles. At the end of each bow is a miniature thermo-electric pile, in which the electricity is generated by the heat of the brows. The current passing along the bows and rims, which are highly magnetized, is said to be highly beneficial to the eyes.

—It is a well settled fact that decaying organic matter absorbs the elementary atmospheric nitrogen with great eagerness. This process of decay is also conducive to the production of a certain kind of bacterium, by the influence of which this elementary nitrogen is converted into nitrates, which process is called nitrification.

—Dr. Salsbury found malarial fever to be propagated among persons sleeping in a room in the windows of which had been placed a box of earth from malarial soil. House plants cultivated in pots filled with malarious earth are a constant danger. The germs grow luxuriantly in the moisture and warm air of closed rooms.

—Hypnotism has become very conspicuous in Europe of late. It has been used in the place of chloroform for some time in surgical operations at Paris, and when, in a recent murder case there, it was charged that the murderer had hypnotized the victim and forced her to kill herself, public opinion accepted the possibility of the fact in a way quite remarkable.—Boston Journal.

—"Sunflower seed is coming to the fore as an article of commercial value. As an admixture to chicken food its merits are indisputable. Veterinarians use it in a medicinal way in the treatment of horses. Its growth is considered of use in the prevention of malaria, and the extraction of a valuable oil from it is a looked for result."

—A new method for illuminating from the outside some of the cavities of the body, such as the nostrils and larynx, is described in the London Lancet. The instrument used for this purpose is a well-polished glass rod, to one end of which a small incandescent electric glow lamp, like those used for electric bread-pans, is attached. The light of the lamp is reflected equally through the whole length of the glass rod. When placed against the throat or the sclerotic, the interior of the larynx or the eyeball is sufficiently illuminated for making an examination. As the rod remains cold, it can be employed in operative surgery with satisfactory results.

OLD GENERAL HARNEY.

Jefferson Davis' Recollection of the Well-Known Soldier.

Jefferson Davis wrote ten years ago his recollections of old General Harney, who has just died and whom he knew in 1829. "He was then," said Davis, "physically the finest man I ever saw. Tall, straight, muscular, broad-chested and gray-haired, he was one of the class which Trevelyan described as 'nature's noblemen, against whom the plague in the East never made an attack. Had he lived in the time of Homer he would have robbed Achilles of his sobriquet of swift-footed, for he would run faster than a white man, farther than an Indian, and in both showed that man was organized to be master of the beast. To elucidate the last clause of the preceding paragraph requires the recital of an anecdote. Captain Harney carefully attended to his company's garden, which on the frontier was necessary for the comfort as well as the health of the men. The beds had been carefully spaded and raked, when one of the numerous dogs, a half-grown mongrel hound, came walking across the carefully prepared ground, and the Captain, storming at him in tones and language not suited to the pulpit, frightened the dog so that instead of going out by the walk he ran across the bed toward a gap in the fence. The Captain started in full run after the dog, which had to jump on the fence and then off it—fatal disparity to the dog!—for the Captain cleared the fence at a bound, which brought him a jump nearer to the dog, and then he began an even run up the long slope which led to the fort, before reaching which Harney mastered the dog and Rover suffered in proportion to the length of the chase. Captain Harney was also a bold horseman and fond of the canoe, a good boatman and skilful in the use of a spear as a fisherman. Neither drinking nor gaming, he was clear of those rocks and shoals of life in a frontier garrison, and is no doubt indebted to this abstinence for much of the vigor he has possessed to his present advanced age."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS



THIS IS HOLLY.
Wolff's ACME Blacking
IS A GREAT LABOR SAVER.
A SHINE LASTS A WEEK.
RAIN AND SNOW DON'T AFFECT IT.
NO CRUSHING REQUIRED.
MAKES A SHOE WATERPROOF.
USED BY MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.
Softens and Preserves all kinds of Leather.
Ask for it, and do not give up till you get it, and you will be well rewarded.
Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, &c.
For Home Use it is Unsurpassed.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 12th, 1889:

GOING EAST	
No. 8	5:22 A. M.
No. 10	7:41 A. M.
No. 12	9:59 A. M.
No. 14	12:17 P. M.
No. 16	2:35 P. M.
No. 18	4:53 P. M.
No. 20	7:11 P. M.
No. 22	9:29 P. M.

GOING WEST	
No. 7	5:21 A. M.
No. 9	7:40 A. M.
No. 11	9:58 A. M.
No. 13	12:16 P. M.
No. 15	2:34 P. M.
No. 17	4:52 P. M.
No. 19	7:10 P. M.
No. 21	9:28 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
 Manager.
 C. K. LORD,
 General Passenger Agent.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,
 Several Tracts of Land on the Hoopole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through it, and are well adapted for raising of stock, and for growing of fruit. The Hoopole Road passes through the lands, and the Deer Park Road runs near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nettles, Wm. Schreyer, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Seil, W. M. Rhodes, and others.

These lands will be sold on a cash basis, and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to:

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
 Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Farmers, Attention! Reduction in Prices.

For the past ten years we have been furnishing this and the adjoining counties with the WORLD FAMOUS "Hagerstown Horse Rake," of which there are 40,000 in use. We have had a limited number of RAKES for years, and our reputation for quality and durability is generally recognized. This Rake is either a Head or Foot drag, or both, and so simple that a boy or girl can use it with ease. The wheels are No. 1, follows the spokes young Hickory, thoroughly reason with Tough Wood Rake (or iron, if preferred), boiled in oil, makes the best wheel in the world. The Teeth, 2 in number, best Spring Steel tempered in oil. It is the longest tooth in the market. Each tooth works independent of the other, by a special spring attachment. Thousands have used the Rake from 10 to 15 years, not costing one cent for repairs. Every Rake WARRANTED FOR THREE YEARS. Any defect in material will be replaced free of charge. We append the names of some of our farmers who will certify as to the superiority of the "Hagerstown Horse Rake":

John Blumie, B. F. Shaffer, R. M. Perry, Henry Bidder, Geo. H. Gauer, J. E. Otto, Geo. D. White, J. C. Witherspoon, Blumie, J. W. Harvey, Ed. Miller, Dan Conway and 75 others.

We are agent also for the U. S. Corn Planter, U. S. Threshers, U. S. Portable Saw Mills, Shingle Mills, Wood Saws, Cutting Boxes, Bag Trucks, and the Star Wind Mill. To fully demonstrate what we say, call and examine or send for circulars.

Terms and prices on application.

Very respectfully,
 WM. E. ROBERTSON,
 511 1st

FOR SALE!

The desirable business property fronting street and B. & O. R. R., opposite Gladys Hotel, and occupied by Mr. W. D. Nydegger, Druggist.

For price and terms, apply to:

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Scenes at the Bridge.

The most picturesque scene yesterday, perhaps, was near the stone arch bridge over the Conemaugh. A great railroad derrick had been fitted up and anchored to the track. Immense grapping irons swung over the side of the bridge into the vast mass of wrecked cars, houses and people. A hawser ran over the pulleys to monster locomotives and when the word was given off went the engines, pulling sometimes the blackened trunk of a large tree out of the heap, or perhaps some particularly obstinate beam which defied the efforts of the men below to float it off into the stream.

Every half hour or so there was a detonation and the mass was loosened but not enough to be noticeable. This is part of the contrivance to effect to make a course through the mass, but the progress is very slow. Yesterday he had not dug out more than twenty-five or thirty cubic feet, and there are 6,200,000 to be removed. As the contractor says, it will be weeks before this is all cleared, although no search is being made at this point for bodies, and therefore as many of them there as in any other place. Still every minute there is a call for a sheet and the fragments of some dear brother no longer in the flesh are gathered up carefully with pitchforks, placed in the sheet and laid on the bank, whence they are taken to the Prospect Hill school house where all the bodies of the unknown unfortunate await interment with the others.

Brought out of this place was a woman's head, black and shriveled, and yet the diamonds glistened in the ears. The forward man of those who carried the sheet stumbled, the head rolled to the ground, and the gems, shaken out of the ears, fell back into the ruins.

Over in Johnstown proper, the workmen found many bodies, among them those of four or five commercial travelers. Placed to the breast of each man was his business card and his name and address. They had been stopping at the Harbort house when the waters rushed in, and, seeing that death was inevitable, they had provided a way for their friends to learn of their fate.

One of the most curious and touching events was the finding of little Tessie Downs, the beautiful child of an old man who has become almost reckless on account of his losses. The little one was carried by the torrent to the Cambria Iron works, where her body was found covered up with mud and sand. It had drifted down into a cellar through a narrow opening, the only one in the place. When the big men discovered her and lifted her out one of them got some water and gently wiped the face.

"Why! it's Tessie Down!" he cried.

They all knew her, and, accustomed as they have been for the past few days to such pictures, many of them wept. That was in the morning. In the afternoon, very near the same place, the corpse of a woman was found, and while it was being borne away old man Downs rushed up and asked the bearers to let him see it. He turned back the cover.

"It is my wife," he said quietly, and followed them to the dead house. So mother and child must have died very close to each other.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
 When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
 When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria,
 When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

I am told, says a writer in the New York Graphic, that the Southern cottonwood tree is coming into wide use for lumber, although formerly considered useless for that purpose. J. S. Lane, who lives in St. Louis, said to me recently: "Cottonwood is crowding white pine out of the market with us for certain purposes, and large fortunes are being made all along the Mississippi River out of this wood, which was once despised. In New Orleans white pine is worth \$35 a thousand, while yellow cottonwood brings \$65. For the ceiling of grain barges it is invaluable, as grain cannot sweat in it. Every cracker box in use in this city to-day is made of cottonwood, and it cannot be excelled for fruit barrels. I do not know why this is so, but it is a fact, nevertheless. Cottonwood will hold nails and can be used for building, and it is also capable of a fine polish after certain treatment, and it is much prized for interior decorations. There are now men rich because they own tracts covered with cottonwood, who, five years ago, would have traded an acre of it for a yellow dog."

The latest bit of Washington Territory brag is that the climate is so fine that wool grows even on hydraulic rams.

Stray Sunbeams.

On the safe side—the cashier.
 Barbers are great chaps for scraping an acquaintance.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.
 If it's a fair question, we would like to know how much it costs to board a train.

It may sound somewhat contradictory, but the first thing in a book is the last.

Any man can get his wife to take active exercise by giving her enough money to shop with.

St. Louis boasts of a dwarf barber less than four feet high. He must be a little shaver.

There is one thing a woman may be prejudiced about and it is their own babies.

A doctor may kill a man with the best of intentions. A murderer kills with the worst.

There are a good many things besides a locomotive that a man will not throw over his shoulder.

A kiss is said to be something that "comes by male but never by post." This is an error. We have all known kisses to come by the express post.

A clergyman who married a couple of deaf mutes in Brooklyn the other day made a bad break when he wished them "unspeakable bliss."

A Born Grumbler—"I am the unluckiest man living. Here I find a piece of money and it is only a nickel. If any one else had found it, it would have been a quarter."

It is all well enough to say there is nothing in a name; but suppose a man named Slaughter should start a summer hotel and call it the Slaughter House.

There isn't as much fuss made over the inauguration of a boy's first pants pocket as there is over the laying of a corner stone, but there are more things to put in it.

"How did you manage to capture such a handsome wife, Mr. Tucker, when you are such a homely man?"
 "Oh, my good clothes did it; I just put on my best bib and tuck."

"I wish I was a saloon," said a woman to her husband. "Why?" he inquired, with some degree of surprise. "Oh, because you would run in eighteen or twenty times a day to see me."

A telescope lens is now to be made that will measure sixty inches in diameter. By its aid it is hoped to be able to find the soul of the man who is mean enough to beat a country editor out of his subscription.

A live mouse fell into a pan of milk. It swam round and round in its efforts to get out, but in vain. However, through the activity of its movements the milk was at last churned into butter, when the mouse was enabled to jump out of the pan and regain its liberty.

Said Poddleford to his wife on the way back from the museum: "I am firmly convinced that women have an innate, natural constitutional love of the horrible."
 "Good thing for you," she retorted, "or you might have been a bachelor to your dying day."

The Atrocities of a Slave March.

[From "Slavery in Africa," by Professor Henry Drummond, in June Scribner's.]
 No one who understands how human life is estimated by savage people will doubt the shocking and revolting accounts of travellers regarding this phase of the traffic, and no one who knows what an Arab's heart is made of will make any attempt even for the exaggeration of an orator, as he listens to the following citation from a speech delivered the other day by Cardinal Lavigerie:

"The men who appear the strongest, and whose escape is to be feared, have their hands tied, and sometimes their feet, in such fashion that walking becomes a torture to them; and on their necks are placed yokes which attach several of them together. They march all day; at night, when they stop to rest, a few handfuls of raw 'sorgho' are distributed among the captives. Next morning they must start again. But after the first day or two the fatigue, the sufferings, and the privations have weakened a great many. The women and the aged are the first to halt. Then in order to strike terror into this mass of human beings, their conductors, armed with a wooden bar to economize powder, approach those who appear to be the most exhausted, and deal them a terrible blow on the nape of the neck. The unfortunate victims utter a cry, and fall to the ground in the convulsions of death. The terrified troop immediately resumes its march. Terror has imbued even the weakest with new strength. Each time some one breaks down the same horrible scene is repeated. At night, on arriving at their halting-place, after the first days of such a life, a not less frightful scene awaits them. The traffickers in human flesh

have acquired by experience a knowledge of how much their victims can endure. A glance shows them those who will soon sink from weariness; then, to economize the scanty food which they distribute, they pass behind these wretched beings and fell them with a single blow. Their corpses remain where they fall, when they are not suspended on the branches of the neighboring trees; and it is close to them that their companions are obliged to eat and to sleep. But what sleep! It may be easily imagined.

How to Become a Millionaire.

We stand here now at the beginning of the twentieth century with the oil, coal, iron, steam, electric interests, the products of forest and soil held in the bare grasp of a few individuals or corporations, to be used with the cunning of the gambler. They speculate in the great natural riches of the earth and air, which used to be considered as the great boons of God.

There are four things you must do, young man, and do and believe with all your soul. These four things, if followed out, will lead you to become a millionaire, and as many times millions, as you wish. If health and life permit.

First, young man, you must believe that every other man is a liar. You must believe this and act upon it in order to protect yourself and schemes of foolish planners and wicked plotters.

Second, if you want to become a millionaire, you must also believe that every man is a thief. The man of great wealth has what other men want and what they are trying to get from him.

Third, you must believe that money is the greatest good and chief end of life. You must believe it heartily. Reformers love right, soldiers glory, philanthropists their fellow men, but you must love money, and be oblivious to the great thoughts and motives which have actuated men.

Think only of money, love it as John Brown loved the slave; toil, cheat and spend yourselves to your dying day, for only so can you become a millionaire.

Fourth, you must believe that you will never die. If you could only banish the thought of death how different your plans would be! He who would do great deeds must deem himself immortal. Time dwarfs and eternity expands.

The cradle and the grave tell it all, and he who would become a millionaire must plan, act and dream as one who thinks his deeds can never be interrupted.

Setting aside the element of luck, then, the young man who would become a millionaire must believe in these four propositions.—Rev. W. H. Murray.

The Michigan Advocate says truly, "Brave men take sides, cowards take the fence." Yet a man on a fence may be a high and shining mark; and a well-aimed rifle-shot may put him on one side or the other in a worse condition than if he had chosen a side in the first place.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

If You Have a Trifling Cough
 Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a safe and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.
 Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Choler, Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dys euria and Habitual Constipation
 Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Pile!
 Roger's Specific Cocaine Pile Remedy will cure a short time the most aggravated itching, proctitis, bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Specific Worm Syrup
 In Pleasant, safe and efficient. Price 50 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.
 The Fragrance Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Teeter, Pimples, Itches and Skin Diseases. Price 10 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturges' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

ORDER NISI.

James Little vs. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Thomas Broadstock, In Equity.

ORDERED, This 18th day of June, 1889, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a court of Equity, that the said made and reported in this cause by James Little be pulled and cleared, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before June 27th next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once in each of four successive weeks before June 27th, 1889.

The Report states the amount of sale to be \$900.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon any of the lands owned by the Young Manor Land Company of Garrett county, Maryland, viz: "Young Manor," and "Quinnings," situated on Younglingshire river, and "Vesper and Ironwood" reserved to the said company, either by hunting, fishing, or in any manner whatsoever, as such persons will be prosecuted for doing to the fullest extent of the law.

JOS. U. CRAWFORD, President.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Spring Disorders



Shattered nerves, tired brain, impure blood, debilitated system, all are the natural outcome in the Spring. A medicine must be used, and nothing equals Paine's Celery Compound. We let others praise us—you cannot help believing a disinterested party.

Brigadier-General W. L. Grounlar, Burlington, Vt., writes: "I have used Paine's Celery Compound on several occasions, and always with benefit. Last spring, being very much run down and debilitated, I commenced taking it. Two bottles made me feel like a new man. As a general tonic and spring medicine I do not know of its equal."

Order Anything any Color, Simple, Portable, Economical.

IT IS EASY TO DYE WITH DIAMOND DYES. 25 Colors, 10 cents each.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colds, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption, Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CENTRA COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

A Model Newspaper

THE NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS

The Advocate of the Best Interests of the Home—The Enemy of the Saloon. The Friend of American Labor. The Favorite Newspaper of People of Refined Tastes Everywhere.

The New York MAIL AND EXPRESS, the favorite American newspaper of many people of intelligent and cultivated tastes, has recently made some noteworthy improvements, materially increasing its general excellence. It is in the broadest sense

A National Newspaper.

Most carefully edited, and adapted to the wants and tastes of intelligent readers throughout the entire country—North, South, East and West. It is a thoroughly clean paper, free from the corrupting, sensational and demoralizing trash, miscolored news, which defiles the pages of too many city papers.

OUR POLITICS.

We believe the Republican party to be the true instrument of the POLITICAL PROGRESS of the American people; and holding that the honest enforcement of its principles is the best guarantee of the national welfare, we shall support them with all our might, but we shall always treat opposing parties with consideration and fair play.

AGAINST THE SALOON.

The MAIL AND EXPRESS is the recognized National organ of the Anti-Saloon League. It believes that the liquor traffic as it exists to-day in the United States is the enemy of society, a fruitful source of corruption in politics, the ally of anarchy, a school of crime, and, with its avowed purpose of seeking to corruptly control elections and legislation, is a menace to the public welfare and deserves the condemnation of all good men.

Send for Sample Copy

They are sent free to all who apply. SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—WEEKLY, per year, \$1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. DAILY, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.00; three months, \$1.50; one month, 50 cents.

SUBSCRIBER PREMIUMS are given to all subscribers and agents. We want a good country school of crime, and villages where we have not one now at work. Send for our Special Circular to Agents and see our liberal offers.

You Can Make Money

by accepting our Cash Commission offers or working for our valuable and popular premium. Address the MAIL AND EXPRESS, New York City.

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,
 33 38 1y Cranesville, W. Va

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 20 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms, apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER,

Paine's Celery Compound

is prescribed by physicians, recommended by druggists, endorsed by ministers, praised by users, and guaranteed by the manufacturers, as a spring medicine which will do all that is claimed for it. Use it this spring, and see how quickly it tones you up.

Purifies the Blood.

Full accounts of wonderful cures made by Paine's Celery Compound after medicines and the best physicians had failed, sent free. There's nothing like it.

\$1.00. Six for \$5.00. Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

10 cents each.

County Treasurer's Notice

—TO THE—

TAX-PAYERS OF GARRETT CO.

The tax-payers of Garrett county will take notice that the annual tax levy for said county for the year 1889, has been made and completed, and that the undersigned, as Treasurer for said county, is now ready to receive the taxes so levied as aforesaid, and will for that purpose be in his office, in person or by deputy, at the Court House, in Oakland, Md., daily from 9 o'clock A. M. to 5 o'clock P. M., Sunday and legal holidays excepted.

The tax so levied is due and payable on the first day of August, 1889.

From all tax bills for county purposes paid in full prior to September 1st, 1889, a discount of 1 per cent will be deducted, and from all such tax bills paid in full during the month of September, 1889, a discount of 1 per cent will be allowed. And all taxes levied for county purposes remaining unpaid on December 31, 1889, shall be in arrear, and interest will be charged and collected thereon; but no deduction on County tax will be allowed unless the whole amount of State and county taxes be paid when due as provided by the Act of Assembly hereafter referred to.

On all State taxes paid on or before September 1, 1889, a deduction of five per cent will be allowed, on all such taxes paid on or before October 1, 1889, a deduction of 4 per cent will be allowed, and on all such taxes paid on or before November 1, 1889, a deduction of 3 per cent will be allowed.

Payment of all taxes remaining unpaid on the 1st day of January, 1890, will be entered in the main set forth in Chapter 55 of the Acts of 1889, of the General Assembly of Maryland, providing for the appointment of a County Treasurer for Garrett county, and defining the duties of said Treasurer.

The tax bills of each tax-payer can be had upon application of the person, persons or corporate institutions to whom the property included in such bills is assessed.

ROSS COMPTON,

614 1st

Treasurer.

MASSEY HALL

PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

GRANDMA'S GIRLISH GOWNS.

Faded and yellowed by time are they,
Even Love can not say Nay.
Old and faded, once new and gay;
Bright and gay in a far-off day.
When Grandmamma was a girl, they say;
Grandmamma now so worn and gray!

Sweet with accents of the damask rose,
Blossoms' fashion comes and goes,
And their perfume, now passe,
Was well liked in a far-off day.
When Grandmamma was a girl, they say;
Grandmamma now so worn and gray!

On the daintiest of them all,
I see a tear that she let fall;
Grandpapa kissed the rest away,
Far away in a far-off day.
When Grandmamma was a girl, they say;
Grandmamma now so worn and gray!

But a trace to these musings vain;
All the dainty gowns I'll see,
Memories of a far-off day.
When Grandmamma was a girl, they say;
Grandmamma now so worn and gray!

—To-Day.

THE MUIR GLACIER.

One of Far-Away Alaska's Most Majestic Wonders.

An Ice Torrent One Mile Wide and Eight Hundred Feet Deep, Moving Sixty Feet Per Day—A Weird, Wild Sight.

The most notable of the glaciers in Southeastern Alaska is the Muir, named from Prof. John Muir, a geologist of some reputation, since he gave the first uncolored description of it. It is forty miles long and back on the land in a basin of the mountains. Being reinforced by fifteen tributaries coming down the glens from different points of the compass, it swells to an ice sea twenty-five miles in diameter. Thence it moves with restless power, bearing rocks and long lines of detritus on its billowy surface. Just before it reaches the bay it is compressed by two sentinel mountains into and is forced through a gorge one mile in width.

Emerging from this narrow gateway it moves on, at the rate of forty to sixty feet a day, to the waters whence it originally came, buttressing the bay with a perpendicular wall 800 feet high, 300 feet of ultramarine crystals tipped with purest white being above the surface, and, being pushed beyond its support in the underlying rock, a battle begins between cohesion and gravity. The latter force always prevails, and vast masses break from the glacial torrent with the combined crash of falling walls and heavy thunder, a tumble into the bay with a dash and a shock that agitates the waters miles away, making navigation perilous to craft of all sizes. The almost deafening roar made when these masses are rent away, the splashing baptism they receive in their fall, and the leaping waters are lively witnesses to the birth of an iceberg which henceforth, as an independent existence, goes on its mission of girding the shores, butting against its fellows, and of scaring navigators.

While the ship was resting unmolested near the front of the icy barrier we were startled by the sudden appearance of a mass of dark crystal, vastly larger than our ship, shooting up from the depths and tossing our steamer as if it were an eggshell. As the vessel careened the frightened passengers were sent whirling against her, over chairs or prostrate upon the deck. This strange visitor had doubtless been broken off from the roots of the icy mountain hundreds of feet below the surface, and hence had unexpectedly appeared upon the scene. Had it struck the ship fairly nothing but a miracle could have saved us.

Having recovered somewhat from our dumb amazement, about twenty of us were sent on shore in the Captain's gig. Landing some distance below the ice-wall we climbed seventy feet of a lateral moraine, crawled, shoe-deep in wet gravel, down into the valley of a glacial river, forded it, paddled through glacial mud covered with shingle just deep enough to hide the creamy pools, slipped prostrate on the ice made treacherous by a thin disguise of detritus, and barked our shins and cut our shins on the sharp angular blocks of granite and basalt strewn for two miles, in great profusion, along our perilous route.

Blocks of the finest marble hedged our pathway; trod upon chips of jasper and chalcedony, the product of different mountains far back on the peninsula, and we passed two exquisitely beautiful bowlders of veined porphyry, weighing two or three hundred pounds each, rounded and polished by centuries of attrition. They were of dark purple, streaked with quartz spotlessly white, desirable specimens for a cabinet, or for out-of-door ornamentation.

After more than an hour of plunging and sprawling, and of pulling each other out of gray mire, about half of our number reached the uncovered glacier, and at the first glance we felt that here we should stand with uncovered heads, for we were in the presence of the marvelous manifestations of superhuman power in action and looked with untroubled eyes upon the potent agencies by which much of this planet has been fashioned.

Away in the distance was the White lake fed by numerous frozen rivers, and these rivers were born of mountain snows fifty miles distant. The white-robed mountains themselves, seen in the past, were smoothed and grooved far up their flinty sides when this same glacier was threefold deeper and many times more ponderous and mighty than it is today.

Stretched along the base of the mountains till they are only a line in the distance were the records of those

gray old years in the form of moraines, 100 feet high, and appearing like a range of hills.

The larger portion of this crystal river, perhaps an eighth of a mile in width, is heaved into rounded hills and bottling precipices, quite resembling the sea in a storm; while the middle and much the wider part is splintered into countless spires, and needles, and pinnacles ten, twenty and thirty feet in height, and of a beautiful ultra-marine at the base, shaded to a dead white at the summit.

In the onward march of the glacier these pinnacles are occasionally wrenched from their seats in the solid ice beneath—they nod, then totter, and then make a plunge and are shattered into a cloud of acicular crystals that sparkle like the frosted snow under a full moon of a winter's night, only with more color—they are diamonds on the wing.

Again the whole surface is riven by a thousand crevasses, along the bottom of which streams of clear water find their way, often broken by waterfalls that plunge further down into the dark blue abysses out of sight. These chasms are frightful gaps in one peering down a hundred feet between their turquoise walls. A slip, a frail alpenstock, a feeble grasp of the guide's rope, and gravity would close the scene without further ceremony.

The molecular structure of the glacier is continually changing, adjusting itself to the elevations and depressions of its rocky bed, and hence there is an incessant clicking and crackling, interrupted here and there by an explosion heard over every inch of the surface.

The whole scene is weird and strange in sight and sound—in the voices that rise to the air from the azure depths—fascinating because every step is perilous, majestic from its massiveness, and awful because its march is irresistible.

Consider what a force in wearing away mountains and glens an icy torrent must be one mile wide, 800 feet deep, and in the middle flowing 60 feet a day; it goes grinding and groaning and crashing and standing in explosions, all mingled in a loud wall like that from the Titans imprisoned under Mount Etna.

Now let any one in fancy frame for himself this picture: Snow-capped mountains in the background, two of them—Fairweather and Crillon—more than 15,000 feet high, thick set with glittering peaks and clear cut as silhouettes on a dark sky; the great glacier, child of Arctic snows, turreted and pinnacled and splintered into a thousand strange forms upon which Iris has flung the varied hues of amethyst and turquoise and sapphire; huge masses riven from the crystal river with a thundering roar, reeling and toppling into an amber sea, thickly dotted with new-born and vagrant icebergs; and all this scene glorified and transfigured by the setting sun. Looking upon this picture through the creative power of imagination one can readily conceive that the enraptured tourist, standing in the presence of the realities, would call that day spent with the Muir glacier the day of all the days he ever passed in gazing upon and listening to the wild wonders of our planet.

But hark! That was not an explosion of the glacier's artillery; it was the echo of the steamer's whistle ringing along the glens of the mountains, softened, indeed, by distance, as are the notes of the Alpine horn.

In just one hour we must be on the ship or be left without couch or food or fire in these wild and awful solitudes ninety miles from the nearest habitation, and we made it in time regardless of shoes or shins.—Prof. Horace W. Briggs, in Sitka Alaskan.

WITTY MR. REID.

How Whitelaw Extricated Himself From an Embarrassing Situation.

Here is a little story about Whitelaw Reid that is going the rounds of the clubs. There is a saying in Paris that it is not necessary for a gentleman to make bon mots since the wits are sure to make and attribute them to him. Whether this is the case or not, it is certain that though heretofore the editor of the Tribune has not had the reputation of a wit, since his appointment to France he has been quoted as the author of some of the most delightfully clever of speeches, as this for example: He was introduced the other day to a very beautiful woman, whose name he did not catch, but who filled him with admiration by her ripe and rosy loveliness. While they were conversing a lowering faced man passed by whom Reid knew quite well, but knew nothing to his credit; whom, in fact, he heartily disliked, and feeling his presence jar upon the amiability of his mood, he exclaimed in an undiplomatic impulse: "Now there is a man I loathe." His handsome companion flashed her eyes upon him and cried sharply: "But that is my husband!" and Reid answered calmly, without an instant's pause or the turning of a hair: "And that is exactly why I loathe him." Which goes to show that though President Harrison's appointee may sometimes make blunders, he knows perfectly how to repair them, and the Frenchmen will not catch him napping.—Brooklyn Eagle.

—Says the Detroit Free Press: "America can take in 2,000,000,000 more comers and find room for all to build homes and make gardens. We haven't settled a hundredth part of the country yet." And still there is talk of erecting twenty-eight-story buildings.

ANIMAL DENTISTRY.

How to Extract Serpents' Teeth and to Assist Sick Birds.

An odd phase of animal dentistry is the removal of the fangs of poisonous snakes. Formerly these were broken off by using a piece of wood and a hammer. This gave satisfaction in most instances, but not always. On several occasions cobras, whose fangs have been broken off have struck keepers or neighboring animals with serious and even fatal results. The reason lies in the fact that the glands which secrete the virus are separate from the fangs. They are practically little poison bags situated in the gum and connected with the fangs by short tubes. The fangs are channeled so as to be half hollow. When not in use they are folded back and close the tubes by their position. When the reptile employs them, they are thrown forward, the tubes are opened and the glands excited to the utmost.

It was found that when the fangs were extracted it pulls away with it the tubes and the glands in whole or in part. The present practice is based upon this fact. The serpent is securely fastened, the best method being to lay him up by a stout cord around his neck. The waist is fastened to a prevent squirreling. The mouth is forced open, or when the snake opens it in rage he is held open by a piece of wood placed far back between the jaws. The dentist clutches the fangs with his forceps as far down upon the root as he can possibly reach and pulls slightly, twisting the instrument. The fangs come out without much difficulty and with them are always the poison tubes and almost always large pieces of the poison glands. The wounds are occasionally healed in about four days leaving a small smooth scar. The glands seem after this to become absorbed by the reptile's system.

The cobra is the easiest snake to operate upon, being heavy, slow and stupid; the fer-de-lance of the West Indies is the most difficult, being light, quick and very fierce. The rattlesnake, copperhead, moccasin, adder and viper come in between the two extremes. It is wonderful how similar all these snakes are so far as their dentistry is concerned. The all seem to have been turned from the same general model.

There is one very prevalent disorder, which though not of a dental character, is treated chiefly by animal dentists. It is that series of diseases of birds of which the mockingbird is the best type. The ailment is probably occasioned by the mechanical irritation of the food used, all consist of a horny growth on the tongue which gradually extends from the root to the tip. As the horny growth progresses the bird finds increasing difficulty to eat and sing finally losing both its appetite and power of music. Painful sickness is inevitable, and death an uncommon consequence. The treatment is to pluck itself. The bird's mouth is forced open until the tongue protrudes, when the dentist loosens the horny scale with his finger nail at the root of the tongue. He scratches it forward, the horn loosening with neither difficulty or pain, until the tip is reached, when it falls off. A clean, healthy, though rather sensitive surface is left, which toughens in a few hours, the bird regaining its health and song at the same time. The operation lasts only one or two minutes. Any one who possesses the least patience can do it without trouble. The animal dentist or bird fancier charges \$1.50 or \$2 for the service, and regards it as one of the "soft snaps" of the profession.

A trouble similar in nature arises from growth of the bill or claws when a bird has no opportunity to wear them down by the usual use. The beak is filed and the claws are clipped with sharp scissors. Care should be taken not to touch the quick, which runs through both bill and claws, and corresponds closely to the quick of human nails. If this is touched, it not only produces great pain, but also more or less hemorrhage.—N. Y. Sun.

The Parson's Thrilling Climax.

Rev. G. R. Palmer, of Augusta, one of the members of the conference, told while in town the story of a brother whose eloquence was of the scaring style. He was accustomed to attempt the most ambitious rhetorical flights; sometimes he completed them all right and sometimes he didn't. Not infrequently he lost command of his vocabulary at a critical moment and the result was disastrous to his metaphor.

One Sunday he was pronouncing a glowing eulogy on a departed saint. He raised him in a stately and resplendent progress step by step to the pearly gates. He almost had him safe in Heaven when he hesitated and seemed at a loss.

"And brethren," said he, "and brethren, he went in as sinner, as a mouse!"—Lewiston Journal.

—A Springfield woman, with an invalid husband who was not expected to live, thought she would take time by the forelock and engaged a dressmaker to make a full suit of mourning for her. Later the dressmaker received a letter stating that the looked-for event had not yet taken place and the wife had decided to wait until the death of her husband, as she wished her suit made in the latest style. This cheerful prospect was added to the letter: "Please do not get discouraged about it. You will be sure of the job sooner or later."—Springfield Homestead.

—The office should seek the man, but it has to dodge him a great deal now-a-days.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A Number of Valuable Suggestions and Reflections.

We extract the following from the last issue of the Arizona Kicker: A REMEDY.—We would suggest to the Postmaster General that he drop a line to the postmaster of this town reading: "Major Bill Perkins—Sir: Either attend to biz or git, and I'd a little rather you'd git. So would the people of your town. Yours truly, and don't be over a week making up your mind what course to take."

Too PREVIOUS.—Ever since Harrison's election Colonel Hank Taylor, of this town, has been sweating the color out of his blue suspenders in running after office. The office he wanted was boss of the Custom House, and he has been figuring that if he got it he would raise asparagus in his front yard, horse-radish in the back, and put on all the style they do in Chicago. It was only yesterday that he suddenly became aware of the fact that he has no custom house here for him to boss. What he had always supposed was a government institution of the kind turned out to be Desnoyer's storage house for bones. Colonel Hank has got his sympathy in this his hour of deep trial, but that's the best we can do.

IR MAKES US SURE.—Mrs. Judge Silver paid the Kicker office at eleven o'clock Tuesday night in a state of happy inebriation, being on her way home from a high larger beer given by Mrs. Prof. Westenhoefer at her elegant mansion on Bronco Place. Mrs. Judge was dragging her new bonnet along the ground by the starboard side and softly singing about pansy blossoms. We were sitting on the front steps in the gentle moonlight, thinking of the past and gone, and the event saddened us more than we can express. We had a mother once. She was not beautiful, and splitting wood while our dear father talked politics at the grocery made her top-shouldered, but she was good and temperate. Suppose she had been in the habit of getting sleved? Where would we have been to-day? Instead of being at the head of a great weekly paper like the Kicker, which also runs a harness shop, grocery, feed store and bazar in connection, all under one economical management and the same roof, we should doubtless have inhabited a convict's garb in some State prison. Veni, vidi, curanter, which, if we remember correctly, means: "The mother makes the man what he is."

A SUGGESTION.—We have nothing in particular against the Government, neither do we wish Indian Agent Babcock any harm. It seems to be our duty, however, to call the agent's attention to the fact that he is making an ass of himself and that he can resign any time within the next three weeks. If we were running this Government we'd run him head first into the soil about the first thing we took hold of after breakfast Monday morning.

THANKS.—Judge Burrows entered the Kicker office the other day in his usual quiet and dignified manner and laid three cucumbers on our table and withdrew. They are of his own raising, and of superior breed and finish. We thank the judge from the bottom of our heart. Such things prove to the editor that he is not forgotten. We shall publish a two-column sketch of the judge next week.

UNKNOWN FRIENDS.—Some time during Monday night some kind-hearted but unknown friend left a piece of rope about fifteen feet long, beautifully noosed, on our steps as a present for our faithful work in this community. We took it in and shall treasure it highly. The editors of the World, Herald, Times and other New York sheets told from sun to sun and are hardly known, by name. Scarcely a day passes that we do not receive dead-head tickets and beautiful little mementoes to prove that the busy world is not too busy to remember us. Cum solis. Which means, 'tis well.—Detroit Free Press.

He Would Not Retire.

A story is being told of a very close citizen of Washington that he wanted to go to Lynchburg recently. At the ticket office he was told that the fare was \$1.80.

"One eighty," he muttered. "Gif you \$1.40."

"Gif you one fifty," said the fare collector.

"None. One eighty."

"Den I'll walk."

"That is your privilege," answered the ticket-seller. So he started off down the track and had made about half the distance when he heard an engine tooting and whistling behind him.

"You needn't vistle," said he, waving his hand. "I'll not come back."—Washington Post.

A story is told of an old church clerk who, being unable to read or write, forgot to announce that on the following Sunday there would be no service, the vicar having promised to officiate for a friend at a neighboring church. Directly the congregation were outside, the blunt old clerk thought of his omission; and, rushing out and mounting the nearest tombstone, he shouted at the top of his voice: "This is to give notice that there won't be no church here next Sunday. The vicar's goin' a-fishin' with a friend."

A mechanician of Danzig has constructed a hand fog-horn that may be heard ten miles. With a second horn of lower pitch to mark the divisions between letters, whole sentences can be clearly transmitted by the Morse or other code of signals.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The amount of lumber used in this country is enormous. It requires 1,400,000 feet for cigar boxes alone.

The discovery of the cellular structure of plants is credited to the naturalists of the seventeenth century. White lead is manufactured by the new Hannay method direct from the ore in the space of a few hours, while by the old process it was a matter of several months.

The French chemist who discovered oleomargarine has now invented a process for treating steel by which steel bronze and bell metal can be made at fabulously low prices.

A cigarette-smoking boy will not make a strong man. He will have impaired digestion, small and poor muscles, irritable temper, and a lack of capacity for sustained efforts of any kind.—Dr. Henslow.

Mr. Edison says: "Undoubtedly the next great discovery will be some method of getting electricity from coal direct without the intervention of boilers to make steam, steam-driven engines to run dynamos, which in their turn, with the intervention of magnetism, do work, whether in operating motors or in making light."

The Queen of Italy has re-established the manufacture of Burano lace. The industry had almost wholly died out. The Queen found an old woman who knew the stitch, and had her teach a number of younger women. The result is that Burano lace has again become a source of large revenue to the people of Burano.

Petrole is the name given to a manufactured substitute for coal, made by a firm in Minneapolis, and is the direct outcome of the scarcity of fuel which has retarded the birth of manufacturing industries in that city and in fact the whole Northwest. It is made from saw-dust, the residuum of crude petroleum, and a number of other ingredients which are not made known by the inventors.

The walnut that grows in Persia, Asia Minor, and Circassia, makes the costliest of all cabinet woods. The veneers are cut to one hundred and twentieth of an inch in thickness, and sometimes as thin as 175 to an inch. The veneers used on furniture are somewhat thicker; the thinner ones being used on picture frames and covering for walls, after being backed with strong, tough paper.

Algarobilla is a tanning material that is used in the Argentine Republic, South America, and gives satisfactory results. English tanners have experimented with Algarobilla and some of them employ it to-day in their tanneries in England. It is very rich in tannin. The pods of this plant contain forty to sixty per cent. of tannin, and are gathered before becoming quite ripe. If this is neglected, the tannin, which is a yellow powder, would be lost.

One of the difficulties of cotton spinning, an exchange says, is a lack of moisture in the atmosphere; but that has now been overcome in some measure by the invention of a "fog machine," which generates what at first glance appears to be steam, but which is really a spray of water separated into so fine a mist that it has the appearance of one of nature's fogs. By the use of this spray the temperature of a spinning room can be lowered to the right degree, and the humidity, which is the more important consideration, regulated to a nicety.

ABOUT BOOK-BINDING.

The Kind of Binding in Vogue When Printing Was in Its Infancy.

Such a startling innovation was the printer's art that it was exercised at first in the greatest secrecy; hence it became incumbent upon the printer not only to be his own type-founder and ink-maker, but also his own binder, and for a while even his own publisher. It is proper, therefore, that inquiry should be made as to what kind of bindings were in vogue when the first printed book made its appearance. There were the rich bindings wrought by the gold and silversmiths, by means of which the upper cover of a book presented a perfect incrustation of precious stones. A modification of this binding consisted of metal corner pieces, central boss and heavy clasps, either set with jewels or beautifully carved or chased. Next came the silk or velvet covered book, ornamented either with rich embroidery in gold or silver thread, or else garnished with metal clasps and gold or silver nails, etc. For cheaper bindings recourse was had to oaken boards, over which skins were stretched, and at times rudely ornamented with stamped designs. Frequently, however, the boards were left quite uncovered, and the metal bosses and corner pieces were set upon the bare wood. As there is extant a copy of the Massarin Bible bound in leather-covered oaken boards, upon which rude designs are stamped, the center and corners being ornamented with metal bosses, it is fair to assume that the earliest makers of printed books selected this style of binding for their work. It had great strength and durability, and called for no large expenditure of money. Then, again, it was the popular monastic binding, and the printers were extremely anxious that the printed book, both as to interior and exterior, should resemble as closely as possible the written book it was intended to displace. No sooner did the printed book succeed in establishing its superiority to the written one than there was at once a desire to give it a more elegant and artistic covering. Gold and silver mountings made their appearance. Especially was this the case with copies of the Scriptures, missals and other books of devotion.—American Book-maker.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Mrs. Brown—"If you had only listened to me—" Mr. Brown—"I'd have been talked to death long ago."

—Judge.—The loafer is generally generous. He has not much to give, as a rule, but he will divide his loaf with any other loafer.—N. O. Picayune.

—"The older you grow the more you know," says the proverb. This is another of those fallacious sayings that time exposes. Just think how little the old man of to-day know compared with the young ones.

—A St. Louis man who was approaching Chicago by rail the other day innocently asked the conductor if trains stopped without being flagged. The look he got in reply paralyzed the whole left side of him.—Detroit Free Press.

—Judge—"You must not waste so much time in reiteration. That's the eleventh time you have explained that point to the jury." Attorney—"Your honor will please observe the jury contains twelve men."—Omaha World.

—Young Soileite (to Miss Brightly, who lives over the way)—"Aw—is that a parrot you have oveh at youah house—that bird that makes such a clattah?" Miss Brightly—"O, yes, and such a clever parrot it is. You two should be better acquainted, you would so enjoy each others' conversation."—America.

—"Did you attend Mr. Brown's funeral yesterday, Mrs. Bruce?" "Yes, and it was the saddest one I ever saw. Mrs. Brown was frantic. She would have leaped into the grave if they hadn't caught her." "She'll be married inside of six months. I never knew it to fall with a woman like that."—Chicago Herald.

—"It is interesting to trace the evolution of words and expressions. Cultivated people say: 'How do you do?' Those who are less precise say: 'Howdy?' In the backwoods of Tennessee they say: 'Howdy?' The noble red man of the West says: 'How?' while the cat on the fence says: 'Ow.'—Chicago Times.

A well-known physician and an architect were busy one morning measuring a lot of land when an old resident of the street happened to come along. "Who is that doing the measuring there?" asked the citizen. "The architect," replied the doctor. "Is that so?" replied the resident, dryly; "I thought the undertaker did all of your measuring!"

A lady customer, after taking an unconscionably long time to inspect "our spring novelties," returns once more to the very first material that the patient shopman has unrolled. "If this one is quite the fashion," she begins, when the young man interrupts her: "Madame, it was quite the very latest fashion when you first looked at it, but, really, I couldn't answer for it now."—Paris Figaro.

—"Who is that man over there?" asked a traveling man of the policeman in a railway station. "Sh—don't bother him. He's a detective." "Why, he isn't doing anything; only reading the newspaper." "I know it." "Well, then, why are you so careful not to disturb him?" "Why, he's looking for a clue to the last murder case."—Merchant Traveler.

EMPHASIS IN LIFE.

All Success Dependent Upon Magnifying Essentials.

Some people find fault because a few have so much influence in politics, in business, in society and even in church. They seem to forget that it is inevitable and applies even in childhood and youth. In every school and on every playground a few dictate the policy, and lead in fun and hard work, in thought and action, because of the emphasis they place upon what they say and do. It is still in emphasis that usually determines success. If it is known how any one emphasizes life it is easy to estimate the probabilities of success. Emphasis in life is much like emphasis in reading. The first principle in each case is to emphasize ideas, not words. There is a radical difference between the two. Superintendent George Howland, of Chicago, read "Evangeline" to one of the grammar schools of that city on Friday afternoon a year ago, and I chanced to be present when the pupils read their compositions on the reading. A bright little foreign boy wrote: "I thought so great a man would read very loud, but he didn't. I thought he would emphasize it lots, but he never emphasized a word; but, oh, my! didn't he picture the story, though! I shall see it as long as I live." This is a vivid illustration of emphasis upon ideas rather than words. This principle holds in life. Success depends upon magnifying essentials. Some people tire us in their talk because they dwell upon minor details about which we care nothing, while others fascinate us by giving the pith of a story so that we do not wish a word omitted. This is a land and age of progress. A man's life must show on the face of it that every word and act tells, and that he has not done the best he will ever do.—St. Louis Republic.

His Grand Destiny.

"You have spent eight years in college, three at a theological school, and two in the study of theology, and yet you do not intend to enter the ministry. May I ask what special career you are fitting yourself for?"

"I am studying for marriage with a Boston girl," replied the scholastic enthusiast, his voice tremulous and his dark, melancholy eyes lighting up with an eager, aspiring gleam.—Chicago Tribune.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1889.

Hon. Louis E. McComas and wife were among the passengers by the Steamship Umbria, which sailed from New York for Europe on Saturday, June 8th. Mr. and Mrs. McComas will spend two months abroad returning in ample time for a special session of Congress, which will probably be called to meet in October or early in November. While absent Mr. McComas will give some time to the study of the condition of the laboring classes and the working of free trade in England. He has well earned a vacation by his close and arduous attention to his public duties for several years past.

The developments made by the untaxed land investigations of Hiram P. Tasker, of Garrett county, furnish a strong argument to both counties in favor of the exact determination and establishment of the line between the counties. So far both have lost heavily by the astuteness of landowners who, when the Allegany assessor was in sight, lived in Garrett, and when the Garrett county assessor found them they were residents of Allegany. Real estate is generally stationary, but that in the "wedge" between the first and last lines run, is portable, and as such does not stay long enough in either county to be taxed.

A line run and fixed according to law will stop a great deal of rascality and put an end to much lying.—*Frostburg Journal.*

Under the resolutions adopted by the County Centennial Convention held in this city on the 10th instant, Chairman Beall, of Frostburg, has appointed the following executive committee: Otto Balke, S. S. Warnick, John Chambers, L. M. Gorsuch, J. J. Robinson, David Sloan, H. W. Schmitt, Owen Hitchens, George H. Wittig, Robert G. Colborn, B. L. Turner, Harry E. Kenan, J. W. Alvord, David W. Sloan, Wm. E. Griffith, Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, R. D. Johnson, Sr., D. E. Kean, L. S. Hirsch, Theo. Luman, F. J. McMahon, J. W. Sanders, Jas. A. McHenry, C. J. Otto, Jas. H. Hayden, Henry H. W. Hoffman, the county commissioners, the mayor and city attorney of Cumberland, of Frostburg and of Westminster. The committee are to hold their first business meeting in the court house on Monday next.—*Cumt. News.*

The Conemaugh Valley was not the only scene of devastation in Pennsylvania by the great rain-storm of May 31st. Col. Thomas W. Lloyd, of Williamsport, was caught in a fishing cabin on Larry's Creek, in the northern part of Lycoming county, and thus describes the havoc caused by the flood:

"The valley of Larry's Creek from Saladesburg to the mouth of the stream is swept almost as clean as a carpet floor. Not only were houses, barns, outhouses, horses, cattle and grain swept away, but even the very soil itself has been washed out, so that what were once blooming and fertile farms are now nothing but a barren mass of stones. Every bridge on the creek was swept away, except one below Saladesburg, at Mallory's, which still stands though it is badly damaged. The scene in Saladesburg on Monday beggars description. Houses were swept from their foundations and many of them upset. Bridges were lodged in trees, and wagons, outhouses, board-walks and planks from the road were scattered and piled up in every direction. The borough was filled up with debris of every kind, and the whole creek to its mouth was a scene of devastation and ruin. The farmers are completely ruined and many of them will be compelled to seek homes in other localities, as there is no soil upon which to raise a crop of any kind."

Pennsylvania's Vote.

PHILADELPHIA, June 18.—Returns from 44 out of the 67 counties in this State show a majority against the prohibition amendment of 169,454. Full returns from the whole State will probably raise the figures to nearly 200,000.

A Graphic Story of the Johnstown Flood.

[The following account of the Johnstown disaster of May 31, is from the pen of Dr. Harriet B. Jones, of the Weston Asylum, daughter of ex-State Senator John P. Jones, of Terra Alta, and sister of S. T. Jones, cashier of the Garrett county Bank. It was written at the special request of the *Kingwood Journal*, from which paper we take the liberty of copying it.]

I arrived in Johnstown on the morning of the 30th, in time to see the parade on Decoration Day. It threatened rain then, and rained hard during the night.

The morning of May 31st, found the lower part of town under water; families moving to higher points, and taking up carpets, expecting the water to come into the lower stories.

About noon the water was higher than ever before. It began to rise about 6 A. M., and rose higher and higher; but I felt no alarm, as my cousin's house was higher than any around us.

The people around us thought it merely the overflow of the two rivers, and remained in their houses, as this had happened the two preceding years.

The lumber booms burst on Stony Creek and logs came down by the thousands, carrying away bridges.

In the morning people were on their verandas, talking across the street, and not unduly excited, but as the day went on, the water still rising, alarm was felt.

About 4 P. M. men were heard on the hills screaming, and we heard the continued whistling of an engine, and a terrible noise, but we did not know what was the matter.

Some rushed to their roofs, and called out that it was the Gautier Mills, and the first impression was that it was an explosion of natural gas. We rushed to the attic and saw, in a long line following the Conemaugh river, a cloud of smoke and dust, and heard a noise too terrible to describe, of crashing rushing and screams, but still could not tell what it was; but from the time we rushed to the first floor to turn off the gas and back to the attic, the water was into the second story in our house; houses and trees went crashing by; houses tottering over, some on their sides, some on end; our neighbors' houses carried by, one house striking another, crushing it into fragments; people clinging to whatever support they could—to ends and roofs of houses.

We clung to each other expecting our house (though it was a large and strong one) to go next, death staring us in the face. Nothing could be done, but to pray. There was no possible hope of escape but through the mercy of God. The horror of it all no one can know, but those who went through it. Many prayed that day who had not prayed for years before.

Some houses had traveled the whole length of Main St. on one side of the river and crossed the river against a strong current to Kernville. Some moved from Woodvale to the Stone bridge, and by the recoil were driven back in an opposite direction.

It could not have been more than twenty minutes (it seemed hours) from the time we heard the first crash, until the waters began to recede so slowly that we could scarcely believe it, and our house was left still standing in the midst of debris. People floated past us, but too far away for us to reach them. We were powerless to help them.

Many people lost all presence of mind. One girl on the roof across from us screamed so dreadfully that she unnerved every one that heard her. She was with difficulty restrained from throwing herself into the water.

Fire added to the horror. We could see a church steeple in flames. It soon burned down, and (we afterward learned) the house next to it caught, and Mrs. Morris Wolf, a friend of my cousin's, perished in the flames. She had escaped the flood to die by fire.

Another very large fire burned all night. This we learned afterward, was the fire at the stone bridge. At night it lit up everything around us almost like day. It was across the river, so we felt no alarm for ourselves, but were very uneasy for our relatives and friends on the other side. The place where their houses should have stood was nothing but a wide waste of water, and below it the fire.

Night came on and still raining, but the water receding slowly. We dared not make a light for fear of an explosion. We felt comparatively safe, but were nearly frantic about our relations. The night was passed without sleep.

About 3 A. M. we took in an old man over the roof of the veranda whose wife had died in his arms from fright, and his three daughters were drowned; and a little girl who was rescued clinging to a board. She had hurt her arm and was covered

with bruises. We restored her the next day to her family who were all saved, except her mother.

A dead baby floated into the lower story. One man's hand (he was rescuing people) was cut so badly that he was bleeding to death. How thankful I was that I could do something for him!

Morning dawned on a terrible sight. The house was in a dreadful condition. The water by this time having fallen to the first story, and the mud was a foot thick on the carpets, furniture and piano apart; every small object covered up by the mud which seemed like slime.

About 7 A. M. persons came to get us out. (Before this we had seen thieves getting into the wrecked houses around us, and robbing them of money and valuables.) Walking over the debris, at the imminent danger of falling in, for the water was still about eight feet deep, we finally reached a house near the shore, where we were carried by men through the water, and then were taken off on a raft across the river to the hill, where the people opened their eyes, feeding the thousands of homeless people.

The scenes were heart-rending; parents and children, wives and husbands separated, with a dreadful uncertainty as to their fate; news constantly coming, telling of father, mother, brothers and sisters owned.

And, oh! what rejoicing when some one appeared who was thought to be lost. And yet there were others who showed no emotion whatever when telling of losses of dear friends. They seemed dazed. It was something terrible to see. One poor woman lost her husband and seven children.

Her little boy before going down said, "Mother, where is Jesus? Isn't he with us now?" Persons were taken out alive who had been in the water all night, and the sixth day after the flood, a woman, her baby and a little boy were taken from under a pile of debris, alive. Dead bodies have been constantly found ever since. At Mineral Point, in one hole washed out by the water, 150 bodies were found, 50 more in one place near the Presbyterian Church. Six were picked up at Pittsburgh 75 miles away, one woman and child alive.

A great many tried to commit suicide, frenzied by the death of their families. A Mr. Fisher was rescued three times, but finally died from grief and exhaustion.

Miss Gussie Linton had a narrow escape. Their house was cut in two. Clipped in each other's arms, Miss Linton and her sister, Mrs. C. Moore, went down for the second time. When Miss Linton came up she was alone. She seized a board, stripped off nearly all her clothing, thinking it would impede her, and was rescued near the Stone Bridge. She is frantic over the death of her sister, who she thinks died of heart disease brought on by her fright.

The family of Dr. Walters and relatives, forty in number, were all saved. In some instances the escape seems miraculous. When the rush came the family were in the attic. After the terrible noise, in a few seconds a roof of a house came by with Dr. Marbourg on it. Dr. Walters called to him to climb the telegraph pole and he would draw him into the attic. Instead of doing this, he made for a brick house next door, and with the whole Hoffman family was buried in its ruins. Another rush of waters and the family climbed out on the roof, when his brother-in-law's house from across the street crashed into his, and his inmates were rescued, one a woman who had been helpless for years. They worked hard and during the evening and in the rain rescued 35 persons, which with the family made 41, who spent the night in the attic. The next day they were helped out over the debris to the hillside, where the doctor went to work in the temporary hospital.

After losing the result of years of hard labor, his home a wreck, he immediately tried to alleviate the suffering, going about without proper clothing for four days, till relief was sent in. With home and practice broken up, the outlook is dismal.

It has been said that warning was given to the people of the town that the dam was likely to give way. Such was not the case, and could not have been done, as before the reservoir broke the streets were rivers of water, in many places over a horse's head.

It has been rumored from time to time that the dam was unsafe, and it is evident that proper precautions were not taken by the members of the Association to avert such a terrible disaster.

The P. R. R. stone bridge was built to a great height, thus preventing the onward rush of the waters, so that they were sent back, destroying the remaining portion of the town, except the houses on the hills. The debris at the bridge covers acres. Savings of a lifetime have been swept away in an instant. Young men can hope to retrieve their fallen fortunes,

but for old men it is hard indeed. Men and women who were worth thousands of dollars, are to-day without a penny, and scarcely one family can be found who has not lost some friend or relation.

H. B. J.

Blowing up the Debris.

JOHNSTOWN, June 15.—Considerable damage has been done, and several complaints came to General Hastings that the shocks were doing damage all around. In the Cambria Iron Works a ceiling was cracked. All the windows in the first ward school house were smashed. A house in Kernville was thrown off its foundation. A man who sat on a chair near headquarters was knocked off his seat into the mud, and a number of other trifling incidents were noted. There were a good many wild rumors of the terrible things that were supposed to have happened, but they were all without any foundation of fact.

Regarding the explosions of the blasts, your correspondent witnessed several of them, and the incident proved a very interesting sight. Two electric wires, probably 200 feet in length, connected with the explosive, ran over the debris to the top of a hill, where a small battery was attached to them.

After the charge had been safely lowered into the depth under the jam all the workmen were told to get out of the gorge. The entire place being cleared, Major Phillips gave the signal to Mr. Kirk, who immediately touched the electric button.

First an awful silence, then a flash, and at last an explosion that resembled the rolling noise of a thunder-bolt, and with the echo of this concussion dying away in the distant hills, a mountain of wreckage, shattered into a thousand atoms, was blown into the air about 200 feet. It resembled the sudden eruption of a volcano, and the fragments of houses, bridges, railroad cars, animals and human bodies were scattered over the scenes in all directions.

Soon the men returned to their places of work, and the next charge was placed in the depth, while a large mass of debris came floating down the river, after having torn itself loose from the solid mass of several miles of rocks.

Now that the channel has been opened, the work is comparatively easy. Mr. McKnight, the contractor of this part of the work, has about 300 men employed in cleaning away the drift, and the lumbermen, who are a part of this corps, are very efficient in their task.

Even to-night the men are at work and the lumber which has already been pulled from the rafts is being set afloat along the banks of the river. Barrels of coal oil are being poured over the debris and the expression of "funeral pyre," which has become a stereotyped phrase with the correspondents, has at last become applicable, indeed.

Captain Jones, of Braddock, and Captain Cosgrove arrived here this afternoon, and Adjutant-General Hastings took them all over the town to view the progress which has been made. When the train arrived at the gorge they expressed their utmost gratification at the work completed.

The opening of the debris has at last been accomplished. The gorge is opened and the jam which had almost baffled human ingenuity has been blown apart, and the waters of the little, but wildly rapid, Conemaugh are rushing along with old-time swiftness and unimpeded buoyancy, carrying along wreckage of railroad bridges, ruined houses and devastated homesteads.

This is the gigantic task which has been completed to-day, and which was the all interesting subject around the camps and in the town generally; a problem achieved by Major Phillips, a well-known civil engineer. The completion of the blasting required 2,000 pounds of dynamite to-day alone, and according to the information obtained from men who were engaged in the work, there has been 10,000 pounds of dynamite used altogether.

Major Phillips, while speaking of the task of destruction, stated that he had about 20 men who were immediately occupied in laying the charges and doing the work incidental to the explosions. John Kirk, a well-known Pittsburgher, has been the foreman of the detachment occupied in the explosion, and all are experienced and efficient men in their work.

A Special Session of Congress Likely.

WASHINGTON, June 17.—The presence of Senator Quay in Washington, which has been continued dry after day beyond the time when he at first expected to depart, has been generally attributed to the delay in arranging satisfactorily the distribution of federal offices in Pennsylvania. The truth is that this bus-

iness has occupied a comparatively small portion of his time. The Senator has also been engaged in work of national importance—work bearing upon the assured Republican control of the next Congress and intended to make larger than it now is the Republican majority in the House.

The present Republican majority in the next House is only three. Congress, it is now generally assured, is likely to be called in special session on or about October 1. It is believed that the session will open with a hot battle over changes in the rules for the general purpose of giving the majority better control over legislation and preventing the minority, or a small part of the minority, from bringing on a deadlock for the partisan obstruction of measures in accordance with the verdict of the last election. The majority will disclaim all intentions to rob the minority of their rights, but they will assert their purpose to control the legislation for which the country holds them responsible, and will deny that it is the right of a handful of men, through filibustering, to block entirely the wheels of Congress.

In this expected battle the rulings of the speaker will play an important part, and the contest over the selection of that officer and the formation of committees will be the preliminary skirmishes of the grand contest itself.

Probably over no one subject of legislation, the tariff excepted, will the fight rage more fiercely than on the proposed federal control of federal elections and the securing to every citizen, black or white, the suffrage guaranteed by the Constitution.

The narrowness of the margin by which the Republicans control the next House has been regarded as dangerous ever since last November. The fact of the danger gave rise during last February to much speculation as to whether the new President ought not to call an extra session of Congress immediately after his inauguration in order to secure beyond accident his party's control of the organization of the House. Two of the Republican members are even now reported to be seriously ill, Leach, of Nebraska, and Mulling, of New York, but the Republicans expect to add to their majority before Congress meets.

The four new States of North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington will come into legal existence in August. They will elect five Congressmen, one from each new State except South Dakota which is entitled to two. At least four of these five will be Republicans, increasing the majority in the House to seven. It is feared, however that Montana may elect a Democratic representative. Here is a chance for the Republican National Committee, without interfering with the proper conduct of the election, to do some of the same kind of work that prevented the stealing of several congressional districts in the South by the Democrats last fall.

The prompt exposure in the Washington despatches soon after the election of the Democratic conspiracy to steal certain districts in Tennessee and South Carolina is believed by Senator Quay and other members of the National Committee to have been largely instrumental in saving the narrow Republican majority in the next House. The National Committee hopes, by calling public attention to the Montana election when the time comes, to bring so much security to bear upon it that a fair and full ballot will be assured and to prevent the Democratic managers, who are men now secretly alert, from stealing the seat. It is admitted by Senator Quay that they may be able to win it, but he proposes that they shall not flinch it. The Republican organization in Montana will be encouraged to do its best for victory. It is worth nothing that the richest men in Montana are Democrats.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 17th, 1889.—The President accompanied by Secretaries Blaine and Windom took a trip down the Potomac Saturday on Mr. Wanamaker's yacht, "Restless."

The party returned to-day. Senator Quay is to join Senator Edmunds and a party of congenial spirits for several weeks fishing in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Mr. Quay will leave here as soon as the Philadelphia appointments are settled, which it is expected they will be in a few days. In fact they are as good as settled already; all parties having agreed on the following slate: Field, postmaster, (it will be remembered that Postmaster General Wanamaker tendered him the position early in the administration, and that Senator Quay's protest promoted his appointment by the President.) Leeds, Surveyor, (he was Senator Quay's candidate for postmaster,) and Coppell, Collector of Customs. It is generally believed that these appointments will be made this week.

Secretary Blaine and the President are very much pleased with the result of the Samoan commission which has just finished its sittings at Berlin. The agreement or treaty—there is dispute as to which it really is—which was ratified gives the United States everything that was expected, in fact much more than was expected without a hard struggle. But it is not so much what was actually gained that pleases Mr. Blaine and the President as the manner in which it was gained. Never before have American Commissioners been treated by those of the great European powers with the courtesy and deference that Messrs. Phelps, Karson and Bates have received from the English and German members of the Samoan commission, and the administration has a good right to feel both pleased and proud.

Some of the patiently waiting brethren were made happy last week. This is particularly true of the Consular appointments made. Among the appointments were the following: W. G. Frye, of Maine, to be Consul-General at Halifax, Nova Scotia, (Mr. Frye is not a relative of Senator Frye, but owes his appointment principally to the good record he made in the same position before Cleveland removed him); J. A. Leonard, of Minnesota, to be Consul-General at Shanghai, China, (Mr. Leonard has an excellent war record and is a good newspaper man, being at present editor of the *Post*, of Rochester, Minn.); Z. T. Sweeney, of Indiana, to be Consul-General at Constantinople, (Mr. Sweeney is a minister of the Christian church and at present chancellor of the Butler university); O. H. Dockery, of North Carolina, to be Consul-General at Rio de Janeiro, (Mr. Dockery has for years been one of the leaders of the Republican party in his State; has served several terms in the House of Representatives, and has always been willing to lend a forlorn hope in gubernatorial campaigns); O. H. Simmons, of Colorado, to be Consul-General at St. Petersburg, Russia, (Dr. Simmons—he is an M. D.—was unanimously endorsed for the position by the Colorado legislature, Congressional delegation and Republican State committee); G. W. Roosevelt, of Pennsylvania, to be Consul at Brussels, Belgium, (Mr. Roosevelt is now consul at Bordeaux, France, and is transferred at his own request); L. W. Brown, of Ohio, to be Consul at Glasgow, Scotland, (Mr. Brown has been a very prominent Republican in his State; has been chairman of the State executive committee and a member of the legislature); T. J. Morgan, of Rhode Island, to be Commissioner of Indian Affairs, (Mr. Morgan entered the war as lieutenant in General Harrison's regiment of Indiana volunteers. Afterwards he was a brigadier general of colored troops. He was president of the state normal school of Rhode Island when appointed to his present position); A. E. Baxter, to be United States Marshal for the northern district of New York, and Robert Smalls, of South Carolina, to be Collector of Customs at Beaufort, South Carolina, (Mr. Smalls is ex-member of Congress and a colored man. He is well-known throughout the country and had a hard fight to get this little position on account of the hot fight made against him by Republicans from his State.)

The Civil Service Commissioner before leaving for the West addressed a letter to the President asking him to have all the appointments made in the Census bureau taken from its lists of eligibles. It is not likely that the President will comply with this request as most people believe that Congress intended these appointments to be made outside of the Civil Service rules. The U. S. S. Kearsage sailed from New York for Haiti yesterday, in command of rear-admiral Cherard. The Kearsage goes on orders from the Navy department about which there is considerable mystery. Mrs. Harrison, her father and her grandchildren are occupying Mr. Wanamaker's cottage at Cape May. It is probable that the President will spend next Sunday with them.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. D. O. MCKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.,
Will visit regularly through Garrett county, Md., and offers his services to those wishing dental treatment. Charges moderate.
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 622 am

Road Commissioners' Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett County to view the proposed private road as prayed to be located as follows: Not less than sixteen feet wide, from the residence of Henry Finzel, through the lands of Mrs. Catherine Miller, to intersect with the County road at a point near the residence of Anna M. Finzel, will meet on the 22nd day of June, 1889, to determine whether the said Henry Finzel requires said private road, and if so, to locate same and perform their duty in the premises.

JACOB WILSON,
AARON WILHELM,
F. C. BOUCHER,
Commissioners.

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in Sturges' Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 874, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the same Hall Friday night of each week and Sunday afternoon.

SHEALTHE LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legee's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS LODGE, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

NOTICE:

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—Offutt keeps the Original Green-castle Cradle. Best in the world.

—Lost—A canary bird belonging to Mrs. David Tasker. A suitable reward for its return.

—Rev. G. W. W. Amick, of Johnstown, Pa., is in town. His wife came here last week.

—Dr. Goldsborough and family, of Washington, now occupy their summer residence on Oak street.

—Japanese Backweat \$2.50 now. Only a few bushels left.

C. T. SWEET, Swanton, Md.

—The Original Green-castle Cradle has H. S. Welch, Green-castle, Pa., burned in the handle.

—Children's Day exercises will be held in the Garrett Memorial Church Sunday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock.

—Gen. B. F. Kelley and family are at "Swan Meadows," the General's country seat, near Oakland.

—Messrs. Godfrey and Henry Felt have purchased the Brooks building on railroad street, Oakland.

—Mr. Ben. Sincell, who has been in Washington for the past two years, is at home for a few weeks holiday.

—Dr. E. H. Bartlett and family returned from Baltimore this week. They have taken the Reynolds cottage on Oak street.

—We have a good supply of the celebrated Thomas Hay Rakes and Champion Steel Mowers.

J. M. DAVIS & SON.

—Married, on the 15th inst., at his home in Oakland, by the Rev. J. S. Foulk, Rosel Carroll and Mary L. Burns, both of Monongalia county, W. Va.

—Married, on June 12th, at his home in Oakland, Md., by the Rev. J. S. Foulk, Lewis W. Ramsey and Lucy Price, both of Barbour county, W. Va.

—Mrs. Krebs and Miss Walters, of Johnstown, Pa., are visiting at Mr. S. T. Jones. Their friends all escaped the flood, but they lost their property.

—Messrs. A. C. Scherr & Bro. shipped this week nearly a car load of flannels from the Oakland Woolen Mills, principally to wholesale houses in Baltimore and Wheeling.

—Children's Day was observed in the M. E. Church Sunday last. The floral decorations were very beautiful, the music was excellent and the entire programme well rendered.

—Garthright is offering the genuine Green-castle Grain Cradle cheaper than was ever sold, and is closing out large lot heavy shoes to make ready for big stock winter boots.

—FOR SALE—An eighteen horsepower steam saw mill, of the "Geisler" pattern, nearly new. Address JOHN F. BROWNING, Oakland, Md.

420 3m

—P. T. Garthright, at Mountain Lake Park, will offer 200 sacks nice salt at 55 cents per sack. This offer is good for two weeks only. Nice potatoes wanted.

—The circus was well patronized last Saturday. Some persons placed the number in attendance as high as 4,000. Good order was maintained, thanks to local opinion.

—Dr. B. T. Keller and family, of Bloomington, Ohio, are in Oakland visiting relatives and friends. We understand that the Doctor has a large practice and is pleased with the country.

—At a meeting of Oakland Post No. 85, G. A. R., Tuesday evening, four were added to the membership, making 33 members at present, and a number of applications for membership filed.

—A festival will be held at South Point on the evenings of the 26th and 27th insts., for the purpose of fixing up their place of worship. Refreshments of various kinds will be furnished. All invited to come.

—Rev. Dunlap, formerly stationed at Mansfield, Ohio, has accepted a call to the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Oakland. He temporarily occupies the Mrs. Kildow residence on Mill street.

—Two colored men, giving their names as Chas. Harris and Chas. Johnson, of Cumberland, were badly injured near Mountain Lake Park Thursday morning, while stealing their way on a freight train. They were in some way caught between the bumpers. They were brought to Oakland, and at the time of going to press are in the depot building.

—HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE—

Situated in the Eastern part of Oakland. The house is in good repair, large out kitchen, well of good water, and all necessary out-buildings with an acre of ground attached. Apply at this office for particulars.

Church Services—Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10 1/2 A. M. and 8 P. M., by Rev. C. J. Trippett.

Song service every Sunday evening at 7:30.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev. G. W. W. Ammick. Subject: "Johnstown flood." Also at 8 P. M. by Rev. Dunlap.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—"Children's Day" exercises in the evening at 7:30 o'clock.

St. Matthew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hopkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Dentistry.

Dr. D. O. McKinley will visit Accident, Md., July 8th and 9th, and in vicinity of Johnstown 10th, and McHenry 11th.

Cottage for Rent.

A six room cottage in the suburbs of Oakland is for rent for the season, either furnished or unfurnished. Shady grove. Good spring water. Apply to or address

MRS. BELLE CROPP, Oakland, Md.

Dentistry.

Dr. P. P. Ritter, of Meyersdale, Pa., will visit Accident, Md., Monday, June 24th, and remain a few days. Will be prepared to do all kinds of dental work. Call early and make engagements, as my time is limited to a few days.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending June 22, 1889:

Block John M.,
Brierly, Mrs. John,
Britner, Jeremiah,
Collins, Sydney,
Dwyer, Henry, (3)
Moore, Mary E.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Summer Conference at Mountain Lake.

The programme for the summer conference of the Young Men's Christian Association and Christian Workers, which will be held on July 1, 2 and 3, at Mountain Lake Park, has been issued. The conference commences Monday evening with prayer services at 6 o'clock, followed by evangelistic meeting at 8 P. M. It continues morning and evening of Tuesday and Wednesday, the afternoons being devoted to recreation. Bible studies and Christian work will be the main discussions of the conference.

JOHN A. PETERS, Tailor.

Miss Margaret Chrysal, of Oakland, a dressmaker of long experience, says that the National Garment Cutter system is the simplest and best she ever knew, and recommends it to all families as being perfect in every respect. She says to the agent, Mr. Dyer, "Fill a column in its praise for me and then you will not have said too much."

Miss Mary White, an Oakland dressmaker, with little experience as yet with the system of cutting as taught by the National Garment Cutter, is thoroughly delighted with the simplicity and correctness.

Miss Marion Hoye expresses herself as pleased with the National Garment Cutter system.

Miss Georgie Hoye, Deer Park, would not be without the National Garment Cutter system for \$25 if she could not replace it.

M. P. DYER, Agent, Oakland, Md.

Hardware.

J. M. Davis & Son have on hand a full line of harvest tools, Green-castle cradles, clipper scythes, &c.

Orchilla Guano.

Just received by J. M. Davis & Son, the third car load of Orchilla Guano. Farmers wanting to sow it with buckwheat can be accommodated.

Funds for the Flood Sufferers.

The Oakland subscriptions for the flood sufferers amounts to \$207. This will be distributed where it is thought to be most needed. Following are the names of the donors:

D. E. Offutt	50 00
G. S. Hamill	25 00
Dr. J. Lee McComas	25 00
S. T. Jones	10 00
W. P. Townsend	5 00
Thomas Harris	5 00
Dr. W. H. Ravenscroft	5 00
P. M. Stimpert	5 00
A. G. Sturgis	5 00
E. H. Shiner	2 00
J. A. Hayden	2 00
G. H. Smithman	2 00
Handy Gibson	1 00
Feis & Co.	1 00
J. A. Koshin	1 00
John Helwig	1 00
Dr. H. W. McComas	1 00
Cash	1 50
Cash	3 00
W. D. Nydegger	3 00
Cash	2 00
D. E. Holden	2 00
Cash	2 00
J. M. Davis	2 00
Jameson & Shartzer	2 00
Geo. G. Miller	2 00
G. W. Legge	2 00
G. M. Mason	2 00
W. W. Vetch	2 00
E. E. Sothers	2 00
Warring Thomas	2 00
F. A. Thayer	2 00
Total	\$207 00

Mountain Lake Park.

Several more families have come in since last Tuesday.

Mrs. M. M. Barnes, of Fairmont, W. Va., Mrs. Nannie Hass, of Fair-castle, Md., Mr. A. Lawrence, of St. Clairsville, Ohio, Judge Haymond, of Fairmont, W. Va., Mrs. M. B. Hank, of Martinsburg, W. Va., Mrs. Dr. Masden, of St. Louis, Mo., Col. C. H. Bond and Mr. Tucker, of Independence, Pa., were with us.

Rev. G. V. Leech, of Frostburg, Md., is with us for a few days.

Mr. A. Howell will occupy Judge Hamill's cottage this season.

Mrs. Sanks, (Mrs. Beechan's daughter,) and Mr. Geo. I. Richardson, both of Baltimore, Md., have just arrived.

There is stir on every hand; some painting, paper hanging, making walks, cleaning up lots and cottages.

Miss Harris and Mr. Garthright are putting up back buildings to their cottages.

I wish to say again that all the Sunday Schools in reach are invited to come with their picnics and enjoy the 4th, our national birthday, with us. We are to have orations, music and fireworks.

The first camp meeting begins July 6th and closes the 16th. (By D. B. Updegraff and Dugan Clark.)

I wish now to call especial attention to the first programme of this season, the Summer Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association and Christian Workers, which will begin July 1st and close on the 3d.

Among the prominent workers expected we note the following: Maj. Geo. H. Hilton, Evangelist; Rev. J. H. Swann; the Singing Evangelist, H. C. Searies; State Secretary, W. E. Wayne; E. E. Sheldon, E. & O. Railway Branch, Baltimore; Rev. G. W. Carleton, Frederick, Md.; Rev. E. H. Vandyeke, Cumberland, Md., and others. J. A. E.

Ice Cream.

Having opened up my ice cream parlors for the season, I am prepared to furnish the public with the most delicious ice cream by the plate or in any quantity desired. Special facilities for furnishing picnics, parties and private families with same. Orders left with me will receive prompt and careful attention. Send in a trial order and be convinced of what I say.

J. M. LITZINGER, 68 8t, Oakland, Md.

Grantsville.

The weather conditions rainy and the roads muddy.

Prospects for a good corn crop are not very brilliant.

Boucher Bros. lost a valuable horse the other day.

John Baker had a barn-raising the 14th. No one got killed.

Mrs. Betsy Compton left the hills of Garrett county on a visit to the far West. We wish her a pleasant time.

Miss Amanda Compton has been to Cumberland on a pleasure trip.

Headquarters

For children's Wagons, Carts, Wheelbarrows, &c.—J. M. Litzinger's, next door to B. & O. depot. Give him a call when looking for anything in this line. His stock is so varied and prices so reasonable that you cannot help being suited. 68 8t

To Rebuild Johnstown.

PITTSBURGH, June 17.—The relief committee have decided to erect one hundred portable houses to shelter the survivors, as soon as the buildings can be received from Chicago. The houses will be 12 by 26 feet and will be large enough to accommodate six persons. Carpenters will be sent from this city next Sunday to put

the houses together.

Each house will be furnished with a stove and utensils, six chairs, two beds and bedclothes, two spring mattresses, one pair pillows, two pairs of sheets for each bed, woolen blanket, a bureau, a table and tableware to set in. In fact, a family will be given everything necessary to go to housekeeping and told to go ahead and paddle their own canoe.

The object is to start the town on toward a rise from the ruins, but as the town is yet in chaos it is impossible to make permanent arrangements. The grade of the town may be raised. If a man cannot find his own ground now, he can set his house up anywhere and move it onto his land when it is found under the debris. If the houses give satisfaction the committee will not stop at buying 1,000 of them and building up the town.

It is direct conjunction with this move at building up the ruined city General Hastings has purchased an immense quantity of lumber and will next Tuesday commence building

shacks for those that will set business again. Over 100 have already made application. Arrangements now being made for the erection of a lock-up, which Burgess Hovey says will be filled as soon as completed with people who have been flung their houses with valuable from the wreckage. Many citizens who have hitherto been considered honest, are known to have entered wicked homes and carried off whatever was the amful.

Democratic Opinion.

The Democratic National Committee has chosen as its Chairman a very clever and personally agreeable gentleman, but one whose qualifications for this position are confined entirely to his ability to raise and his willingness to give large sums of money for use in a campaign.

This is a blunder from every point of view except that it may be intended to help Mr. Brice elect himself Senator from Ohio in place of Senator Payne. It places the Democratic party, so far as its National Committee is concerned, in a rivalry with the Republican party, which puts the former in a false position and in one where it is certain to be worsted.

The Democratic party is an anti-monopoly, anti-plutocratic, anti-slavery party. Mr. Brice represents the exact opposite of opposing

the Republican party will find no difficulty in pitting against a new chairman a man who can best him at every point in his own game. It has half a dozen men who can each get more money out of Wall street and the railroads than Mr. Brice can. Matthew Quay, with the help of his Pharisaic allies, can squeeze a thousand dollars out of the protected monopolies by telling them bluntly that they must "come down," where Mr. Brice can get one dollar by pretending "on the quiet" to denigrate assaults upon the Trust-fostering tariff.

Mr. Brice, in a word, represents the power of boodle in a political campaign. His success has been that of a money maker. In a boodle campaign the Republicans will win every time if they are fought on their own plane and with their own weapons.

The Democracy can only succeed as the open and determined foe of the boodle in all its forms, whether used by buying nomination, in bribing voters, in protecting selfish interests in Congress or in building up and maintaining monopolies.

To pit Brice against a Quay is to reject the idea of a moral idea and to match a greenhorn in politics with a veteran—New York Weekly (Dem.)

Don't Take Her Arm, Young Man.

"The question is often put to me," said a lady whose opinion in matters of etiquette is wholly competent, "whether it is ever permissible to take a young lady's arm in acting as her escort on a promenade after nightfall. Unhesitatingly and peremptorily, no. Not after nightfall, nor by daylight, nor at any other time. An invalid may lean upon a young woman's arm; a grandfather, if he is infirm, may avail himself of a similar support, and a Broadway policeman seems to have acquired the right to propel his charges in petticoats across that thoroughfare by a grasp upon the arm, but these are the only male persons so privileged. For an acquaintance, a friend, or one who aspires to a still nearer place, to take the arm of a young woman when walking with her on a public highway is indecous. You may be sure nothing will so quickly offend her good taste, although she may lack the social skill to resent and avoid it. And the spectacle in itself is most unpleasant. To see a young woman pushed along, a little in front of her escort, by his clutch upon her arm is neither suitable nor picturesque. It reverses all preconceived ideas of gallantry. The fair should lean upon the brave. Virile strength ought ever to support feeble

nine frailness.

Offer her your arm, young man, every time, and never under any circumstances commit the familiarity and offense of taking hers.—New York Sun.

A Victory for Blaine.

WASHINGTON, D. C. June 16.—Although the text of the Berlin compact, now on its way to Washington in the custody of Mr. Phelps, is not yet published, its basis has evidently been allowed to become known as if to ascertain the popular opinion upon it. Alike in Germany, England and the United States, this opinion shows that our country has achieved a great success. This result is more due to the firm and inexorable attitude of Mr. Blaine than to any political leanings of England toward the power which it is her highest aim to conciliate. The Germans, accustomed to the Chancellor's autocratic control of their foreign policy already console themselves with the assumption that a settlement of the diplomatic controversy, even at a loss, will yet leave them free to further augment the commercial preponderance which they unquestionably now have at Samoa.

A Verdant Tenderfoot.

Many stories have been told on the plains as illustrating the verdancy and Eastern innocence of "pilgrims" and "tenderfeet." One of the best which we recall is related in regard to the manner in which one of the old plains ranchmen up near the South pass got a new wagon. He had an old one, which was practically worthless, and he had made many efforts to trade it off to passing trains and travelers, but without success. He was getting considerably discouraged, when a lone "pilgrim" appeared at the ranch and camped for the night. The "pilgrim" was very green, and, as he was bound over the mountains, had many questions to ask about the mountain pass, how wide it was, and whether wagons experienced much difficulty in getting through. He had a brand new wagon, which struck the ranchman's eye, and he determined to play a bold game to get it. The next morning the "pilgrim" saw the ranchman very carefully measuring his wagon, and very naturally his curiosity was excited, and his inquiries were answered by the solemn assurance from the ranchman that the wagon was just two inches too wide to get through the pass. The pilgrim was dumfounded and in a great peck of trouble. Finally his eyes rested on the old rattle trap of the ranchman, which he measured and found to be two inches narrower than his own. He promptly proposed a trade. The ranchman demurred. His wagon was old, to be sure, but then it was narrow enough to go through the pass in case he should ever want to visit Salt Lake valley. The more he objected the more importunate the "pilgrim" became, and finally a trade was consummated, the ranchman getting the new wagon and pocketing a good round sum to boot. The "pilgrim" went on his way rejoicing at his good fortune in getting a wagon which would go through the narrow pass; but when he reached the western slope he must have realized how badly he had been victimized, since the South pass is broad enough to march an army through and not the narrow gorge, barely wide enough for a wagon, which had been pictured to him, and which he was so willing to believe.—Denver News.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

RECEIVERS' SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

LUMBER.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, passed on the 5th day of June, 1889, in a cause wherein John W. Shaw, et al., are plaintiffs, and Stone, Bowman & Co., are defendants, the same being No. 425 Equity in said Court, the undersigned Receivers were directed to sell at public sale, all the hereinafter described property, and by the authority conferred as aforesaid, we will on

MONDAY, JULY 1st, A. D. 1889,

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK A. M.,

at what is known as Hoffman's Mill, Garrett county, near Hamblinton, W. Va., offer for sale at public auction, all the following described property, to-wit:

About 110,000 feet of Spruce Joists, Sill Plates, and Framing Lumber, ranging in thickness from 2 to 6 inches, in width from 6 to 12 inches, and in length from 16 to 32 feet. A large portion of said lumber being 3x10, 24 feet long. Also about 15,000 feet of Spruce Lumber ranging in thickness from 1 to 1 1/2 inches, 8 inches wide and 16 feet long.

The above described property is good merchantable lumber, nicely assorted, and in good condition.

Also about 25,000 feet of Spruce Lumber in the log. Also at the same time and place we will offer for sale about one and one quarter miles of tram road.

Lumber will be offered in such quantities as the Receivers may deem most advantageous.

TERMS OF SALE:—As prescribed by said decree, on all sums under forty dollars cash on day of sale, all sums of forty dollars and upwards, a credit of fifteen days.

FRED. A. THAYER, EDWARD H. SINCELL, Receivers.

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FRED. A. THAYER, EDWARD H. SINCELL, Receivers.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE!

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon any land either by hunting or fishing, and are especially warned from fishing in any part of my mill pond known as "Lake Browning," without permission from me. J. F. LEWIS.

ALEXANDER & CO.,

Office, Room No. 1, Postoffice Building, Cor. Liberty and Baltimore Streets.

CUMBERLAND, MD.

LUMBER BROKERS

—AND DEALERS IN—

MILL AND LUMBERMEN'S SUPPLIES.

Axes, Cant Hooks, Pike Poles, Cross Cut Saw Tools, Bolting, Oils, Consoles, Lath, Nails, Board and Log Rules, Files, Circular Saws, Pulleys—wood or iron—Shanties, Hangers, Couplings, Pillow Blocks, and all kinds of Mill Supplies furnished on short notice. Wire and Steel Rope, Horse Clothing, Wagons, Buggies, &c. 622

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, passed in a cause wherein William C. Combs, et al., are plaintiffs, and Charles A. Combs is defendant, the same being No. 44 Equity, at the docket of said Court, the undersigned Trustees, will offer for sale at public auction, to the highest

PLANTATION PROVERBS.

It don't pay to do much talkin' w'en you'm mad enuf to choke.
 'Kase de word dat stings de deeper am de one dat's noobah spoke;
 Let de under feller wrangle till de stohm am blowed away.
 Den he'll do a pile ob thinkin' 'bout de things you didn't say.

Spee' de little blue-eyed daisy, peepin' fru de medder soil.
 Though it ain't no tow'rin' oak tree, has its sheer ob bones toll.
 Spee' de red rose in de gahden, bluishin' 'neath de June day sun.
 Nebbah scatters o'er de grass tops till its wuck at home am done.

'Tain't de chap dat's allus kickin' 'kase de wor' ain't jes' his size.
 Dat'll lib on roasts 'possum in dat lan' beyon' de skies;
 Dar's a likely soht ob blessin' eben wid de hardes' lot.
 But de one dat looks de bigges' am de one you habn't got.

Spee' de gray squir' snubs de chipmunk kase his color ain't jes' right.
 But w'en gins bang in de wood lot, chipmunk sleeps de bes' at night.
 'Dout de smashes' chap I knows on in de one dat 'dout' its lib.

Kase he spen's his loafin' mininits gittin' 'quainted wid hissef.
 Nebbah quarrel wid yo' nabor 'kase his 'ligion 'dout' seen soun.
 Lots ob roads dat stahs out difrent wriggle roum to de same town.
 Though yo' lib in life am grubbin' in a crooked later row.

Allus hab yo' head up firmly, as you'm trah'lin' to de 'fro.
 —J. R. Fisher, in Detroit Free Press.

LITTLE JIM.

How the Pet of the Colliers Pre-vented a Tragedy.

"Rough" enough he looked, indeed, the great black-bearded, grimy fellow, with his greasy cap pulled down over his hard, surly, bulldog face. And he was rough by nature as well as by name. Those huge bony hands of his, which could swing the heaviest pickaxe for hours without tiring, and could toss about great lumps of coal which other men could hardly lift, were always ready to knock down any one who displeased him; and many a sturdy fellow in the Blackpool Collieries wore scars and bruises enough to make him sorry for having ever tried his strength against the terrible Jack.

But there was one person to whom even Rough Jack never said a harsh word; and that was his little Jim, the only child he had. Jim's mother had died soon after he was born, and his aunt, who kept house for Jack, was a big, bony, sullen-faced woman, almost as untidy and coarse-looking as the rough collier himself. But no mother could have been more tenderly careful of the little fellow than they were. However dirty and untidy they might be themselves, they did their best to keep Jim's face clean and his clothes in order; and cross-grained Aunt Susan, who was always grumbling at having "sitch a power 'o' work to do," sat up at night several times, after her day's work was over, to knit a little pair of socks as a birthday present for him.

Jim had been the pet of the whole neighborhood ever since he could remember; and these rough, sullen-looking men, so fierce and surly with every one else, always had a kind word for "Rough Jack's little lad," as they called him. Every day he used to carry his father's dinner to the works in a little basket, going fearlessly among the collier's savage bulldogs, which seemed to know him quite as well as their masters, and would wag their stumpy tails and put up their flat-nosed heads to be patted whenever he went by.

Indeed, the "little lad" seemed to have such perfect trust in every one, and to be so sure that nobody would hurt or vex him, that it was not easy for any one even to think of doing so. The rough collier lads, whose great sport was to pelt each other with heavy lumps of coal which made a bruise wherever they hit, shouted to one another to stop the moment they saw the little fair-haired head in the distance, and once, when Rough Jack and his mate—who had been great friends heretofore—quarreled about something, and were going to fight, little Jim stepped in between them and, taking hold of his father's jacket, looked up at them both with an air of such piteous astonishment, that the two fierce men, after eyeing him blankly for a moment, turned their backs and slouched off in a shame-faced kind of way; and the next morning they were as good friends as ever.

But after a while troubles began to come upon Blackpool Colliery. Business grew slack and wages had to be reduced, which bore very hard upon these reckless fellows, who spent their money as fast as they got it, never thinking of laying any thing by. There was plenty of grumbling and growling against young Harry Forrester, the great man of the district, whom his father's death about a year before had left sole owner of the colliery; and the quiet people of the neighborhood began to fear a riot, and to talk of sending for soldiers from the nearest large town.

But amid all their troubles the rough men were still as loyal as ever to their "little lad." Many a grumbler went without his dinner to buy something good for Jim; and Rough Jack, as he danced the little fellow on his broad shoulder, wore something as nearly as possible to a smile as his iron face could assume.

At last it began to be whispered one day among the colliers that a number of them were to be discharged. No one knew how the report had arisen, or even whether it was true or not; but the mere thought of it was quite enough for these wild fellows, who as they were already very mischievous.

"We mun [must] strike," muttered a big, sullen-looking pitman.

"Ay, we mun strike—but not as *thou* mean'st," growled Rough Jack, clinching his sledge-hammer fist with terrible emphasis. "'Tse not let my little lad starve for a' th' gentlefolks' I England. We mun strike Mester Forrester's yed [head] so as he'll feel Who'll join, lads?"

"I will!"

"And I!"

"And I!"

"And so'll I."

In fact every man there was as eager as Jack himself; and it was soon agreed that they should watch for a chance of attacking young Forrester, and then beat him within an inch of his life—"and mayhap a bit farther," as the burly pitman muttered, with a cruel gleam in his eyes. Two sharp lads were at once chosen to keep watch upon "young Squire Harry," who had come down from London a few days before; and, on the third morning, one of the scouts came running in to report that Harry had gone to see a friend a few miles from the colliery, and had sent the groom home with his horse, saying that he would walk back in the evening, the road being too rough to risk a good horse on after dark.

The looks exchanged by the colliers at this news said more than any words could do. All was soon settled. Midway along the road which Forrester must take lay a patch of bare, lonely moorland, well known to Rough Jack as his little boy's favorite playground. Here they would hide in a deep hollow overgrown with bushes, and pounce upon their victim as he passed.

Night drew on. One by one (for they knew that it would not do for many of them to be seen together), Jack and his gang came stealing up to the fatal spot, and, crouching down amid the bushes, waited for their prey. But as time went on, and it grew darker and darker; and still there was no sign of him, they began to get uneasy. Could he have changed his mind and stayed all night? or could their plot have been discovered? No—there at last was a firm step approaching, and the rising moon showed them the tall, active figure and handsome face which they all knew and loved.

The savage men clutched their heavy cutlasses, and drew themselves together like tigers crouching for a spring. But just then there was a rattle of wheels and hoofs in the opposite direction, and a light dog-cart came rushing along the highway like a whirlwind, evidently driven by some wild young fellow, who thought it fine fun to risk breaking his neck. At the same moment there appeared, slowly crossing the road, right in the path of the madly driven beast and the reckless driver, the figure of Rough Jack's little lad.

With a cry that made the air ring, the colliers burst from their hiding-places, forgetting every thing but the peril of their little pet. As they ran they saw the child stumble and fall in trying to escape. And Harry sprang forward to catch him up; but then horse and dog-cart came dashing down upon them both, and every thing vanished in a whirl of dust.

But as the dust cleared away Harry Forrester was seen rising slowly to his feet. There was a little streak of blood stealing down his smooth, white forehead, and his left hand was sorely bruised and cut; but his right arm was still firmly around the child, who was looking up in his face with round, wondering blue eyes, as if hardly knowing whether to be frightened or not.

Jack sprang to his child like a tiger whose cub has been wounded, and, finding him quite unhurt, took the tiny face between his huge, black hands and kissed it passionately again and again.

"God bless thee, my little lad," said he, in a broken voice; "God bless thee!" Then his mood seemed to change, and, flinging his cap on the ground at Forrester's feet, he folded his arms on his brawny chest and looked the young man full in the face.

"Look here, Mester," said he, firmly; "we com out this neet [night] to beat and hammer thee—mayhap to kill thee outright; and thou'st nigh killed thyself to save yon little lad, as I'd gi' my heart's blood for onny day. Now, here I stand; knock me down if thou wilt, or gi' me over to the police, or what ye like. Ise ne'er lift hand to stop thee, for I ha' done a cradently [courageously] thing."

"And so say we a', every mon of us," cried the other men, gathering round their leader.

It was a strange scene upon which the full moon fell in all its brightness; the wild waste of dark moorland in the background; the slender, handsome, grayly dressed young man, with little Jim's tiny face nestling against his shoulder; the sooty skins and savage faces of the grim giants around him; and in front the mighty figure of Rough Jack, silently awaiting his sentence.

But the sentence came in a form which Jack little expected. With one hand Forrester put the little boy into his father's arms, while with the other he gave the collier's great black hand a cordial grasp.

"If you've been wrong, my man, I daresay I've been wrong, too," said he, heartily; "but, luckily, it's not too late yet to set things straight. We must jist try and understand each other a little better after this; and, please God, we'll do it, with the help of this little peace-maker here."

He spoke truly, for from that day there were not three better friends in all England than Harry Forrester, "Rough Jack" and "Rough Jack's little lad." —David Ker, in N. Y. Independent.

—Some people maintain that the only way to get a fine dinner is to have a course dinner. —Yonkers Gazette.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Blessed are the poor, because they can move instead of cleaning house. —Milwaukee Journal.

—A newspaper paragraph estimates that there are 800,000 railroad employees in the United States who receive annually \$400,000,000, an average of \$500 each.

—The Times says it is the custom in Philadelphia to send young ladies to dancing school up to seventeen or eighteen years of age, and then turn them loose on society to learn how to talk.

—A New York lady won the prize for furnishing the best recipe by which a dinner could be prepared for \$1. As soon as her husband found this she borrowed the dollar and took his dinner down town.

—California boasts of the extent and splendor of her flora, but a statement in a local paper that "a Martinez woman killed seven big tarantulas in her flower garden lately shows that the love of the beautiful has some serious drawbacks there.

—A New York pilot says that if one sailing craft can sneak past another in his time exclusively to such trivialities, for he published a great many important military writings, most of which had been adopted by the various war departments of Europe as standard works for the staff schools.

—Perhaps the most important of all, or at all rates, the one which attracted most attention, was a thick pamphlet, entitled "Tactical Retrospects" (Taktische Rückblicke), which contained a sharp and exceedingly clever criticism of the tactics and strategy of the Prussian army in the war of 1866. Although it appeared anonymously at the time, it was universally attributed to the distinguished officer who has now become Minister of War at Berlin.

General Verdy du Vernois, who commenced his career at the School of Cadets at Potsdam and shortly after entering the army was attached to the suite of the Russian Governor-General of Poland, it was said he passed through the whole of the great Polish insurrection. The report which he furnished of the same to the War Office at Berlin attracted so much attention that on his return he was appointed one of the professors of strategy at the Military Academy there. It is a curious coincidence that General Bronsart von Schellendorf was likewise a professor there at the same time.

In 1865, Verdy du Vernois, who has meanwhile advanced to the rank of Major, was attached to the headquarters staff. He greatly distinguished himself during the Franco-German war at the close of which he was promoted to the rank of Major-General.

In 1872 he underwent a temporary disservice which resulted in his being transferred from the metropolis to the desolate and dismal fortress of Konigsberg. The causes of his disservice were the rumors current at the time to the effect that he had availed himself of his knowledge of what was going on at the War Office to give a timely hint to one of the most prominent financiers at Berlin, who was enabled thereby to realize an exceedingly handsome sum on the Stock Exchange. Although the matter was never actually brought home to Verdy du Vernois, yet the fact remains that he since then has been very well off, notwithstanding that up to that time neither his wife nor himself had been known to possess any fortune of their own.

So remarkable, however, were his talents as a military author, and a couple of years later it was found necessary to recall him to the War Office at Berlin to assume charge of the editing of the General Staff History of the Franco-German war. For the past three years he has been the Military Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, and is reputed to possess a more profound knowledge of every point of Germany's western frontier than any other officer in the army. Indeed his appointment to the post of the Imperial War Department shows a remarkable piece of cleverness in the part of Emperor William II.—N. Y. Journal.

AN ACCOMPLISHED MAN.

General Verdy du Vernois, Germany's New War Minister.

It is strange that the new German Minister of War should be the bearer of a French name. Even in his personal appearance General Verdy du Vernois is far more like the traditional good-humored French Major who plays so important a role in the Parisian farces and vaudevilles than one of those wooden soldiers who are the ideal of the Prussian army. He is short, very stout, somewhat appoplectic looking and possesses a pair of exceedingly mischievous and clever eyes.

He is kind of Ward McAllister of the German army, and no one is able to excel him in the organization of balls, theatricals, picnics and other kinds of social entertainments. Not only does he write poems and very witty epigrams, but he is also the author of quite a number of plays, and has even a great reputation among the fair sex of Berlin as the designer of many a charming and graceful toilet.

It must not be thought, however, from all this, that the General devoted his time exclusively to such trivialities, for he published a great many important military writings, most of which had been adopted by the various war departments of Europe as standard works for the staff schools.

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IPENED MEATS.

Why Fowl Should Not Be Eaten Immediately After They Are Killed.

People accustomed to fowl and other meats brought to the markets are apt to be disappointed in the quality of the chicken they raise themselves with greater care and expectation. To their surprise they find it not so tender and of less delicate flavor, and pleasant anticipations of rewards of country or suburban life are to this extent cruelly crushed. The principal reason is, the unpecked condition in which home-dressed fowl is almost invariably cooked. Caterers who appreciate the advantage of pleasing their customers do not serve them with recently slaughtered meats. Epicures prefer that all meats, especially fowl and game, be kept as long as possible without becoming actually tainted.

If a lady will provide a suitable refrigerator and ripen the meat before she cooks it, she will learn with experience that an old fowl well ripened is a daintier morsel than the finest chicken just slain. One reason, and a very potent one, why Western-dressed beef is crowding domestic meats out of our local markets is that it is more thoroughly ripened. Our local butchers do not provide themselves with the means of perfecting their meats before putting them into the retail markets, while the others come to them already much improved by time. Immense quantities of meat were formerly sold the same day it was slaughtered, and when still unfit for food for any body but savages.—O. S. Bliss, in N. Y. Tribune.

NON-ALCOHOLIC MEDICATION.

What Temperance Hospitals Have Taught Concerning the Cure of Disease.

A correspondent asks: What have Temperance hospitals taught concerning the cure of diseases without alcohol? and the editor of the Advance desires me to answer.

The London Temperance Hospital began this teaching fourteen years ago. It is in charge of Dr. James Edmunds, a careful, conservative physician. It opened with no flourish of trumpets nor any assertions as to what it would do. It simply proposed not to use alcohol as a remedy, unless deemed necessary because all other remedies failed. It is situated in the heart of London, and takes all cases that naturally come to a great city hospital, including the accident and emergency cases for which the use of alcohol is usually deemed necessary. During those fourteen years it has received and treated over 20,000 cases. In only five of them have alcoholics been used, and in these instances results proved no more successful than where the remedies ordinarily employed in the hospital were used. The rate of mortality was only five and eight-tenths per cent, which is four and five-tenths per cent. lower than in any other London hospital taking the same class of patients. Especial attention has been paid to typhoid fever cases, as the conviction is very deep-seated that these must have brandy, whisky or other alcoholics. The typhoid wards quite unexpectedly showed results strongly supporting the theory of non-alcoholic medication, the ratio of recoveries as compared with those in hospitals where alcoholics are used being even greater than was shown in the general average.

Another good result is noted: Of the 20,000 patients treated in the London Temperance Hospital, more than 12,000 were more or less addicted to the use of strong drink. While in the hospital they were free from it entirely; the taste for it was not kept alive and pampered as in alcoholic medication, by daily or hourly doses of liquor; thus the system was purged of the poison. This, added to their appreciation of the good effects of non-alcoholic medication, led many to become total abstainers.

The records of this hospital also testify to the fact that the use of liquor subtracts from the life force and renders the patient more liable to succumb to disease. In fatal cases there were fully twenty per cent. more deaths among the non-abstainers than among teetotallers. Every visitation of the cholera, the yellow fever or of any other great plague, demonstrates the same fact.

The National Temperance Hospital at Chicago has not yet been established long enough to teach with the same authority, but its teachings are in the same direction. Especially has it proved that in cases of cholera preparations of ammonia can be used with much better effect than alcoholics, results being secured more quickly and certainly, and the after effects being much better, there being no dangerous reaction, as is often the case when resort has been had to alcohol, the paralyzing. For the world is coming to understand that alcohol is always and everywhere a depressant, and never a stimulant, as it has so long claimed to be.

What substitutes can be used in its place? is asked. For fainting and shock, ten drops of aqua ammonia well diluted in water; this may be repeated in ten minutes, if necessary. For exhaustion, hot milk, tea, coffee or soup will give better results than alcohol. For collapse, ten drops of aqua ammonia in hot milk, given in small quantities every few minutes will prove efficacious. Florence Nightingale, in her Notes on Nursing, recommends hot tea very strongly. She says that in the Crimean hospitals she directed the nurses to give a cup of hot tea to the weakest patients about three o'clock in the morning, the time when vital forces run lowest and more patients die than at any other hour of the twenty-four. This she feels assured, tided many a patient over the turning-point, who without it would have died.

Dr. Nathan S. Davis, the Nestor of American physicians, testifies that for over thirty years he has tested the efficacy of non-alcoholic medication, and has found no case of disease and no emergency arising from accident that he could not treat more successfully without any form of fermented or distilled liquor than with it. In the Journal of the American Medical Association, December 31, 1887, he says:

"In typhoid fever, with iodine as a general antiseptic and antipyretic, the use of the molecular degeneration in the tissues and the blood, and the choice of cardiac and vasomotor tonics from those remedies represented by coffee, tea, strychnia, carbonate ammonia, etc., according to the special symptoms of each case, and vigilant attention to the local complications that are, in many cases, more dangerous to the patient than the general disease, with an equally vigilant attention to the proper administration of simple nourishment and pure air, we have no place or need for the use of alcohol as a remedy in these cases."

Those wishing more information on this subject than can be given here can obtain it by addressing Mrs. Caroline A. Leech, National Superintendent of Department of Non-alcoholic Medication in the W. C. T. U., 1733 First street, Louisville, Ky.—Mary Allen West, in Chicago Advance.

To use leisure for carousing, to free the blood with alcohol, to divert and waste men's substance in the close and fetid air of a bar-room, is not recreation; it is physical dampation. —Chicago Times.

A NEEDED SUBSTITUTE.

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TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

THE Royal Naval Temperance Society of Great Britain reports that there is not a single ship or gunboat, hardly even a torpedo-boat, in her Majesty's navy that does not have the work of the National Temperance League on board.

THE Palm Leaf, published at Bombay, says that the Maharajah of the State of Baroda and his entire court are total abstainers and do all in their power to discourage the drinking habits of the people, but that the British Government is making success difficult.

If it could be heard to-day by the people of the land, by the patriotic young men of this country, full of life, vigor and hope, I would say that it is among the highest and the greatest duties which the country's God and the love of humanity impose, to work for the cause of total abstinence. —Henry Wilson.

The American Baptist Union at its anniversary in Boston, on being informed that one distillery in the neighborhood of this Puritan city has a contract to furnish 3,000 gallons of rum per day for seven years to the Congo valley—the seat of civil anarchy—expressed its "unspeakable detestation of this transaction and its condemnation of the whole liquor traffic, both in heathen and Christian countries."